

***SINISTER SISTERHOOD SERIES:***

***University of***

***Syracuse:***

***The Beta Games!***

**By Max Swan**

**(Concept by Devin Dickie)**

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**\*\*\*DEVIN DICKIE NOTE\*\*\***

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# ***The Beta Games***

***By Max Swan***

***Concept by Devin Dickie***

“First of all,” Cynthia Prendergast begins. She’s President of Gamma Phi Beta at Syracuse University, New York, and is standing before a meeting of the sorority sisters. Cynthia is a beautiful strawberry blonde woman with pert breasts and a lithe

figure wearing black jeans and a Syracuse blazer. “I just want to say how proud I am of all of you for showing me exactly what you’re made of.”

She scans the room with powerful blue eyes, the assembled forty young women, including recent pledges, just accepted into the sorority. There’s a mixture of cultures and races in the group, but they’re all incredibly attractive and nicely dressed. The air is tense, as the subject Cynthia is referring to is something that makes many of them uneasy.

Cynthia said, “As you know, this is my final year at Syracuse...”

There’s a murmur of grief among the assembled sorority sisters making Cynthia raise her hand to quieten them.

“Now, now, it happens to us all at some point,” she said with a smile. “As much as I’d love to stay, I’m also looking forward to starting a new chapter in my life. However, that means we need to find the right sister to take my place.”

The crowd nods, life goes on, and they need to select a new President.

“Thanks to some inspiration from our friend’s at the Delta-Delta-Delta sorority at Somtown University, I have come up with a great plan to select your next President.”

There's a murmuring again because the rumors about the Triple-D sorority are something they've heard but mostly dismissed. Yet volunteering for this test to check one's worth to be President of Gamma Phi Beta was going to be difficult. To hear it now involves something that they've only heard as whispers late at night sends a ripple of fear through the gathered sisters.

"The President must be a woman willing to give her all for her sisters, even if it costs them in love and life," Cynthia said with a frown. "Are you willing to sacrifice everything for your sisters?" There are nods and murmurs in the group. Cynthia yells, "Are you willing to sacrifice everything for Gamma Phi Beta?"

"*YES,*" the group shout.

Cynthia's chest puffs as she takes in her sisters. Her face beams with satisfaction. "Last week, I asked anyone willing to enter the lottery and play 'The Beta Games', and you all have. I'm so proud. The prize of winning The Beta Games is the winning sister will be our next sorority President and mentored by me for the rest of the year. Of course, under our bylaws, sisters must be a member for at least a year before they can be eligible to run for President. Some of you cannot enter this lottery."

An Asian girl raises her hand, and Cynthia nods at her. "Um, what's involved in The Beta Games?" she asks.

“You won’t know unless your name is drawn,” Cynthia said. “If this scares you, then I suggest you withdraw from the lottery. There’s no shame in doing so, as not everyone’s cut out to lead. Participation is not mandatory. So, if any sister wants to withdraw, please move to the back of the room now.” Not one of them moved, and it makes Cynthia grin broadly. “Good, I’m so proud of you all. Let the lottery begin...”

A black woman brings a silver champagne bucket to Cynthia and holds it aloft above the President’s head. The bucket filled with folded pieces of paper. The strawberry blonde reaches up and puts her hand into the bucket and mixes the paper. Then she grabs one and pulls it out. The black woman puts the bucket down on a nearby table and goes and stands with her sisters.

Cynthia takes a deep breath and opens the paper. She smiles. Gazing at her sisters watching expectantly, Cynthia said, “The first contender in The Beta Games is ... Gina Harris.”

There’s a squeal of delight from a redhead as all the sisters turn to smile at Gina. She then steps forward, smiling broadly, tears in her eyes, and shakes Cynthia’s hand.

“Congratulations, Gina, I’ll be praying you succeed,” Cynthia said to the excited girl.

“So, what do I have to do?” Gina asks.

“I guess this is the moment you’ve all been waiting for,” the sorority President said, seeing the nodding heads. “To win The Beta Games, you have to sacrifice your love to prove you’ll do anything at any cost for your sisters.”

Gina frowns, she’s not alone. “My love? Do you mean Johnny, my boyfriend?”

Cynthia nods. “Yes, precisely. The Beta Games takes place over four trials. Fail at any stage, and I’ll draw a new name, and we start again. Once a sister can get her boyfriend through all four trials of The Beta Games, she’ll be my heir. A woman who has what it takes will succeed.” An attractive brunette in a tight sweater raises her hand. “Yes, Leslie?” Cynthia asks, looking at the girl.

“Um, I don’t have a boyfriend at the moment,” Leslie said. “What should I do?”

Cynthia nods. “Those of you without a boyfriend need not fear,” she said. “If you find a male willing to participate for you, that’s all you need to take part.”

“But what are the four trials?”

“Each trial will be revealed only after your champion has completed one,” Cynthia said. Turning to Gina, she said, “The first trial your boyfriend must complete is ‘The Measure of a Man.’”

This involves him having his erect penis measured in public. All the sisters will watch either in person or via facetime, as well as anyone who cares to look.”

There’s a general gasp around the room, and Gina’s face turns red. “Johnny will never do that,” she said, throwing her hands to her mouth.

“Then you will fail and be out of the running,” Cynthia said coldly.

Meanwhile, among the chatter of the anxious sorority sisters, Leslie Hunter has an idea, she knows just the guy for this challenge, and at once starts hatching a plan to trap him into it.

## **Chapter 1**

Tim Phillips is in the library at Syracuse University, trying to study for a coming exam. He’s studying to become a pharmacist and is in his sophomore year. The student is short, only five foot six, with a thin ninety-pound body and a boyish, almost feminine face with high cheekbones. He likes this university mostly because it’s as far away from his hometown in California he can get. Tim has a history back home. One he wants to escape from. As far as he knows, there’s not any student here that even knows him or his past. That suits Tim well.

Yet unbeknownst to him, there is one student here who knows him, a female called Leslie Hunter, who is a year older than him.



She also comes from Tim's hometown and is aware of his presence here. The Gamma Phi Beta sister also knows about Tim's past too, and suddenly, due to some radical changes in her sororities presidential choice. She needs a patsy. Leslie needs a boy she can control, and what better than one with a deep dark secret. One who'd do anything to keep it from getting around the campus.

That's her plan anyway. From what she knows of Tim Phillips, Leslie feels confident she can persuade him to be her bitch so she can become the president of her sorority. Cynthia told them she wanted a sister willing to do anything for her sisters. Leslie is the kind of woman who'd do anything to become president. Even if it means stepping on the very sisters, she supposed to serve in that role. The only hitch to her plan is the lottery. Her name still sits inside the champagne bucket along with twenty-five others. Those drawn before her will have to fail before Leslie gets her chance too. It's a risk, but she's up for the challenge.

As Tim wanders between the shelves of dusty volumes searching for a book, he suddenly feels a tap on his shoulder. He turns to see a brunette in a Gamma Phi Beta blazer and a short skirt. She seems oddly familiar, yet Tim doesn't make the connection straight away.

"Tim? Tim Phillips?" the young woman said with a cold smile and mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

“Ah, yeah?” he said and grimaces.

“I thought that was you, what a small world, eh?”

Tim frowns. “Um, sorry, do I know you?”

She giggles. “I’m Gordon Hunter’s older sister, Leslie.” The name makes Tim shiver involuntarily. His old high school bully, who single-handedly destroyed his reputation back home after an incident when Gordon made him eat magic mushrooms. The very event that caused the nerdy male to flee his hometown as soon as he possibly could. Now standing before him is a direct connection to that past, and it makes him feel sick.

“Ah, sorry, Leslie, I-I didn’t r-recognize you,” he said, feeling his face burn.

“Gordon told me you came here and to say hi if I saw you.”

Tim’s body stiffens noticeably. “Your brother can go fuck himself,” he said coldly.

Leslie just laughs, then pulls out her phone. After fiddling with the screen, she turns the phone, and a video is playing. On the video, Tim is naked, running through the town mall shouting, ‘*Aliens are attacking. Run. Run for your lives...*’ Then three burly security guards tackle the skinny nerd to the ground with Tim screaming like a girl.

“Where...” Tim begins, he’s never seen that footage before.

“Gordon sent it to me,” Leslie said coldly with a prominent smirk. Putting the phone away, she said, “It’s not very flattering, is it, *ET?*”

He shivers. Tim hasn’t heard that old nickname for a few years now. The nickname Gordon gave him after that shameful event.

Her smirk grows as she watches the sophomore unravel before her very eyes. “I see you’ve made quite a life for yourself here,” she said coldly. “So, if you wanna keep your good name around here, then you’re going to help me with a slight problem.”

He’s flabbergasted. Leslie Hunter is, it seems, blackmailing him. He asks, “What problem?”

“My sorority is having a...call it an event, and I need a boyfriend to participate.”

Tim guffaws. “Leslie, you’re an attractive woman, you could get anyone to be your boyfriend. So, why me?”

She smiles. “Because for me to win this event, I need a guy who can be my bitch. The only guy here at SU for that is you, *ET.*”

Tim steps back, drawing his arms across his chest firmly. “I’ll never help you.”

“If you don’t want me sending that video of you to every person here on campus, then you’ll do everything I say. Then again, I

could send the one where Gordon made you eat dog shit. There are so many, I'm spoilt for choice."

The boy gasps. "No, don't do that. Please."

The smirk returns. "Then you'll be my bitch, and when the event is over, I'll delete the videos."

"If I do this, you have to get Gordon to delete them too. All of them."

She nods. "OK. But cross me or back out, and I'll release one video a week until they're all out there."

Tim swallows hard. "Alright, what do I have to do."

"Be in the cafeteria tomorrow at one to see what your first challenge will entail," she said.

Leslie turns and leaves. Tim watches her sashaying butt and can't help noticing he has a boner.

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The next day many members of Gamma Phi Beta gather around a table chatting noisily, Leslie Hunter among them. The brunette scans the cafeteria, and sure enough, sitting at a table nearby is Tim Phillips eating some chips. The girl smiles at him, but Tim doesn't respond. Suddenly, the girls go quiet as Gina and her

boyfriend Johnny approach and sit at two vacant seats next to a strawberry-blond haired girl. Tim knew Johnny, a bit of a jock, but an OK guy. They shared some classes.

“Welcome, Johnny,” Cynthia said as he sits. “I hope Gina has told you why you’re here today.”

A flush crept over the handsome jock’s face. “Yeah, she said you all want to see my junk,” he said in a forced voice. “So, she can be President or something.”

“Well, it’s a little more complicated than that. But this is one of the prerequisites.”

Johnny shakes his head. “Whatever. You sorority chicks are weird,” he said. “Let’s get it over with, I got shit to do.”

The dark-haired jock starts undoing his pants, and Gina suddenly grabs his arm and says, “No, babe, you have to get up on the table and drop them.”

He gasps. “Then the whole fucking cafeteria will see it,” he said. “I could lose my scholarship for shit like that.”

“If you love me like you say, you’ll do it.”

Johnny stares at Gina for a long awkward time. “It comes down to emotional blackmail, then?”

“I promise, I’ll make it up to you tonight,” Gina urges.

He sighs, stands, and steps up onto the table. The sudden spectacle of a student standing on a table causes everyone to turn and stare. Then he pulls his pants down to reveal his genitals. Phones go up everywhere, especially at the Gamma Phi Beta table. There’s a burst of giggling and laughing across the whole room as Johnny’s small flaccid penis sits there barely visible in his pubic hair.

“He’s gotta baby dick,” a male voice shouted.

Tim feels terrible for the guy, he knows what it’s like to have people laugh at him for his penis size.

Cynthia gazes at the unimpressive male genitalia above. She said, “You have to get it hard. Start jerking your tiny penis off.”

Johnny glances down at Gina, who said, “Come on, baby, do it for me.”

His hand moves toward his ever-shrinking dick. The laughter and jeers are thunderous now. Another male shouted, “I’d kill myself if I was born with a tiny cock like that.”

A female catering staff member said, “Seems more like a clit than a dick.”

One of the Gamma Phi Beta girls said, “Standing there, showing us what a dud you are, can’t be easy.”

Another adds, “He couldn’t even reach the g-spot with that thing. A useless, pathetic dick. How could you date such a loser, Gina?”

Suddenly, Johnny bends, pulls up his pants, and jumps off the table. The laughter is deafening as he runs out of the cafeteria. Following him is Gina, calling his name. Cynthia turns to her sisters and shrugs.

“The Beta Games won’t be easy, and that’s just the first trial,” she said. “Now, you all see what’s involved, if any want to withdraw, they can.”

Ten arms rise. The girls deciding that putting their boyfriend through this is not something they can do. Leslie Hunter smiles, her odds just got better. She turns to see if Tim is still there and finds him gone.

*‘I think I’ll need to give the little dweeb some extra motivation,’* she thought.

Cynthia stands. “The next contender will be drawn tonight at eight,” she said to the girls. “Debbie, remove the names of anyone wanting to withdraw.” A black sister, nods. “Good day to you all.”

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Later that evening, Leslie knocks on a door in a dorm house. Several guys walk past with bulging eyes wondering how such a hottie could be knocking at Tim Phillips door. The door opens, and the boy in question is standing there in a blue terry toweling robe. His eyes bulge too when he sees the attractive woman wearing a tight blazer that accentuates her D-cup breasts nicely. The fact Leslie has no bra on and her nipples poking through the material adds to the allure of her.

“Aren’t you going to invite me in?” Leslie said sweetly. “Or do you want everyone here to hear us?”

She turns her head and sees several doors suddenly shut. Tim notices it too, this is not an everyday occurrence in these halls.

“OK, come in, we need to talk,’ he said, stepping aside, allowing her to enter.

As Leslie passes, her perfume fills his senses and makes his dick twitch. Tim shuts the door and locks it. Turning to Leslie, the shit-eating grin on her face makes his insides cower.

“I’m out,” he blurts. “You can’t blackmail me by exposing that video only to make me do something equally as public. Either way, I’m fucked. Show everyone the fucking videos, I don’t care. Even the dog shit one, or the chicken one. Go for it.”



*'I thought this might happen,'* Leslie thought. *"Time for plan B."* She turns and goes to Tim's desk, looking over what he'd been working on, some organic chemistry books are open. "You're quite the little nerd, aren't you," she said, turning a few pages of a book.

"I think you should leave," Tim said harshly.

Gazing back at Tim, she shrugs. "I don't think you want that," she said.

"Get out!"

Leslie moves closer to the boy, invading his personal space. Tim stands his ground, determined not to let her bully him.

"I had an interesting discussion with Gordon about you," she said, running her fingers through his short brown hair.

"I don't care. Gordon is a cunt."

