The Fraternity/Sorority Bet

by Baxter72 ©

The Kappas and the Delts had been bitter enemies at the state university

for more than 50 years. It was a rivalry that spanned generations, passed

on from mother to daughter and from father to son.

All of the Greek societies on the campus were engaged in a fund-raising

drive to benefit Mississippi flood relief victims. Such charity drives had

proven to be very successful in the past—and had improved the Greek image

on campus. But to make this one a little more interesting, I, as chairman

of the fund drive for the Kappas, proposed a bet to Ashley Carson, who was

chairwoman of the fund drive for the Delts. Ashley was a beautiful

five-foot-six blonde of about 19.

"You have no chance to beat us in the fund drive," I said to her when we

met on the quadrangle. "You should give up now."

"Really?" she responded. "Would you like to make a little bet on that?"

"Sure, what do you want to bet?"

She smiled. "If we collect more than you by November 15—which we're going

to do easily—you have to be my slave for an entire day—and do everything I

ask of you."

"As long as it's legal."

"As long as its legal. What do you want from me—in the remote chance that

you win, which you're not going to do."

"You have to have sex with me in the main room of the frat house—with all

my brothers there."

She thought about it for a minute. "Well, since there is NO chance that

you're going to win, I'll agree to it."

"Okay, shake."

We did.

But what Ashley did not realize was that my father was a multimillionaire

who was always looking for ways to give to charities—so he could write it

off on his taxes. All it took was a phone call from me to get a check for

ten thousand bucks for flood relief victims.

"I don't believe this!" Ashley said angrily when the comparative totals

were added up. "This should be illegal. You should not be allowed to do

that."

"No one said anything about contributions from friends and relatives," I

said. "So when do you want to come over to pay your part of the bet?"

She sighed. "Well, I guess a bet is a bet. And it's for a good cause. When

is your frat mother not there?"

"Saturdays."

"Okay, I'll be over Saturday afternoon—at one."

"See you then."

There were 20 guys in our frat house, and while two of them were out of

town that Saturday, the rest were eagerly looking forward to the

"show"—and wondering if she would actually go through with it.

Ashley arrived promptly at 1 p.m.—accompanied by an escort of two of her

sorority sisters.

"I don't want this to turn into a gang bang," she said.

She looked quite lovely, as she was wearing a pleated green plaid skirt, a

white shirt with a green tie, and white knee socks, almost like a school

uniform.

I led her into the main room. The room was about 12 feet wide and 20 feet

long, with a bar at one end. Chairs against the wall surrounded the room,

and nearly all of them were filled with an eager crowd of my brothers. In

the center of the room was a mattress we had pulled from one of the beds.

Beside it was a wooden chair.

Ashley turned to me. "What do I have to do?" she asked.

I led her to the center of the room. Her two escorts sat nervously on the

chairs.

"The first thing you have to do is to undress—completely," I said.

Glaring at me defiantly, she unfastened her tie and tossed it on the

chair. Then she unbuttoned her shirt and tossed that on top of the tie.

She was wearing a white bra. Her breasts were not large, but they looked

quite nice.

She reached behind her, unzipped the skirt and let it drop. Then she

kicked it over to the chair. She was wearing white knickers

Still defiant, she reached behind her and unhooked her bra. She tossed it

over on the chair. Her breasts were small but very pretty. And since the

frat house was a little chilly, her maroon nipples seemed hard.

"Beautiful tits," one of the frat brothers said.

"Can I keep my socks on?" she asked, "The floor is cold."

"Of course."

Then she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers and pulled

them down until they were resting around her ankles. She certainly was a

real blonde, with a beautiful little tuft of golden hair, beneath which I

could see her hairless lips.

"Wow!" one of the frat brothers exclaimed.

She picked up her knickers and tossed them on the chair. "Now what?" she

asked.

I unzipped my fly. "Now you have to get on your knees and suck my cock," I

said.

One of her escorts stood up and protested. "That wasn't---"

But Ashley waved her down. "Let's do it and get it over with," she said.

She got down on her knees, and I walked over to her. I pulled out my

already engorged cock. "You like sucking cock, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course. I love it," she said defiantly, as she took my cock into her

mouth.

She certainly acted like she loved it. She swirled her tongue around my

cock, and it did not take long before I felt I was going to burst into her

mouth. But I had other plans for her.

"Not it's your turn to have fun," I said, "Lay down on the mattress."

She stood up, walked over to the mattress and laid down on her back. As if

she knew what was coming, she spread her legs. I knelt between them and

slowly lowered my lips to her beautiful tuft. I licked her on the outside

at first, then I slipped my tongue inside her. To my surprise, she was wet

and slick inside before I got there. That could mean only one thing: she

was actually turned on by this.

Finally, I lifted her hips about ten inches off the floor and positioned

my dick in front of her cleft.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You have to say it."

"I want you to fuck me."

I placed the head of my cock at her pussy entrance and slipped it in. It

was very easy, since I could feel she was all wet inside, something only I

knew.

I fucked her slowly and easily—to an appreciative audience—until I finally

came inside her. I did not think of it until now, but I assumed she had

taken care of birth control. It was certainly nice fucking her without a

condom.

When it was all over, she got up and dressed without a word. Then she and

her escorts got ready to leave.

"The bet is paid," she said.

"Right."

But that was not the end of it. About a week later, I got a call from her.

"Damon? It's Ashley," she said.

"How nice. How are you?"

"Never mind that. What are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing."

"Can you meet me in the center of the football field around nine o'clock?"

I grew suspicious. I did not like the sound of this.

"Why?"

"I want to fulfill a fantasy with you—doing it in the middle of the

football field."

"This isn't some kind of a trick is it?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know."

"Then I guess you'll just have to chance it—unless you're afraid to." I

thought about it for a minute. Surely, the promise was worth the risk.

And it was. It turned out that Ashley was an exhibitionist who liked to do

it in public or semi-public places. The football field was of course dark

and deserted, but Ashley pretended she was a cheerleader.

"Gimme an "F," she said.

And I did. On the football field. In the school library. In the middle of

the quadrangle at night. And in her room at the sorority house—while her

roommate got to watch.

The End