

SINISTER SISTERHOOD SERIES:
A VERY PUBLIC
REVELATION!

By Throne

(Concept by Devin Dickie)

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******SPOILER ALERT!! for upcoming comic... if you don't want to know what is happening with this comic, PLEASE DON't READ!**

SPOILER ALERT!!

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WRITTEN BY
THRONE
ILLUSTRATED BY
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Diana was visibly squirming with discomfort. She was sitting on a couch in the dayroom of the sorority at which she was pledging, Delta Dom Delta. The sisters were gathered around her. She had on only a sexy bra and panty set, while they were all completely dressed.

She nervously asked, "Do I really have to do this?"

"Only if you want to be accepted," said Shari, the busty, dark-haired leader. "It's your final step."

The cute girl on the couch took a deep breath, which made her substantial bust rise and fall. She said, "Okay. Explain to me again how it works."

"It's simple. You call that boyfriend of yours. What's his name?"

"Marty."

"Right. Marty. So you phone him but put it on Face-Share. Just don't tell him that the rest of us can hear and see everything.

Right?"

"I guess," she agreed reluctantly.

"And you'll have this little earbud in, so I can give you instructions on what to say. He'll be on the monitor over there so all of us can check out how he reacts, and I'll be far enough away that he won't hear me giving you cues."

Diana sighed. "I suppose I have to do it. But Marty is kind of shy and..." She shrugged. "... we've just been getting into some new areas in our relationship."

"This is your decision. But once you start you can't back out. Not unless you want to forfeit everything you've already gone through and any chance to be a member."

"No." She pulled back her shoulders, making her full boobs stick out even more, practically overflowing the skimpy bra. "I really want to be a sister here. So... let's do it."

The others moved away, to the monitor at the far end of the room. They would even be able to exchange comments with each other without being heard by Marty. Diana set up the call and hit his number. A moment later his rather smooth face appeared on the screen, his floppy, ash blond hair falling down over one eye. He appeared a bit sleepy.

"Hey. Hi, Diana. What's going on?"

"I just wanted to call and say hello. Chat a little bit."

"Sure." He visibly brightened. "Anytime. What's going on?"

Shari hissed through the earbud, "Tell him you have something to share. Act kind of worried."

Diana put a serious look on her pretty face. She licked her lips and said, "There's something I have to tell you."

Marty's smooth brow puckered. "What? I mean, are you okay?"

SHARI: "Tell him you're fine. But there's something personal you have to share."

DIANA: "I'm okay. It's just that... I have something personal to talk about."

MARTY: "Oh." He compressed his lips. "You know you can tell me anything. After all, I shared my little secret with you."

DIANA: "That's true. But let's not get into that now."

SHARI: "Sounds interesting. Right now, though, tell him you've been noticing this other guy."

DIANA: "..."

SHARI: "Do it, girl."

DIANA: "What happened was that I've been... sort of... paying attention to another guy."

MARTY: "What?"

SHARI: "And he's Black." She snickered.

Diana looked back over her shoulder, cheeks flushed. Several of the sisters were covering their mouths and laughing into their hands.

DIANA: "Yes." She cleared her throat softly. "It's a guy I've seen around campus. And he's... Black."

MARTY: "Gosh. And you two are... friendly?"

SHARI: "You're on our own for now, Diana. Lead him on and build up to telling him you had sex with... let's call him... Tyrese." Diana swallowed hard. This was more than she had expected and it put her off balance. Still, she couldn't imagine not getting into Delta Dom Delta.

"Yes," she went on. "We've been friends for about, oh, two weeks. With you out of town for those seminars, only being here on weekends, it was nice to have someone for company."

"Just for company?" he said with an edge in his voice.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want you to do anything... else."

His accusing tone bothered her. She set her jaw and told him,

"It's not up to you to tell me what I can and can't do."

"Oh." He paused, then said, "You're right. It's just that, well, after that intimate talk we had about you-know-what, the idea of you possibly slipping up and saying something..."

"I don't go around slipping up, Marty. And don't be bossy."

"All right. So you and Tyrone..."

"Tyrese," she corrected.

"Ty-whatever. You like to talk and, I don't know, go to the cafeteria for lunch together."

She was a bit irritated with Marty. Even so, he was her boyfriend and she felt protective toward him because he wasn't very assertive most of the time.

Diana calmed herself and said, "Yes, we've gone to the cafeteria."

She had to start building this toward the big lie that Shari required her to tell. Get it over with. "And we've visited a place off campus. The Hideaway. For a drink."

"Isn't that a dating place?" he inquired cautiously.

"Sometimes."

"But I'm saying... you two... just went there for..."

SHARI: "Look at his face. So pouty. Give him some hard news."

"We went there..." Diana improvised, "... to get to know each other better."

"But I'm your boyfriend."

"That's right. My boyfriend. Not my boss."

"I only..." He lowered his eyes submissively. "... just want it to be okay with us."

"It is. For now. But there's more." She didn't like the idea of hurting him but his attitude was making her warm to what she was doing. Maybe just sting him. "He's a really cool guy. Tall. Strong. Manly."

