

Choose your Own TG Adventure - The Pledge Part 6

By TheSpiralledEye

b) Seduce a woman

It is the logical thing to do, you rationalize, how many men get to experience what you are right now? You need to explore every angle this new body has to offer while it lasts; to not have sex would be wasteful.

Sneaking back into Becca's room in the Beta Pi house is surprisingly easy. Everybody is distracted, teasing the new pledges for how quickly they came during their various tasks, that you manage to slip away and up the stairs without issue. You sequester yourself away among her clothes and quickly strip off the cheerleading outfit, shivering as the curly hair between your legs sticks slightly thanks to your juices. Part of you feels bad, stealing Becca's clothes like this but what other choice is there? With only a negligee and this half soaked outfit to choose from you'll be too noticeable exiting Greek Street. You don't bother with panties or underwear, though the idea of using another woman's is somewhat tempting. To feel that thin fabric against your folds, knowing Becca's wetness had once graced the material was surprisingly alluring but you resist. You're on a mission and just like all the other tasks you have faced, you intend to see it through.

A skirt is the obvious option; you choose a bright red one, short with pleats. Skimpy enough to be sexy while long enough to cover your lack of undergarments. You pair it with a black tank top and shiver as the tight material squeezes against your unsupported bust. Looking down, your nipples are noticeable, poking upwards and creating little hills in the otherwise smooth curve. The dark material ensures that nobody will be able to notice until they get close enough; or you get really turned on, whichever came first. The only thing left is shoes and you find yourself surprisingly tempted by the rows of heels on display. Your hand hovers over them for a moment before snapping back; you need to maintain as much control as possible, wobbling around in heels would only add another level of difficulty to the task. Instead, you pick a pair of silver sandals, strappy and tight that show off your dainty feet. You can't help but admire them; you'd never paid much attention to your feet before now but in this form at least, they really were something special. Pretty and pale, with half moon nails that almost seemed to shine when paired with the silver of the sandals.

The sound of footsteps outside makes you freeze and then relax as they pass. You should get out of here quickly before Becca gets back, hopefully she doesn't notice the missing articles in her closet before you return. She had so many outfits surely, she wouldn't realize just three pieces were missing. You go to leave, only for a flash of something golden to catch your eye; a tube of lipstick sitting on the nearby make up table in the sunlight. Without intending to, you flick your tongue across your full lips, taking in their smooth texture.

You do not need lipstick.

But you *want* it.

In an almost trance like state you approach, picking up the tube and twisting it open before the mirror. The woman who looks back at you is beautiful, a little dazed, with cheeks still red from the exertion of the cheerleading routine. She pouts her lips and brings the tube to touch the soft skin there. You have to remind yourself that she is your reflection, the idea is still so alien to you, yet not as horrifying as it was initially. You swipe the deep red across your lips, painting them in and smacking them together a few times as you had seen women do in films. There was a lingering taste there, mixed with the artificial strawberry flavoring, it could only be Becca. How much stronger would that flavor be if you ran your tongue along her skin? You have to shake your head to clear away such thoughts.

You want to keep going, to explore Becca's make up table fully and paint the rest of your face but you don't have time. Every second you spend here heightens the chance you get caught; you have to go. With one last forlorn look at the tins and tubes laid out across the tabletop, you slip out of Becca's room and out the back, ready to start your mission properly.

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The rest of the campus felt like an entirely different planet to Greek Street; the hazing routines faded away, leaving the only people you pass to be serious students and even more dower looking professors. Seduction was never your forte, that was part of why you came here in the first place, to transform yourself into a sexy, alpha male who would have the girls coming to you instead. You decided to set your eyes on a woman, it might be a little harder, finding a lesbian rather than a man but at least then you might be able to enjoy the experience a bit more. Despite your new appearance, you were a dude deep down and seducing another man felt...odd. The transformation had changed you inside and out, you could tell, but it hadn't changed you *that* much!

You're in luck though, as you walk through a quiet courtyard between a study hall and library you see her. Dyed black hair, a dozen or so piercings and tattoos and bright, almost fluorescent blue eyes. A pride flag has been hand stitched to her backpack; bingo. You pause, realizing you haven't actually decided on an approach yet; you don't get the chance. Suddenly those blue eyes are on you, piercing and hard.

"Take a picture, rich girl, it'll last longer."

It seems Becca's clothing was fancier than you realized. In a panic you say the first thing that comes to mind.

"Sorry! It's just, you're really pretty. I didn't mean to be rude."

It's true and the honesty must have shown through on your face because the other woman softens and pats the grass at her side.

"Sorry." She blushes, "I'm so used to you rich, sorority types calling me names I just sort of assume the worst."

"I'm not a sorority type, well not yet." You mumble, sitting on the ground, and trying to ignore the way your bare pussy is tickled by the blades of grass.

