

Choose Your Own Adventure – The Pledge Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

a) Becca

You freeze, face frozen in horror as your eyes meet Becca's. She's got that same predatory smile on her face that she did back at the Beta Pi House and instantly the memory of her hands on your tits comes flooding back. Your nipples are so hard they ache, you can't help but wonder how good it would feel to have her help relieve the pressure.

"Oh sorry, did I break your concentration?" She cooed, "Don't let me interrupt."

Your finger is still sitting against your clit, even resting featherlight against that bundle of nerves it feels wonderful but...you can't just keep going with Becca here watching you! The humiliation would be too much; you remove your finger, bracing your palm against the wall. Your whole body seems to throb in response, yearning for the touch to return. Becca saunters over to you, bracing her own hand next to your head and leaning down close enough that you can feel her breath on your lips.

"I didn't say stop."

You swallow; God you're so horny already and having a hot chick this close, telling you to keep going only adds fuel to the flames inside. You find your hand moving of its own volition, creeping back under your hoodie and into your pants again. You gasp as it parts your folds again, pleasure and heat pooling between your legs as you begin to stroke slowly.

"That's a girl." Becca praised, reaching her free hand between you both and unzipping the hoodie, "I think you're going to be great fun."

A moan escapes you unbidden as she takes your nipple between her thumb and forefinger; rolling it gently. Sparks fly beneath your skin, shooting through your body to join that heat between your legs. The sensation is so intense your head falls back against the brickwork, exposing your long neck for Becca to kiss. Her tongue feels so wonderful against your sensitive skin, already you are feeling overstimulated; your pussy, tits and neck all being touched so intimately is exquisite. You're not going to last long. Already your finger is speeding up, increasing pressure on your clit and sending wave after wave of bliss searing through your system. Becca gives your nipple a hard pinch, the pain melts into the pleasure and you start to feel lightheaded.

“Ah ah ah, not just yet.”

She moves back, gripping your wrist tightly, stopping those movements. You whimper at the loss, you were so close to the edge, it is maddening. Your whole body feels like it is on fire, like if you don't get off soon, you'll burst into flame for real.

You expect many things, for Becca to tease you more, to have her touch you only to stop at the last second, any number of options play out in an instant mentally. What you don't expect is for her to get on her knees and slowly pull your briefs off. The gesture is erotic, she takes her time to ensure you savour the feeling of the fabric scrapping against your thighs. You do not hesitate to obediently step out of them when she finally reaches your ankles.

Becca stares up at you, her eyes locking you in place. Even now, positioned on her knees before you, she was firmly in control and you both know it. Juices leak from your hole in anticipation as you feel the cool air brush against your exposed folds, slowly warmth replaces the chill as Becca's mouth gets closer. The tip of her tongue flicks your clit and your whole body quivers like it's been hit with an electrical shock. A not unreasonable analogy as the pleasure itself is like a bolt of lightning through your system.

Eyes still locked with your own, Becca moved forward, her mouth fully encasing your pussy and making your eyes roll back in your head. It's almost as if she is making out with you, her tongue pushing and sliding along your folds sending sparks of pure bliss dancing through your veins. Your hands grip her head firmly as your hips thrust against it, desperate for more friction. The ache inside you grows as Becca grips your ass, holding you in place while she feasts on you. Already you can feel the pressure inside building, so unlike anything you have ever felt as a man; each stroke feels better than the last and yet simultaneously, it was never enough. You keen and moan, unable to even form words as the pleasure builds inside you.

Then a different kind of pressure appears, that of a finger resting against your aching hole. You want to beg but can't find the words, Becca understands regardless, slipping that finger up inside you and stroking your inner walls. It is this that brings you undone; you crest, pleasure holding you on the edge for a moment before crashing down over your entire body. You writhe and open your mouth in a silent cry as the ecstasy overwhelms you until finally, Becca stops her ministrations and you sag back against the wall, humiliated at your behaviour but finally sated.

Becca wipes her mouth clean and gives you a victorious grin, now that that you're less horny you can't help but feel shame at your actions burn through you. You came here to become a dominant, alpha male not...this.

“Aw, don't feel bad.” Becca cooed, “I rather thought you were enjoying yourself. You taste *divine*.”

You flush with both pleasure at the praise, and humiliation that it makes you happy.

“You'll be pleased to know; you've passed your date dash test.” Becca added, “You'll be joining the other Beta Pi pledges sleeping in the living room tonight.”

You bite your lip, it's not like you had the option of staying at the Alpha Lambda house anymore, not like this.

"What am I supposed to wear?" You ask, "This hoodie and those pants are all I have."

