

Founding the Sorority (Men to College Girl Harem TG RC)

By FoxFaceStories

Six young men, who are so bad they can't get into any frat, decide to start their own at a cheap home. Unfortunately for them, it's a former sorority house, one that doesn't care much for these sleazy creeps and decides to start turning each of them into perfect sorority sisters!

Founding the Sorority

"Yeah, well fuck you too!" shouted Dale, throwing up his middle fingers and walking away from the frat. "You're all fucking posers!"

"At least we're not a pack of goddamn creeps!" the frat spokesman shouted from the doorway. "We like to *get* pussy, not send it running for the hills! Everyone knows the shit you six tried to pull at the party last spring! You're lucky you're not in goddamn *prison*!"

Dale grimaced as he headed back to his friends, who were waiting further back. He was angry, damn angry, but he kept his cool as he always did. He was a tall black man with well-developed muscles and the kind of look that would have made him quite the catch, were he not an utter sex pest. Of course, he wasn't the only one. In fact, some of his friends were even worse.

Case in point was Harry, an outspoken and self-proclaimed 'edgelord' who called women all manner of obscenities and sent death and rape threats to girls who rejected him. He was a white dude with recurring acne and a perpetual scowl, and said scowl only increased in severity as Dale rejoined them.

"Those fuckers," he spat. "Someone oughta shoot up their entire fucking frat. I'd pay good money to see that."

"I could dox them," Frank said, the nerd of the group. "Plant some rumours online about them raping a chick or something. I know one of them does popular gaming streams; I could totally get them swatted."

He adjusted his glasses and grinned. He was a lanky little thing, but where Harry just made crass and offensive jokes and memes to intimidate people, this nerd went the whole hog, and had nearly gotten people killed, and yet never had anything traced back to him.

"Let's not lose perspective," Peter said. The twenty two year old man had brown hair and average looks. He could have had a girlfriend were it not for the company he kept, as well as his massive porn addiction which had left him bitter towards real women; they never measured up in his eyes.

"We need to be part of a frat," he continued. "It's the only way we're gonna bag the hottest chicks on campus. And I'll accept no less."

Elijah considered these words. He was the one the nasty incident came from, the one the boys over at Kappa Beta Psi had just referred to. He'd spiked the punch at a party last Spring in the hopes of landing a hot, very inebriated girl. He hadn't succeeded, and everyone knew it was him. The word 'Rapist' followed him everywhere now.

"Yeah, I need that rebrand," he said.

"Shouldn't have spiked that punch then, Eli," Dale said.

"Fuck you. It's just a bit of fun. The way those girls were dressing, they were asking for it."

"Fuck yeah they were," edgelord Harry added. "That one Lisa Wellman was bending over in such a way that I bet she wanted us to run a train on her ass, if you know what I'm saying."

"We always do," Peter said. "Freak."

"Hey, at least I'm not wanking off to porn twenty four seven."

"Enough!" Victor said. The rest of them fell silent, even Dale, who was their nominal leader. Victor didn't talk a whole lot. He was a big, tubby guy who kept his thoughts to himself but was always loyal. Somehow, he was the one who had the most luck with women, so the group listened to him. Most of it came from dirty pick up artists - the man was excellent at seeking out women with low confidence to neg and bring down.

"We gotta be smart about this," he said. "Every fucking frat is rejecting us. We gotta actually think about what we're aiming for here. Joining another frat won't help us. We gotta *make one*."

Instantly, the vibe of the group changed.

"Hell yeah," Dale said. "We can register as one. Frank, you're good with computers, can you fudge some numbers."

"Totally," the nerd replied.

"And I know some people who can help us," Peter said.

"We'd just need a place," Eli added. "Technically, I can't be within one-hundred and fifty years of the campus unless studying. Not that I deserve that."

Victory rolled his eyes. Everyone knew that Eli was the worst of them, antisocial and dangerous to his core.

"Well, we just need to find a place!" he said. "Then we can make a difference. We can be a frat, and then we get some pussy."

"Some dripping nympho pussy," Harry added, making an obscene gesture.

It made them all laugh, especially Dale. He was long overdue, he felt, for women to pay attention to him. He hated how those bitches overlooked him, traded up to other men, or generally viewed him as trash just because he liked to send a dick pic or two for the hell of it.

Soon, things were gonna change.

Dale couldn't believe what Frank and Eli had managed to find by scouring the internet. There were so many listings for buildings to rent, but none of them were in the group's price range or appropriate for the foundation for a frat intended for the greatest pussy slayers of their generation - or at least, as they envisioned themselves to become.