Leslie smiles. "He has a theory about you, which I think just might be true."

"I highly doubt it," Tim whines.

Suddenly, her hands drop, and she unties his robe, saying, "Gordon thinks you get off from being bullied. He thinks deep down, you enjoy having someone dominate you. Push you into doing things you'd never otherwise do."

Leslie pulls the robe open and pushes it off his shoulders, so it falls to the floor. Tim is now standing there in his boxers.

“Gordon thinks he could’ve made you do just about anything...”

“Never, no...”

“He said he always knew because you’d get a little boner...” She slips her hand into his boxers and grabs Tim’s dick. “Just like now.”

Leslie staring into his eyes intensely becomes too much for Tim, and he turns away, feeling her hand gently stroke his dick. “You were born for this challenge, Tim.” She whispers.

“*I’m not ... I’m not,*” Tim murmurs.

She suddenly pulls his boxers down to expose his genitalia. “Tell me, why do you keep your junk bald?”

“I... I...”

“Because you want to look like a weak little boy. Right?” He gasps.

“*Please...*”

Leslie grabs a ruler off the desk and holds it close to Tim’s erection. “Hm, four inches and very thin. It isn’t even a mouthful. You must piss all over your balls with a pee-pee this small.”

Suddenly, he groans, his dick twitches, and semen spurted out, landing on her black leather shoes. Leslie laughs, stroking his dick until the last drop.

“You see, me giving you shit about your baby dick got you off,” she said. “That proves what kind of freak you are.”

“I... Please, I...” Tim begins.

“Shush, now get down there and lick my shoes clean of your disgusting cummies,” Leslie orders, taking her hand off his dick and wiping it on his chest.

Without a word, Tim drops to his knees, bends, and starts licking her sperm stained shoes. Tasting the bitter, pungent flavor of his own semen mixed with the leather and polish of the shoe. After he finishes, she said, “There’s some on the floor too, lick it all up.”

She goes and sits on his bed and watches him lick every drop off the floor too. Her instincts about him were right. ‘*Small dick males are weak and pliable, and given the right motivation, they’ll do nearly anything,*’ she thought. When Tim finished, he sits on his knees. His dick is still hard. ‘*A fitting salute to the superior woman,*’ Leslie thought with a smile. She takes out her phone and takes some photos. Then seeing the time is getting near eight, she knows she must be back at the sorority for the next lottery draw.

“I think we understand each other now,” Leslie said with some warmth.

“I guess,” Tim said, his face going red.

“So, any talk of withdrawing from our agreement should be gone.”

He nods.

“Look on the bright side, my name might not even get drawn, and I won’t need your help,” Leslie said. “But if it is, then I expect you to go all the way. No wimping out like Johnny today.”

“Yes, Leslie,” Tim said, staring at the floor.

She gets an idea. Something to ram home to Tim exactly where he stands. Leslie stands, and suddenly reaches under her skirt and removes a pair of white cotton panties. The sorority princess then holds them out to Tim.

“Here, put these on,” she said. “I want you to wear these for the rest of the week. To remind you that you belong to me now.” Tim stands and takes the panties, soon he is wearing them with a small tent at the front, making Leslie laugh. “Girlie panties for a girlie clit, it suits you. I think you should wear panties from now on.”

“Yes, Leslie.”

“Give me your cell phone.”

He grabs it off the desk and hands it to Leslie, who then uses it to send herself a text. “There, I have your number now. When I want you, you’ll drop everything and come to me. Got it?”

“Yes, Leslie.”

“Good, I gotta go now. No jerking off in my panties, I’ll be checking.”

Leslie unlocks the door and leaves. As the door closes, Tim collapses on his bed, wondering what the hell just happened.

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Leslie arrives back at the Gamma Phi Beta house just in time for the next lottery draw to decide the next contender for The Beta Games. The room feels different now because it has a new vibe. Standing at the back are all those who pulled out after the Johnny misfire. Gina, who’s now out of the race, and those girls ineligible to enter anyway. Leslie now stands in a group of fifteen girls. ‘*The odds are getting better,*’ she thought.

Cynthia takes the front position and raises her hand to get everyone’s attention. Not that it’s needed as every girls’ riveted to the proceedings anyway.

“Let’s replay today’s failure,” Cynthia said and turns to a large TV monitor behind her.

On the screen appears Johnny, pants down and a red face. He seems to be crying. The audio is compelling, “Fuck me, that’s a baby dick.”

“Looking at it, it’s like a disability of some sort.”

“It’s small like a boy’s pee-pee.”

“I’ve seen bigger cocktail wieners.”

“Hey, loser, you know there’s an operation you can get to make it bigger.”

“The smallest dick I’d seen before was my brothers when he was eight. This has him beat.”

Most of the girls’ present giggle at the sight and sounds.

Suddenly, Gina shouts, “**Enough**. Aren’t you done humiliating Johnny yet?”

Cynthia nods to the black girl Debbie who raises the remote and turns off the TV. “I mean no offense, Gina,” she said. “I just wanted to remind our remaining contenders what’s expected in case some still want to pull out.”

Gina is crying and having reached her limit, storms out of the room. Cynthia nods to a couple of girls, and they follow the redhead to console her. “So, does anyone else want to pull out?”

Leslie smiles when three more girls go to the back of the room, taking the group down to twelve.

Cynthia acknowledges the girls standing at the back. “Don’t feel bad, not everyone is cut out to be a leader,” she said warmly. “To truly lead takes sacrifice and pain, which is the lesson of The Beta Games. Can you keep your poise and intellect under the most dreadful pressure? These twelve sisters before us think they can. Bring forth the bucket for the next lottery...”

Debbie grabs the silver champagne bucket off the side table. She presents it to Cynthia, who fishes around for a name. She pulls one out and opens the slip. “The next contender is Akira Saito.”

A Japanese American girl gushes with enthusiasm and jumps forward next to Cynthia, facing her sisters. “Thank you. Thank you for this opportunity,” she said, hugging Cynthia lightly.

“So, who will be your champion?” Cynthia asks with a smile. “My boyfriend, Pedro Rodriguez.”

There’s applause. Pedro is a music major and has a stoner vibe about him.

“Good, tomorrow we all meet at one in the cafeteria for the trial: ‘The Measure of a Man.’ I will pray for your success.” As the group breaks up, Leslie gets to thinking. She knows

Pedro, having slept with him before, as a very kinky kind of guy. Dropping his pants and stroking to a boner in the cafeteria won’t be much of a challenge. She decides she needs to sabotage the

event and has an idea based on an experience with a one-night stand. She gets out her phone and at once texts Tim. *‘Go find Jamal Wilson tomorrow morning. Ask him to sell you one of his super special joints, then meet me near the gym at twelve.’*

Tim texts back, ‘OK.’

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“What the fuck do you want?” Jamal Wilson, a huge black guy, growls when Tim approaches him near the library.

“Um, s-sorry to bother you, but I wanna buy a joint...”

Jamal suddenly grabs Tim by the shirt and hauls him roughly into a nearby bathroom. “Don’t you ever talk to me like that again in public, fuckwit,” he shouts. “Or I’ll kick your ass from here to next week.”

Tim, panting heavily, holds up a hand in surrender. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry... It’s just I never bought these things before. A girl told me to buy a joint off you.”

Jamal sneers. “What girl?”

“Leslie Hunter.”

“Shiite, I guess ol’ Leslie got herself a new boi,” Jamal said and



laughs. “I can’t see her getting funky with a shrimp such as you, though.”

“I’m just here to buy her the joint,” Tim said weakly, cowering under the machismo of the black drug pusher. “She wants a super special joint.”

“Super special, eh?”

Tim nods. “That’s what she said.”

“Well, you ain’t getting laid if you smoke that, white boi,”

Jamal said, looking Tim over. “Not that I think you got the equipment to please a hot bitch like Leslie.”

Tim blushes badly, and Jamal laughs. “I’m just buying her a joint, not fucking marrying her,” the sophomore nerd said in a whiny voice.

“Tell you what, I’ll sell you the strongest motherfucking ‘super special’ joint I got,” Jamal said with a mischievous grin. “This joint will knock you both out of the park so far we’ll need to send a search party to find you. But only on one condition...”

Tim gulps. “What?”

“Show me your junk, I wanna see what’s got Leslie all hot for you.”

“No. No way,” the sophomore shouts, his face turning red.

“OK, then, have it your way,” Jamal said, going to leave. “I guess my joint stays with me.”

Tim grabs his arm as he goes to walk past. “Look, I can’t just drop my pants in here,” he said. “What if someone comes in, they’ll think I’m a fag.”

“OK. OK. How about we both go over there and take a piss,” Jamal said, nodding toward the urinals. “I’ll just glance over and take a look, that way, if someone comes in, they’ll just think we’re pissing.”

Tim nods with a sigh, and they go to the urinals and stand next to each other. He hears Jamal’s zipper go down and follows suit. Poking his flaccid dick over the top of the panties, he starts to piss. Suddenly, Jamal is standing right beside him.

“Um,” Tim stammers taken aback by the black man’s lack of manners. “This urinal is only for one person at a time, Jamal.”

He couldn’t believe how whiny it sounded.

“Oh, come on, dawg,” Jamal said condescendingly, “Like you ain’t never pissed in the same urinal with another guy.”

Jamal didn’t wait for the sophomore’s answer but just pushed in beside him anyway. Tim’s left there furious, but he needs that joint, so he just sighs. Muttering “*fuck*,” Tim fumbles with his pants. He nearly pisses himself anyway in his desperation to get

his dick out and try to not let Jamal see what he's wearing. The black man appears oblivious to Tim as he voids his bladder, and with immense relief, the nerd does too.

“Can't see what you're worried about,” Jamal said unexpectedly, leaning forward to inspect Tim's manhood. As he blushes furiously, Jamal laughs. “You must be good at eating pussy, dawg, cos that baby dick is never gonna satisfy a slut like Leslie. Shiite, it ain't ever gonna satisfy any woman.”

When Tim stares at the man with bulging eyes that he would dare to say such a thing, Jamal just smiles imperviously and winks. The nerd must've seemed silly standing there wide-eyed and mouth hanging open because Jamal's stupid grin just got bigger. With a suggestive arch of his eyebrow, he shows with a knowing nod of his head that Tim should look down. Mystified, he does. Staring at Jamal's big black cock and back to his own, the differences in size just left Tim gobsmacked.

Jamal's large cock is spraying a steady stream of piss into the urinal.

*‘Fuck,’* Tim thought somewhat dismayed. *‘He even pisses bigger than me.’*

“Hold it for me,” Jamal said it like it's what any man would do for another and let go of his massive soft cock.

When Tim doesn't respond, Jamal turns slightly toward him, and the stream of piss suddenly threatens to splash onto the nerd's pant leg and shoes. Desperate to avoid that, Tim takes hold of the black cock.

'*Oh my God,*' echoes through his brain as he clumsily holds onto this black man's cock utterly stunned by what's happening. Jamal hums beside him like it was the most normal thing as his stream weakens then stops. Uncertain as to what to do, Tim gazes at Jamal and grimaces.

"Give it a shake for me, would ya, dawg."

A strangled, "*What,*" is all Tim can say before the mischievously leering Jamal starts turning his pee dripping cock toward him.

Again, instinct and avoiding piss has the short nerd directing Jamal's cock away and shaking it toward the urinal.

"Oh yeah, that's it," Jamal murmurs appreciatively. "You got real nice soft hands there. Hands of a girl, I'd say."

Drawing a startled, angry breath, Tim directs a self-righteously angry glare at Jamal. The big man gazes back wholly unfazed.

"Shiite, boi, that's a compliment," Jamal murmurs, meaningfully staring Tim down.

Taken aback and cowed by Jamal's machismo, Tim manages to stutter, "Oh, uh, s-s-sorry. Th...thank...thanks, I guess," as he glances away flustered.

He feels his cheeks burn for not being able to stand up to the man whose cock he's still holding. As Tim grimaces with the realization he's holding onto a man's fat cock, Jamal inquires in an amused tone, "Do you always wear girls panties?"

The room seems to spin as Tim cast a startled glance down only to see his pants had slipped to about mid-thigh. He's standing there with Jamal, with a tiny dick poking over a pair of white panties. The one's Leslie gave him last night. Immobile with shock and crushed with humiliation, it takes Tim a moment too long to notice Jamal's black cock is getting bigger. Mesmerized, the sophomore stares, watching as the man's cock grow bigger and bigger in his hand. In a daze, he wonders why he's still holding Jamal's cock that's now a very impressive erection, a good nine inches of hard black cock. While Tim stares racked with indecision, Jamal folds one of his large hands gently over the whiteboy's hand and begins stroking his erection with it.

*"Oh, yeah,"* Jamal's voice coos somewhere in the background as his big hand encases Tim's and uses it to masturbate with. *"Oh, yeah, stroke big Jamal for me, dawg. Yeah, that's it. Ooh yeah, you're good at this."*

Jamal's voice seems to come out of a dream, and in it, Tim's stroking another man's large thick cock. After a few moments, Jamal's hand disappeared, and Tim continues to stroke his manhood mechanically, dreamily. Pre-cum is oozing from the tip coating his cockhead, making it slick. Jamal's pre-cum coats Tim's hand as it slides easier up and down. The whole surreal event now seems to have a momentum with Jamal grunting and moaning incoherently as his erection seemed to grow again in Tim's hand. It must be at least ten inches now, and super thick.

With a long growl of animal passion, Jamal's hand again encases Tim's in a crushing grip to pump his manhood furiously. With his mouth wide open, Tim's utterly astounded as Jamal's free hand roughly grasps the front of his panties, pulling the nerd toward him. Like a limp rag doll, Tim allows Jamal to pull him around. Before he can fully understand what's happening, the massive cock sends a spray of semen to splash inside his panties.

The sophomore watches the hot creamy spray uncomprehendingly as it slides down his smooth skin to coat his genitals. Jamal's animal growl alerts him, so he sees the second stronger jet of jizz spewing from the enormous purple tip of his cock to splat wetly onto his dick and balls. In awe, the nerd glances up at Jamal, terrified by the vacant animalistic look in the black man's eyes. As he stares too stricken to move, Jamal uses his hand to pump those balls dry. As his spurting cock slackens, he

pulls Tim closer until the nerd can feel his hot breath as the man sends the remnants of that orgasm into the panties.

With a deep growl, Jamal's eyes flutter, his head falls back, and his body shudders with post-orgasmic pleasure. Thoroughly mortified, Tim hangs his head in shame, regarding with dismay the vast amount of Jamal's hot gooey jizz now covering his genitalia. Sperm is seeping down over his balls, oozing wetly between his thighs.

