

The Pledge – A Choose Your Own Adventure Story

By TheSpiralledEye

You stand, shivering as a cold breeze creeps between your bare legs. Dressed in nothing but your briefs, hoodie, and the tattered remains of your shirt you glare up at the Beta Pi Sorority. This was supposed to be the first day of your new life as a big man on campus and because of their meddling it was, much like your shirt, in ruins. Fuelled by indignant rage you storm through the garden, trying to ignore as your chest jiggled and bounced with the harsh movements. Your jeans gripped tightly in your now delicate palms; you were going to give those bitches a piece of your mind, whether they turned you back or not!

Funnily enough, the backdoor was unlocked and you let yourself into the airy kitchen. The sounds of girlish laughter and squeals of excitement filter through from the main living area you glimpsed through the window before and you grin; they ruined your first night of pledge week so now you'd do the same. You walk towards the sound, ready to make as big a scene as possible but your mouth goes dry when you see what the commotion is.

A number young women, pledges no doubt, were standing in the middle of the room in various states of undress while downing red cups filled with strong smelling punch. Within seconds of each other they finished drinking, the slowest girl wobbling slightly on her heels before groaning and moving to unhook her bra.

“Three more rounds’ girls! Remember, you can’t get dressed between this challenge and the next!”

The girl who finished last stuck her tongue out at the tall woman yelling instructions. She made a show of unhooking her bra and letting her tits sag against her chest, dropping the item on the floor with disdain as if she didn't even care. You are suddenly hyper aware of the weight on your own chest, the softness of your hoodie against your new sensitive nipples. Were you to look in a mirror, would you look like that half naked woman there? You're so busy ogling her you don't even realise somebody is behind you until a pair of hands come to rest firmly on your shoulders, making you jump.

“Well well, somebody is a bit late.” A busty blonde smiles down at you with predatory glee, eyes dancing across your barely clothed form. “But it seems like you're making up for lost time.”

The rage that had been temporarily extinguished by the erotic display came roaring back in full force, doubling when your eyes lock to the pin at the woman's breast. The symbol of Beta Pi emblazoned in silver; this is the head of the sorority that did this to you!

“Well, you can’t join in this particular activity I’m afraid.” She pouted, “But if you really want to join us, we can think of some extra challenge to make up for it.”

“I’m not here to pledge to your dumb girls club!” You cry, “I’m here so you can explain yourselves! What the hell did you give to Derek for the drinking pledge that would do this!”

The blonde’s eyes widen, not with shock or fear but pure joy as you speak and you feel your confidence slipping.

“You are an Alpha Lambda pledge?” She grinned, gripping your shoulders tighter and dragging you to the middle of the room. “Girls! Our new Alpha is here!”

You blush, having a room full of hot women refer to you as their ‘alpha’ was a dream come true, if only you were still in your old body. Before you can stop her, the blonde has unzipped your hoodie, baring your new breasts for the whole room to see and she whistled, impressed.

“Wow look at those!” She laughed, “You ripped through your shirt and everything!”

You open your mouth to tell her to stop but before you can she’s behind you, snaking her arms around and cupping the tits in her palms so that the whole room can watch her fondle you.

“Check ‘em out girls! This year’s transfer pledge sure is something isn’t she!”

“Hey! what the fuck!”

Your blush deepens with both humiliation and arousal; those soft hands against your new boobflesh feel so good, despite the rough treatment. You can’t help but wonder how it would feel to have her squeeze them tighter and your nipples stiffen in response; much to the delight of your new audience.

“Her nipples are getting hard!”

“She’s getting turned on!”

“Touch her more, Becca!”

The jeers go straight to your crotch and you feel that mild dampness increase somewhat. It has been a long time since a girl touched you, granted this new body made the sensations different but you can't deny how good it feels to have another's hands on you. Your rage and humiliation are slowly being swallowed by a far more primal and powerful emotion, desire. You try to fight it; you've always loved being dominated, that was part of why you decided to come here, to try and break out of such habits so that you could be the powerful, dominant one for once.

“What do you say, little changeling?” The blonde, Becca, asked, “Do you want me to touch you a little more?”

Her thumb brushes against your nipple as she whispers in your ear and you feel a bolt of pleasure unlike any you have ever felt before. It wasn't the pure pleasure you were used to when you touched yourself, there was something subtle and relaxing about having your breasts played with that was erotic in a way all its own. Perhaps it was because you had never had tits before today or maybe it was your dry spell finally coming to an end but you found yourself nodding. It was so hard to fight your submissive nature but you justify it away. It wasn't completely irrational after all, you were pledging to Alpha Lambda in part to pick up chicks, it would be weird if you *didn't* take this opportunity, right?

Becca takes your left nipple between her thumb and forefinger, giving it a gentle squeeze and you see stars. The pleasure is so subtle yet powerful, each time she gently rolls the flesh between her fingers you feel tiny waves of pleasure flow down through your body, pooling in your lower stomach. Somehow, each touch feels better than the last yet never fully satisfies. Even as she repeats the gesture on the other side so that both your nipples are stimulated it doesn't feel like enough. Instinctually you arch your back, thrusting your chest forwards to allow her as much access as possible much to the delight of your audience. The fact that you are standing here, surrounded by these scantily clad women, some of whom are half naked themselves, letting your tits be played with is simultaneously embarrassing and a massive turn on.

