

## Choose Your Own Adventure – The Pledge Part 5

By The Spiralled Eye

### b) Complete a Cheerleading Routine

You make your choice, locking eyes with Becca and walking toward her with a serious, defiant expression. While the other girls blush and giggle, you remain stoic, taking your vibrator without ever letting your eyes leave the Leader of Peta Pi's face. She and Derek may have knocked you for a loop and taken advantage of your confusion but no more. You came to the Greeks because you were willing to do anything to become a popular guy, this...change, but just a hiccup in the road. You weren't going to let Becca fluster you anymore, even after your little stint together behind the shed. For her part, she just smiles, almost warmly and directs you to a folded pile of cheerleader outfits.

“You can use the bathroom to change.” She said sweetly, “Unless you want to do it out here?”

You do not take the bait.

“I'll be right back.” You say through clenched teeth, turning to go before Becca gave one last announcement.

“Oh, and girls, no cheating now, one of us has to watch you insert your toy!”

You're glad for your turned back, nobody can see you blushing. There was no question which member of Peta Pi was going to be watching *you*. You lock the bathroom door, double checking it to be absolutely sure there would be no surprise guests while you change. Removing the nightie Becca gave you felt both freeing and strange, it's a struggle to stop your eyes from sliding to the mirror to examine your naked body. Funnily enough, it was slowly beginning to feel more natural; your female reflection was no longer uncomfortable and that fact alone made your stomach churn. Could it be possible that you were starting to feel *right* in this body? The idea was preposterous, you were a man, through and through.

Still...a man probably would not have an excited flutter in his chest upon looking at the red and white skirt in your hands. Despite the humiliation, you can't help but look forward to seeing yourself in such a skimpy outfit. You can tell already that it will look incredible, eyes will be admiring you from all sides and the idea of being so desired makes your legs rub together on instinct. As you pull the matching red panties and skirt over your peach-shaped ass you can't help but chance a glance at the mirror, admiring how the ruffles of the skirt managed to compliment the curve of your hips. It was so short, there was no way people wouldn't see your panties when jumping up and

down like they would no doubt demand. The idea of people watching your ass cheeks bounce beneath those ruffles makes the dampness between your legs more pronounced and you forced yourself to stop thinking about it.

Next was the skimpy top, no bra had been provided, of course. The shirt was a sports bra in its self, though provided much less support than you would have liked. There was a star emblazoned right in the middle, drawing the eye to your breasts. Now fully dressed, you risk one quick pose in front of the mirror where nobody can see you; leg popped and hips out. You look like a scene right out of a film. You feel a strange sense of confidence radiate though you; the girl in the mirror was hot and determined, you would be as well.

You re-join the others, several other hopefuls dressed in matching cheerleader outfits are fidgeting awkwardly as their Beta Pi seniors hold small buttons. You swallow.

“There you are.” Becca coos, “I was beginning to think you’d run off, get distracted posing in front of the mirror?”

“You wish.”

There was no way she could have known, surely?

“Ah well, we’d better get going, some of your future sisters have spread the word and there is quite the crowd gathering ready for the display!”

You swallow and sit down on the floor before her, tiny vibrator squeezed tight in your palm. Becca sits cross-legged on the floor while you obediently pull your panties to the side, bearing yourself to her. In a way, you’re thankful for yesterday, this isn’t anything Becca hasn’t seen which makes doing this much easier. You take a deep breath and try to relax, looking up at the ceiling and trying to ignore the warm heat already present between your legs.

“Oh, aren’t we eager.” Becca teased; “No lube necessary.”

Staunchly ignoring the implication of her words, you bring the vibrator to your wet lips, unsure of what to expect. It feels different, cool and synthetic but not less pleasurable than a finger as it slowly parts your folds. You swallow nervously, unable to ignore the feeling of something solid stretching your inner walls. You can’t stop a small whimper escaping as you push it in fully, coming to rest against the very deepest part of your new pussy, smooth walls pressing against your G-spot, already teasing with its mere presence. It is hard not to shudder as the finger retreats, your body already wants more.

