

Wishes Gone Wrong - Sapphic Sorority Sluts Gone Wild
A Wishes Gone Wrong Short in Two Parts
- Part 2 -
By Razmagurk

With every step up the stairs, Hailey's tits bounced and jiggled.

And god help me, so did mine.

They were big and heavy and tight and hot and they never seemed to stop swaying! I was a guy! I shouldn't have tits at all, let alone these great big swinging hooters. And yet every little motion, every little sway or shift of weight reminded me with sensual feminine detail, just how much tit I had.

My head was spinning. I still wanted to run. I still wanted to bolt or scramble for the door and leave all this sexy madness behind me.

With each step, I kept trying to calm myself. I kept reminding myself that this is what I had wanted, that I'd be an idiot if I passed up this chance. But this fear, this fight-or-flight apprehension, was just as real - hell, more so - than that want. Masculinity, for all its perversions, is not so easily suppressed. It yelled and it begged and it screamed in every beat of my racing heart.

Was this irony? That this part of me beating it's fists out against suffering this humiliation was the same part of me that flooded me with shame?

"Oh my god Harper, this is really getting to you, huh?"

With a sudden rush of warmth, my anxieties found themselves crashing once more against the unshaking shores of one of Hailey's hugs. It was every bit as warm and soft and comforting as the tit-flesh bulging around her way too-tight top. And despite all my apprehension, despite all my fear, I melted into her.

I nodded hotly. She had no idea.

"I'll tell you what. We want you to look your best, right? Let's call in a pro."

She opened the door to the bedroom opposite her own and pulled me in.

The room was just as luridly and girlishly decorated as hers had been, though perhaps a little cleaner and better organized. There was another girl there, sitting wistfully at a makeup chair in front of a large vanity. Though clearly cast from the same mold as the others, she seemed just a bit older and worldlier. Was she in her senior year, maybe? Or doing grad work?

"Helen?" Hailey knocked on the open door. "I need a favor."

"Hmm?" she turned dreamily, a glazed look in her eye.

"Can you please help me get our Harper here ready for tonight's big event? She needs makeup and hair. She needs to look her sluttiest; you saw what the other pledges were bringing."

Other pledges?

"Oh, sure!" her eyes brightened as she looked me over. "Uh, here, let me just..."

My eyes widened as she rose off the seat. There, emerging inch by slow slippery inch from her puckering anus, was the biggest, thickest dildo I had ever see. She took her time, letting out a soft grunt and bucking one last little goodbye as she cleared its flared head with a sloppy schlorp.

"Have a seat."

I balked.

"Oh," she turned back to the monster dick and giggled. "Sorry." She pulled the dildo off and started wiping it down with a wet-wipe, unperturbed by the thick creamy strands of lube dribbling down her own leg. "Did you want something smaller? She gestured to an array of artistically animalistic dildos against one wall "I've got all kinds of-"

"No!" I panicked at the notion of being split open by one of those monsters. My pulse was pounding just looking at them. "No, thank you! This is fine."

"Mmm, okay. More for me then." She giggled again, her hand spreading her labia with two fingers as she brought the long silicone length of that hefty shaft back and forth along her clitoris like it was a violin string.

The glazed look in her eye seemed gone, though her big doe-eyes sparkled no less brightly.

I turned apprehensively towards Hailey, but she just waved a hand dismissively.

"Hey, don't worry about it." She pressed me towards the chair. "Helen here's the best we've got. You're going to be in good hands, okay?"

I nodded, face flush as I stared at the carnal precision with which this girl was working that dick.

"You just lay back and let her work her magic. I'll go see if I can borrow you some clothes. I think Hannah might have a skirt that's going to make your ass look so good, oh my god. You want to look your best for tonight, right?"

My heart thumped.

She caught my blush.

"You want to be pretty, don't you?"

I blushed all the harder.

"You're going to be the most beautiful girl there," she teased. "I just know it."

I was too red to respond. I just nodded. Why did that leave me feeling this way?

"Good. I'll be right back. You can do this."

I looked at the girl in the mirror. At myself. Beautiful, pure, and with a face curled in innocent perplexment. I was that one girl in the porno who is moments away from getting fucked and is the only one who hasn't realized.

I mean, I wasn't. Of course. I was still me underneath, but I had to keep playing along. I had to keep pretending to be that bimbo.

"Alright," said Helen, pulling out a bottle with her free hand and shaking it. "We're going to start by taking your current makeup off."

"I don't - I don't think I'm wearing any." Did this illusion of feminine beauty extend so far as illusory blush?

"Wait, what?" she grabbed me by the chin and inspected me from all angles. "Damn girl, you could have fooled me. Well, that makes my job a lot easier! With a complexion like yours you could probably get away with just a light touch up, but since it's a special night, I'm going to really go all out, okay?" she grinned and let out a delighted sigh as her masturbatorial delights hit a crescendo. "We're going to set these brushes to whore mode."

I wanted to react, but she already had tweezers to my face, gleefully inspecting me for any flaw, like an artist appraising a fresh canvas.

She pulled out the drawers to reveal rainbows of pallets and powders and gels the likes of which I'd never seen before. She held one after the other up to my face, her grin growing wider and wider.