And then out of nowhere, a building had been made available for them, one they were able to snag at an insanely good rental price. It was large, containing numerous bedrooms across two stories, with a sizable attic *and* basement, not to mention two bathrooms, an excellent living room space, and proper backyard for raging parties. It was near enough to the campus to really get people over for said parties, and large enough to hold them as well.

It was, in a word, *perfect*.

"This place is fucking amazing," Dale said, looking around it once again now that the keys had been handed over. "This'll be Alpha Alpha Sigma. The new frat for the bros who aren't afraid to tell it like it is! Who aren't afraid to look the feminazis in the face and say 'I'll take the hot chick instead, please.'"

Frank laughed at this. "You know the really funny part?" he said. "This place used to be a sorority. No joke! There were hot chicks here."

"There'll be hot chicks again," Victor said. "Mark my words. We're gonna make this place the hottest shit in town. We'll be dragging our balls over so many girls' faces we won't know what to do with ourselves."

"Better be," Peter said. "I'm so fucking sick of these totally average chicks on campus. Give me some hotties with triple-D's."

Harry chuckled, whispered to Dale. "I think porn-brain here forgets what a real woman looks like. He'll blow his load before he's even in one."

Dale snickered, but then clapped his hands. "Hey, Eli? Where's Eli?"

"Here!" the man said, moving from the basement. "I was just checking the acoustics of the basement. Can barely hear anything from up here. Really cool, really hot."

Everyone else exchanged a glance. They did *not* want to know why Eli needed to know that. What they didn't know about their darkest member didn't hurt them, and that was as far as their poorly developed empathy went.

"Yeah, this house is gonna be lit," Dale said, folding his arms. "We're gonna be the most unhinged frat ever. We'll do it all; the parties, the sex, the drugs, the drink, the hazing. All the stuff from the movies back when fraternities were actually great.

"Hell yeah!" Harry said. "Let's make fraternities great again!"

It was then that Peter got out the celebratory drinks, and the men drank to their coming success. In their minds, they were going to take things right back to the eighties, where there was no oversight on fraternities, where parties happened every weekend, and where the idea of consent was a mere suggestion. It was going to succeed, *they* were going to succeed.

Or so they thought.

Because as their drinking continued, suddenly a voice boomed, reverberating through the house, a powerful female voice of a woman in her twenties, sensual and in command.

"So, you come into my walls and make a mockery of my past, do you?"

The men, who had been drinking rather heavily by this point, looked around, wondering where that had come from.

"What the fuck?" Dale said. "Did anyone else hear that?"

"I did," Frank said. "Sounded like some kind of speaker system."

"That was a chick's voice," Eli said.

Victor stood up and started looking around. "Hello? Anyone there? Any hot chicks around looking for a quick lay?"

The boys giggled, only for their laughter to immediately be cut off.

"Oh, I'm here alright, but I wouldn't want a quick lay with any of you, even if I still had my original body. You six make me positively sick. You stand here in my rooms, mocking everything I stand for, in life and in afterlife, planning the drunken incapacitation of women simply because you are too toxic and sleazy to get properly laid. You revolt me, and you must be punished."

By this point, some of the boys were feeling a little spooked. Dale stood up and joined Victor in his search.

"Has to be some kind of speaker system," he said. "Frank, any ideas?"

Frank was quivering a little. "N-none. I mean, none! I guess there could be something in the walls, right Peter?"

But Peter, who was on edge himself, just scoffed. "How the hell should I know? You're the computer guy!"

At this point, a loud, girlish giggle echoed throughout the house, making their blood run cold. They were each standing now, looking around and trying to determine where it was coming from.

"Oh, there's something in the walls, alright, and it's ME. Didn't you bother looking into the history of this place? Didn't you bother to find out that the reason the old sorority shut down was because a party was held within these walls, and a group of horrid men like yourselves took advantage of women who were just trying to have a good time? That it turned into a huge scandal, and the women were - of course - blamed because of men like YOU!?"

"Okay, this is fucking weird now," Harry said. "And who cares what some sluts did back in the past? I bet they were asking for it! Just a bunch of bitches!"

"Dude!" Peter said. "Stop antagonising the ghost."

Frank groaned. "There's no such thing as ghosts!"

"I'm not too sure," Victor said, the heavyset man failing to find any speaker. "This is pretty weird guys."

Elijah was looking on his phone and going white as a sheet. "Um, it's true what she's saying, guys! This place had a big scandal back in, like, the eighties!"

"And if you have bothered to do even a little research, you would know that a woman couldn't handle the pressure, the shame, the bullying. She took her own life within this very house . . ."

Elijah held up his phone, showing the news article. One Rebecca Armistad was found dead in the very place where they were standing.

"Uh, guys!?"

