

A) A member of Alpha Lambda

So, Derek and Becca wanted to mess with you? Fine, you'll show them!

This new body had its advantages and if they thought you'd be too flustered by that little display in there to use them, they were wrong. If anything, this gave you precedent to go all in, it wasn't as if anybody would know who this strange, slutty woman was in a few days when you were transformed back; you have free reign to do whatever is necessary. You unzip your hoodie to form a deep v in order to show off your significant cleavage and set your eyes on the Alpha Lambda house. You watch as several pledges pass, their eyes roaming over your curvaceous body with hungry eyes. It fills you with pride, to be the object of such desire; it's what you need after all, nothing weird about enjoying a little extra attention.

You walk up the stairs in front of the fraternity slowly, eyes floating over the various men available for choosing. The Alpha Lambda brothers were obviously aware the date dash was happening as several of them had gathered out in the open balcony, ready and willing. The confident looks they give you as you approach confirm they know exactly why you are here.

Perhaps you are simply emulating what you've seen in films or maybe it was some sort of new instinct but your hips sway as you walk. The hoodie only barely covering the briefs like a mini dress. The slight scratch of the fabric against your hips feels strangely erotic.

"Hey there, sweetheart." One of the brothers greets, "what brings you to our neck of the woods?"

Before you can stop yourself there is a finger twirling through your long hair. You stick out your hips, biting down on your lip and giggling in a way that should have made shame bubble up within you but instead elicited excitement.

"It seems I am in need of a suitable date." You flirt, batting your eyes.

Deep down, there is a voice that sounds suspiciously like the male you, saying these actions and affectations were wrong. You ignore said voice, this was just what needed to be done. There was nothing deeper to it...right?

"Well, you've come to the right place!" The brother continued, "of course, we're all pretty comfy here, I'm not sure we want to move."

Right, Becca had said there might be a price to pay. What could you offer now? You had nothing but your body. Lingering lust from Becca's hands on your tits clouds your mind and you find your mouth opening of its own accord.

"How about a kiss?" You suggest, eyes dipping to the brothers' lips.

He had a strong jawline and muscular shoulders. How would it feel to have those rough lips against your own, now so soft and plump? How would it feel to have those strong arms wrapped around you, holding you down as your writhe-No!

You almost shake your head in disbelief, how can you think such things?

"A kiss might help me change my mind." He grinned, "depends how good you are though."

Your mouth goes dry with shock and nerves. Much to your chagrin you feel attraction forming between you and this man; you want him and what's more, the fact that others were watching is turning you on as well. Again, your body moves without your volition, or at least, less than you would like. Butterflies flutter within and your heart starts to race. You want to kiss this man, that idea terrifies you.

You lean forwards, letting your heavy breasts hang in the air, feeling their weight as they jiggle from the movement. Your face now inches from the Alpha's and you press forward, trying to pretend this is all for show. His lips are warm and solid against your own and instinctually you tilt, allowing his tongue access. The sensation sends shivers down your spine, despite the positioning, with him below your standing form you feel yourself yield to him. His hand holding the back of your neck, the submission making pleasure bloom inside your chest.

You mean to pull back but you can't bring yourself to break the contact. With a small moan you deepen it, sliding your tongue along his much to the delight of your many onlookers. What is wrong with you? Why can't you stop? Why does it feel so good?

It's the man who finally ends your kiss, a string of saliva stretching out between you both as he finally pulls back. You try to tell yourself you've had better kisses. You're lying.

"Daniel, by the way." He grins, "Normally the ladies who fall for me at least get my name before I snog them."

You blush deeply. How could you have acted so...slutty?

"What's your name, sweetheart?"

"Oh, my name's not important." You fumble, shakily grabbing for his hand, "you owe me a date now, I believe that kiss was sufficient."

"Sufficient." Daniel scoffed, "look at you using such fancy words. Do we actually have a Beta Pi with a brain?"

"If it's as big as her tits you're in trouble!" One of the other Alpha's teased.

You look down and realise your tits were hanging free, having fallen out of your unzipped hoodie. With a girlish shriek that only adds to your humiliation you stuff them back inside, zipping the jacket closed to the neck in shame.