At last, she pulled out a little brush and went to work.

I'd expected this to be some great big humiliating affair, but honestly? It was kind of nice. Personal care. It was a lot like getting a haircut. Well, if your barber also happened to be a pornographically endowed sorority sister who kept waving her great big tits in your face. I had to sit perfectly still so as to not ruin it as she cooed and fussed and played that soft brush played long my face.

It helped that Helen was as good as Hailey had made her out to be. She was professional and swift quick and - as I saw each time she stepped away to give me another glimpse in the mirror, skilled. It was like a painting. She was building on my face's narrative of wide-eyed innocence and undershadowing it with a hefty dose of urgent carnal want.

And so it was all the more impressive in that she didn't stop masturbating even once the whole goddamn time.

I swallowed hotly as she finished an especially vocal interlude with.

“Oh?” She giggled as her senses returned. She had caught me staring. She pulled her dildo out. “Sorry, let me know if its bugging you. I know it gets some of the other girls so worke up they can’t concentrate”.

No kidding.

“Oh, no. Its not that!” I tried to play it off as no big deal. “I don’t mind, really.”

Hell, this is what I’d come here for, wasn’t it?

“Are you sure you don’t want one?” she gestured once again to the wall of well-arrayed shelves of pussy pleasers. “I don’t mind, really. The girls borrow them all the time, its fine as long as you clean it up after.”

“No. No!”

“Then why are you so...” her gaze followed mine to her stuffed cunt. “Ah, you want a taste? Is that it? She pulled her dildo out of her dribbling cunt. Huge, animalistic, imposing. It swung heavy in front of my face, my eyes locked on that swinging meat. It smelled of up-close sex, of intimate horny need, of this girl’s most intimate desperation. Oh god. I gulped. My mouth was watering.

I wasnt... I mean... I didn’t like dick. I was a guy. Right? A straight guy. This sort of thing should disgust me.

And yet...

I reached a hesitant tongue out past plump ruby lips. God help me, I did want a taste.

“Oooh” giggled Hailey from the door, clutching a pile of laundry. “See? I told you you were in good hands.”

I pulled back, my whole body hot in embarrassment.

“Sorry to interrupt! Hey, don’t get too far ahead of yourself, there’ll be plenty of time for that later.” She laughed. “What do you think of this halter?”

The little garment in her hands was sheer and stretchy and three sizes too small, especially for someone tits like mine.

She insisted I try it on anyway. I pulled my sweater and shirt overtop my head. I had expected some sort of humiliation, but to them this was the most normal thing in the world.

I mean, of course. To them, I was just another girl getting ready. I was one of them.

I squirmed as they helped me into the evocative strip of fabric. Hailing seemed to take an almost boyish glee in the chance to manhandle my boobs into position.

I had to admit, it did look good on me. Slutty, inviting, scandalous, but good. Copious cleavage spilling out as my tits pulled up the hem of the top just high enough to show off my nubile girl-abs.

“What do we think?” asked Hailey.

“Mm, its *hot*,” nodded Helen, her words catching on a carnal sigh, “but is it hot enough?”

“Agreed. Maybe if we go a little skimpier? Or maybe something without sleeves? Ooh, I have the perfect thing!” she dug around in the pile and pulled out a white string bikini top.

And god help me, I tried it on. I tried everything on. Miniskirts and booty shorts so tiny my butt was all but exploding out of them. Sexy bras and tops that left my nipples jutting lewdly or fully exposed. And every time we started to run low on options, Hailey ran off to get more.

I wanted to say that it was all like some strange dream, that this all felt like it was happening to someone else, but that wasn’t quite right, was it? Very much the opposite. I was here, I was present and in the moment for probably the first time in my whole life. And that was the problem, wasn’t it? Because this moment, this experience, was very much a girl thing.

Not that it didn’t have its perks. With each new outfit, with each fresh stroke of the brush, I was getting hotter, both in terms of my physical appearance and the boiling arousal pounding through me.

Between Hailey’s manhandling, Hellen’s little masturbatorial show, and visage of my own body I could feel myself growing wet - wet! - between my legs. I could feel my nipples aching and throbbing with desire. I could feel every pump of hot womanly blood pounding through my heart. Was this female arousal? It was far more potent than I’d have given it credit for.

I was getting hotter with every passing moment. In form and in actual heat. This girl dancing naked before me, squeezing into ever more scandalous outfits, she was driving me wild. Even if that girl was me.

I gripped a fist as the potent need burned ever hotter within me. I dared not give in. That little soiree in the bathroom earlier had proven just how knee-shakingly, toe-curlingly dangerous that could be.

Not that they’d have even minded. God, that just made it all the harder - they’d probably just giggle and join in.

Frankly, Helen seemed to have this all figured out. She hadn’t stopped playing with her pussy once, as though the act were some intrinsic part of her. A lifetime of buzzing bliss. No judgement, just pleasure. What would that be like?

I let out a hot breath, just a hint away from a whimper.

Maybe... maybe I’d try just a taste.

I inched a finger down my body.

“Okay,” Hailey returned. “This one for sure!”