Jamal's big hand releases Tim's hand and rose until he holds it in front of the sophomore's face. It glistens wetly with traces of his jizz. As the nerd watches meekly, the black drug pusher traces the outline of his lips with a slick index finger. When Tim takes a long shuddering breath but doesn't move away, Jamal presses his finger against his lips and into his mouth. Like a child, Tim sucks on the finger. Sucking traces of jizz away. Gently Jamal pulls his finger away, holding his goo-coated palm beneath Tim's nose, and, in a trance, the white kid licks it clean for him.

Jamal's other hand releases the front of Tim's panties to grip the nape of his neck possessively. With a whimper but no will to fight, Jamal forces Tim to his knees. Jamal directs the tip of his oozing cock toward Tim's lips. Numbly, the nerd watches the slick now flaccid cock fill his view, feels it slip wetly over his lips, before, in a daze, he sucks Jamal into his mouth.

“Mmmmm,” Tim hums over Jamal's cock as he sucks the last bits of jizz from him.

Jamal sighs and, with a satisfied shudder, pulls away. Tim suddenly realizes he's kneeling on a cold urine covered floor with the taste of semen in his mouth and a crotch full of Jamal's wet gooey jizz.

“Oh fuck,” Tim moans, not daring to catch Jamal's eye as he stuffs that big black cock back in his pants and zips it up.

“Oh, fuck, what have I done?” Tim moans.

“You did what any baby dick sissy would do in the presence of a superior cock,” Jamal said. “Don't sweat it. Come on, I gotta go to class. Do you want this joint or not?”

Flustered and with no time to think, Tim pulls his jizz filled panties up, feeling Jamal's mess squish about his cock and balls. When he pulled his pants up, the kid's dismayed to see his knees are wet and filthy from the floor.

“I just wanna buy a fucking joint,” he squeals in a high-pitched voice.

“OK. OK. Don't have a hissy fit on me,” Jamal said with a grin. He reaches into his back pocket. Jamal pulls a cigarette packet out and hands a joint to the sophomore.



Tim hands over twenty dollars for it. Glancing at his watch, Tim sees it's nearly time to meet Leslie and heads for the gym. He leaves the bathroom without saying another word to Jamal.

## **Chapter 2**

“Oh my God, you smell like piss,” Leslie said with a pinched nose to Tim outside the gym. She then notices the wet spot on the front of his pants. “Have you pissed my panties or something, you little freak?”

He glances down and grimaces. “No, it's not urine. It's cum,” Tim said.

Leslie suddenly slaps his face making Tim gasp. “I told you not to cum in my panties,” she growls. “For that, you have to wear them all next week too.”

“It's not...” he begins and thinks better of it. “OK, I'm sorry.”

Tim really is sorry, walking around with Jamal's semen in his panties isn't the most enjoyable experience of his life. If he had his way, he'd be back at his dorm having a shower.

“So, what now,” he said. “I got that thing you wanted.”

A Latino guy is sitting on the step of the gym with headphones, staring into a screen. “See that guy over there?”

That's Pedro Rodriguez," Leslie said, pointing. "When he gets up, I want you to go up to him and talk him into smoking that joint with you. He needs to smoke most of that joint before one."

Tim grimaces. "I don't smoke that stuff."

"Then don't inhale. But Pedro does, and he'd love to hog it off you. Look, he's getting up, go do it now."

Tim finds himself walking toward the Latino guy he doesn't even know. The nerd taps on the stranger's shoulder, who at once turns with a raised eyebrow.

"Wassup, Homey?"

"Hey, Pedro, I found this rolled cigarette, and I'm not sure if it's legal," Dylan said, his face blanching.

Pedro sneers at Tim. "What's that got to do with me?"

"Well, a friend of mine told me you liked to smoke and thought maybe you could check it out for me."

The Latino student glances around. "Why do you smell like piss, man?"

"That's where I found it," Tim lies. "I think someone dropped it in the bathroom. Made a mess of myself trying to get it." He sees Pedro grimace. "But don't worry, the joint is clean, I promise."

“There’s only one way to know for sure,” Pedro said with a smirk.

“Oh, how?”

“We light it up, Homey. Come on, I know a good spot over there.” They go to an area of lawn surrounded by a couple of big oak trees and sit under one. “Show it to me.”

Tim pulls the joint out of his pocket and hands it over to Pedro, who then scrutinizes it, even smelling it.

Eventually, Pedro smiles. “I recognize the roll. I know where this blunt came from. Looks like one of his customers was a bit sloppy.”

“Who?”

“I ain’t telling you that. You got lucky though, this guy sells the best shit.” Pedro pulls out a lighter and is soon puffing in the smoke from the joint. “Damn, that’s some motherfucking good shit.”

He hands it to Tim, who takes it, draws but doesn’t inhale. Then he blows it out. “Yeah, that is strong,” he said. Handing it back to Pedro, who quickly starts smoking it, Tim’s phone rings. It’s Leslie. “Hello?” Tim chirped.

“Get out of there now and leave the joint with Pedro,” Leslie said coldly.

“Oh, what?” Tim said wide-eyed. “Yeah, sorry, I clean forgot. I’ll be there in five minutes.” Just as Pedro is handing back the joint, Tim holds up his hand. “Sorry, I gotta split. You keep the joint, it’s not really my scene anyway.”

“Are you sure, dude?”

“Yeah, knock yourself out. Catch ya later.”

Pedro shrugs and keeps smoking the joint as Tim heads for the cafeteria, his balls still squishing in jizz.

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Just like yesterday, most of the Gamma Phi Beta girls are sitting at a couple of pushed together tables, and Tim sits behind them, sipping a can of soda. Somehow word had got around campus; the sorority was doing some pranks, and the cafeteria is nearly full of chattering people, mostly female. Tim can recognize other sorority blazers in the large room. The strawberry blonde girl is sitting beside two empty chairs, waiting for Pedro to arrive.

It’s not until twenty past one does Akira and Pedro arrive at the cafeteria, the guy is stumbling some as if drunk. Tim knows he’s off his head because he feels it too even though he didn’t inhale the smoke. They sit, with Pedro next to Cynthia.

“Welcome, Pedro,” Cynthia said with a smile. “I hope Akira has told you why you’re here today.”

Pedro shrugs. “Yeah, homey, she said you wanna see my cock,” he said. “Some sorority crap, right?”

“Something like that.”

Pedro shakes his head. “Whatever. I ain’t got nothin’ to be ashamed of,” he said. “I’ll give you a good show. So, do you want me on the table like that dude yesterday.”

“Yeah, do it for me, babe,” Akira said. “Show everyone what a big man you are.”

He nods, stands, and steps up onto the table. The sudden spectacle of a student standing on a table causes everyone to turn and stare. They’d been waiting for this for a while now. Then Pedro pulls his pants down to reveal his genitals. Phones go up everywhere, especially at the Gamma Phi Beta table. There’s a burst of giggling and gasps across the whole room as Pedro’s flaccid cock hangs there a proud six inches long. Tim gulps, Pedro’s cock is bigger soft than Tim’s is hard. It makes him feel ashamed yet strangely aroused too. There’s no jeering as there was for Johnny, but photos and videos taken by all.

Cynthia gazes at the impressive male genitalia above. She said, “You have to get it hard. Start jerking it off.”

Pedro glances down at Akira, who said, “Show ‘em, babe.”

The man shrugs and starts to jerk off. The people in the cafeteria gasp and laugh.

“Oh my God, he’s jerking off,” a female voice shouts behind Tim.

“What the fuck is going on here lately,” another said.

A male voice suddenly shouts, “He can’t get it up. He can’t get it up.”

There’s sudden laughter as the crowd realizes what’s happening. Pedro is too stoned to notice or care, he just keeps trying to get it hard.

“Come on, babe, you can do it,” Akira urges him.

“Someone should give him some Viagra,” a dude shouted.

“Otherwise, we’ll be here all fucking day.”

“What a dud,” a woman said. “Don’t waste your time with old ‘*Mr. Limpy*’ there.”

“Oh my God, Mr. Limpy... That’s fucking funny,” a female said and laughs.

After a good five minutes of everyone watching Pedro flog his soft meat, Cynthia suddenly stands. “*Enough*,” she shouts. Gazing at Akira, she said, “Your champion has failed. You’re out.”

“NO. NO, come on, Pedro, get it hard...” Akira shouts at her boyfriend.

He tries to jerk it again, but it’s no use. Pedro’s cock remained limp and useless. Cynthia snubs her nose, turns, and leaves. Most of the sorority sisters follow, including Leslie, who turns back and smiles at Tim. Akira makes Pedro pull up his pants and get off the table. They leave in the opposite direction passing Tim.

“I told you not to smoke before this,” Akira growled. “You can never get it up when you’re too stoned.”

Pedro shrugs. “What was I to do, babe. It was a freebie.”

Tim turns his face away from them, so Pedro doesn’t recognize him, and the couple leaves the area. ‘*Does Leslie really want me to do this,*’ he wonders. ‘*These people will eat me alive.*’

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As it turns out, two more sisters tried and failed before Leslie got her name pulled from the champagne bucket. The two sisters before Leslie couldn’t persuade their champions to take part in the first trial. *The Measure of a Man*. Especially when word and video got around of the first two guys standing on the table, baring their genitals to the whole campus. When Cynthia eventually pulled Leslie’s name, the crafty brunette already had a plan to get Tim through the first challenge. Not knowing what the three other

challenges are at this point bugs the girl, but there's nothing she can do about it. After the lottery draw is over, Leslie heads straight for Tim's dorm and knocks on the door loudly.

He opens it dressed in a robe. "Do you know what time it is?" he said. "Girls aren't allowed after ten."

"Oh, shut up, we need to talk," Leslie said, barging into the room. When Tim shuts the door, she barks, "Take that robe off, you're in my presence now."

"Yes, mistress," he said weakly and drops the robe.

Tim has on a pair of Hello Kitty panties, and the total lack of bulge at the front makes Leslie laugh. "My panties do look good on you, Tim. So, I have some good news for you."

"Oh?"

"My name's been finally drawn in the lottery, you're up tomorrow."

Tim shudders. "I'll never get hard with everyone shouting smack at me."

"I have it covered," Leslie said with a smile. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a blue pill. "Viagra, you need to take it at twelve and be at the cafeteria at one. Got it?"



“Isn’t that cheating?”

Leslie laughs. “We gave Pedro a cocaine-laced joint, so this is nothing.”

“Is that why he...”

“Don’t sweat it, the real fun starts now.”

“OK, if you say so.”

She nods. “I do. Now show me your little dick.”

Tim pulls down his Hello Kitty panties to show his soft bald

genitals. Leslie bursts out laughing.

“I don’t know why, but seeing that useless thing always

makes me smile,” she said. “Have you still got your butt plug in?”

Tim turns and bends, pulling his but cheeks apart to show the end of a butt plug. “Good girl, you’ve taken to this stuff so easily. I think you need a reward to keep you motivated.”

Tim watches as Leslie pulls the top over her head, exposing her ripe perfectly round breasts punctuated by protruding pink nipples. He’s mesmerized by their beauty and can't tear his eyes away until her hands go to the waistband of her shorts and slowly moved them down over her taut, tanned thighs. She pushes her purple panties down her legs to reveal her perfect pussy with a nice patch of trimmed hair, but her labia bald.

“I can’t believe I’m getting naked for ET,’ she said with a giggle.  
“Go lie on your bed with your head halfway down flat.”

Tim does as he’s told, his dick now hard after seeing Leslie’s naked beauty. Leslie sensuously moves to straddle his head. He can only stare at the bare, totally shaved lips as she slowly lowers her body just inches from his face. The nerd tried at the last minute to turn his head, but she grabs his cheeks between her stiff fingers, preventing Tim from rolling away. She moves her pussy to where it’s touching his nose, and he can smell the scent of it.

Leslie pinches his nipples roughly as she orders him to lick, so Tim gingerly sticks out his tongue and gently licks a woman’s pussy for the first time. He feels totally degraded by such a filthy act. Still, she forces him to continue, and Tim licks her outer pussy lips. Leslie forces him to insert his tongue deeply into not only her cunt, but also her anus. For a half- hour, she rocks on his face and uses him over and over to satisfy her filthy cravings, sending her juices into his mouth and forcing the nerd to swallow them.

When she eventually gets off his face, after her fourth orgasm, Tim’s face is sore, red, and covered from top to bottom in her pussy juices. The boy’s nearly in tears, thinking of the degradation of licking a woman where she has bowel movements, bleeds, and urinates from. *‘How could she make me do something so disgusting, and think it’s a reward,’* Tim wonders?

Leslie smirks at his broken expression, and said, “Not bad for a shrimp dick virgin. You might have some uses after all.”

“Yes, mistress,” Tim said, shaking all over.

“Don’t wash your face until the morning. I want you to sleep covered in my cum.”

He nods.

“Now assume the position, I think you’ve earned a release tonight.”

With a groan, Tim gets off the bed and onto the floor. He lifts his legs up onto the bed and scooches in close, so his back is against the side, and brings his legs forward, so his dick pokes down. In this position, his dick now points to his mouth.

“Open wide, I don’t think you’re gonna last long,” Leslie said.

He opens his mouth, and she starts jerking his dick with a finger and thumb. “I can never get over how small this thing is,” she said. “I fucked a guy last weekend who was like eight inches. God, he made me cum, this little dick never could. I wouldn’t even feel it inside me.”

Tim suddenly grunts and several small spurts of semen shot from his dick.

“There ya go,” Leslie said and laughs as she watches his jizz fall into his mouth. “Good girl, eat all your cummies.”

Tim swallows his own jizz. The last drop she wipes off with her finger and makes him suck it clean. Then she gets up and puts on her purple panties. “How long have you been wearing those for now?” Leslie asks, staring at the Hello Kitty panties on the floor.

“Five days, mistress,” Tim said meekly.

“Gross,” she said, screwing up her nose. She pulls off the purple one’s she had on and hands them to him. “Put these on, you’ll like them, they reek of my pussy, just like your face.”

Tim gets up and puts them on, then hands her the Hello Kitty panties, which Leslie stuffs into the pocket of her shorts. After fixing her makeup and hair in a mirror, she said, “OK,

you know the drill. Viagra at twelve and cafeteria at one. Oh, and don’t wear my panties to the event tomorrow, wear your boy underpants. Sleep well, *ET*.”

“Yes, mistress.”

With that, Leslie leaves.

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Most of the Gamma Phi Beta girls are sitting at a couple of

pushed together tables at the cafeteria the next day. Word had got around campus again, and the cafeteria is full of chattering people

waiting for this weird prank. Cynthia is sitting beside two empty chairs, waiting for Leslie and Tim to arrive. Just past one PM, the couple arrive at the cafeteria. Tim is pale as a ghost and Leslie has a huge smirk on her face. They sit, with Tim next to Cynthia.