Again, that dreadful giggle. Victor started backing up, ready to leave. Peter was right alongside him, but the door suddenly shut, and as they tried to pry it open they found that all the strength in the world couldn't manage it. Dale ran to the door on the other side of the living room, but that slammed shut as well. The woman's voice continued to cackle.

"Oh, don't run now! I'm just getting to the good bit! You see, I didn't really take my life, at least not as people thought I did. I was into a lot of magic, you know. My sisters thought I was a bit strange, but they loved me nonetheless. They took care of me. And when I saw what the media, the men, and boys like you were doing to tear us apart, I vowed revenge. I could never give up on my sorority. It was my home. My family. I knew it had to live again, even if it took years, or even decades. So I projected my soul out of my body and infused it into this place. I became this house. Why do you think it was so cheap? Why do you think such a large place with so many rooms and two floors was so easily rented? Because I influenced such things. I had hoped to draw in women, sisters I could honour and bless. Instead I got you."

Dale was frantic by this point. "Fuck you, you crazy ghost bitch!" the dark-skinned man screamed. He kicked at the door, but each time it cracked the wood, the splinters repaired themselves.

His light-skinned friend Peter joined in, but the two of them could do nothing, and there were no other exits. Even hurling furniture at the windows did nothing; the cracked glass repaired instantly, and the furniture slid back into place, knocking over Victor and Frank. Panic had seized the entire room.

"What the fuck do you want, you crazy witch!?" Harry screamed, for once not having an edgy thing to say.

"I want my sorority back," she whispered. "I want Alpha Theta Rho to live again."

"We can help!" Frank cried. "I'm a computer expert! I can, like, get all the hottest bitches in town to come here!"

"Yeah!" Peter added. "I follow lots of hotties online! I'm sure we can pay them to visit and stuff!"

He didn't explain that such knowledge came from his porn addiction.

"Look, I'm not that bad with women!" Victor said. "I'm the only one with a girlfriend, and-"

"And you cheat on her constantly. You would all cheat, just as you would cheat me. No, I can't trust any of you to bring new sorority sisters into my halls. So instead, we're going to make you into my new sorority sisters. Starting with you, Elijah. The worst of the lot. A hateful, spiteful little man who would prey upon women in secret and in the open. It's time to bring you out of the shadows."

Eli was backing up against the wall, trembling. "No, listen, I-'

"Don't be afraid. I'm going to empower you. I'm going to make you exactly the kind of woman you would victimise. I'm going to let you feel what it is to be the kind of ditzy woman you like to manipulate. And I will love you and take care of you."

Elijah shivered. He felt a strange buzzing through his body.

"Look, what are you - ohhhhhh! What's happening to m-me? I feel sick!"

The others backed away, but Peter immediately noticed something odd. "Dude, your shirt! I can see your nipples!"

They were making quite the impression, sticking out impressively and clearly stiff with a strange arousal. Elijah grunted, rubbing them without realising what he was doing.

"They f-feel weird! There's this pressure and - AGH!"

Suddenly, he thrust out his chest, grunting and sweating as a heavy change hit him. The other five young men gasped and swore as suddenly the man's chest *exploded* outwards, literally ripping open his shirt, tearing at the collar and revealing a huge pair of massive, head-sized tits. They were impressively large, wobbling dramatically, a pair of perfect pink nipples on display.

"What the fuck!?" Elijah cried. "What the actual fuck!?"

"You like large breasts, Elijah? Well, you can have them. But we're just getting started."

The men yelled, terrified of what was going on. Elijah tried to cup his tits, only to salivate a little, drooling from their intense sensitivity. But he barely had time to come to terms with the heavy stacked chest he now possessed, because suddenly a pressure was in his waist. He squeaked, voice shooting up an octave as it compressed inwards.

"Eep!" he cried pathetically. "Stop this! PLEASE!"

"We're just getting started. A beautiful cheerleader should have a nice head of blonde hair. And an hourglass shape to really show off her curves."

"No! I - NGHH!"

His hips stretched wider, his very pelvis altering in shape, until he had a real set of childbearing beauties. He had to unzip his trousers in a hurry, and then literally pull them down until he was just in a ripped shirt and underwear, because his ass was also swelling, becoming a real peach of a backside. He leaned forwards, causing his boobs to hang like ripe fruit from his chest (overripe fruit, really. *Melons*, in fact) as he gripped his rear. His hair lengthened, becoming gorgeous, slightly curled blonde ringlets. His voice cracked, his moans turning to a high soprano, and this was matched by a slenderising of his form. Even his hands could not escape the effect; as he reached out for his friends to help him, they backed away from the lady fingers trying to grip them.