I groaned and pulled my finger back. I was disappointed that my own pleasure would have to wait, but god help me – my heart pounded - I couldn't wait to see what was next.

And what was wrong with enjoying all these outfits, huh? I'd wanted this so badly, hadn't I? Why shouldn't I enjoy it? Why shouldn't I give myself over to this girly bimbo act? Seeing Hailey smile, wasn't that a good thing?

And so I spent those hours at the mercy of these two girls, their living doll to style and dress as they pleased.

And once I relaxed, one I really committed myself to my place, they opened themselves up to me. There was laughter and giggling and gossip and teasing. Insipid conversation, as friendly and supportive as it was sexual and horny. Even as they giggled about boys and about length versus width (why not both, was the inevitable conclusion). And throughout it all they kept giving me tips, showing me how to dress, how to present my chest, how to touch-up my lips to keep them suckable, to say nothing of all the sex advice.

It was supportive. It was sisterly. You didn't get a lot of that as a guy.

A guy.

As a guy I should have found it horrifying. It should have felt like being dragged through rocky shoals. But I was invested now. They had me giggling and nodding and asking questions. My bimbo act was taking on a whole life of its own. I wanted to give as good as I was getting, to repay them for this kindness with kindness of my own.

It was... nice. Nice to be pampered, nice to be accepted and appreciated. Warm and fuzzy. Like pink slippers.

And besides, I could swear to god that a sexy pillow fight was about to break out at any second. For real, this time.

I don't know how much time had passed with me getting ready, but eventually Hannah arrived, still naked, alongside one of the other girls, who had her phone held up in the telltale way of someone filming.

"Oh my god!" She squealed and gawked, "You look great!"

I blushed at her compliment, but it was true, I did. I mean, I looked good before, but this was the magic of makeup. All those tools of war arrayed in a surgical strike on my face like a cluster bomb of whorish powder.

Don't get me wrong, I looked like an absolute skank. Mascara so thick it was just begging to run down my cheeks. But having seen the trouble that went into it, All of the artistry and the color and the skill? I appreciated the effort, the effect. Skankiness was not something that had been thrust upon me, but carefully curated. I was a slutty little work of art.

I caught myself, perfect and radiant, grinning back at me from the mirror. I had to close my eyes, I had to pull that grin back. I had to remind myself that I was a guy and that I should hate all of this. No real man wants to look like a bimbo, right?

So why couldn't I keep that grin down?

Because – I sighed - I'd never looked good before. Even if it was a scandalously feminine beauty. I had never been called pretty, I had never been called beautiful, I had never been told that I looked great.

As a guy I'd barely scraped a four on a good day. Maybe if I had the confidence or the encouragement to actually clean myself up I could muster a six, but this?

I was a nine when I'd sat down in this chair and now? I was off the fucking scale.

You can't tell me that doesn't feel good. Girly or not.

"What do we think?" asked Hailey.

"Hot." nodded Helen. "Certified grade A"

"So hot." agreed Hannah, the girl with the camera nodding along.

"Good, then she's ready for the main event!" bounced Hailey. "Well, almost." She started digging around in her bag.

"The main event?"

"The main event!" She snapped a collar around my neck.

There was a banging on the door. "Five minutes, girls!"

"Just in time! Come on, let's go!"

Hailey grabbed me giddily by the hand and pulled me out of my seat and into the hall. I wasn't used to moving in these heels, but I stumbled along as best I could, clinging to the girl like a baby fawn.

We weren't the only ones stepping out. Two other girls were being dragged through the hall as well, one a cute brunette in pigtails, the other a wavy redhead. Both had outfits scandalous enough to put even mine to shame, and both had the bodies to fill them out. The only thing stopping either of them from looking like they were ready for a very successful night of boy-hunting was the look of apprehension in their eyes.

They looked just as confused as I was.

What the hell was going on?

They had collars on too, proclaiming them as #1 and #3, respectively. They were being escorted by other senior members of the sorority, who were just as giddy and excited as Hailey

In the back, a girl was beating a little drum as our procession made its way back downstairs.

The living room had been redone; furniture moved around to give a lot more central space while still keeping plenty of room for sitting. A party atmosphere. The air was thick with anticipation.

All of the remaining girls had gathered around, turning to look at us as we came down the stairs. There were grins and smiles and the flushing of faces. All eyes were on us. I blushed at the attention.

My eyes followed forlornly at the door as we passed. Parts of me were still screaming to cut and run before this got any weirder.

We weren't the only ones who had been getting ready. Before there had been a relaxed sexiness to these girls' wardrobe. Now they were dressed to the nines. These outfits had all been carefully chosen to communicate just one thing. They parted to give us room as we passed, making us the center of a large circle of skimpy slutwear and soft sapphic flesh.

The girl who'd been filming was in one of the corners along with the dorm milf, getting a wide shot as she pawed at her pussy with voyeuristic glee.

"What's going on?" I whispered.

"Well," giggled one of the seniors who'd been escorting the brunette. "So, you know how hazing creates an ultimately unsupportive atmosphere, antithetical to the sororal traditions and ideals to which we aspire? We've found that by ceremoniously engaging in a symbolic competitive caucus in lieu of that, we can manage to cement a stronger bond between members while maintaining the formality of the hazing ceremony and its associative comradic impact.