"Aw, don't be like that." Daniel cooed, "it would be a shame to hide such lovely breasts from the world."

He takes your hand again, the warmth from his palm sends tingles up your arm which are hard to ignore. This body, it seemed, was incredibly horny. Whatever drug they gave you must have such side effects, it's the only thing that could possibly make sense. You just had to fight it long enough to get changed back. Daniel's free hand finds your ass, squeezing it hard and causing the blood to rush south to your new pussy. It throbs with need and you barely hold back a moan.

Full of conflicting feelings you drag Daniel down the stairs toward the barbeque area. You had to get this date over with fast before you gave in to any baser impulses. Trying to ignore such things was becoming harder and harder; with each step you take your folds brush against one another. They are already wet from all the stimulation you've endured, now every light breeze and touch of cloth seemed to add fuel to the fire. Daniel's hand in yours is a constant temptation, you can't help but wonder how it would feel to have those fingers stroke between your legs.

Both of you reach the barbeque area with time to spare, several Beta Pi's are standing around with their dates while others serve up dinner. You see Becca and ensure you have a victorious, confidence expression on your face when you approach.

"This is my date, Daniel." You state, matter-o-factly, "I think you'll find him acceptable."

"Danny! I should have known you'd agree to come easily." Becca teased, giving Daniel a playful swipe, "Manwhore."

"Excuse you?" Daniel grinned, clearly not even slightly bothered by the insult, "I didn't hear you complaining last year at the Christmas party. Remember when we went behind the gardening shed..."

"Incorrigible." Becca shook her head; you try to get the image of Becca and Daniel fucking against the wall of a shed out of your mind. Your pussy pulses.

"Well done," Becca smiles at you with knowing eyes, "Enjoy your dinner and more if you like."

Daniel waggles his eyebrows.

"Just make sure you're back at the sorority before nine, you'll need your rest for tomorrow's challenges!"

Wanting nothing more than a distraction, you drag Daniel to one of the long picnic tables and sit down. Your stomach is growling, at least this sort of hunger you can sate without debasing yourself. You shift uncomfortably, no matter what position you are in, your folds seem stimulated, either by

the wooden boards of the chair or your own legs. Daniel throws an arm around you, helping himself to a hamburger and everywhere his skin touches sends tingles across your skin.

Fuck. You needed to get off. That was the only solution to this problem, an afternoon of teasing was too much to bare. You just have to get through this meal and then find a quiet place to finger yourself. The idea of exploring your new pussy in such a way makes you blush deeply, tingling both your cheeks and tits pink. A sausage in bread is placed down and you eagerly snatch it up. Anything to stop your thoughts sinking southwards. The sausage slips into your mouth, running along your tongue and a sudden wolf whistle from Daniel makes you jump and the others sitting nearby laugh.

Immediately, your imagination replaces the sausage with an entirely different kind of meat and you nearly choke. Not just from the indignity but from the lust that swirls inside you at the thought of getting down on your knees and-

Stop! You can't wait any longer, you need to deal with this need inside you or you're going to explode. Slamming the food back onto the plate you make some sort of excuse and dash from the table. There is a toilet block not far away, the doors on the other side, you run as fast as you can for them. Chest heavy, heavy breasts rising and falling with the exertion as you lean back against the cool brick of the building. The evening air is cool against your damp briefs, having been soaked through with pussy juice. Normally, you would feel trepidation doing this, but you're too horny to think straight.

You unzip the hoodie again, reaching thing fingers down and under your waistband, watching at that pink tinge across your breasts turns a deep red. That finger slowly parts your folds, sending a shudder through you at the sheer strength of the pleasure; this isn't going to take long. Unable to wait, you slide a finger between your folds, moaning softly as the soft finger pad glides over your clit to your waiting hole. It feels so *good*, gratification at last!

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?"

The blood turns to ice in your veins. You know that voice. Finger still between your folds and face flush with desire you turn to face them.

It is...

- a) Becca
- b) Daniel
- c) Derek

Comment below or vote on the poll to decide!

The next part will be posted September 5th!

Choose Your Own Adventure will be updating twice a month from now on, this one is just a little bonus chapter for August, hence it's a little shorter but I hope you enjoyed it anyway!