Soon, his face was shifting, jaw cracking, his very visage becoming that of a gorgeous blonde with an unbelievably hot figure, long hairless legs and the kind of body that just wouldn't quit. Every writhing moment caused Eli's big boobs to jiggle and wobble, leaving the man completely overwhelmed.

"This c-can't be happening!? Fuck you! Fuck you, you crazy bitch! If I ever meet you I'll fucking stick my dick with up your - NGH!"

"The only dick between your thighs from now on will be the one you crave to be there when you're horny, girl. Welcome to being a woman, ELLA."

Elijah screamed, pawing at his penis as it retracted back inside of him. He moaned, but it was too late, and the very moment it entered back into him his mind exploded, mental changes rewiring his neural pathways.

"No! What are you doing to my brain, you psycho suicidal witch bitch!?"

"Making some adjustments. Don't worry, I'm not killing you. You'll always be there. But I'm just giving you a new identity and some . . . compulsions."

In a snap, Elijah could no longer think of himself as a man, or even as Elijah. *She* was Ella, a deeply hot and incredibly busty blonde cheerleader who already had the muscle memory to perform the most amazing moves. She was also a total bubbly ditz, and her inner

self screamed as all sorts of impulses came over her, leaving her feeling dumb, silly, and definitely into cute-cute-*cute* boys.

"Like, this isn't fair!" she cried in a bimbo-ish tone. "I'm not, like, some dumb horny cheerleader!"

"Not yet. We need your costume first."

Her outfit changed, and Ella cried out as it reworked into a very sexy green and white cheerleading outfit, one that showed off her entire midsection and long legs, not to mention hugging her tits perfectly.

"Oh God! Oh God, this isn't, like, fair! Why am I such, like a total ditzzy hottie!?"

"Holy fuck," Peter said, his dick stiff despite horror of the situation. "Elijah, you've become the sexiest woman I've ever seen!"

"Like, don't look at me! And it's Ella, now! No, I'm Ella! Oh shit, I can't say my name anymore you guys!"

Dale swallowed, also trying to not look at Ella's fine form. "Uh, Eli - Ella? What's happened?"

"I'm, like, really dumb and kinda horny now! Oh God, I've got a pussy! I can feel it, right here!"

She fingered herself, only to moan. Now Harry had a hard-on as well.

"You gotta stop that!" he said. "You're making us all turned on, dude!"

"I can't help it! I'm, like, a total girlie girl now. Ohmigod, you're all super hot, especially you, Dale. Ohhh, my body really wants to, like, fuck yours!"

Dale took a step back. "No way! I'm getting out of here!"

"But not as the man you know. Dale, you've always fancied yourself a player, a boss, someone who should be the leader and have the hot girls. But they reject you because you don't respect them. Because you don't cultivate a style that appeals to them. Let me give you a form that will let you truly appreciate the art of style, makeup, and fashion!"

The others quickly flocked away from Dale, especially the terrified Peter.

"No way! I ain't becoming a girl! Look, we're sorry, alright?"

"No, you aren't. But you will be."

Dale grimaced as he felt a strange vibration run through him. "Look, maybe we can work out a deal. You keep Ella, and the rest of us, we'll - nghh!"

But it was too late, and the house wouldn't have listened anyway. Instead, Dale gasped as his skin warmed and itched. To his terror, his body hair began to pull back into his flesh, and any imperfections in his skin died away. His limbs shrunk, as did his spine, his height reducing from an impressive six-foot-one to a mere five-foot-six in mere seconds.

"This has to be a nightmare!" Victor said.

"He's fucking shrinking!" Frank said. "I need to get footage of this!"

"Fuck you, you rat!" Dale screeched, but his voice was already becoming higher, and it sounded kind of . . . *odd*. Like it was developing a proto-accent. "What are you making me, you stupid house!?"

"I am Alpha Theta Rho!" the house declared. *"And I promise I will get you finally laid, Dale. And you'll have the charisma and style to finally get anyone you want. Any man, that is."*

He groaned, feeling his hips expand and his butt inflate. They weren't nearly as exaggerated as Ella's, at least, but his waist was even thinner, his form even more slender, since Ella had a cheerleader's fitness. He gasped as his jawline altered, his face gaining an ovoid shape instead of its usual square. But the real shocker came when his skin warmed once more, and then it . . . *lightened*.

"Man, what the fuck!?"

"Dude," Harry said. "You're becoming a white chick!"

"I'm not! I'm some - oh shit! I'm becoming white!"

It was true. His race was changing. The dark-skinned man's brown tones were turning white, and not just white, but almost *porcelain*. His cheeks expanded further, becoming soft and pretty, and his cheekbones raised. His curly black hair started to grow forth, but as it did it changed colour, turning a fiery red as it spilled down his back, with just a slight wave to it, as opposed to the tight curls he'd had.