"Huh?"

"We're going to test the new meat!" Hannah whispered in my ear as she grabbed my ass.

The drum beat harder, faster than the pounding of my own heart, as the three of us were pushed to the front.

"Sisters!" cried one of the girls. She'd been one of the ones wearing a ballcap on the couch earlier, but now she was holding a scepter in one hand and a beer in the other. "We are gathered here today to witness the initiation of our newest members! These tender few who have sought us out, these hungry lambs, lost and afraid! Let us welcome them with open arms!"

There was a chorus of wolf whistles.

"Daughters, you have pledged yourselves. For a week you have shown us your souls and bore us your hearts, and we have found in you that which you have found in us. Friendship. Closeness. Family. And now we show them what we can offer as we have shown what we offer. To bring comfort and pleasure as only sisters do! You have pledged! You proved yourself one of us! But tonight!"

The drumming - now so tight and fast I'd forgotten all about it against my own pounding heart - stopped.

"Tonight, we become sisters!"

They lined the three of us up in front of the couch.

I should have run when I had the chance. What had I got myself caught up in the middle of?

"And as we have shared of our warmth and hospitality, as we have opened our doors to you, so too have you pledged to open yourself to us! Now the time has come to collect."

Another chorus of whistles and howling. These girls were hungry.

"Alright rookies." she winked. "Show us what you've got."

The other two girls, quicker on the uptake, bent over, their skirts raising to show off their prodigious butts and bare glistening cunts. The brunette seemed a bit hesitant, but the redhead was really eating it up.

And she wasn't the only one.

"Come on Harper!" cried Hailey from the crowd, giggling. "Show us your pussy!" There was cheering and hooting from all around.

Wait, - I blushed – What?

Okay, this was getting way out of hand. I was a guy! Guys didn't just bend over to show everybody their pussies! I needed to get out of here. Fuck, what was I going to do? Run? How far would I get, dressed like this?

I stared over at the slutty redhead next to me, eyes drifting to the crowd of cheering girls beyond. My breathe was hot and frantic. Hot blood pounded through me, my whole body as flushed and red as my face. I had to find some way of escape.

And then my eyes found Hailey's. And in them the hope that her friend would find the strength that she knew I had.

Shit.

I quavered. What kind of a man would be if I...

You know what? I clenched a fist. Fuck being a guy.

I bent down at the waist. A shiver ran through me as the hem of my skirt slid over my juicy peach of a butt, but I couldn't tell it was the cold or the heat.

A smile broke across Hailey's face, and in my own heart.

“What do we think girls?” the girl with the scepter prompted.

They pressed in, surrounding us, leaning in and inspecting us, eyeing us up like the meat we were. I gasped as a warm hand fondled my rump, then another and another, all over my body. Hands inspecting, measuring, judging. Smooth digits along smooth skin. I squirmed and cried and moaned. These hands knew exactly what to aim for.

“Such a pretty pussy!” giggled a girl I couldn’t see.

“Yeah, but how does it taste?”

There was a sniff and a lick, and a surge of pleasure rippling through me, sending me trembling to my core. Oh my god.

“Mmm,” said the girl, “vanilla.”

“What?”

“Yeah, wow. Here, give it a go.”

Another shiver, then two more blasts of knee-shaking bliss in quick succession.

“Holy shit! You’re right.”

I blushed.

“Girls, you gotta try this!”

I trembled and struggled to stand as they clustered around my tender hole, taking turns drinking the lava-hot cream now dripping needily from my snatch.

My snatch. Oh my god. What was happening beneath this illusion? No equivalent could have felt so good. Stars shot through my eyes.

A cry to my left told me that I wasn’t the only one they were sampling. The other two pledges were squirming and moaning and mewling right alongside me, each enduring a stunningly sapphic assault of their own.

“What say you girls?” It was the girl with the scepter, once again standing at the front.

“Delicious!” came the girl from behind me

“I could literally suck on this all day!”

“Good! Daughters, you have opened yourself up to us, and proven yourself worthy! Now, as we have drunken of your heart, you shall drinketh of ours!”

“Huh?”

“Let’s see how you handle your other pair of lips!”

The girl in front of me spread her legs. I don’t know if I was forced to my trembling knees by the crowd or if my body’s instincts were just one step ahead of me, but I found myself face to face with the fragrant drooling pussy of the girl with the scepter.

I glanced around to see the other pledges doing the same, the redhead already sucking and licking like a pro.

A competitive impulse swelled in my heart. I wanted to show these girls that I was just as good as this other pledge. That I could make them feel just as good as they made me.

And so I buried my face in her pussy, licking and nuzzling and driving my tongue as far down her sweet tunnel as I could muster.

“Oh my god,” she laughed. “You lick pussy like a dude, dude.”

I turned crimson red.

“Well, she’s enthusiastic, at least.” another girl giggled.

“Come on, rookie, slow down. You can’t just take it full throttle from the start.”

“Here, Harper, like this.” Hailey pulled me away, she was on her knees in front of me, clutching my head delicately in her hands. She leaned forward and traced her tongue gently around my lips, then circled twice tightly around the center before going broadly once more.