"You mean not like me," he responded sulkily.

"If that's how you want to take it."

"So you went to The Hideaway and..."

"Had drinks."

"More than one?"

"Yes. Drinks. Plural." She let him take that in and continued,

"And held hands."

SHARI: "Let's stretch this out. Change the subject for a few minutes."

Without thinking it through, Diana said, "We have to have honesty between us, Marty."

"We do. At least on my side. Didn't I tell you about..."

"No." She cut him off. "We don't have to get into your... habit."

"But I was honest with you. And now I feel like you haven't been the same with me."

"Marty..."

"I mean, I told you about how I love to..." He took a breath. "... wear panties and all the other stuff."

Diana heard a susurrantion of voices behind her and some muffled giggles. She bit her lips.

"You did," she conceded.

"I mean, I'm wearing a pair right now." He smiled meekly.

"They're new pink see-through ones."

"All right but..."

SHARI: "Let Mister Lingerie talk."

"Sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt you. Go on."

"Well, that was a big step for me, confiding in your about my... um... hobby."

"That's true."

"Let me show them to you."

Rather than have Shari break in again, feeling like the situation had slipped beyond her control, Diana said, "Sure, let's see them, sweetie."

Marty propped up his phone, stood and undid his pants. On the little screen in front of her, Diana saw him pull them down to show off a pair of bikini panties. She knew all the other girls were seeing them too, on the much larger monitor.

"Those are very nice, Marty."

"Aw, come on. Use my girl name."

Diana cleared her throat. "Fine. Mindy."

"Now talk to me the way I like."

It bothered her that he was being demanding, or at least needy. Marty had been pushing to have her join his fantasies more than she was ready for. She liked him and all but he had started to get carried away.



"Talk to you... that way? So be it." She made her voice darkly sweet. "Mmmm. What's that? Am I dealing with a sissy here? One who likes to show off his naughty girly undies? The ones that I can see his dick through. And his crotch that he keeps all hairless, like the rest of him? Is that what I have here?"

"Wow. That's perfect. You sure sound like you mean it."

She glanced back at the other girls. They were staring wide-eyed at Marty as he trailed his fingers lightly over his undersized penis. To Diana's embarrassment, his tool was enlarging slightly, not that it ever got much bigger.

SHARI: "Damn, girl. You got a real winner there. Sissy Mindy. Play with his head some more. And then get back to Tyrese."

Diana went on, "That's so wicked of you, showing yourself like that. Maybe I'll have to..." Well, this WAS something he liked to do. "... put some make-up on your pretty face and have you pose all sexy for me."

Marty switched to his girly voice. "Oh yes. You have to do that. Make me swish around and strike seductive poses."

SHARI: "You know, Diana, you could really hook a ring in this sissy's nose and lead him around. Have him there to do whatever you want, whenever you say."

Diana decided to do what she'd been told, get back to her supposed Black friend, and wrap this up. At the same time, she couldn't get Shari's suggestion out of her head.

She said, suddenly less playful, "It's time for me to finish telling you about Tyrese. Want to hear it all?"

Marty appeared worried. He sat back down and leaned forward, listening with interest. She wondered what he was thinking.

Diana decided to probe deeper into Marty's psyche.

"So, we were at The Hideaway. Our second time there. Tyrese knew I was seeing you, but he got buzzed after his second drink and all of a sudden his hand was on my thigh, under the table. I had on my short pleated skirt. You remember that one."

"I do. It's so cute. I recall thinking how I'd look in it if... Never mind. Just tell me, did it go further, with you and Tyrese?"

"It did," she stated with determination. "In fact, I put my hand on HIS leg. High up."

Marty placed the fingertips of both hands on the sides of his face, a very feminine gesture. There was some twittering from the sisters by the monitor. "And...?"

"I felt something. His cock. It was huge. What do you think about that, Mindy?"

"Diana," Marty said in his male voice. "Did you...?"

She told him, "I was talking to Mindy."

His narrow shoulders sagged. His demeanor changed noticeably. He seemed suddenly less assured, ready to surrender if he was pushed only a little.

Sounding like Mindy again, he said, "Did you like what you felt?" Marty was too eager for her answer, it appeared. She told him, "I did. I ran my hand up and down that big tool of his. Even through his pants I could feel the thick head. Now what do YOU think about THAT, Mindy?"

"It's... interesting." There were pink highlights on his face.

"I'll tell you what else we did. Back at his off-campus apartment. If you want to hear it."

"O... okay."

"We got into bed and he fucked my brains out, Mindy. Screwed me like I've never been screwed before. Made me holler out loud every time I came, which happened more than once."

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In a small voice he said, "You never hollered with me."

SHARI: "That's it. Let the poor fish off the hook. Tell him it was just a prank. And that we're really sweet girls." She laughed.

Diana said, "Well, here's the thing, Marty." She got up and turned her phone so he could watch the other girls grinning and waving at him. "This was all part of my initiation into Delta Dom Delta. The girls had you on a big screen and they certainly liked your Show and Tell. But they're not going to spread it around campus..." She put the phone back on herself and finished with, "... I don't think."

