

## Choose Your Own TG Adventure – The Pledge

It is finally here.

Pledge week.

Months of careful planning; transferring credits, organising accommodation and most importantly, ensuring nobody knew what you were doing. Now you are finally here, standing on the Greek street at Janus University, ready to start a whole new life as a member of Alpha Lambda, the most popular fraternity this side of the country.

This is a fresh start; nobody here knows the old you. The guy who was nothing but a quiet nerd who took his lumps without fighting back. Today is the first day of a whole new existence, the alpha male who would soon be running with the tough guys on campus instead of running from them.

You walk up the street doing your best to put a confident swagger in your step. Pledging to Alpha Lambda was no walk in the park, tales of their hazing was legendary but you aren't about to back down. What all the people joining you on route to the fraternity house don't realise is that you have a distinct advantage against them; you have nothing to lose.

Finally, you arrive. The Alpha Lambda Frat House. While the others hurriedly file inside you take a moment to appreciate it. The building is huge, a towering three story mansion of white stone, complete with columns and a beer keg on one of the balconies that somehow perfectly complements and juxtaposes the grand architecture. The neighbours were the cherry on top. Beta Pi, their sister sorority was a single well-trimmed hedge away. Already you could hear the airy laughter of the hot chicks who would no doubt be warming your bed soon enough. The Greek letter organisations were secretive about their hazing routines but you've done enough digging to know the young women hoping to enter Beta Pi would be involved in your own rituals in some capacity. The idea makes butterflies, of both the eager and nervous variety, flutter in your stomach.

You feel excitement buzzing in your chest as you enter, several muscled men your own age greet you and you give them 'the nod'. You'd been practicing in the mirror for weeks; the gesture was carefully copied from the meatheads at your local gym. It pays off as several of them return the gesture, for once you feel at home in the crowd.

The inside is everything you dreamed of; flat screen tvs, the latest gaming systems and a fridge stocked with every beer known to man. College life would be a breeze living here, with a posse to back him up, massive private rooms and a house full of nubile bimbos next door. The main living room was filled with other hopefuls like yourself, you made sure to harden your heart against them. Right now, they were your enemy, it was the existing members, your future frat brothers, you had to impress. Before you got the chance however a voice rings out from the stairs in the main foyer:

"Okay, fresh meat! Front and centre!"

You move, quickly enough to seem serious but not so much so that you appear desperate. Already you watch as the members observe you and the others from the edge of the room, smirking at one another when they see anybody looking too eager. Standing in the middle of the stairs is a dude who looked like the most stereotypical frat boy you can imagine; buff, with a square jaw and a face that seemed permanently stuck on cocky grin. Before him at the base was a table laden with red plastic cups, twice the usual size.

"Alright you Alpha Lambda wannabes! Welcome to the first night of pledge week. I'm the head of AL, the Alpha of the Alphas if you will, Derek J." He grinned down at you, "we're starting you off easy. Tonight's challenge is as follows, chug a random cup from this table then you have until 9pm to return here with a pair of girls panties."

Some of your fellow hopefuls shuffle awkwardly. You do your best to nod confidently, as if conducting pantie raids was something you did on the regular.

"Don't care how you get 'em, steal them, seduce the girl, anything is fair game. But they have to be real! No going to the shops now!"

The crowd muttered amongst themselves, one particularly reedy looking fellow actually walked out to jeers from members and hopefuls alike. You smirk, clearly, he didn't have what it takes the way you do. You've prepared, you're more than ready.

"Ready! Set...DRINK!"

You race forward, snatching up the first red cup you can see and start chugging. Immediately you are hit with a sweet scent and gritty texture mingling with the beer you didn't expect. Like many of your fellows you cough and splutter in surprise as Derek laughs.

"Oh, did we forget to mention, we added a little something extra to each cup!" He cackled, "everybody gets something special, hot sauce, an extra shot, I think Greg even put a little of his special sauce in one if you catch my drift."

You thank your lucky stars you didn't pick Greg's cup and continue to chug, determined to be the first to finish. You're not sure what was mixed with your drink, your best bet is sherbet, due to the sweet taste and powdery texture. No matter, you slam your cup down, smashing it beneath your palm and give Derek a brave smile. Indeed, you were the first finished.

Not wanting to give an inch you run for the front door, alcohol already flowing into liquid courage in your bloodstream. Your heart pounds with excitement in time with your feet against the pavement. You breathe in the early evening air and laugh; this was going to be brilliant! A great start to a great year.