Again, I was crimson red, but this time it was for a very different reason.

I shivered and leaned forward, trying to reciprocate, to kiss this amazing girl back, but she giggled and pulled away laughing. “Oh my god, you kiss like a boy too.”

I blushed again. Why was that so embarrassing?

“Here!” she pushed past me and spread my ass-cheeks wide. “Like this!”

Again she leaned forward and traced her tongue gently around my lips, but these were a very different pair. Two broad strokes sending waves of wet hot heat through me, then a tight circling at my most tender nerves, sending me trembling so hard I thought I’d collapse.

“Oh!” I gasped “Wow!”

“You get all that?” she winked up at me. Even just hot breath against my wet cunt was enough to send shivers through me. “Here. Just follow along.”

Those few tender licks proved themselves but an experimental taste to the full meal that followed.

Her skilled tongue circled and pressed and probed and rubbed at my throbbing fountainhead, my clit, that glowing bud of pleasure that was so central to this whole feminine experience. I groaned out, all of my strength leaving me a shivering mess. Her every action was rocking my body with new sexual exhilaration Fuck, my cock had nothing like this

Somewhere there was still some part of that screamed out about how this didn't make any sense, how could I get my pussy eaten out when I didn't have one, but the rest of me was too high on this very real sensation to care.

"Oh no you don't." the girl in front of me grabbed my long hair and pulled me roughly back to her labia. "You've still got a job to do. Let's try that again, shall we?"

I groaned into her leaking quimm, head burying deeper as she rubbed her hips against me. I tried to trace the sensation like Hailey had done, tried to duplicate the bliss pounding through me, but it was so damn hard to concentrate, and the better she did, the trickier it got. It was like some perverse game of telephone, tracing the sensation Hailey carved into my heart into the throbbing cunt before me.

God help me, I did my best.

It started slow and sensual and tantalizing, none of the horny needy rutting I was used to, none of the fine-tuned penis-based masturbatorial control I'd known all my life. Hell, I had no control at all. I was but a conduit for this sensation, for the sapphic bliss babbling out of me like a mewling river.

"Ah, fuck!" I mewled out into the girl's pussy.

"Oh, fuck!" came the reply. I pulled back. It was a different girl. Hannah? When had they - ? There was an entire line up, all of the girls taking their turns with us newbies.

"How's she doing girls?" asked the girl with the camera, here for a close-up.

"Could use some instruction," Hannah winked down at me from between her massive naked tits, "but she'll learn."

"Shame," grunted a girl being furiously tongue-fucked by the redhead. "These ones a natural!"

I looked over jealously at the girl. She was going at it like a slaving wolf.

"Don't worry, Harper." Hailey whispered in my ear. Wait, fuck, who's tongue was that on my cunt? "You'll have plenty of opportunity to practice." The girls all giggled.

I looked around panting at the celebration I had somehow become the center of. Those girls not directly sampling were laughing and drinking and dancing and making out. Music blared and toys had started circulating.

The girl filming everything on her phone was making her rounds, sure not to miss a single beat, and the woman with the dorm milf shirt was making sure everybody was staying hydrated and well-lubed.

My heart fluttered.

This... this was everything I had imagined this place to be. A vision right out of my wildest fantasies. Except... I wasn't some passive observer and these weren't just random girls. I was a part of it, I was sharing in their joy and high-octane debauchery.

And... and I loved it.

God help me, I loved it.

I don't know if it was just the sexual high or what, but I loved my jiggling spankable ass and I loved my heavy swinging titties. I loved my horny sensitive body and I loved all the attention these girls could give, and I loved beneath it, the closeness and sisterhood. I wanted to make every one of them feel as good as they made me feel.

I loved my pussy. Like no guy ever could. My sensitive, hair-trigger, lava-spewing volcano of girlish delights. My horny raunchy dribbling cunt. My hot slutty cunny. Fuck. I trembled. A slutty pussy for a slutty girl.

Because that's what I was now, wasn't I? That's what they all saw me as? How - how could anyone look at me, my perfect sexual body - and think anything different? How could I look at myself and not see the perfect slut just moaning to be free?

This was me. A guy no longer. I was a slutty girl with a slutty fucking pussy and I loved every second of it.

"And now the moment we've all been waiting for!"

"Huh?" I gasped and turned to look, eyes going wide.

"Time for the main course!"

They were as knights, standing proud. Three girls, dildos hefted like lances. All around them others fiddled with straps, tightening and sinching and buckling like squires to armor. Three girls, three dildos, strapped on and ready for battle.

I gulped.

"Now," the one on the left said, running a hand along her blade. They were marked, inch by inch, like rulers. "Obviously this isn't a competition."

"For the best, really," said the one in the center, twirling her scepter between her fingers. "Its not like any of you have any chance of beating Helen's high score this early into your college careers."

She gestured to Helen, seated off to the side. She was right. With the monster Helen had stuffed inside her even now there's no way we'd even be able to come even close. Not that this seemed to be stopping a few of the more competitive girls from trying with monsters of their own.