"You're a racist house!" he screamed. "You can't make me white! I ain't a white girl! This is fuckin' racist, man!"

"I am no such thing. I am merely giving you the archetypes I have the power to provide. Even I have my limitations. But don't worry, we'll make up that diversity with the others."

Such a statement made the other four men quake with fear, especially as they watched the changes unfold for Dale. He groaned in a high voice, clutching his chest as it expanded. He did not possess Ella's head-sized boobs, but he did grow a pair of plentiful, ample D-cups, perhaps even Double-D's. They stretched his shirt tight, but said shirt was already becoming an elegant purple dress, his pants turning into stylish stockings. Makeup adorned his womanly face, giving him ruby red lips and attractive eyeshadow, and a stylish necklace appeared, the pendant between his breasts, resting in his cleavage.

"No! *Zis* isn't fair, man! You can't do *zis* to me!"

But then he touched his mouth, shocked. He could barely even pay attention to his dick retreating back into his body, because his voice was all wrong. It wasn't just a tantalising female voice, but one with an attractive *French accent*.

"You've made me French!" he shrieked. "I don't want to be no - ohhh! *Mon dieu*"

By the time he realised what was happening, it was too late. His brain changed, and he was no longer Dale but *Delphine*, a beautiful, slender, and very stylish French-American fashion student. Her mind was flooded with makeup routines, dress styles, cloth design, colour schemes, and how to make it all work on her body. How to make her every move pure elegance. And this was not to mention her secret new fetish for dressing up as a French maid and submitting to male lovers.

"Zis is an outrage!" she cried. "You cannot do *zis* to me!"

But the spirit Alpha Theta Rho just laughed. *"I think you'll find I already have, my lovely fashion beauty. God, you look exactly like the Delphine I knew. And now it's time to see a return of her best friend . . . Holly. Hmm . . . Harry, Holly, Harry, Holly."*

Harry screamed and kicked uselessly at the door again.

"She was so shy and friendly, my Holly. A much-needed attitude adjustment for someone so needlessly provocative as you, Harry."

The shiver ran through him. The man tried to bolt for the window and jump through it, but he seized up and fell over before he even arrived. The changes began immediately.

"Change them, not me!" he whined. "Let them change and let me go!"

"Dude, what the hell?" Peter said.

Ella crossed her arms beneath her tits. "Like, you're such a coward! If I became a totally yummy girl you totes should too!"

"I'm not with them!" Victor said. "I'm not nearly as bad as Harry!"

"You'll get your turn. But Harry first. So cute and mousey. Truly adorable, my Holly."

Harry writhed. Unlike the previous two, it was his mental state that changed first. He instantly became shy and very self-aware of being at the centre of attention, something his edginess previously craved.

"D-don't look at me!" he cried uncharacteristically. "P-please!"

His STEM knowledge dripped away, replaced by a love of literature, a compulsion to complete his English major and become a *writer*. But the attention of everyone was too much!

"She's making me shy! Please, just let me change in private!"

But the change happened publicly all the same. Ella was cupping her big tits and trying to cover her barely-covered body, and Delphine was finding it impossible to remove her dress or cover up her femininity, but both were staring at Harry along with the remaining guys. The poor, shy future-woman moaned, voice turning into a mousey, almost squeaky voice. His hips, like the others, changed shape. His chest bloomed into a pair of modest but respectable B-cup breasts. His hair grew out, though not too much, leaving him with a very cute pixie cut. A pair of glasses manifested themselves onto his changing face, which was

reshaping to become a slightly tomboy-ish visage, with gorgeous amber eyes and a little button nose.

"No!" Harry cried. "I don't want to be cute! I don't want to be some shy, adorable chick! At least m-make me a mega-hottie! Please! If it's not too much to ask!"

"Awww, such a Holly way to plead. Sorry, Harry, but you're going to understand the value of being more private and keeping your opinions to yourself."

The name Holly reverberated in his skull. His self-conception changed to that of a woman's identity, and this was matched by the withdrawal of his penis. She refused to even touch it, because doing so would be so embarrassing in front of the others, so instead *she* just whined, blushing a brilliant rosy red as her changes finished. Slowly, Holly stood, her clothing now a cute button shirt and women's pants,, with a woollen scarf around her neck as if she were trying to retract her cute face into its depths to hide.

"Wh-what do I look like?" she asked nervously, clutching one arm with the other. She was shorter than even Delphine, and positively adorable.

"Like, you look soooooooo cute," Ella said. "It's, like, really fucked up and stuff!"

"Ze style is good, though," Delphine said, before shaking her head. "What am I saying!?"