“Right then, that’s everybody.” Becca announces, you are hyperaware of the tiny remote in her hand. Your remote. “Let’s see who lasts the longest!”

Taking deep breaths and trying your best to think unsexy thoughts you file outside into the street where some of the senior Beta Pi members are waiting. Each with a red of red and white pompoms in their hands which they pass on to you and your fellow pledges. Becca and the other women holding remotes take a seat in a row of lawn chairs while others mill about, clearly curious. You’re lined up like little dolls all in a row as one woman you do not know the name of steps out in a matching outfit, clicking a button on her phone which causes music to start blaring from hidden speakers.

“Okay girls! Just copy me!”

You focus squarely on copying the Beta Pi’s moves, swaying your hips from side to side as you copy her jumps and kicks. You do not stare at her bouncing breasts. You do not think about how your own moving in tandem, how each time you jump you feel your nipples getting harder as they rub against the stretchy fabric.

The woman beside you moans, her movements are jerky and you can tell she is struggling to keep her legs apart as you all attempt a star jump. You find yourself swallowing thickly, watching her eyes turn glassy. As if in response you feel your own vibrator start to move deep inside. Pressing against your G-spot and making you gasp. For a second Becca’s eyes pierce into you but you look away, trying so very hard not to think about how lovely the sensation between your legs is. The instructors’ words begin to fade, you follow her movements on instinct, one high kick pushes the vibrator even further inside and Becca increases the pressure.

You will not cum. You refused but oh, it’s so good you can’t ignore it entirely. What’s worse is the pleasure is beginning to radiate outwards. Your skin begins to tingle, causing your nipples to harden and every movement to feel like a gentle caress. You can’t stop a moan escaping as you thrust one pompom laden hand into the air and slide into a split. You had no idea this body was so flexible, nor that such a movement would cause your pussy to squeeze and tighten around its tiny lover. The vibrations are coming in pulses now and your mind can’t help but conjure images of a cock, thrusting deep inside you. The girls next to you collapses on her knees with a wail, pussy juices staining her red panties and the ground below. The sound causes the pleasure within you to build, an experience shared by the other women around you no doubt as they took are beginning to shudder and moan.

There is no semblance of synchronicity to your cheerleading display now. Each of you is out of time with the music and your instructor. It was just so hard to concentrate, to perform when that buzzing wouldn’t stop. Suddenly you fumble, horror filling you are you realise your insides are tightening in a familiar and delicious way. You’re about to cum; the bliss, it’s too much. You stop moving, taking a shaky step forward hoping, praying you can hold back but the more you do, the more you allow the orgasm to build. Noises are escaping your mouth, desperate, breathy moans, each higher pitched than the last.

“She’s gonna blow, girls!” Becca laughed; you look up at her just in time to see her press down on your remote. Hard.

You’re lost, the pleasure overwhelms you and you’re coming, pussy pulsing in time with the vibrator sending wetness flooding out of you in a stream. It soaks through your skirt and panties almost instantly before dripping down your legs. It’s humiliating, but you can’t stop, the toy is still pleasuring you, pressing down on your G-spot so all you can do is stand there, cumming so hard you see stars.

“Holy shit, you made her squirt!”

You’ve no idea how long the orgasm lasts, only that when Becca finally lets you go your legs feel as though they were made of jelly. Never in your life have you experienced anything so incredible.

You want more.

The next few minutes are a blur; you’re told to go and clean up, that your next pledge test will be in a couple of hours but the words sound like they are coming from far away. This body, it has bought you so much pleasure you can’t help but wonder, what would it be like to keep it? You try to quash the thought but it won’t go away. Finally, after wiping yourself clean and removing the vibrator with a shiver, you make a decision.

The only way to know for sure if keeping this body was worth it. Is to have sex. The question was...with who? You couldn’t let Becca or Derek find out; you’d never live down the humiliation. No, you had to find somebody random, unconnected to Pledge Week who wouldn’t be able to rat you out. Your body is already craving the touch of another and there were several hours to kill before the next test.

- a) **Seduce a woman**
- b) **Seduce a man**