“Sisters, this is my champion and boyfriend, Tim Phillips,” Leslie said with a smile.

The sisters don’t look impressed. ‘*A woman like Leslie dating a loser,*’ they collectively wonder? There’s no law against it, so they keep it to themselves.

“Welcome, Tim, I’m Cynthia, the Gamma Phi Beta president,” Cynthia said with a smile. “Leslie told me you knew each other back in your hometown.”

Tim shrugs. “Yeah, I went to school with her brother,” he said, blushing.

“Do you know what you’re here for today?”

He shivers. “Yeah, I saw the other guys do it.”

“Just so you understand, to pass this trial, you have to get

hard up there and let me measure your cock,” Cynthia said softly.

“If you want to pull out, now is the time. No one is forcing you to do this.”

Tim glances at Leslie, whose expression tells another story. “OK, I’ll do my best,” he said

The nerd stands and steps up onto the table. The cafeteria goes near silent, and everyone turns to stare, phones at the ready. They'd been waiting for this for a while now since the last two guys chickened out. Then Tim pulls his pants down to reveal his bald genitals.

There's a collective gasp. Eyes bulge and heads do a double take. Then a female voice shouts from the back of the cafeteria, "Just as well that guy shaved his pubes, we'd never have seen it."

That breaks the awkward silence, and everyone bursts into raucous laughter. There are literally people rolling on the ground peeing themselves; they're laughing so hard. The comments start rolling in thick and fast too.

"I wouldn't even feel it inside me."

"He needs tweezers and pepper just to find that tiny cock." "Is he cold or something?"

"There are regular small dicks, and there's this."

"I wonder what God punished him for."

"It must suck seeing a five-year-old in a supermarket having a tantrum, and knowing he has a bigger dick than you." "I'm not sure if it's the smallest penis or the biggest clit."

Either way, it's a world record."

"Oh, my God, that's so fucking small. He might as well be a

woman.”

“You’d have to be Tinker Bell to feel him fucking you.” “You’d better not have kids. Don’t wanna pass on that

useless dick to your children.”

“I feel sorry for him.”

“Smallest I’ve seen for sure.”

“I wonder if it runs in his family.”

“He must piss all over himself.”

Tim closes his eyes and tries to blot out the comments. He doesn’t know if it’s the Viagra or something else, but after a few minutes (that feel like hours) of this intense abuse, his dick gets hard. The nerd didn’t even have to touch it. This makes the audience near hysterical, and the comments become garbled and nonsensical. Cynthia stands and takes out a tape measure and holds it against Tim’s pre-cum leaking boner. She raises her hand, and somehow the noise in the cafeteria dies as they all wait to hear the measurement.

Cynthia clears her throat. “Leslie’s Champion passed the trial with a mere four-inch dick.” Turning to her sisters, she said, “Congratulations, Leslie, you now move to the next trial: ‘*The End of Man.*’ The strawberry-blonde woman grabs a golden envelope from her bag and hands it to Leslie. “Here is what your next trial will entail. Good luck, the unveiling must be done before midnight tonight.”

Cynthia leaves, with Debbie and a couple of others. Leslie reads the sheet inside the envelope wide-eyed then slaps Tim's leg hard. "Pull your pants up, idiot. We got work to do."

As the nerd pulls up his pants, the people in the cafeteria start chanting, "Four inches. Four inches. Four inches..."

Tim jumps off the table, and Leslie drags him away to jeers and cheers. She must admit she felt embarrassed by what happened. They all think this small dick loser is her boyfriend, and that doesn't sit well. But it's only until all this is over, and Leslie decides she can stick it out. Tim's boner won't go away now, and he wants so badly to jerk off.

"Come on," Leslie said over her shoulder, pulling him along. "We've got a lot to do and so little time."

"Where are you taking me?" Tim groans. "Just shut up and do as I tell you."

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Tim wakes early evening, his eyes sensitive to the harsh

fluorescent light of the room. '*Where the fuck am I,*' he wonders, gazing around. The room's a utilitarian type design and smells like a hospital. '*It is a hospital. Am I sick? Why am I here? I can't remember anything.*' He sits up in bed, reaching for the cup on the table next to him, and proceeds to knock it on the floor. Still



groggy, Tim gazes at his hands and gasps. There, on the tips of his fingers, extending at least half an inch beyond each digit was a long cotton candy pink nail.

He opens his mouth to speak, his lips feeling swollen, all that came out was a high-pitched squeak. The nerd scrambles for the call bell around the bed rail pressing the button for the nurse in a panic.

“Oh, so sorry, Mr. Phillips,” the young nurse said with a smile. “We didn’t expect you to come around for another hour or so.”

“W-What?” Tim stammers wide-eyed.

“Please,” she said and places her hand on Tim’s arm reassuringly. “Relax, and I’ll explain.”

The kid whimpers, his eyes pleading with her for answers. The last thing he remembers is leaving the college cafeteria with Leslie, and then a blank.

“Leslie wanted to surprise you.” The nurse smiled softly, looking directly into his eyes. “I think that effect has been achieved.”

“W-Where...”

“Oh, she’s watching,” the nurse said, pointing to several cameras on the wall. “They’re all watching. I admire Leslie. She knows how to get things done.”

He swallows hard. Tim's mind is still groggy, and he just can't seem to grasp what's happening. People are watching him, yet he doesn't know why or who.

“All the ‘upgrades’ Leslie chose for you will wear off eventually, so don't worry.”

“What the fuck?” Tim squealed, sounding like a teenage girl.

The nurse nods. It's just then Tim notices she has a Gamma Phi Beta pin on her uniform. “You've had collagen injections in your lips. A manicure/pedicure, and our special vocal cord stabilizer, so you sound like a girl. Don't try to correct it, just speak normally, or you risk having it last forever.”

Tim nods, but his eyes are bulging

“Now, let's get you out of that bed and have a look at you. Go slowly, we're headed over to that mirror in the corner.”

The sophomore lets her lead him over, his thin robe feeling odd on his skin. He glances at his matching toes, blinking as they seem so foreign. Staring in the mirror, his mouth drops open. He has porn star lips. Perfect. But assuredly, porn star lips.

He gasps. “Oh, my God.”

The nurse beams, she's so delighted. "I know, it's amazing what the doctors can do these days, huh?"

Tim doesn't answer, just licked his exceptionally soft lips, still not believing they're his.

"Can you remove your robe, please?"

Tim fumbles with the belt, the nails getting in his way again, the nurse chuckling beside him. "You'll get used to the nails," she said, reaching around his waist. "but for now, let me help. People are eager to see the results."

She undoes the robe, pulling it gently off his shoulders and examines him carefully. "The redness will subside in a few hours, but I think we got everything."

He gazes in the mirror as she turns him, taking in his reflection, now completely devoid of hair from the neck down. He moans softly. His eyes bulge again because he suddenly sees two c-cup breasts staring back at him. The nerd's hands grabbed them and squeezed the spongy flesh.

"Everything alright?"

"Ah," Tim said, feeling his face burn, said, "I have tits now?" The nurse chuckles. "Don't worry, they're an experimental

breast implant. Done via injection. The substance will slowly dissolve, so they'll only be there for about six months."

Tim groans. “Six months? Are you kidding me?”

She pats him on the shoulder. “Don’t worry, we can do permanent ones next time if you want.”

He glares at the friendly-faced nurse. “Are you serious? Just how long have I been here?”

“Oh, you’ve been here for a few hours now.”

He blinks rapidly, staring at his reflection. “But... But I didn’t consent to any of this?”

The nurse nods and picks up a blue folder. She opens it and searches through the papers until she finds the form she’s looking for. Handing it to Tim, he sees it’s indeed a consent form with his unmistakable signature. It’s also signed by a notary with a stamp.

“The drugs can make you forget stuff, don’t worry, it’ll wear off by tomorrow,” she said as a grin spread across her lips. Tim stares at her reflection and follows her gaze down,

mortified to see his dick slowly begin to swell. He tries to stammer a sufficient excuse, but she presses a finger to his swollen lips and shushes him.

“Leslie said this might happen,” she said softly. “She told us you’re a sissy with a little clitty dick, and she was right. I guess your clit likes the new you.”

Tim stands in wide-eyed silence. Suddenly, the nurse’s phone beeps, and she stared at the screen and smiles. “OK, then,” she said, raising her head to gaze at Tim. “I must start your discharge work. Leslie left some clothes for you in the bathroom. I’ll be back shortly to help you dress.”

Tim squeaks out a meek thank you and the nurse leaves. He licks his lips for the hundredth time and squeezes his new feminine breasts, not believing Leslie has pushed it this far. Tim’s body suddenly feels foreign, and he’s afraid to talk, but then wonders if his phone is in the bathroom with the clothes. Gathering his wits, he tiptoes to the bathroom, ignoring the blur in the mirror and jerking open the narrow floor to ceiling door. Tim’s phone is on a shelf near a leather bag, and there’s a missed call from Leslie with a voicemail.

“Oh, hi, ET. If you’re hearing this, then you must be awake,” Leslie said on the recording. “You’re such a good sport for doing all this to help me out. Everyone is still talking about you at the cafeteria. You’re the talk of Syracuse. Anyway, I left some pretty clothes to match your fresh look. Put them on and don’t let me down. A car is waiting for you outside. See you soon, bye.”

Tim gulps, he realizes exactly what kind of clothes are in that bag. ‘*Girl’s clothes,*’ he thought. ‘*Why is Leslie trying to turn me into a girl?*’ Staring at his body in the bathroom mirror, he can’t get over just how much like a girl he appears. The only give away is his four-inch boner.

“Trust you to be enjoying this,” he barks at his dick. Then staring at his body again, he said, “But how the fuck do I explain this to everyone at SU?”

### **Chapter 3**

The Nurse smiles and grabs some pink panties from the bag. “There you go, put these on. Leslie told me you like wearing panties.”

“Leslie’s got a big...” Tim groans but stops reading the expression on the Nurse’s stern face and puts them on.

The Nurse next hands Tim some sheer thigh-high white stockings, and after those are on, she hands the student a bra. Tim just stares in the mirror, from the neck down he could be a girl. The Nurse’s phone buzzes, and she gazes at it with a smile.

“Everyone is very pleased with you so far,” she said.

“Just who the fuck is watching me,” he said, suddenly noticing the cameras.

“Everyone is silly. Now, sit, and I’ll do your makeup,” the Nurse said, gesturing to a chair.

As Tim sits, he wonders why the Nurse is so mysterious. ‘*Who is watching me? Is it Leslie? I wish I knew what was going on here.*’ It takes fifteen minutes for the blonde Nurse to do all the layers and add the final additions like mascara, lipstick, and eyeshadow. She steps back with pursed lips considering her handiwork. Then her face brightens, and she goes to the bag and retrieves a long red haired wig.

“This should complete it,” she said and puts the wig on Tim, positioning it exactly right.

Tim stares in the mirror, feeling his stomach churn. He feels funny already after the surgery he’s had. The sophomore stares wide-eyed at his face in the mirror and gasps. For the first time in this venture, Tim must admit he looks (and sounds) like a girl. The Nurse stands behind with a smug grin playing across her face. Her phone buzzes.

After reading the screen, she said, “Oh, they love it.”

Tim spins and stares at the Nurse with a deep frown. “Who is watching me?” he said harshly.

“All will be revealed soon, Tim,” the Nurse said smugly.

He sighs deeply. “*There’s no point fighting it,*’ he thought. “So, what’s next?”

“You have to finish getting dressed. People are waiting for you.”

Soon Tim’s wearing a tight, black sleeveless dress that ends just above his knees. The dress shows off his new cleavage nicely. After putting on some earrings and a pearl necklace, the last item is some black heels. The Nurse then sprays some perfume into the air and makes Tim move through it. The transformation is complete, and Tim is now an attractive young girl. With the collagen lips adding a slutty tone to the overall effect

“You look good,” the Nurse said then giggles. “But it’s time for you to go now. There’s a car waiting outside for you.”

Tim asks in his new feminine voice, “Where is it taking me?”

“To your debut,” the Nurse said mysteriously. “But Leslie did leave you one task to complete before you get there.”

“Oh?”

She nods. “On your way, you have to decide your name.”

He grimaces. “I have a name.”

“Do you?” Pointing to the mirror, she said, “Do you?”

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The car trip takes about forty minutes, all the time the driver



kept perving at him through the rearview mirror, which made Tim uncomfortable. The man in his fifties tried to make conversation, but Tim was too distracted to really take part, so the old man gave up in the end. All Tim can think about is this task Leslie set him. A name, it's ridiculous. He had a name, the one given by his parents, and written on his birth certificate.

*'Surely all this feminization doesn't change that fundamental truth,' he thought. 'I'm not playing her game. Leslie's gone too far this time. She's turned me into a girl, for fuck's sake. I could sue for this shit.'*

The car arrives at the Gamma Phi Beta house, the lights are on, and there's music playing loudly from inside. Students of both sexes are standing outside chatting and drinking beers, and Tim spots some fraternity blazers. There's a college mixer going on. The driver opens the door, and Tim slides out and stands, adjusting his dress.

"I was told to tell you to go inside, they're expecting you," the older man said with a smirk.

"Thanks," Tim said and walks wobbly up the path as he's unused to high heels.

Those outside don't seem to take any notice of him, but when he enters through the open front door, a female voice shouts, "HE'S HERE."

The music suddenly stops, and Leslie comes running down some stairs with a smile on her face. “Oh my God, you look even better in person,” she gushes, taking his hands and checking the kid out.

“So, you were watching me?” Tim said, shaking his head.

She laughs. “Everybody was,” Leslie said. “Come on, you’re the star of this party, and it’s time for you to win our next challenge.”

“What challenge?”

“Come on,” she urges, pulling the reluctant sissy along. “It’s after ten already.”

Suddenly, in the silence, everyone starts singing loudly. The lyrics startle Tim.

*‘There she is, Miss America.*

*There she is, our ideal.*

*The dreams of a girl who’s more than pretty.*

*May come true in Syracuse City*

*Oh, she may turn out to be the queen of femininity...’* It goes on until Leslie brings Tim to a platform where

Cynthia is standing with a big smile. Once Leslie and Tim are standing beside her, Cynthia holds up her hand, and the singing stops. The room is silent.

“Sisters and guests, thanks for attending this special event,” she shouted. “Tonight, brings to a conclusion the second trial of The Beta Games, *The End of Man.*” There’s applause. “However, our champion has not yet passed the final hurdle.” Turning to Leslie, Cynthia said, “Sister, present your debutante.”

Leslie swallows and nods. Then turning to the audience, she said, “Sisters and guests, I present my champion.” Turning to Tim, she said, “Tell them your name.”