"You're pledging? A waste of time if you ask me. Bunch of silly, embarrassing tests." She stops suddenly, giving you the most amazing side eye, "Is this what this is? You've got to see if you can seduce the 'dyke' and--"

"No!"

You hold up your hands, feeling guilty.

"I'm...I like girls too. I just wanted a break from all the pledging silliness." Another truth, "I saw you and you looked pretty and I thought you might want to blow of steam or something."

Fuck you are doing a terrible job at this. Where is the smooth confidence you had before that damn spiked drink?

"That is...the worst pick up line I have ever heard."

"Give me a minute, I could probably top it." You say glumly, this was going nowhere fast, at least that's what you think until the woman nudges you with a cheeky smile.

"I'm Rose." She says, "And if this isn't some pledge trick, I'd be happy to...be friends. Turns out there aren't many other girls that swing our way around here."

"So, I am scraping the bottom of the barrel because you can't get laid with anybody else?"

"I believe it's mutual?"

You think of Becca, how she's pressed you into that wall and pleased you. She would do it again, if you asked, you know this. Without meaning to your mind conjures images of the three of you; Rose, Becca and yourself, all together in Becca's giant bed, a tangle of limbs and tongues and wetness begins to flow between your legs.

"Yeah." You lie, reaching a hand out and laying it across the smooth skin on Rose's thigh, treasuring the subtle warmth.

She was exactly the sort of alternative girl you had dreamed of getting with as a man; you always imagined girls like her were into some wild shit. The temptation is there, as Rose takes your hand and leads you to the nearby dorms, to let her take the lead. You have always been so submissive; it was part of why you wanted to become a member of Alpha Lambda in the first place. There was the idea that somehow, in the right environment you could become the dominant, alpha male you always dreamed of. Then this happened and your body gained so much pleasure yielding to others, it was like a drug, and it would be so easy to slip back into that position and let Rose dominate you. That wasn't the plan though, you were supposed to be the one doing the seducing here. So, when Rose finally unlocks her room you push her inside firmly, pressing the woman into the wall with your entire body and kissing her before you lose your nerve.

Rose moans and it goes straight to your crotch, increasing that now familiar throbbing sensation between your legs. You can still feel the after effects of the vibrator, that slight burn in your inner walls that seems to be increasing your arousal.

"I love girly girls like you." Rose whispers, running her tongue along your lip before diving back inside.

You have to fight the urge to yield to her. Instead fighting back for dominance, gripping her arms tight and forcing your mouth atop hers. For a few moments you battle before finally, she tilts her head back and accepts defeat with a breathy sigh. The sound lights a fire inside you, the pleasure of submission finally fading to that of dominance; you may not have had a choice when it came to this body but you were damn sure going to choose how you use it.

Rose's hands cup your bear ass, you can feel her smiling as you kiss when she realizes you are bare under your skirt. Having those dainty fingers so close to your hole is torture, you don't want to wait any longer. With ease you tug Rose off the wall and the two of you stumble for the bed where you land atop her. Hands are everywhere, undressing you, undressing her; it is all a haze of lust and stolen kisses as fabric goes flying. You only truly come back to yourself when you find yourself naked, sitting atop her hips, feeling the heat from her pussy a mere inch from your own.

Rose's chest is heaving, her breasts rising and falling with the motion as you slowly slide your hands up her sides to cup them. Hers are smaller than yours, pretty rather than sexy but you still can't resist bending over to suckle at one and drinking in the noises the motion elicits. The movement brings your pussies together and you moan, lifting your head as you feel your clit bush

against hers. Without thinking you do it again, and then again, you can't seem to stop. Your slickness is mixing with hers and the heat seems to intensify as you continue to rut against one another. The movement of your body makes your heavy breasts sway, nipples brushing against Rose's every few thrusts. Your inner walls are burning, if only you could be full right now the pleasure would be complete and Rose seems to understand. She reaches around, cupping your ass and pulling you forward harder, crushing your clits together causing you to both moan in tandem. Then her finger slips inside you and you are lost. The pleasure crests and you are cumming, hard as she pumps her finger into you in time with your thrusts. A few moments later you feel her shudder beneath you and a stream of wetness splashes against your pussy as she cums too. You shiver as her finger withdraws and the two of you collapse into a tangle of limbs.

"Bet that...was better than any of the tests you're doing to join that stupid sorority." She pants and you hum in agreement.

That had been, beautiful. Already you wanted to do it again and for the first time you consider Becca's offer. You could stay like this, a woman, take your time exploring every type of pleasure this body can give. After all, you did come here for a fresh start, and it doesn't get much fresher than this. On the other hand, what if this was a side effect of the drug? What if it was slowly changing your mind from the inside and somewhere deep beneath all this lust your male self was screaming to be let out? Curled up against Rose, you ponder your next move.

- a) Sneak back to Alpha Lambda to try and find the cure**
- b) Go to Becca and admit you want to stay a woman**