"But girls share a lot of things. Clothes, toys, boyfriends, and, so, it is important to take an accurate assessment of you."

"Wait, what?" the brunette next to me tilted her head.

"In other words," the central one said, picking back up with the dramatic tone of her earlier speech, "You will be measured! You will be tried! You will be weighed! And-" she paused for effect. "You will be found *wanting!*" the last word curled with sensuality.

"Line up girls," said the one on the right, stepping towards us. "On your knees."

I pulled myself up onto my knees and into a proper kneeling position. The central girl was already looming over me. All I could see - my whole world - was this massive hyper-realistic dick, the bounteous boobs beyond, and a grin almost as cocky as that appendage abutting her hips. It was a smirk that wouldn't look out of place on any guy in a similar situation.

I gulped and wiped away the drool.

I expected some part of me to rebel, to scream and shout as it had been doing all night, but there was nothing of that part of me left. Instead, if anything I felt disappointment that this wasn't some real guy. That this wasn't some real dick. Was I that slutty now? Was I that desperate to quench this mewling fire? Or was I just that eager to prove to these girls that I was ready? That I could be just as much of a slut as any of them.

"Aw poor thing," the girl tutted. "I know that look. Don't worry, rookie, you'll get the real thing soon enough."

"That's right," the girl on the left continued to stroke her faux-phallus even as she stepped up to the brunette. "Stick with us, rookies. We'll show you all the ropes!"

"Just remember girls," the one on the right had both her hands wrapped around hers. "You must go this deep to party with us."

"Oh please," giggled the redhead. "I bet this one sucks cock like a boy too."

"What!" I blushed "I - I do not!"

"Well then," smirked the girl in front of me. "What are you waiting for?"

I dove towards the monster before me, eager to show these girls what I was made of. The former me would have been horrified, I was sure, but there was a far sluttier side of me in control right now and frankly it was having way too much fun.

This thing was as thick and as virile as anything I'd ever seen. Not that I'd seen a lot of cocks of course, and certainly not from this angle. Mmm, after this was all said and done, I was really going to have to make up for lost time.

Despite my eagerness, however, despite my competitive bravado, I had to admit that once I had the thing in front of me, I didn't even know where to begin.

I looked over at the other two girls. They were already getting a head start kissing and slobbering their way down to the lengthy shafts of silicone numbers. My breath grew short. God, the sight of a girl sucking a strap-on was so weirdly hot. But beyond that dropkick of arousal there was a whirlwind of other emotions. Envy? Jealousy? I should have been imagining myself getting my dick sucked but all I wanted was to be able to give as good as they were.

I pulled in close to the hefty dick before me, my eyes locking on it as it swayed tantalizingly back and forth with the gentle shifting of the girl's weight. I could do this! I could show them all that I suck a cock just as well as any of them.

I reached out a drooling tongue.

Pussy.

It tasted like pussy.

Of course it tasted like pussy. These girls probably used this thing on themselves all the time. Why did I find that so disappointing? What was I expecting? Savory man-meat? Dripping boy-gravy? God, I wondered how a real dick would taste. How would it smell?

Boldly, I tried to get ahead of the other girls by plunging myself as far down it's lined length as I could muster.

Instead, I came back gagging.

"See!" there was giggling "I told you! Just like a boy."

"Take it easy, rookie," the girl who's cock I'd just gargled ran her fingers through my hair. "There's no rush. Romance it a little. Get it good and wet. You can't just barrel straight to balls deep. Well, not yet anyway." she winked.

"Use your hands!" came a voice from the crowd. It was Hailey.

I wobbled forward and wrapped both hands around the thick shaft. It was softer than I'd expected, but with a rigid core as I gripped. The drool I'd coated it with from my failed attempt made it slick.

Again I brought my lips to this charlatan-shaft, this time leaning into it more fully as I stroked it's firmness with both hands.

"There we go, see? Gentle. Foreplay. Circle the head, get it good and slick. Kiss, suck. Yeah, like that, see?"

I tried to follow her instructions, tried to remember what it was like to have a dick of my own. I mean, I still did have a dick of my own somewhere, didn't I? Beneath this illusion? So why was this so hard? It seemed so alien and distant. How could I think with that cock when I had this far more urgent cock

pressing so wonderfully into my lips? When I had this throbbing pussy instead screaming at me to be filled and bred.

I tried to think back to the giggling tips Hailey and Helen had given me while getting ready. I tried to remember the basics from all the pornography I've watched. I sucked gingerly on that sensitive underside, I gave the crown a swirl. I hummed and mewled and slurped, getting deeper and deeper. I took it as far as it could go, then held it, still sucking, still pumping, until my gag reflex relaxed, and I could go farther.

It was funny. This was all the things I'd once wished a girl would do to me. All the things I'd fantasized about, now finally playing out in full. Except I was the one giving. And you know what? I wouldn't have it any other way.

"I think she's getting the hang of it!" the girl basked as I came up for air.

"As if there were ever any doubt!" Hailey cheered.

I beamed at the kind words. Hailey ruffled my hair. I was sure my makeup must have been a total mess, but I grinned and gave her the peace sign as she snapped a photo.

"You sucked a lot of dick?" the girl asked.