At this point, there were now three women and three men in the room. Victor, Frank, and Peter remained, gulping as they realised their fate was next. The house hummed, the ascended spirit of Rebecca having become the essence of *Alpha Theta Rho*, ready to inflict both vengeance and bring about the return of her sorority.

"Take Victor next!" Peter cried. "Leave me for last! I've always appreciated women!"

"Appreciated porn, more like," Victor snapped back. "At least I can get a girlfriend!"

"Only by being a dickhead pick up artist," Frank interjected. "You're always talking about how to ruin a girl's self-esteem."

"At least I don't cyberstalk them!" Victor jabbed back. "You spread fucking memes and make up rumours and shit, you little punk!"

"I can stop that any time! Listen, house! I can! I can use my talents to help you more as a guy! Take these two!"

"Fuck off," Peter said. "I can bring Insta-hotties in! You can't do that!"

Victor shoved him aside. "I can convince girls. I'll redeem myself! Just don't turn me into a bi- I mean, a woman!"

"He was about to say bitch!" Frank cried.

The house boomed, silencing them all, the voice of Rebecca growing.

"Oh, enough! You're all horrid! And my patience is up! This was fun, but now I want to see a reincarnation of my original frat members. It's time you ALL changed, all at ONCE!"

The shiver ran through all of them. Ella actually giggled.

"Like, serves you right!"

"I'm so sorry!" Holly said, nervously. "It doesn't feel quite that bad, I promise!"

But Delphine scoffed, still feeling humiliated by her fate. "Zat is so not true! It's ze worst! I have a goddamn pussy. Just . . . *merde!*"

But the three men were barely listening. All of them were falling to their knees, or slumping against the wall, or falling to the couch as the physical and mental changes swept over them.

"N-no!" shouted Peter, scratching his skin as it began to heat up. "You didn't make us wait our turn! We should have been able to wait our t-turn!"

"Yeah, no fair!" added Frank, who was also scratching his skin. Both men were changing in pigmentation, their facial features altering to give them non-white appearances. Peter groaned as his skin turned light brown, then dark olive, and then finally a gorgeous dark brown. His nose widened, his lips became lovely and full, his eyes dark. His ordinary brown hair turned curly and black, extending down the back of his head and then turning to beautiful dark braids.

"What the frick!?" he cried, voice cracking, becoming that of a lower-register female. "Dale turns white and I'm turning b-black!? Ohhhh! Fuck, I'm getting big black tits, too!"

They pushed out from his chest, growing and growing until they were a little shy of Ella's own size. He squeezed them, trying to push them back into his chest, but it was a futile effort, especially as his figure took on the shape of an athletic female.

"I'm looking forward to seeing my Piper again. She was such a glorious and beautiful athlete!"

"N-no! Not far at all!"

But Frank wasn't even speaking, simply making whimpering noises as he shrunk, figure becoming slender. His awkward computer nerd looks softened, but his skin tone became a light olive complexion instead of anything darker, his eyes taking on the almond, single-lidded shape of an Asian person. An Asian *woman's* face, specifically, because his features were softening, his eyes taking on arched, feminine contours, and his hair turning silky and black, extending down his shoulders, perfectly straight and without any of its typical greasy, grimey look.

"<You can't do this to me! People will find out! We'll tell everyone and - what? What language am I speaking? Am I speaking Japanese!? Ughhh - you've made me a cute Japanese girl!>"

"Oh yes, our Fumiko often lapsed back into her native tongue. But she was a sweet and nerdy Maths major, and she had a lot of boys after her. It didn't hurt that she was so very beautiful . . . and busty."

Frank gasped as his chest *bloomed*, a large pair of F-cups pushing outwards instantly. They seemed huge on his increasingly small figure, and this was emphasised further when a cute crop top suddenly pushed them up into a veritable canyon of cleavage. A skirt formed around his legs, which had a thicker look to them, and it left the soon-to-be-woman trying to cover himself up.

"I don't wanna be Japanese!" he cried. "I fucking masturbate to Japanese chicks, that doesn't mean I want them!"

"Yes, you seem the type to have an ethnic fetish. Enjoy being on the receiving end of one for the rest of your life. Of course, Victor is confident in his skills with women, so why not fill him with the flirtatiousness to attract men?"

That drew the group's attention to Victor, who was still trying to kick and beat at the door in a desperate huff. Ella gasped, and Holly placed her hands on her mouth.

"Mon dieu!" cried Delphine, who now had a cute little beret on top of her head, black in colour to contrast her fiery hair. "You are also changing race!"

It was true: Victor's skin was warming up and darkening, becoming the gorgeous bronze colour of a South American beauty. His hair stretched out down his shoulders, a beautiful man of black curls. Her lips pouted naturally, full and perfect for kissing, among *other* things.