He frowns. “What?”

Leslie takes a deep breath, there’s sweat on her forehead now. “Tell everyone your name, debutante,” she said forcefully.

Tim turns and stares at the people waiting, most with smirks. “Um... Ah, my name...” his feminine voice causes some giggles. He glances at Leslie to see her eyes glaring at him. “Ah, I mean to say...” Tim’s mouth is dry, oh how he’d love a drink of water right now. “My n-name is Teh...” he swallows. *‘What the fuck does she want from me,’* he wonders? *‘Why is this so fucking hard. My name is Tim. It’s fucking Tim!’*

“Come on,” Leslie whispers harshly.

“Uh, my name is Ta ... Ta ... Tina. My name is Tina!” Suddenly, the room bursts into applause and cheering. Tim blushes, and Leslie smiles. The sissy nerd doesn’t really know what’s going on, he doesn’t even know why he called himself Tina. Yet it seemed to

make everyone happy, and for that, he's glad. Cynthia soon raises her hands, and the room falls silent again.

“Congratulations, Leslie, you have passed the second challenge,” she said, ignoring Tina altogether. “We truly have seen tonight the end of his manhood.” There's more applause. “The next challenge, the third in The Beta Games, is called, ‘*The Awakening of Woman.*’” She hands Leslie another envelope. “Here are the rules of the challenge. There's no time limit to complete this, but given the current festivities, tonight might be a suitable time to try. You know your champion better than us. I'll leave the decision to you.”

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The hip hop music starts again, and people start chatting and drinking, ignoring Tina and Leslie. She rips open the envelope and reads it, gasping as she does.

“What is it?” Tina asks.

“Looks like this next challenge involves both of us,” she said with a frown.

Tina shivers. “God, what do I have to do now? If it involves a sex change, I'm out. What you've done to me...”

“Oh, shut the fuck up, *Tina*. I know you well enough to see when your clit is stiff and dribbling like it is now.” Glancing around the

room, she sees someone and smiles. “Come with me,” she said, taking Tina’s hand.

“Where are we going now?” the sissy whines. “I’m exhausted, Leslie.”

She pulls him into a bedroom that’s on the first floor, it’s used for guests. Leslie glances around the room and nods. “OK, I think we can do this, Tina,” she said, not sounding too sure.

“Do what? You still haven’t told me.”

There’s a comfortable chair on the opposite side of the queen-sized bed. “All you have to do is sit in that chair and watch. Can you do that?”

“I suppose...”

“Good, now go sit and wait for my return, and no touching your clit. No matter what happens in this room tonight, you’re not to touch yourself in any way.”

He nods. “OK, if you say so.”

Leslie leaves the room.

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Almost two hours pass before the brunette returns. The door opens slowly, and Leslie enters with a black guy about six-foot- six tall with broad shoulders. His neck is large, and he’s muscular,

one of the jocks from the Kappa Gamma Delta fraternity. The jock stares at Tina with appraising eyes, and the sissy feels his face flushing badly. The black man closes the door, keeping an eye on Tina always. He's wearing designer jeans, Nikes, and a fraternity blazer over a black T-shirt. He carries the presence of being in charge.

"This is Hank," Leslie said, introducing him. "I'm sure you know who Tina is by now."

Suddenly Hank asks, "So you have a small dick? How long is it?"

"Four inches," Tina said, blushing.

"Is it thick?"

"No, not really."

Leslie laughs. "It's like a roll of dimes," she said, and the jock smiles.

Hank then said, "Damn, dawg, how can you let these bitches treat you like this?"

Tina's mouth just hangs open. It's a good question, one he's been asking himself ever since he woke up in that hospital bed. Maybe even before that. Leslie's brother Gordon always made him do degrading shit, but this makes all those times seem tame. She turned Tim into a girl in front of everyone on campus. It just doesn't seem possible it could get any worse than it already is.

Tina shrugs. “I’ve come this far, it’s too late to turn back now,” he said weakly.

Hank laughs coldly. “Spoken like a true sissy wimp.”

Leslie’s phone buzzes, and she glances at the screen. Then to Tina, she said, “Take your dress off. Show Hank what a good sissy you are.”

Tina stands, reaches behind to unzip the dress, then pulls it off without dislodging the redhaired wig. He stands there in a pink bra and panties with white stockings and black heels. His panties have a little tent at the front.

Hank smirks. “I gotta say if I was the kinky type, I might hit that,” the black jock said.

Tina blurts, “I’m not gay.”

“Yeah, whatever. Show me your little boner, bitch.” Tina glares at Leslie. “You heard him, show him,” Leslie barks.

He hesitates then with a sigh, lowers the front of his pink panties.

Hank laughs. “Damn, you’re right, Leslie. It’s like a roll of dimes.”

She nods and smiles. “I told you.”

Indicating Tina with a shake of his head, Hank asks, “So, you fuck that?”

Leslie guffaws. “God, no, he eats my pussy and ass sometimes. But that’s it. I’d never fuck that useless thing. I’d never feel it.”

“Priceless.” Hank asks Tina, “You ever fucked a girl with that thing?” Tina turns away, unable to look at the big man. “Thought so.”

“Why don’t you show Tina what a man’s cock looks like,” Leslie said with a sly smile. “Might be educational for her.”

Hank takes his T-shirt off and throws it toward Tina. Leslie glances at his muscular torso admiringly and stares at his zipper with anticipation. Hank removes his jeans and stands in front of Leslie in just his boxer shorts. His cock is so hard that it had lifted the leg of his boxers, and there’s more cock exposed than Tina even had. Hanks’s angled in such a way so that Tina can clearly see his enormous cock and Leslie’s expression of awe. The sorority sister never looks away from it.

“I think your sissy bitch gets the point, Leslie,” Hank said gruffly. “Take off my shorts.”

Leslie blinks, as though her trance broke. Then she grabs his shorts by the waist. As Leslie pulls them down, they catch on the jock’s long cock. Without thinking, she reaches inside and moves the cock around inside the boxers so she can finish. When Hank’s shorts fall to his feet, he kicks them back toward Tina. Leslie still has his cock in her hand. She could have fit two more hands



around it, but she only had the other hand, so it joined the first. Leslie strokes it slowly and sinks to her knees. Tina knows what's going to happen next.

The sissy nerd is jealous and sickened, and he feels betrayed. He also had a raging hard-on yet feels powerless to stop this from happening. Leslie lifts Hank's giant cock and starts sucking on his balls. She glides her tongue down the length of his veiny throbbing cock. Hank holds her by her black hair at the back of her head and gently pulls her away. She gazes up at him with an injured look in her eyes. Then Hank pulls her shirt off and tosses it at Tina's feet.

"Take a seat," Hank said gruffly to Tina. "I want you to watch me fuck your girlfriend's brains out. Just so you can see what you'll never be able to do to her with your baby dick."

Tina's simultaneously devastated and aroused. There's Leslie kneeling topless before another man's hard cock. Her perfect breasts swollen with arousal and swaying as she furiously sucks is too much to take. The sissy sits and starts stroking his dick. Within a few minutes, Hank's deep laugh fills the room. He's watching Tina pull at his little dick with two fingers and a thumb. Leslie glances over at Tina, her eyes bulge.

Taking the cock out of her mouth, Leslie screams, "Don't touch your dick, fuckwit. If you cum, we lose the challenge." Her phone buzzes, and she read the text message and sighs. Then glaring at

Tina, she said, “New rule, now you must stroke your clit, but you can’t cum.” Leslie shakes her head, shouting to the ceiling, “It’s impossible. He won’t last longer than a minute. Give me a break.” Her phone buzzes again, and she reads. “Alright. Alright. Fuck.” Turning to Tina with a sneer, she said, “Stroke it slowly. If you feel like you’re gonna cum stop until the feeling goes away, then start again. It’s called edging. Got it?”

Tina nods, glancing around to find the cameras. “Yes, mistress.”

*‘I’m being watched again,’* he thought. *‘Probably by the whole party outside. God, I’m never gonna live this down.’*

Then to Hank, Leslie said, “Give me that big cock.”

She continues slobbering on the big black cock. Tina starts stroking slowly, he wants to cry. He knew Leslie saw other men, but that was OK if he didn’t see it personally. Though she’s been dominating him for a while now, treating him like dirt, he’s developed feelings for her. The slurping, sucking squelching noises filled the room as Leslie tries to shove as much of the giant cock down her throat as she can. One hand holds the heavy cock while the other fondles Hank’s equally massive balls. Hank manages to get Leslie out of her pants, and they writhe on the floor as his fingers play with her pussy through her sopping white satin panties. He’s kissing her lips, neck, and breasts, pulling at her nipples with his teeth.

Leslie moans and sighs, saying, *“Fuck me, Hank. I want your giant cock inside me. Please, baby. Oh, that feels so good.”*

Hank suddenly lifts her off the floor and throws her on the bed. He roughly pulls her panties off and starts going down on her, spreading her legs, and pressing his face into her wet, neatly trimmed pussy.

“Do you want a real man’s cock, baby? Are you my slut?” he asks, coming up for air.

“Yes, Hank. Oh, yes,” Leslie moans loudly.

“Say it,” Hank commands.

*“I want a real man’s cock. I want your black cock. I’m your slut.”*

Tina must take his hand away from his clit when Leslie

said that as it nearly made him climax. Seeing that huge cock so close and gazing at his own, Tina knows he has the pee- pee of a prepubescent child. It’s a pitiful example of the male sex organ.

“Tell me what you want me to do to you slut. Tell your sissy bitch what you want me to do to you.”

*“I want you to fuck me with your giant black cock, Hank. Please fuck me now.”*

“Tell him.”

Leslie turns her head and stares at Tina. “You’re nothing compared to Hank. Look at your pathetic baby dick. You’re not a man, you’re a sissy beta bitch. It’s time you embraced it. It’s time you let your inner female flower and accept what you are. Wake up, Tim. Wake up and become Tina. *WAKE UP...*”

She has a look of intense pleasure for Hank and one of deep disgust for Tina. The look is honest, and the sissy’s crushed. Tina suddenly hears a soft chant coming from outside the room. “*Wake up ... Wake up ... Wake up ... Wake up...*”

Meanwhile, Hank positions the bulbous purple head of his cock on Leslie’s pussy lips. She pulls her legs back in anticipation. Hank works a few inches in, and she moans in ecstasy. Hank moves his arms, so Leslie’s legs hover above her head and said, “Watch now, Tina. I’m gonna stretch this cunt so much it’ll be gaping when I’m finished.”

Leslie thrusts downward to take in more of Hank. The jock eases his cock deep inside her cunt until she gasps. Then he retreats and pushes forward again until his entire cock impossibly buries in her cunt. He begins riding her hard.

Leslie squeals and yells Hank’s name and begs for his cock until it sounds as though she’s breathlessly chanting, “*Hank ... Cock ... Hank ... Cock...*”

Tina watches the savage brutality of hard fucking, but also the mind-bending beauty of it. The two bodies sweat and move on the bed, their breathing is loud, and their flesh claps like symbols as they clash. The sissy nearly comes a dozen times, he did once shoot, but it was only a pre-cum squirt. Watching these two in the most primal yet disgusting act breaks Tina. He knows he can never make a woman feel the things Hank can. The sissy stubbornly lets the last of his maleness slither away, and a new feeling rises inside him.

The nerd is changing. Initially, he wished he had that cock and could fuck Leslie like that. Tim wanted to be the man. To be the one to make her beg. Yet as the brutal fucking went on and on, Tina starts to wish she were Leslie. Taking that cock deep and riding it to the peak of a tremendous orgasm.

Eventually, Hank tenses, and he pulls his cock out of Leslie's hammered cunt. He suddenly jumps off the bed and runs around to be facing Tina. Pointing the massive cock at the sissy while stroking it, Hank fires shot after shot of jizz all over Tina's new breasts. The man is grunting, Tina let's go of his dick as it's too much. Leslie is rolling on the bed, rubbing her clit to make her orgasm last longer. Hank's body sags, and he let's go of his spent cock.

"There," the black jock said, rubbing his jizz sticky fingers on Tina's face. "I christened your new titties, bitch. Say thank you."

“Ah, t-thank you, sir,” Tina said meekly.

Suddenly, the door bursts open, and Cynthia and many others flood into the room, cheering and clapping. Cynthia holds up her hand. The room goes quiet.

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“What a day,” the sorority president said. “Three challenges completed in less than twenty-four hours. I am so proud of you, Leslie. You really showed your presidential material today.”

Leslie is lying on the bed naked, panting still from the exertion of her sexual encounter with Hank. Her skin is red and sweaty, her cunt truly is gaping just as Hank predicted.

“Thanks,” the brunette said weakly, “but can we do the fourth challenge another day? I think my champion deserves a rest. Fuck, I need a rest.”

A male voice said, “Damn, you fucked her stupid, Hank. You da man.”

There’s laughter. No one is really taking notice of Tina, sitting there in a new female body with his little boner, breasts/bra, and belly covered in Hanks jizz. He feels so humiliated right now, it isn’t funny. *‘This is what the tissue must feel like after a guy’s jerked off into it,’* he thought.

Cynthia nods. “Yes, I think the mixer is over too. We all have classes in the morning. When you’re ready, Leslie, come see me, and we’ll talk about the final challenge.” Then to Tina, Cynthia said, “OK, Tina, get your clothes on and leave.”

The sissy gasps. “But I’m...” he started to say, showing the mess he’s in.

Leslie shouts, “Go home, Tina. Don’t you dare wash that jizz off until I say so.”

Tina sighs, and stands, pulling his panties up, then putting on the dress. No one helps, they just stand there smirking at him.

Eventually, Tina leaves, pushing through the crowd of partygoers and out the front door to face the walk back to his dorm. As he passes through the people, some pinch his butt. Tim hears the laughter again in the house after he leaves, and he knows they’re laughing at him. It hurts. *‘Great, now I have to walk a mile in heels to get to my dorm,’* he thought. *‘What if they kick me out because they think I’m a girl?’*

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Halfway to his dorm, a vehicle stops beside Tina, and the sissy turns to see it’s campus security. The black man in a gray security uniform leans out the window with a deep frown, but eyes scanning the pretty redhead he sees. “Are you OK, miss?” he asks.

“It’s kinda late for a pretty thing like you to be walking out here alone.”

“I’ll be OK, thanks,” Tim said. “My dorm is just over there.”

The officer glances in the direction Tim points. “That’s a male dorm over there. You sure you’re not lost or something? I can give you a ride?”

Tim sighs, then he realizes he has a wig on and pulls it off. “I am a male,” he said in a hollow voice. The security officer does a double-take. “I... I’ve just been to a costume party.”