"It's my first time." I ran a tongue along the underside of the shaft

"Shut up. What?"

"Oh my god why didn't you say anything! And you got that deep already? Watch out girls she is a natural!"

I beamed, heart pounding. I felt good. Proud. About what? Being a good slut? Making Hailey and this girl happy? I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt so good about myself.

Still, despite my best efforts I couldn't seem to give as good as the other two. They were gobbling it down like utmost pros. My heart pounded in jealousy, that yearning to get face fucked half as good as they were. They probably sucked so much dick that they didn't even have gag reflexes anymore. It wasn't fair, I'd only just started.

"Hey, don't worry, Harper." Hailey pulled me in for a hug. "Keep practicing every day and you'll blow them away I know it. And all the boys too." her giggle turned to a moan as she her hitachi went to overdrive.

"And now, sisters," the girl in the center pulled away, leaving my tongue cold and lonely. "The finale!"

Three more girls had strap ons now. Well, looking around, several others were wearing them a well, but they were all indisposed. These ones were coming for us, hands pumping up and down their meat as though they were as real as their grins.

The girl in front of me grabbed my hair and pushed me into position: ass up, face down. But this wasn't time for another round of pussy polishing, no.

My heart pounded. I gripped my hand tight, not in fear as I'd have expected, but in trepidation, in anticipation. God, I was trembling at just the memory of a tongue against my hypersexual little lips, I could only imagine how amazing a big fat dick must feel.

"Ready girls?" the girl in front of me laughed.

I could feel the plump bulbous head of the girl's dick pressing down on my labia as they lined up behind us, dildos resting in between our tender cheeks. It was slippery, but I couldn't tell if it was lube or my own drooling juices. All I knew is that I held my breath as the girl lingered, circling around the hole.

Wait, hold on, licking was one thing, but where in this illusion was that thing going to go? But then it went in and suddenly that was the farthest thing from my mind.

Oh fuck~.

I clenched and I writhed and I panted and groaned, beating a fist against the floor as it slid in. Holy shit it was good! It was so damned fucking good. A shotgun blast of pleasure, a tsunami of sensation, an inferno of overwhelming ecstasy, filling up every sensitive inch of my needy dribbling cunt.

Stars filled my vision as she pulled out, the edge of my reality going blurry. More! I needed more! I wriggled my hips back, trying to press back onto it, but she kept it achingly out of reach, teasing and slapping.

"Please!" I begged. "More!"

The girl laughed, then obliged.

Each thrust was just as brain-shatteringly good as the first. Hell, more so. Each eruption of pleasure hit before the last could fade, a rising action of ever blissful heights.

She didn't fuck like a guy. The notion hit me as she buried herself deeper and deeper inside me. A guy would be out for his own pleasure. This was anything but. She teased and fanned and thrust, driving me up and driving me wild. She wasn't getting off on this, not the way a guy would be anyway. This wasn't her pleasure, this was all about making me squirm, this was all about making me writhe and moan and squirt.

And god, she was amazing at it. Like only someone who's been on the receiving end can be.

Oh, she was enjoying herself, don't get me wrong. They all were. There was absolutely no doubt about that. Even as they switched between the three of us like an all-you-can-bone buffet! They laughed and cheered and guffawed, cocky and arrogant despite their feminine softness. They grinned and high-fived as they made us tremble and shake

And god help me, the rough handling just made it all the hotter. Hands that knew what they were doing, hands that I could submit too.

Damn them, I melted right into it. Like ice, like wax, like even steel does when it gets hot enough. What else could I do, subjected to this raw passionate sensation? What else could I do but want that amazing thing inside this illusory void I had discovered? This perfect slutty pussy of mine.

The girl in front of me, with her big strap-on dick, grabbed me by the hair and prodded at my trembling moaning mouth. I kissed and I sucked, groaning around it as I tried to express this pleasure with more pleasure, as I was filled rocking at both ends.

The moans and the cries weren't coming just from us three, the entire sorority was getting in on it now. The finale indeed. Swiftly hurtling towards climax! All around me, the remaining girls were pairing off or going at it alone with fingers and toys. No wonder they wanted to test us out! They'd all be trying us sooner or later. Sweet nectar shared among sweet sisters. A lot of lips to lick.

"Oh hey!" said one, gasping around her pleasure. "You found my top!"

And then the girl inside me bottomed out and all I could hear was my own carnal scream. All I could see were sparks.

This had all just been the beginning. They had been gentle, taking their time, but they'd grown faster and faster, their fucking intensifying as their own arousal heightened. And now - ah - now even denied the pleasures they would feel if those cocks were real, these girls fucking us were so in character they looked on the verge of cumming themselves. Even the girls bouncing in our mouths were getting closer and closer, panting and grunting.

In the end it was the brunette who broke first. She'd been broiling for minutes, each thrust sending her thrumming and quivering closer and closer, circling the drain with her cries. She had clenched down hard, she had tried to resist, to hold back, to not be the first of us to finally give up all control. But now she had slammed down that slippery slope, now she was cumming and cumming hard. She trembled and shook as a girl pumped a staccato into her cunt and brought her around again and again, never quite letting her down as she roiled through peak after climactic peak.