"I'm not going down this easily!" he cried, accent gaining a Brazilian touch. "Do you hear me!? I'm not going down easily!!"

But even as he kicked, his movements became swifter, more dance-like. His slightly chubby middle pulled in, the extra weight going to an ass that was beyond belief; ripe and juicy and bouncing perfectly with each movement. It could send a quarter thrown at it to the moon, and this was emphasised by the tight white yoga shorts forming around them, replacing his trousers.

"Sugoi," Frank said, though his mental state was changing to *Fumiko*, his default language now Japanese. He whined as his dick pulled inwards, but his gaze was still upon Victor, who grunted and moaned as the most delicious hourglass figure yet sprung forth.

"Dios mio!" the new latino-latina cried, face gaining prominent cheekbones and thick, gorgeous eyebrows. "I knew I should never have hung out with you *idiotas!* This is your fault for being such a pack of - nghh! Mmhm!"

Like with the others, the change was as discomforting as it was strangely pleasurable. His thighs thickened, his midriff gained some gorgeous abs, and his shoulders became petite yet defined, portraying feminine strength. His chest rose, just as it had for the rest of them, but while they were still ample D-cups, a pair of total palm-fillers, the real show were his wide baby-making hips and his massive *culo*; it was the kind of ass that just wouldn't quit. A sports bra appeared around his chest, helping cup his boobs, and it gave the

impression of someone who worked out, but he was too slim for that. It was only when he span on the spot to perform another kick at the door, only to launch into a series of elegant and precise hip-hop moves by accident, did the truth come knocking.

“A dancer!?” he cried, his member sliding back into his body. “You made me a fucking dancer!?”

“All the better to entice boys, right? And such moves! No wonder you, Valentina, are an incredible dance major.”

The newly-renamed Valentina screamed, clenching her fists and rattling off a number of expletives in Portuguese and Spanish as if she’d spoken the extra two languages all of her life. Fumiko, meanwhile, had numbers dancing in her head, and a strange compulsion to not only study, but study hard. Piper was flexing her muscles, gazing in awe at her own highly attractive, but very black and very female body, which was taller and more athletic than her original ever had been. Delphine looked at her dark skin with jealousy and longing, whereas Holly was still blushing furiously, overcome by the humiliation and shame of this all. Ella, meanwhile, had let her thoughts go astray, and was moaning quietly as she felt her tits, until she realised people were looking her way and suddenly stopped.

“Like, it’s not my fault! I’m, like, a ditzy bubbly girl with a super horny personality now!”

“At least you’re not some dance major!” Valentina snapped. “I look like the kind of latina girl I used to hit on!”

“At least you don’t a really big chest!” Fumiko hit back, her accent soft and lilting. “The guys are going to eat me up! Ohhh no, I think - I think this body wants a boyfriend!”

“Mine too!” Delphine said. “Someone worthy of my style! I mean - *merde!*”

“I’m aching for a footballer,” Piper groaned, looking over her body. She was wearing a grey tanktop and workout shorts, and she was looking hella fine in them.

“You’re all, like, boy hungry, but I’m boy *starving!*” Ella exclaimed. “I really, like, need a big strong guy - or any guy - to fuck me from behind and spank me! Fuck!”

This oversharing of impulses continued for some time. Each of them felt their new roles and personalities overlaid upon the original them. Their old selves weren’t gone, but rather subject to pressures and quirks that were too strong to fight, almost on an instinctual level. Valentina felt an urge to practice a dance routine for an upcoming test, whereas Fumiko wanted to calm herself by solving maths problems, and Holly was intent on reading at least three books a week, whereas as Harry she hadn’t read a book in *years*. It was all too much, and Delphine found herself staring around the room, imagining the ways she could make it more decorative, more . . . sorority-themed.

"Zis is insane," she whispered to herself, ignoring Piper's heated statements about applying for the girls' basketball team and Ella's desire to seduce all the boys with her cheerleading routines. "Rebecca! Alpha Theta Rho! Talk to me, damn you!"

Suddenly, an ethereal figure appeared in the centre of the room, a gorgeous woman with dark brunette hair and an Alpha Theta Rho shirt on. She winked at them, her body outlined like a ghost with colourless hues. One could see right through her.

Naturally, the group of six new women screamed and jumped back, surrounding the ghost in a loose circle.

"Well, well," the spirit of Alpha Theta Rho said, floating on the spot to inspect each of them. *"I've done more than good work on the six of you, don't you think?"*

"Look," Delphine said. "I think you have made your point, *mademoiselle*. We were chauvinists and misogynists, and we acted improperly. Ugh, I'm speaking so ridiculously formal right now, *zis* is ridiculous. But you've changed us, and we're sorry, right girls?"