~

Pantie raids were one of the easiest and most common fraternity hazing techniques. You researched them thoroughly before coming, you know your best option is to head for the dorm laundries and clothes lines. But that would be too easy, you want to do more than pass these tests, you want to excel. So instead of going for just any panties you set your eyes on a pair of Beta Pi's. You take a circuitous route out and around Greek street; the Beta Pi girls were no doubt in cahoots with their neighbours for pledge week and would be guarding the hedge between the two houses.

You smile, just as suspected the hedge at the back of the Beta house gardens is unprotected. You pull your hoodie up to protect your face and tug your hands inside the long sleeves before slowly pushing through the gap where two of the hedges meet. Ensuring to keep low to the ground so the gap you caused wouldn't be immediately noticeable. You grimace with irritation as you are forced to push harder against the branches; these must be some plants to put up such resistance.

Finally, you push through but lose your balance, tumbling down into the garden bed. You recover quickly, darting behind a nearby tree and glancing around to confirm nobody was coming to inspect the noise. Once you are sure you're alone you look for the washing line; you see a pool, two jacuzzies, a table tennis table and several secluded benches but not what you seek. They must have one though, thirty women live in that mansion, they had to dry their clothes somewhere. You sneak your way through the garden, keeping a close eye on the large palatial windows that look into the main living space. Inside you can see several sorority members squealing as they jumped up and down in excitement, no doubt watching some pledge challenge. For a second you are distracted by the bouncing of their tight asses but you tear your vision away.

Focus.

You creep around to the side of the building. Bingo.

Three straight washing lines, laden with all manner of clothing are before you. With a grin you jump over the garden bed, ready to run straight up the side and down the front of the house with your prize held high for everybody to see. Only that doesn't happen. Instead, you stumble over, landing in a heap on the lawn and swearing. You look to see what it was that tripped you and find your own shoe, loose and half off. Swearing, you slide the sneaker back on and get to your feet only to realise it still didn't feel right. Neither shoe did now that you think about it. You look down again, raising one foot out of the shoe easily. Even your sock seemed slightly too big for your foot.

You blink in surprise; you'd been so focused on the test you hadn't noticed the changes your body was going through. It wasn't just your shoes that didn't fit, it was your whole outfit! Your jeans were hanging loose around your legs yet digging into your hips. Your chest was starting to press into your shirt somewhat, almost as if it were...expanding? You place a hand against your chest and gently push, gasping when the flesh gives ever so slightly. It feels soft under your touch, sensitive too. In a daze you stumble backwards into the garden bed and behind a tree where you don't risk being seen.

Your breathing starts to quicken, causing your chest to rise and fall rapidly, growing before your eyes. You can feel the skin swelling and stretching, pushing back against the fabric of your shirt. A shiver runs down your spine as your nipples are pressed into the material, they feel so much more sensitive than usual. The feeling would be pleasurable but you can't focus on it. Your hips are beginning to protest as your jeans cut into them further. You lift your shirt and hoodie and can see the skin turning pink as the waistband cuts into your skin.

You have no choice; you have to take them off before they cut off your blood supply. You gasp with relief as you unzip them, pressure easing instantly. Awkwardly, you wiggle your hips out of the confining garment, finding the material loose and easy to kick away once it was over your newly rounded ass.

You stare at the legs in front of you; slim, smooth and long. They looked like they belong in a swimsuit catalogue, you struggle to comprehend that they are yours. Instinctually, you run a hand over the skin, shivering at the touch only to freeze. Your hand. Your hand is smaller too, your fingernails in neat half moons.

What the hell was happening?

You groan, the pressure at your chest was reaching breaking point. You had been so distracted trying to get out of your jeans you'd it out of mind. You have to remove your shirt before it-

The sound of tearing fabric reaches your ears and you clamp your hands over your mouth to muffle your gasp. Hurriedly you unzip your hoodie and marvel at what you see. Two full breasts, surrounded by the tattered remains of your shirt. They had grown so much they'd burst through the fabric. The cold air blows over them and you watch as your nipples harden in response.

It's impossible. You can't have possibly...

Become a woman?

Wait! Did that mean-

Your hand flies to your crotch and is met with softness that is alien to you. Your proud member is gone, instead you feel nothing but hair and a subtle dampness against your underwear.

Panting with shock you stand, stumbling slightly on your new dainty feet. Derek had said Beta Pi had helped out with the pledge, was this their doing? This had to be caused by that powder you drank! There was no other explanation. A rage begins to fill you, after all that effort somebody had ruined your chances of getting into Alpha Lambda and you deserve answers!

Do you:

**A) return to Alpha Lambda and confront Derek**

**B) Enter Beta Pi and find out if they are responsible.**