And fuck, that was all it took. The sight of her shaking - her cries echoing - were sexy enough to set off a whole sorority wide chain reaction. Girl after girl, in every position, kissing and licking and being fucked. dildos and vibes and fingers and tongues, one after the other, all hitting that same blissful edge. Together.

I screamed. We screamed. The whole campus must have heard it. Horny and raw and wet, an explosion that rocked our brains, a storm of passion slamming us from one frothy peak to another, higher and higher, height feeding height. Howling like wolves at the moon, like witches writhing and dancing beneath the night, scrambling towards climax, together in our fucking, our pleasure, our sisterhood.

Oh god!

And that's when I passed out.

-

"So," asked the genie, "what did you think?"

"Are you kidding me?" I shivered against the cold night air. Having left the house, the illusion had fallen away and now I was under-dressed to say the least. Luckily it was so late that there was no one around to see it. "You turned me into a girl!"

"You wanted to not stand out amongst a slutty sorority." She held up her hands. "I did caution you, oh heedless Master, that perhaps your wish needed more thought."

She wasn't shivering. On the contrary, her bronze skin seemed to radiate heat.

"God, I've never been so humiliated!" I wriggled at the memory. "They dressed me up and put makeup on me and then..." my breath came out hot despite myself. "I had no idea being a slut was so much work. I'll never look at porn the same way again!"

"You wish to change back then, Master, or to change the terms of the wish?"

I blushed.

"Master?"

"N-no."

"Hmm?"

"I - I've made plans with Hailey to do a manni-petti, and there's the fraternity mixer coming up! And Hannah has this new boy she's going to bring around and and - "

I blushed again at her grin.

"It sounds Master, like you may have enjoyed yourself after all."

"I did." I roiled. "Damn you, I really did! And don't get me wrong, that doesn't lessen how humiliating it was... but once you push past all that, once I got out of my comfort zone and started experiencing things I never knew I wanted..." I skipped and bounced and giggled. "I've never had so much fun in my life!"

"Ah!" her flaming eyes lit up. "I am glad to hear that, Master. No offense, but I suspected that might have been the case."

"Huh?"

"Many people who sit and watch, they yearn to have what they see, to live that life, even just in that one vicarious moment. Perhaps you wanted the closeness, the playfulness of that sort of relationship, but the only way you could approach it, that you could see women baring themselves fully, was through voyeurism and pornography. That was the lens through which you understand women, and now that is the lens through which you have experience as them."

“So, wait, you’re saying what? I’ve always secretly yearned to be a bisexual sorority slut?”

Blood pounded in my ears. I gripped the lamp tightly.

“I’m saying that you are an outsider no more.” She gave a little bow. “If you choose to keep your wish, that is.”

I gripped a fist. My wish. I could turn myself back. I could put this whole crazy thing behind me. I could be a real man again. Hell, I could change the terms of the wish and fuck every last girl on campus.

I sighed. So why didn’t I want to? Why did the idea of spending time with my new friends sound just so much better?

No, not friends. Sisters.

I blushed.

“I... I do want you to change the terms of the wish.”

“Oh?”

“I want you to make it permanent. I want you to make it real. Not just when I’m at the house. That girl? That slut? Hanging out with all those other amazing girls? I want to be her. I want to make Hailey smile and I want to giggle and laugh and talk about makeup and boys and sex and reality tv. I want that to be my life.”

Her smile seemed to glow.

“So be it, Master. And probably for the best.” She laughed. “That video is just starting to hit the internet.” she held up a little phone. “See?”

My eyes goggled.

It was me - the very male me - bent over in the middle of that otherwise pristinely sapphic orgy, a strap on pressing eagerly into my lips as I gave just as good as any of the other girls.

I blushed.

“Wait, hold on.” I frowned and looked again at the sight of Hailey in the background, buzzing away with her Hitatchi “Is it... is it okay for me to keep them this way? Is that selfish of me to turn them all into these... these well, sluts?”

She smirked. “I assure you, oh considerate Master, that I would not have transformed a one of them who did not secretly want to cut loose, who would not be happier for these libidos and beauty, for this closeness. Not a one would change back if given the choice, though I can still offer it, if you’d prefer.”

“Wait, you mean that all these girls...?”

“You are not the only one who yearns for tender sisterhood, Master.”

I laughed.

“What?” she put her hands on her nubile hips.

“You’ve really got this all figured out huh?”

“I enjoy my work.” she smiled. “Frankly you were lucky to find me instead of any of the others out there.”

“You’re right, I am glad.”

“So, are you ready then Master? Are you happy with these new terms?”

“I want you to give them the choice, but yes,” I laughed and I giggled. God, before tonight when was the last time I’d been able to just open up and be earnestly happy like this? “I think I am. I wish... all that stuff. That we can all find happiness together.”

“Granted.” There was a thunderclap in the distance and suddenly my whorish little skirt wasn’t quite so ill-fitting after all.

“Thank you!” I bounced forward and pulled her warm skin into a hug, my tits squishing against her firm warm flesh.

“Of course!” she laughed. “Another satisfied customer.”

The End.