"Oh, I am sure we can find something."

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Becca takes you back to the Beta Pi house, the Date Dash apparently forgotten. Something that fills you with both relief and regret; your pussy still throbs occasionally with residual pleasure; Becca's tongue had been magical but you can't help but wonder what it would feel like to have something fill it. Your face burns with humiliation imagining it but you're unable to stop yourself. A single finger against your inner walls had felt incredible, how much more pleasurable would it feel to have a cock fill you?

You're so caught up in your thoughts you don't even realise where you are until Becca is opening the swinging doors to her walk-in closet. You've seen department stores with less stock; dresses, skirts and all manner of other outfits adorn shelves and racks to either side of the small room. You swallow, tugging at your ratty hoodie self-consciously.

"Now, let's find you an outfit to sleep in, shall we?"

Becca makes a show of opening each drawer, producing everything from practical winter flannels to negligees so skimpy she may as well have just walked around naked. Your mind races; unsure what sort of clothing you hope she gives you. On the one hand, you wanted to see this body displayed to its full potential but on the other, you desperately wanted to forget your curves, if only for a second.

"Perfect."

You balk at the article she is holding; it was little more than a pair of red panties and bra, with a sheer veil hanging from the latter. It looked like the sort of thing a man tore off with his teeth at the beginning of a porno, not remotely like sleepwear. Becca places it in your hands, there is so little fabric it barely weighs anything. She then sits back on a nearby stool with an expectant look on her face. You lick at your lips, she'd already gone down on you, it's not like changing in front of her would reveal anything she hadn't already seen.

Determined not to let Becca get to you, you unzip the hoodie and throw it aside along with your briefs. Pretending that standing naked means nothing to you, though you cannot hide the blush of pink that dusts your cheeks and breasts. Putting the outfit on is difficult, the bra has no clasps thanks to the veil, you have no choice but to lift it over your head. Getting it over your considerable bust takes some finesse and you're hyper aware of Becca's presence as you twist and shift, desperately trying to fit your fat tits into the bra. After finally managing it pulling the panties up your legs is a trifle; you shiver with so much skin exposed.

"Wonderful, perfect for tonight's little sleep over."

A sleepover at the Beta Pi house, sleeping on the floor with a dozen other sexy women; it was your dream once upon a time. Somehow together, Becca and Derek had turned it into torture. Your face burns a vivid red as you catch your reflection for the first time in a nearby mirror; the women looking back at you looks sinful. Her tits and ass seem almost too big, her curves slightly too exaggerated, that matched with her pouted lips meant all that was missing was a pair of bunny ears and she'd fit right in at the Playboy mansion.

You stare at your bare feet as you self consciously head down to the living room where the other pledges were gathered, a chorus of gasps greet you when you finally enter. All the other girls are wearing singlets and other such apparel, otherwise known as normal pyjamas. And here you are, looking ready for the camera. The other girls tease and whistle as you pick a sleeping bag and hurried sequester yourself away, worried the heat from your cheeks may actually singe the pillow.

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"Wakey, wakey! Rise and shine pledges!"

You groan in pain as you wake, sleeping on your stomach was a bad idea, now you were starting the day with tender breasts. Such a wake up ensured you were not gifted those blissful few seconds of ignorance before remembering all that took place yesterday. You had hoped, if only for a moment, to think it was a dream.

"Time to get to work!"

Becca was standing in the entryway, several members of her sorority behind her holding silver boxes marked with a red lipstick kiss. Clearly it was time for another round of hazing; you grit your teeth, you will not be made a fool of again. You stand defiantly, glaring right into Becca's eyes which were alight with mischief.

“Today’s challenge is simple; you even get a choice of which event to partake in!” Becca announced, “A fashion show for the textiles students, a cheerleading routine out in the street or making breakfast for our fraternity neighbours.”

The other girls around you share surprised looks at the simple tasks but you know better, there was bound to be a twist. Not a moment later you are proven right as Becca reaches into one of the silver boxes held by her cohort and revealed a small bullet shaped object.

“Oh, and you have to complete the task without cumming, while having one of these vibrators inside you.”

Your pussy throbs and you feel your mouth go dry; Becca’s grin grew wider. How on earth did she and Derek get away with such tests without getting pulled into the Deans office? No matter, if you want your old body back you have to go through with it, you refuse to let Becca see you so submissive and vulnerable ever again.

You step forward, a confident look on your face as you choose...

- a) **Performing in the Fashion Show**
- b) **Doing the cheerleading routine**
- c) **Cooking breakfast for Alpha Lambda**