“I think we've got a good one this year girls!” Becca announces as she lets go of you.

Your breasts ache with her loss, the skin tingling and sensitive and nipples painfully hard. Part of you is glad she stopped before you made an even bigger fool of yourself; the other bemoans it. You feel eyes upon you and desperately try to hide your obvious horniness but it's near impossible. At least your hoddie is big enough to cover your crotch so nobody can see the patch of wetness slowly soaking through your briefs.

“Ah, do you think maybe I deserve an explanation?” You asked, clearing your throat and doing your best to sound authoritative. Deep down you know any chance of Becca taking you seriously likely went out the door the moment you let her touch you but you have to try.

“Oh right.” She smacks her own forehead lightly, “You’re our new transfer pledge, it’s a deal we made with the Alpha’s to spice up pledge week.”

“Transfer?”

“Yeah, you lucky duck!” Becca winked, “You get to pledge to both groups and see which one takes you in the end! Isn’t that fun?”

“B-but I don’t want to be part of a sorority!” You cry, “I’m a dude!”

“Not for the next week you’re not.” She replied in a singsong voice, “But don’t you worry, if you pass all the test in pledge week, we’ll give you the antidote to turn you back!”

“And if I fail?”

“You get to try again next year.”

You feel ice rush through your veins. A whole year as a woman? With no ID, history or any of the things needed to get a job or housing for the twelve months you’d need to wait for another shot? That was not acceptable.

“And what’s to stop me from reporting you?” You threaten, rage finally building again, “When the Dean finds out-“

“I’m sure he’ll be very concerned.” Becca pouted, “With all that proof you have. I mean, if you didn’t have any way to prove it, he would think you’re some random crazy woman off the street, wouldn’t he?”

You bite your lip. She was right. You had nothing to prove your story except a ripped up shirt, hardly compelling evidence. Becca circled you like a shark smelling meat in the water.

“So, you’d better do exactly what we say, sugar.”

You steel yourself; you won't let this woman dominate or scare you. Instead, you concentrate on quashing the lingering horniness she created, zipping your hoodie back up so you have some semblance of dignity and facing her head on with a look of determination.

"Alright then, what's my first task?"

You were prepared to do whatever it took to get into Alpha Lambda, this was just a bump in the road.

"For now, you'll join the rest of our little pledges in the age old tradition of a Date Rush!" Becca announced, several of the pledges giggled and shared looks.

When preparing for Pledge Week you had focused entirely on fraternity traditions, only briefly touching on the sorority ones when they overlapped. The knowing glances these women were giving one another makes you realise just how painfully out of the loop you are.

"Alrighty girls, you know how this goes! You have twenty minutes to meet your future sisters and I at the barbeque area at the end of the lane. Where, as we speak, your absent sisters are cooking up a special dinner. Your job is to go out there and find a date to bring along, oh and you can't change."

The topless girl gave a drunken laugh, looking down at herself before flicking the others a victorious look.

"Hardest thing for me will be avoiding the campus security!" She giggled.

"All unacceptable dates will be rejected." Becca added, "and, just so you know, we told our fellow Greeks to be prepared so don't be surprised if you have to do a little something extra to get them to agree!"

The pledges all shared confident smiles.

"Ready?" Becca cried, the women all gave a high-pitched squeal that must have meant 'yes'.

"Go!"

You're almost knocked over by the sudden surge of bodies pushing against you to get to the front door. You find yourself forced along with the crowd until you finally stumble free, down the front

steps of Beta Pi, head spinning. A wolf whistle comes your way and you see several members of Alpha Lambda sitting on one of the upper balconies. Self-consciously, you pull the hoodie down in a vain attempt to hide yourself. Twenty minutes to find a date and bring them to the dinner, that is a tall order for even an experienced flirt, something you definitely are not. You slap your palms across your cheeks, letting the sting centre and distract you from that lingering arousal. You just needed to get a date how hard could that be as a barely clothed woman?

You follow your fellows out into the street, eyes darting from man to man desperately. You just needed to get one of them to follow you. Not only that, you had to show up with somebody 'acceptable', what did that even mean? Hot? A Greek? You'd better pick both just to be sure.

There are a number of people out, the first night had the street packed with people attempting pledges. You feel a pang of jealousy watching several men you recognise returning to the Alpha house, panties in tow. A yell echoes across the street and you watch as several buff men appeared from the front of another frat house. All topless and covered in some sort of oil. Whistles and jeers flew through the air as they began doing star jumps and you can't help but notice the way their muscles glisten in the evening light.

You take a second to think and consider all the options; you need to bring a date that was acceptable but superb, show that bitch Becca you are not to be trifled with. After a moment's deliberation you decide:

- A) A member of Alpha Lambda**
- B) One of the glistening body builders**
- C) Find a hot girl and bring her for shock value**