“Shiite, you had me fooled. I can still give you a ride, though.”

Tim sighs. “OK, that’d be good. My feet are killing me. God knows how women wear heels all the time.”

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It only takes a few minutes, and the car stops in front of Tim’s dorm. There are some lights on the ground floor, but the rest of the building is dark. The security officer turns to him, with eyes narrowed. “Hey, you’re not that guy with the baby boner in the cafeteria today, are you?” he asks coldly.

“It was just a prank,” Tim whines.

“It was indecent exposure, son. I should call the cops on you.”



Tim sighs and notices the time on the dash clock. “Please, don’t do that. I’ve been through enough already.”

“Still, we can’t have students flashing their junk in public.”

The sissy gazes at the security officer wide-eyed. “Are ya gonna arrest me then?”

“I should arrest you, but I suspect you’d like being thrown in the city lock up with all those horny men. Nah, I think we should work this out ourselves. Just me and you, got it?”

Not able to stand the sudden silence, Tim said, “How?”

Tim’s dying, and unable to stand the eye contact, he drops his eyes. Focusing on the man’s hand, Tim’s eyes go wide to realize he’s stroking a semi-hard cock through his pants.

*‘So, he doesn’t want to say it,’* Tim thought. *‘OK, that’s fine with me. Do I just reach out and grab it?’*

Cautiously he ever so gently traces the outline of the black man’s cock through his pants. He’s uncut, Tim can tell.

“Put the wig back on,” the officer said hoarsely.

Tim places it back on his head and adjusts it in the mirror, so he transforms back into Tina. Then he grabs the officer’s cock again.

“What’s your name, sweetheart?”

“Tina...”

The officer places a firm grip over his hand and presses it

down hard onto his cock. Tim feels the shift of the foreskin as the shaft slides inside of it, the head of his cock searching for freedom. The security officer puts his hands behind his back and watches, waiting to see what Tina will do next. Glancing around one last time, Tina unzips the fly and slides his left hand through the opening.

*‘God, what’s become of me,’* he thought bitterly.

Tina’s hand passes through the opening of the boxers, and by then, the big cock is coming out to meet him halfway. He encircles his thumb, fingers around the base of the cock and balls, making a ring, and gently pulls his package out. The cock is a good eight inches and thick. The sissy can’t quite get his fingers around it. The security officer’s balls are like two plumbs. The sack has a medium-low hang to it as if they’re heavy. His cock is now in Tina’s face, and the scent of his crotch permeates the car.

‘I want you to know I’m not really gay or bi,’ Tina said softly, giving the security officer one last chance to change his mind.

“Like I give a shit, Tina,” the security officer said in a deep voice. “You’ve gotta clit between your legs, so that means you’re a girl, and you do what girls do. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Tina said, lowering his eyes.

Tina awkwardly shuffles onto all fours positioning his face near the officer’s crotch and his ass facing the door. In this cramped space, Tina must arch his back to fit, which causes his ass to stick up in the air. The sissy sophomore turns his attention to the job at hand. the officer’s enormous black cock is swaying slightly, inches from his face. He places a hand on top of the purplish-brown cockhead as if to signal that Tina should start. The sissy leans forward, running his face along the length of the shaft, savoring the musky smell and the feel of the skin on his skin. Sliding back down, Tina stretches his tongue and traces it along the officer’s big, smoothly shaven balls. The rest of the officer’s crotch trimmed. Tina can feel the sharp bristles scraping at his face as he runs his tongue over every inch of the officer’s dark balls.

The officer let out a sigh and slides further down his seat, pushing his legs wider apart to give Tina easier access. Tina leans further forward, his ass sticking further up, and takes both black balls into his mouth. The small dick sissy starts to suck slowly on them, feeling them roll slightly in his mouth, his tongue pushing and pulling them. Opening his mouth wider, Tina takes them entirely into his mouth. From this angle, he can suck them both while

letting his tongue slide out underneath and lick the taint. The taste of the officer's sweat and musky/pissy balls is intoxicating.

Letting them both slide out of his mouth, Tina turns his attention to the officer's big black cock. Tracing the tip of his tongue from the base to the piss slit and working his way back down again, Tina slowly teases the man. He feels the officer tense every time he comes close to the end. Finally, lining up his lips with the tip of the massive cock, he wraps them around the head and sucks pre-cum into his mouth. The officer gives a shudder and moan, and Tina feels the hand on top of his head push slightly. Opening his mouth and lining it up with the officer's cock, Tina lurches forward, mouth open, as the entire length of the officer's cock crams suddenly down his throat.

*"Oh, fuck, yeah,"* the officer moans as he grips Tina's hair forcing his face down. *"You sissy bitches are naturals at giving head. I bet you were down the truck stop tonight selling your ass like a good little whore."*

Tina holds his breath for as long as he can before starting to push against the seat of the car, trying to pull the officer's cock from his throat. The officer holds him for a few more seconds before letting go. Tina pushes up with a gasp of air, saliva trailing from his mouth to his tip. The sissy only has a second to catch his breath before the man pushes him down again. This time the officer doesn't hold his face down.

*“Mmm, yeah, suck that cock, slut. Show me what you been doing at the glory hole tonight.”*

The officer starts pushing and pulling the sissy’s wig until Tina falls into a rhythm. His head bobbing along the thick shaft. When the officer’s satisfied with Tina’s pace, he eases his hand and leans back in the seat. Tina keeps bobbing, eagerly taking the length of the officer’s thick shaft down his throat, sucking on the tip of his cock every time he pulls it from his mouth. In his mind, images of Leslie sucking Hank stoke his arousal.

The sissy knows the officer’s close to climax and hopes it isn’t far off either. Tina redoubles his effort, knowing if he makes the black guy orgasm, it’ll be over. His head bobs fast, and mouth sucks while his tongue licks. Then the campus security officer grunts and a fountain of semen explodes in Tina’s mouth.

*“Fuck...Argh...God,”* the man moans as he ejaculates. *“Swallow it all, bitch,”* he shouts. *“Taste my manhood.”*

Tina dutifully responds and swallows a massive mouthful of tangy sperm then takes what dribbles out after that. He licks the man’s big black cock clean and then sits up, wiping his mouth with his arm. The security officer pulls his pants up.

“OK, you can go now,” the black man said gruffly. “And if you ever tell anyone about this, I’ll kick your ass.”

“No, sir,” Tina said, head bowed. “I promise I won’t tell.”

Tina gets out and walks to the front door of his dorm, feeling spent. His body is aching, and all he wants is a shower. Then he remembers Leslie told him not to wash Hank’s jizz off. With a sigh, Tina enters the dorm and heads for his room.

## **Chapter 4**

Tim slept in his unsanitary condition but decided to shower the next morning anyway. He smelled just awful, and he couldn’t go to class like that, no matter what Leslie says. In the shower, the pitiful sissy breaks down and cries, feeling his c-cup breasts and smooth skin. He didn’t even have whiskers this morning, which means they laser-removed that as well. The female voice and highly emotional state made the pharmacy major click that he’s had female hormones too. With a little searching, he finds a small red spot under which is a tiny lump.

‘Slow release estrogen,’ he whispers, checking back in his textbooks. “Shit, it lasts six months. Leslie has done this to me without even asking if it’s OK.” He doesn’t know if it’s the hormones or just the overwhelming ghastliness of his situation, but Tim starts to cry again. He decides to skip class for the day and spend it in bed sulking and hiding from the world.

“I’ll fix her,” he whispers, hugging his pillow tightly. “If she thinks I’m gonna be her champion after this, she has another thing coming.”

His phone starts buzzing, Tim ignores it.

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Later that day, Leslie meets Cynthia at a café near campus for a briefing on the last challenge. Her pussy is sore today after Hank’s massive cock reamed it the previous night. The girl’s psyche bruised because she had to have sex while everyone watched. While that didn’t bother her so much last night when she was drunk, this morning, she found herself feeling different about it. Leslie feels humiliated, and she had the thought that if she feels this embarrassed, how must poor Tim be coping with everything. Leslie orders a coffee and goes and sits with Cynthia and Debbie.

“Here she is,” Debbie said with a smile. “Our next sorority president.”

Leslie grimaces. “I’m not there yet. After what I did to poor Tim yesterday, I don’t know if he’ll go on.”

Cynthia nods. “I warned you at the start,” she said patronizingly. “A president must be willing to do whatever it takes, no matter the cost, to serve the Gamma Phi Beta sisterhood. You’ve shown you have what it takes, don’t ruin it now you’re so close.”

Leslie guffaws. “Really? Just what have you done that’s ruined a poor soul’s life that’s ever served the sisterhood, Cynthia?”

Cynthia blanches. “How dare you,” she said, clenching her fists. “I have sacrificed plenty for this sorority, more than you’ll ever know.”

“I call bullshit.”

Debbie suddenly shouts, “Girls, please, we’re all on the same team here.” Then taking Leslie’s hand, she said in a soft voice, “I can assure you. Cynthia has done things none of you know about to keep our sorority going. That’s why we constructed these games because we need to find the kind of woman who can continue her legacy. I think you’re the one. So, don’t ruin it now, we’re all depending on you.”

Leslie sighs. “That’s all fine and dandy, you know. But after last night, I don’t know if I still have a champion. He won’t answer my calls today.”

Cynthia sighs. “Nevertheless, we still have the final challenge, and if you thought the first three were hard, the last is the toughest yet.”

Leslie crosses her arms over her chest firmly. “OK, what is it?”

“It’s called: ‘*The Fulfilment.*’ The end of the Beta’s journey. We have seen him cast aside his male identity, now he must utterly



surrender to this new female version of himself and let a man fuck him. You will be present, watching, as will we all.”

Leslie’s eyes bulge, then she bursts into laughter. Debbie frowns, asking, “What so funny?”

“God, if all you wanted was a sissy queer to take a cock up the butt, there’s a gazillion of them around here,” Leslie said with mirth. “Why make me go through all this trouble.”

Cynthia shakes her head. “It’s not about the sissy queer. It’s about you, Leslie. Can you take a straight guy and turn him sissy beta boy by your sheer cunning and force of will? That’s the true power of womanhood, and we wanted to see if you knew how to use it.”

“OK. I get it. But getting Tim to take a cock up the butt isn’t going to be easy, regardless of what he is now.”

“No,” Debbie said. “You’ll never get Tim to do it, but I think you could get Tina to do it.”

Leslie takes a sip of her coffee, wondering how she can manipulate Tim into a place where he’ll take that last step. *‘This is going to be much tougher than they think,’* she thought.

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That night, Tim's phone rings again, and he glances at it to see it's Leslie still. She has called a lot today. Feeling tired of her harassment, he decides he's ready to speak to the girl.

"Stop calling me," is the first thing he says.

"Tim? Don't speak to me like that," Leslie said sternly. "I've been worried sick about you all day."

He guffaws. "Don't make me laugh. Do you know what you've done to me? Listen to my girly voice, you did that. I have tits, Leslie. TITS! You did that. You cuckolded me in front of all your friends. You did that..."

"Tim..."

"You've ruined my life more than your brother ever did," Tim screams into the phone. "I HATE YOU. I FUCKING HATE YOU."

There's a tense silence.

"Let me ask you something," Leslie said calmly. "What?" His tone is snarky.

"Are you wearing my panties right now?" "Uh?"

Are you still wearing the pretty pink panties that you wore last night?"

He isn't sure. When he dressed after his shower this morning, his mind was so distracted, he was in automatic pilot. "What's that got to do with anything?" he asks.

Leslie takes a deep breath. "If you're not wearing them, then I accept it's over, and I won't bother you anymore," she said evenly.

"And if I am?"

"Then you're still my bitch. You may hate me, Tim, but you need me."

He gulps hard. Putting the phone on the bed, he sits up and grabs the band of his shorts. Pulling it open to reveal what's beneath, he sees Leslie's pink panties and sighs.

"So, what is it? My pretty panties or your ugly boy underpants?"

Tim closes his eyes. "Your panties," he said softly.

Leslie sighs, relieved. Her gambit paid off. She truly has broken Tim, and for that, she feels wrong on a certain level. Yet the girl needs to push him into this last challenge.

"Put your butt plug in too."

"Yes, mistress."

"Good. I know I pushed you beyond your limit yesterday,

Tim. It is tough for you, and I get it. I want to reward you. I want to give you a gift. Do you wanna fuck?”

Tim gasps. “You mean for real?”

“Yes, come to the sorority house tomorrow night at ten,” Leslie said seductively. “It’s time you lost your virginity.”

She ends the call. Tim stares at the phone screen mouth open, his boner twitching with need. He wants to jerk off but remembers Leslie forbade him to do so without her permission and ignores the urge.

*‘I’m gonna lose my virginity,’* he thought, excited.

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On the day of Tim’s date with Leslie, a box arrives with a slutty black dress and a blonde wig. He gets the hint and dresses as a sexy sissy girl arriving at the Gamma Phi Beta house at the agreed time. An Asian sorority sister shows him to the same room where he watched Hank fuck Leslie a few nights ago.

“She’s waiting for you, Tina,” the sister said softly and left.

He enters the room to find Jamal, the drug-pushing black student. The one he bought the joint off is sitting in a chair naked with a dressed Leslie on her knees, sucking off the massive black cock. Closing the door, the sissy waits, unsure what to do. This is

supposed to be his night. The night he gets to finally fuck Leslie. Yet here she is, with another man.

Ah ... Ah, Leslie..." he mumbles. Nothing happens, she keeps trying to shove as much of the cock down her throat as possible. "Leslie? **LESLIE!**" he shouts.

Her head shoots off the black cock, and she turned to glare at Tina. "You're late," she said. "I had to start without you."

Tina's crestfallen. "Start what? I thought this was our night?"

"Well, I guess you've ruined it now. Nevertheless, I promised Jamal here he'd get to cum tonight. Come here and take a seat, you've got work to do."

As she said this, Jamal smiles and stands, sending his large erect black cock bobbing and bouncing in the air. "Hey, Tina, looking good tonight," he said with a smile.

Leslie's glare deepens. "Get over here and sit, bitch."

Tina swallows hard. "Yes, mistress," he said meekly and sits in the chair.

Jamal's cock is now level with Tina's face. The end has a drip of pre-cum on it, and veins bulge from the sides as the sissy sophomore's momentarily mesmerized by its size and beauty.

Then he came back to his senses, realizing what Leslie wants him to do.

“No, no, no, I can’t do it. I just can’t. Sorry, Jamal, but no,” Tina said, shaking his head vigorously.

“Oh yes, you will,” Leslie shouts, standing now. “I won’t have you cheat poor Jamal here out of an orgasm. I’m still too sore from Hank, I can’t do it.”