"Of course!"

"Si!"

"Hai!"

"Totally!"

"Y-y-y-yes, of c-c-course!"

Delphine turned back to look at the ghostly apparition. "So you can turn us back now, right?"

"I can, but I won't."

They sagged their shoulders.

"Wh-wh-when are you g-going to turn us b-back, then?" asked the terrified and shy Holly.

"Yeah, we can't stay like this forever!" Piper added.

Ella moaned. "Especially since I'm, like, super horny!"

"And I'm Japanese!" Fumiko squeaked.

"And I want to fucking dance for men!" Valentina added, whining.

But the apparition just giggled, that same spooky giggle. *"Oh, wasn't I clear before? I'm never changing you back. I told you, I want my sorority back. I didn't become this building for nothing, didn't take on its essence as my own. I am the spirit of this sorority, and I need my members. And for your crimes, you're going to live out the rest of your lives as recreations of my original friend group, and bring more and more women to Alpha Theta Rho so it can live once more!"*

Delphine's jaw dropped. "You - you've got to be kidding!"

"Not at all. I hope you all enjoy being beautiful sorority girls, because you're never going back!"

And with that, she laughed again and disappeared, leaving the six new women grappling with their new and *permanent* roles.

Just six months on, and Alpha Theta Rho was thriving. It had new members each week, and there was already talk of purchasing the lot next door to expand the building and add another wing, they were so popular. The six boys who had tried to enter numerous fraternities were quickly forgotten, particularly since six beautiful and diverse women were now headlining this sorority. They made a total splash with their entrance at parties, with their looks and outfits, and their clear determination to get their sorority off the ground. To outsiders, it was almost as if these women were so obsessive about their goal that they were possessed.

They were more right than they knew, of course, not that they'd ever find out. The six founders of the sorority seemed as if they'd been women all their lives, and all the evidence pointed to this as well. They had fully-formed histories, ID's, campus records, and more all pointing to their existence. It aided their founding of the sorority, but some work had to still be done.

The biggest part of this founding was possible because of the money raised: Ella earned a massive amount from her sexy carwashes, not to mention her online profiles. She was the most popular, stacked cheerleader on campus, and practically slept with the whole football team. She was considered a total slut, of course, but her bubbly sweetness and obvious ditziness made her incredibly beloved, and she was never one to cheat. She just liked spreading the love with her horny body.

Delphine helped organise everything; as a stylish fashion major, she knew what cloth had to be placed where, and how to bring about the most *chic* effect. She was also deeply promiscuous, and was said to be the most artful and practised lover out of the whole sorority: where Ella went for quantity, Delphine went for quality, and her orgasms seemed to be as perfect as her outfits.

Holly was the cute, shy little sister of the group, and they made sure to protect her. She was often reading and studying for her major, but helped plan their funding drives and organised their validation as a reborn sorority. And while she avoid the promiscuity of her fellow sisters, she couldn't help but find herself dating a tall, dark and handsome English major who loved books as much as she did. When he took her female virginity, she found out just how intoxicating being a total submissive could be.

Piper was the star of her basketball team, tall enough to actually dunk just like the men on the male team. She was good looking and she knew it, and had a strong social

media presence that showed off her fit and sexy figure, flexing her gorgeous dark abs for her followers. Just like she had said that first night, she ended up dating a footballer, but later ended up with one of the members of the male basketball team.

Fumiko was indeed lusted after by a lot of white guys. She was nervous about this, just wanting to get her degree done, but at night she would masturbate, thinking about them as she touched herself. In the end, she gave up on her resistance, and soon couldn't resist her sexy boyfriend. More than the other girls, she often found herself on her knees, sliding her man's cock between her breasts and sucking him off.

Lastly, there was Valentina. A popular dancer, she loved to show off her fine body and used every excuse to do so, from wearing breezy clothing, to flirting with the cute boys, to bending over strategically so they could see her amazing ass. She performed regularly in numerous events, and was the highlight. Her talents helped put their sorority on the map.

Of course, this was just the surface level of the women. They couldn't tell anyone else about the reality of their situation, only each other. Not even their new members knew, despite how large their numbers had grown. Each former man longed to return to their old lives, but they may as well have wished for the sky to turn green or for Hell to freeze over. They were the founders of a reborn sorority, admired and lusted after by all. They couldn't fight their new roles, and each had eventually resigned to them, including the dresses, the outfits, the makeup, and the sex. This was who they were now: embodiments of the spirit of Alpha Theta Rho. No matter how much their inner male minds screamed, they were doomed to be these women forever.

And the real spirit was more than proud of her work.

The End