Her last words strike the sissy hard, and the look in her face showed Tina she’s serious. At that moment, Tina intuitively knows he cannot deny her anything. The sissy stops recoiling and sits back in his seat with Jamal’s massive cock a few inches from his still closed mouth.

“Open, **NOW**,” Leslie thunders.

Closing his eyes, Tina opens his mouth slightly. When he does, Jamal lunges forward. Suddenly, the big cockhead tears through his slightly open lips and stretches them to the max as the tip touches the back of his throat, making him gag. He tries to push the black man back with his thighs to allow himself to breathe, but Jamal quickly takes both of Tina’s hands and holds them over his head. His cock is so large that the sissy’s mouth stretches to breaking point, and as that cock sits at the back of his throat, his eyes bulge to see there are still many inches to go.

As the black cockhead sits there in the back of the sissy's throat, not moving, Tina slowly starts to breathe through his nose. Several moments pass, and just as the sophomore's grown accustomed to it, Jamal begins to slowly pump forward and backward. With every pullback, Tina feels a short relief, until the black man begins to slide back inside. The sissy can only watch wide-eyed as the cock plunges back in, hitting the top of his throat hard each time. The sissy manages to clench and close his throat quick enough each time to prevent Jamal from impaling the whole thing down his throat. Each thrust makes him gag and drool trickles out of his mouth past the black cock and down over his cleavage and dress. It's so embarrassing, but with this massive cock in his mouth, the sissy cannot control his saliva.

Suddenly Leslie shouts to the ceiling, "*See, he loves it.*"

Tina feels his dicklette getting harder and harder until it's throbbing. '*Why does this always make me hard,*' he wonders? '*I'm not gay. I'm not GAY.*'

For several minutes, Jamal continues to slowly ravage the sissy's mouth, and for Tina, trying to breathe takes every moment.

Leslie's phone buzzes, and she reads the screen. She stares at Tina taking Jamal's black cock in his mouth. "Aw, you look so cute, sucking cock, Tina. But I gotta leave the room for a moment. So, your orders are to do whatever it takes to satisfy Jamal."

The sissy tries to say ‘no,’ but the cock hitting his throat makes it impossible. Waiting a moment, she smirks, and said, “Well, I guess you can’t talk with your mouthful. Be a good girl now.”

Now Tina struggles against Jamal, but he’s way too strong for the sissy. The black student is driving his cock deep into the sissy’s gasping mouth without any mercy.

*“Small dick sissy bitches are meant to be used,”* Jamal groans.  
*“Take that cock, bitch.”*

Leslie eventually returns, saying, “Oh look, you’re really getting into it now. Yes, Tina, choke on that beautiful black cock. Make it your own.” Tina cannot look her in the eye as she passes, but he can hear people laughing outside before the door closes. “Oh, by the way,” Leslie said as she sits on the bed. “I promised Jamal an exciting time tonight, and if he isn’t satisfied, I told him he can fuck you every night until he is.”

*‘Fuck,’* Tina thought fearfully. *‘I never agreed to let Jamal fuck me.’* The sucking continues for what feels like forever, and Tina’s lost, trying to imagine he’s in a different place.

Jamal eventually pulls his sodden cock from Tina’s aching mouth. “Hey, Leslie said I could take what I want,” Jamal growls, a deep frown across his brow. “So, open your throat, slut.”



Before Tina can respond, Jamal rams his cock back inside. This time hard, and it smashes into the back of the sissy's throat, making him dry retch.

*"I said open up, bitch."*

Tina tries to open his throat, but the cock is just too big. After a few more failed thrusts, Jamal pulls back. The sissy thought he had given up and relaxed for a moment. Then suddenly, the black man lunges forward, and before Tina can stop it, ten inches of thick black cock slides down his throat until his nose is against pubic hair. Big black balls slap into his neck. The sissy cannot breathe. Panicking, he gazes up through the mess of pubic hair in his face, glaring at Jamal. The black man only smiles. Tina gags repeatedly, but no matter what, he cannot dislodge this cock from his throat.

*"Yes, yes, yes,"* Jamal moans. *"Keep gagging, it feels good."*

The sissy can feel himself go lightheaded, and just as his vision darkens, Jamal rips his cock out of Tina's throat. Saliva pours from his mouth, and as he tries to gulp in the air the black man slams his dripping, black cock back into the sissy's mouth to the hilt.

As those untrimmed balls slam into Tina's chin again, Jamal speaks in a ragged voice, "Yes, you're a great cocksucker. I don't think this is the first cock you've sucked, is it?"

Tina makes no sign of an answer. Leslie's phone buzzes, and she soon shouts, "Answer the question, Tina. Is this the first cock you've ever sucked?"

Jamal pulls his cock out for Tina to speak. They stare at him intensely, watching the sissy's face flush red. "No, mistress," Tina said softly, staring at his wringing hands.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and in walks Cynthia and Debbie.

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"Time out," Cynthia shouts. Then glancing at Jamal's big black cock, she said, "Looking good, Jamal."

Jamal smiles. "You should know, Cynthia," he said smugly.

"Wait, Cynthia, I didn't know..." Leslie said, frowning, talking about Tina's confession of sucking cock.

"In itself, it's not a deal-breaker, Leslie," Cynthia said with a wave of her hand. Then to Tina, she said, "So whose cock have you sucked, girl?"

Tina gulps. He remembers the black security officer telling him not to tell anyone. Then there was that incident in the library bathroom with Jamal. The sissy decides not to mention these

more recent times. Turning to Leslie, Tina said matter of fact, “Your brother, Gordon.”

There’s a cacophony of gasps from all the women present.

“**WHAAAAT?**” Leslie shouts wide-eyed. “*You liar. Gordon isn’t a fag. I’m gonna kick your ass for that.*” Tina shrugs but visibly shivers. Leslie suddenly runs toward Tina, screeching, her face red with fury, and fists waving. “*Take that back, you fucking freak,*” she shouts. “**TAKE IT BACK.**”

Jamal and Debbie quickly grabbed the furious girl and pins her to a nearby wall away from Tina, who sits with head bowed and shoulders hunched. Debbie shouts, “**STOP IT, LESLIE.** You know what’s at stake here. You’re so close, don’t blow it now.”

Leslie keeps struggling for a moment then realizes Jamal is too strong and starts to settle down. She’s panting from the sudden adrenaline rush, her hands shaking still.

“Besides,” Jamal said with a sneer. “I resent you implying that I’m gay. I’m not.”

Leslie grimaces. “Sorry, Jamal. It’s not gay to have a ‘shemale’ suck your cock. But he wasn’t a shemale back then. Were you, *Tim?*”

Tina says nothing, not even looking at Leslie. Cynthia squats next to the shaking sissy and takes his hand. “Tell us about it,” she said softly.

The sissy swallows hard, the taste of Jamal's cock still in his mouth. “Gordon, Leslie’s brother, used to make me wear her clothes and suck his cock. He especially liked me to wear Leslie’s dirty panties and bras.” Then gazing at the brunette for the first time, he said, “You and he are alike in that way. You like me to wear your dirty underthings and give you head too. Right?”

Leslie struggles for a moment to be free of Jamal and Debbie. Her face is red and pinched. “How dare you...”

Cynthia waves her hand to silence Leslie with an insolent smile. “Your champion having sucked cock before doesn’t disqualify you from this challenge, Leslie,” she said, amused. She knows everyone watching this drama online will be eating it up. Then to the sissy, she asks softly, “Tina, did Leslie’s brother or anyone else ever fuck you?”

The sissy closes his eyes. The silence is tense. Eventually, he said, “No, mistress. No man has ever done that to me. I’ve only ever sucked cock.”

Debbie said to Leslie while still holding the brunette, “There you go then. The challenge is still in play.

“I agree,” Cynthia said, nodding. “The purpose of this challenge wasn’t oral sex, so if your champion completes it, you’ve won, Leslie. The challenge is still on.”

“Alright. Alright, let me go then,” Leslie said, defeated.

“You’re not gonna do anything stupid?” Debbie asks with raised eyebrows.

The angry sorority sister hesitates, making Debbie give Cynthia a knowing frown.

Cynthia nods. “I feel there’s a risk here Leslie may sabotage this trial, and I think it’s in her best interest to remove her from the room until she calms down. Does everyone agree?”

The sorority president’s phone begins to buzz, and she stares at the screen, scrolling through the many text messages coming through. After five minutes, she announces, “It’s a near-unanimous decision. Remove Leslie from the room.”

Leslie sneers at Tina, the shock of learning what her brother was doing back then, still causing her mental anguish. She wipes tears from her eyes. Then to the ceiling, she shouts, “***Are you all happy out there? Is this what you wanted to see? You fucking assholes.***”

Jamal suddenly grabs the brunette in a headlock and drags her kicking and screaming from the room. Eventually, he returns

alone, his big black cock still hard from all the excitement of the moment. Debbie leaves the room then.

Cynthia announces, “Let the trial continue,” and leaves, shutting the door behind her.

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Jamal watches the door close, stroking his massive meat, then turns to Tina and said, “Now, where were we before your girlfriend so rudely interrupted. Oh, now I remember, open up, bitch.”

Tina opens his mouth, and Jamal soon has his ten-inch cock down the sissy’s throat again and starts face fucking. This continues for ten minutes until the black man finally pulls out and let Tina rest for a minute. His mouth bubbling over with saliva and salty pre-cum. The sophomore student’s brain is fuzzy from lack of oxygen. His heart is pounding harder than he thought possible, and his face is a mess of his own saliva and alpha pre-cum. The slimy substance is over his nose, eyes, and even in his hair.

As Tina sits there dazed, he can feel the strong black bull picking him up, but he’s too exhausted to fight. Jamal effortlessly bends Tina over the side of the queen-sized bed and pins his arms to his back. The sissy can sense him feeling and talking about his asshole. Still, he’s too far gone to care and is just enjoying the bliss of being able to breathe again for the first time in a long while. He

feels Jamal push his dress up and pull his panties down. It's only when he feels a soft pushing at his asshole does Tina comes back to reality.

“*No, no, no,*” he groans loudly.

The sissy can barely talk after the destruction Jamal caused to his throat with that huge cock. But the alpha man ignores Tina's weak protestations and begins to push forcefully.

“Shut the fuck up, bitch,” Jamal growls. “You've been asking for this ever since you started sucking Leslie's brother's cock dressed in girls' clothes. Accept your fate, slut.”

Initially, the sissy keeps him out, but it's a losing battle. Tina's exhausted and Jamal's cock is so wet and slippery from fucking his throat it's only a matter of time before it achieves anal penetration. Suddenly, the sissy feels his ass begin to open, and within seconds the pain is so severe he wonders if his asshole is ripping from the sheer size of Jamal's cock. His anus burns, and no amount of clenching can dislodge the black cock intruder.

“***AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH,***” Tina squeals. “*It hurts. IT HURTS!*”

“Yeah, that feels good, keep clenching like that,” Jamal said with a sneer.

Tina is now crying like a girl. The last vestige of his manhood is being torn away by a black cock. The sissy can feel the big cock inside his asshole, throbbing, pulsating, pushing forcefully. He thought, *'That's it, I've taken him all now and if I keep clenching like this then maybe he won't fuck me.'* So, he does. Tina begins clenching and releasing, while screaming in agony as every clench makes the pain crescendo. *'It's better than Jamal pounding me,'* he thought.

“Yeah, slut, clench on my cock,” Jamal moans. “You love that, don't you? Work that pussy for me. Do it for Leslie.”

Tina had forgotten about Leslie for a moment and feels humiliated at the mention of her name. Still, he didn't want to make Jamal angry by ignoring him. “I did all this for Leslie,” he said. “Everything. But, please, take it out. You have all your cock inside me.”

Jamal laughs. “All? All?” he said and laughs again. “Nah, I barely got three inches inside you, girl.” Then pushing forward, he growls, *“But I'll get there in the end.”*

What Tina had thought was agony before is suddenly nothing as Jamal's monster cock buries itself inside the sissy's belly. His insides burn and stretch as their earlier tightness destroyed. Before the sissy had even started to adjust, Jamal advances again, every movement seems to tear Tina's insides, which feel glued to the massive cock. Forward and backward, Jamal buries that cock



in Tina's asshole at a steady pace. The burning sensation finally begins to ease before Jamal pushes in deeper, making it start again. After a long time of this, Tina gazes back wide-eyed to see at least four inches of cock still outside.

Jamal still hasn't got it all in yet. "Damn, your pussy is tight, girl," he moans. "But not for long."

"You'll kill me with that thing," Tina groans, eyes wide.

"Yeah, but what a way to go," Jamal said with a sneer. "Oh, yes, slut, I'm getting close now. Say you want my cock. Say you love me in your pussy. Say you want my cum."

Tina stays silent, biting his lip through the pain, he won't humiliate himself like that for the benefit of the people watching this spectacle online.

"If you don't say it, I'll fuck you all night until I'm fully impaled in your pussy. Say it now, and maybe your pussy will recover from this."

Eventually, Tina gives in. He cannot let Jamal tear his ass in half. He mumbles, "I like your cock."

"No, slut, louder," Jamal shouts.

"I like your cock."

"Shout it, or I'll tear your pussy beyond repair." Tina sighs deeply, he must make it stop, the pain is

unbearable. *“I love your cock,”* he shouts. *“Fuck me hard. Make me your sissy bitch.”*

“Ask me to cum in you, slut,” Jamal said breathlessly, fucking his cock into Tina’s asshole.

He begins to pump harder, and Tina can feel it deep in his stomach now, he must make the black stud stop even though the thought of his semen is sickening. Blushing, he said it, “Cum in me, Jamal. Fill me with your superior jizz.”

With that, Jamal pushes deeper than ever before. Glancing under, Tina’s sure he can see the outline of the invading cock pushing out from his stomach. Groaning aloud, the sissy feels his already bulging bowels accept Jamal’s jizz. The black student ejaculates a seemingly endless torrent of semen, making the sissy feel bloated and sick until finally, the cock pulls out with a loud plop.

Tina’s insides are still screaming with pain, but Jamal's hot sperm seems to soothe it slightly. The sissy lies there, not moving as Jamal stands. “You little cum slut,” Jamal said panting. “You loved that, didn’t you? Well, good news, you did it. But I’m gonna need to hit that pussy again, so I’ll be in touch.”

The sissy feels hopeless and wants to cry but chokes the tears back, he feels broken. Not a shred of maleness left in him bar Jamal's semen. The door bursts open again and in comes

Cynthia, with Leslie, Debbie, and a dozen other girls from the sorority. They're all clapping. Leslie is now smiling; she has won The Beta Games. Jamal leaves the room.

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“Sisters and guests,” Cynthia shouts. “I declare The Beta Games over, and Leslie Hunter will take my place as our President. Now, get this slut outta here...”

She means Tina. The sissy pushes himself off the bed and goes to his clothes and starts to dress. It feels more comfortable now wearing these girls' clothes. He doesn't understand why. The sisters disappear to celebrate with Leslie, he can hear them laughing and chatting. No one helps him. Eventually, he leaves alone, with a sore throat and asshole ravaged by a big black cock. The walk of shame begins back to his dorm.

## **Chapter 5**

Halfway to his dorm, a vehicle stops beside Tina, and the sissy turns to see it's campus security again. The same black man in a gray security uniform as the last time leans out the window with a deep frown, but eyes scanning the pretty blonde he sees. “Are you OK, miss?” he asks, then realizes who it is. “You again? You really are a little sissy slut.”

“Please, leave me alone,” Tim whines. “I've had a bad night.”

“Get in the car. It’s time you gave me a ride, you cock teasing little sissy slut.”

Tim sighs and nods and limps bow-legged to the car.

When he’s seated, the security official said, “You can call me Daddy. What’s your name, honey?”

“Tina,” Tim said in his female voice.

The black officer grabs his radio and says, “Bill, this is Zeke. I’m going on my dinner break.”

The radio crackles, and a man said, “Roger that, there’s not much going on out there anyway.”

Zeke turns and smiles at Tina. “Looks like I got you to myself for a while. Let’s go play ‘hide the sausage.’”

“Please, Daddy, I couldn’t take...”

“Oh, you’ll take what I give you,” Daddy snarls. “Or I’ll get you kicked out of here for prostituting yourself like a common whore.” The car starts to move. “I know just the place where we can be alone.”

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The car stops in front of a garden shed, and Daddy unlocks the door. Inside is a mattress on the floor. “Undress me, bitch, and hurry up I don’t have all night.”

Tina swallows. Yet moves forward and pulls off Daddy’s shirt to reveal a muscular upper torso with sparse black hairs. Then Tina undoes his belt and pulls the black man’s pants down. Pulling off his shoes and socks before extricating each leg. He folds each item and puts it on a nearby bench. Last he’s faced with Daddy in nothing but boxers, and already Tina can see the weighty bulge in front. Licking his soft collagen injected lips, the sissy grabs the waistband and pulls the boxers down to reveal the black cock lurking beneath. It hangs heavily in its uncut glory, shiny in the light despite the blackness of the man meat. Tina gasps.

“Take off your dress and underwear,” Daddy orders. “I wanna see your new tits and clit.”

Tina undresses until he’s standing naked except for stockings and heels. Daddy stares calmly at Tina’s flaccid dick, barely an inch long resting on small balls. The sissy feels himself getting hard as the big black man stares silently at his tiny dick.

Daddy pointed to Tina’s burgeoning erection and said, “Damn, girl, that dick is so small, your balls too. You look hot, though. I’m gonna enjoy me some sissy pussy tonight.” He points to the mattress. “Lie on the mattress, girl. I don’t have that much time.”

Daddy rubs some spit over his cock, getting it hard as he strokes it. He then positions himself over Tina. The older black man pushes the teenage sissy's legs over his shoulders and begins driving his cock into his asshole. Pressing all the way in, Daddy can feel Tina's tiny balls against his crotch. The security officer locks his steely brown eyes with Tina's and drives the thought that he's fucking a boy out of his mind by focusing on the blossoming sissy girl he's with.

Tina rolls her hips beneath. Daddy isn't as big as Jamal in the cock department, but the security officer is unquestionably a talented fucker. It reminds Tina of a boy she once knew in high school. Jamal was all force, while Daddy is style and nuance. The sissy keeps her long-lashed eyes locked to the older man. Daddy picks up the pace and drives his fat eight- inch cock hard into Tina, milking her prostate and driving the juice out of the sophomore student's hard small dick. The sissy moans as Daddy takes her right breast in his hand, rolling the nipple between his thumb and index finger. Tina moans louder and climaxes, the juice squirting so hard from his dicklette it splashes against Daddy's hairy belly.

*'Oh, God, Jamal never made me cum,'* Tina thought.

The only good thing about his fuck with Jamal is it stretched his anus enough, so Daddy's smaller black cock fits snugly without pain. That is if you can call eight inches small. The feeling of that

thick black cock driving inside his body is filling Tina with a pleasure he knew once long ago.

Daddy withdraws from Tina's snug asshole and demands of the sissy slut, "Turn over, I wanna finish."

Tina isn't sure why Daddy wants to fuck her doggie style, but he doesn't argue. He gets on all fours, pursed his lips, peered back at Daddy, and coyly begs. "Fuck me, Daddy. Fill me with your cum. I want it so bad."

Daddy mounts the prone teen and drives his erect black cock into his bowels with such primal force that it made the sissy's tits bounce and wobble. The black man grunts as he mercilessly nails the wailing sissy with the perky pink-tipped breasts. From the side view, nobody would think Daddy was fucking a guy.

"Take it, Tina," Daddy said gutturally. "I'm gonna fuck your pussy good, you dirty little bitch.

Daddy hammers Tina's butt fast and hard. Tina's crying tears of joy as the security officer forgets himself and fucks the boy like a girl. Eventually, the black man shouts, "*Get round here and open your fucking mouth, I'm gonna cum. Hurry.*"

In a flash, Tina pulls free of the cock and spins around. He opens wide to accept Daddy's load. The black man growls loudly through clenched teeth and grabs the back of Tina's head with a hand to

position it. While furiously beating his meat, Daddy put the head just inside Tina's mouth, his flailing hand bumping the sissy's chin with each stroke.

Daddy moans and angrily shoots his load into Tina's mouth. He keeps jerking into Tina's mouth with a pleasurable rage. Even though the sissy couldn't see it, he can feel the warm jizz spurt onto his tongue. With his head tilted back, the sissy sophomore can feel Daddy's semen collect in the back of his throat. Warm jizz quickly accumulates. The sissy doesn't swallow, so some of the thick semen spurts out the corners of his mouth. Tina can see Daddy's veiny forearms as he jacks off.

*"Take all that cum, girl,"* Daddy moans while slowing down his jerking. When he's done, he says, *"Swallow it."* Tina does just that. "Good girl, now lick my cock clean, it has your ass juices on it." After Daddy has had enough, he pushes Tina away, and the sissy sits back, his little boner sticking up. "Jerk off your little clitty, I wanna see it cum," Daddy said.

Tina strokes it furiously with finger and thumb for a minute, and just as he ejaculates, Daddy puts his hand under it to catch the thin discharge. When the dicklette stops ejaculating, Daddy holds his hand to Tina's mouth, and the sophomore dutifully licks it clean.

"You really are a submissive little slut, ain't ya," the black man said with a smile. "Who owns your ass right now?"



“Leslie Hunter from Gamma Phi Beta,” Tina said, blushing.

“Don’t know her. But I do know a guy who makes tranny porn, and you’d be perfect for it. You could make some decent money.”

“I-I don’t know...”

Daddy stands, saying, “Think about it, you know where to find me if you’re interested.”

The black man goes to his clothes and starts to dress. Tina gets the hint and gets up to put his clothes on. Not long after,

Daddy drops Tina off at his dorm. The big man gives the sissy a long French kiss before letting him go. It’s after two in the morning, and a tired sissy fell on his bed and is at once asleep.

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The next day Tim goes to class dressed as a girl. There’s just not a shred of maleness left in him now. He looks and sounds like a girl, so the sissy is embracing the fulfillment he experienced when Jamal and Daddy fucked him. Other students didn’t recognize him. They really thought he was just another girl on campus. A week after the final challenge, Tim’s summoned to the Dean’s office. He hadn’t heard a word from Leslie or even seen her on campus for that matter.

He enters the office reception and stops at a counter where a woman in her forties asks if she can help him.

“I have an appointment with Dean Collins,” he said. “Name?” the lady asks?

“Tim Phillips.”

The woman stares at him, a frown forming. “Um, but you’re a girl, honey,” she said.

Tina smiles. “Not where it counts,” he said.

The woman rolls her eyes and points to a door. “Take a seat in there, I’ll tell the Dean you’re here.”

The room is a small waiting room, cold and gray with uncomfortable chairs and college brochures. Tina sits and waits. After about ten minutes, the woman ushers him into the Dean’s ornate office.

“Take a seat, Tim,” the Dean said, looking the sissy over with a raised eyebrow.

“Tina,” Tim corrects. “I prefer to be called Tina.”

“OK, Tina, you know we here at Syracuse have an open policy for transgender students. If you ever have any problems with faculty or students, please let us know.”

“I will, thanks. Why am I here today?”

Dean Collins sits and leans back in his chair, taking a deep breath. “It has come to my attention that you’ve been involved in some sorority hazing, that quite frankly, have breached our college rules.”

“Oh?”

The Dean nods. “Some have reported that you were raped for the amusement of the sorority by a student called Jamal Stevens. Is this true? I want you to know this is a safe space, you can talk freely here.”

Tina stares wide-eyed at the Dean for a moment. “What sorority?” he asks, biding time.

“Gamma Phi Beta.”

“What did they say?”

The Dean frowns. “I’m not interested in what they say, right now. I want to know what you have to say?”

Tina clears his throat. “Um, I have been recently dating one of the Gamma Phi Beta girls,” he said. “Leslie Hunter...” The Dean types her name into his computer. “Anyway, we had some kinky fun, I guess. I wasn’t raped, though.”

The Dean said, “There’s video footage of you, and I have seen some of it. It’s pretty disgusting stuff.” The man frowns. “There

will be an investigation into this, and if you say you participated of your own free will, it might look bad for you. I'm talking expulsion here. So, protecting Leslie Hunter will just hurt you more than help you."

"I'm sorry, Dean Collins, I didn't know I was breaking any rules," Tina said, crossing his arms over his chest. "I took part in this thing they were doing of my own free will."

The Dean shakes his head. "You don't understand what's at stake here, young lady. This is already breaking in the media, soon reporters from all over the country will be here asking significant questions. This 'Beta Games' thing is going to bring disgrace to the good name of this university."

"Um, ah, I don't know what you want me to say then?" Tina said with a shrug.

"If you were the victim here, then I can save you."

A hot feeling suddenly bursts in Tina's chest. "I'm not a victim," he shouts. "I'm a sissy. I did all those things willingly."

The Dean leans back in his chair. "OK, then. There will be an investigation, so say nothing to the media. I will have to move you to a girl's dorm if you plan to stay this way."

Tina nods.

“We will need to get a formal statement off you at some point, you can bring a lawyer to that interview. There is a chance you may be expelled if we think serious breaches of our policies have occurred.”

“I understand, sir,” Tina said.

“Alright, you can go. Housing admin will be contacting you today about your new accommodation.”

Tina stands. “Thank you, sir,” and he leaves.

*‘I better text Leslie,’* he thought as he goes.

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Leslie calls back about half an hour after the meeting at the

Dean’s office.

“Hi, Leslie, the Dean is onto us,” he said nervously. “Yeah, Cynthia and I were in there this morning,” she said

coldly. “They’ve got nothing but some snippets of video footage. They’re trying to scare people into telling them everything. You didn’t blab on us, did you, ET?”

“You could’ve warned me,” Tina groans. “No, he wanted to know if Jamal raped me. I said no, I was there willingly.”

“Good girl. Did he threaten to expel you?” “Yes.”

Leslie laughs coldly. “Don’t worry, the sorority will handle it. If you keep your mouth shut, we’ll make sure you’re OK.”

Tina sighs. “OK, but don’t screw me on this, or I will talk, and I have a lot to say. If this shit destroys my chance to become a pharmacist, I will tell them everything.”

“Alright. Alright. Jesus, anyone would think your balls have grown, but we know that isn’t the case. I hear you’ve taken to living full time as a girl now?”

“Yes, they’re even moving me to a girls’ dorm,” Tina said. “God, I’m sorry, Tina. I really mind fucked you, didn’t I?” “No, I think you brought out the real me, for that I’m

grateful. But I do have more demands.”

Leslie sighs. “What?”

“To keep my silence, I want a permanent boob job with D-

cups, and my voice-change made permanent. I want you to supply me with hormones for the next five years. I want \$5000 to go toward a new female wardrobe. I expect your sorority to pay for it as compensation for all you put me through.”

“I don’t know...”

“Then, I talk.”

“OK. God, you finally put your big girl pants on, eh? I’ll have to discuss it with Cynthia,” Leslie said.

“I expect an answer by the end of the day.”

“Sore, but after the way Jamal did me, what do you expect? That boy has no idea how to use that thing.”

Leslie guffaws. “Listen to you, just how the fuck would you know?”

“I know because your brother Gordon fucked me many times wearing your school clothes and dirty underwear. Now, granted Gordon isn’t as big as Jamal, but he could make me cum. He didn’t bludgeon my insides with it.””

Leslie gasps. “But you said...”

“I lied. I wanted you to win. That’s what good submissives do, they protect their mistress or master. But if I were to tell Cynthia the truth now, then your chance to be president will be gone.”

“She won’t believe you.”

Tina smiles. “I have videos of Gordon fucking me dressed in your high school uniform. He also made me dress in your mom’s clothes too. Gordon called me ‘mommy’ while he fucked me or made me blow him. She’ll believe it when I show her those, and there’s many. I can also put them on the internet since you’ve already done that to me anyway. Payback is a bitch, eh?”

“You fucking cunt,” Leslie screams. “What’s it gonna be?” Tina asks. “So, you’re blackmailing *me* now?”

“Yes, Madame President, give me what I want, and life goes on as normal. The videos I have of Gordon fucking me won’t be put on the internet.”

Leslie squeals. “You fucking bitch, I’m gonna...”

“You’ll do nothing,” Tina said callously. “You’ll give me what I want, and we’ll both get on with our lives. Got it?”

There’s silence. “OK, but I can’t go to Cynthia with this other crap. I’ll pay for it out of my own pocket. I’ll tell Cynthia you’ve agreed to keep your mouth shut if we protect you in the investigation. We’ll even supply you with a lawyer for your interview.”

Tina asks, “And the rest?”

“I’ll make appointments at the clinic for you today and transfer the money into your PayPal account. Then it’s over. Don’t speak to me around campus.”

“Good, don’t try to cross me either on any of this or else.” “Fuck off,” Leslie shouts and ends the call.

Tina smiles. For the first time, he feels happy. No, ‘she’

feels happy. As she heads toward her next class, one of the basketball jocks whistles at her. Tina turns and smiles at the big black jock.



“Damn, girl, you’re looking hot today,” he said with a leer.

Tina can see the noticeable bulge of a big black cock in his sweatpants. She sighs contentedly. ‘Yes,’ she thought. ‘*I’m really gonna enjoy my new life.*’

***The End.***