Marty said, "But I outed myself. And let them see my new panties. And my... dick."

Shari came over and put an arm around Diana. She told Marty, "It was all for fun. Your secret is safe with us, Mindy. Be a good sport. You helped your girlfriend pass her initiation. Now she's officially a Delta Dom Delta. And I'm guessing she'll find some way to thank you for going along with our mischief and not getting mad at her. You're not going to give her a hard time about any of this, are you?"

Acting chastened, as if it was him who had been untruthful and not his girlfriend, Marty conceded, "No. I won't hold a grudge or

anything. But please promise not to tell anyone about... you know... Mindy."

"Sure thing," Shari told him, not sounding too convincing. She stepped out of the frame.

"Okay," Diana said to him. "I'm glad you're going to be a grown-up about this. It was all in good fun. Right?"

"Right." He was not enthused.

"I'll see you later. You're getting here at about eight? I'll call before then and tell you where to meet me." She ended the call.

Shari told her, "Welcome to DDD. We have your room ready to be moved into. You can have Marty visit you there tonight. Or Mindy, with her panties and whatever else."

"Thanks. I guess I will have to make it up to him, for what I did."

"He wasn't entirely turned off by it, I hope you noticed. It wasn't like he flew into a rage. More like he was just going to accept everything. Less like a boyfriend than a girlfriend."

"Marty can be that way."

"And you can go along with it. Like I said earlier. Have fun with him. Run your relationship however you please. My way could be nice for you."

"How would I do that? Introduce him to Tyrese? Who isn't even real?"

"One more thing about that. I based Tyrese on a guy I know. Who I'm sure would love to play along. And he actually is hung like a stud bull. So if you want to put Marty-boy in his place and keep him there, have one guy to run errands and buy you things, and whoever else you chose to take you to bed, the opportunity is open. But I'd advise you to make your move now, while Marty is still mixed up after how that call went, and what he felt about it."

"I don't know. He is kind of wimpy. And the whole crossdressing bit is kind of kinky, in an acceptable way, but I really don't know if it's good for our love life."

"You need a Tyrese, who can make you sweat and leave you walking funny because he hit your pussy so hard. How is that sissy in bed?"

"Not much of a man. You saw his baby dick on the monitor."

"I had to look twice to be sure it was there at all."

"Though he can sure get me off with his mouth."

"Sounds perfect. A real man to take care of your deep needs and a sissy to lick you the rest of the time."

Diana grew wistful. "I would be an ideal set-up. But Marty has gotten really close to me."

"Might be just what Mindy needs. And wants, even if she doesn't know it. Be honest with yourself, Diana. This decision could

mean a big difference for you over the next four years while you're here."

"And this Tyrese? You could just call him?"

"Say the word, girl."

"Give me ten or twenty minutes to think about it."

Marty arrived punctually at eight, with his overnight bag in hand. Diana had called him back and told him to come directly to the sorority house. He was obviously still somewhat shaken from having let his secrets get revealed. Yet his girlfriend had seemed calm about it by the end. Plus, when she called back she said she would have a surprise for him when he got there. Visions of lace teddies danced in his head. She owned two of them that he would adore slipping into. He still wasn't sure how he felt about the entire 'Tyrese' scam. But that wasn't real so it shouldn't matter, he reminded himself.

Diana greeted him at the door and let him in. There were a few other girls downstairs but they took no special notice of him, which reassured him that what happened earlier was done and over with to them. He followed Diana up to her room, his heart pitter-pattering with anticipation. They hugged and kissed. He opened his bag. There, strategically placed on top where she

couldn't miss it, was something new. It was a filmy baby doll nightie with matching panties. Both were pale red and decorated with white hearts. He lifted it out proudly, letting her see what was underneath, which was stockings with the same color and pattern.

"You know," he said when she wasn't put off by his revelation, "I've been thinking for a long time how nice it would be to have an entire weekend together, you as yourself and me as Mindy. Right?"

"Sounds intriguing. We're you concerned that it might be too much for me?"

"At first. But then I told myself to just go for it. And after that phone call, I figure you owe me one."

"I do owe you. And it's time for payment due. But how about this? You be the sweet sissy and I'll be your demanding lover. Who tells you what to do for me."

He hesitated for only seconds before saying, "That's new. But I like it. Just don't get too rough."

"No. That'll be Tyrese's job."

He forced a smile. "I know. Your big joke. You and your new sisters. Sure. Okay. Tyrese can have whatever he wants. You.

Me. Whatever. But can I get dressed now?" He flashed her an impish smile. "So we can start playing?"

"Let the games begin."

Soon he was naked. She ran her eyes up and down his smooth hairless figure, so slim and unmanly, stopping at his immature genitals. After talking to Shari she realized how she had been rationalizing Marty's inadequacy, awarding him extra points for being so sweet and not pushy, to balance out his score sheet. Now she was thinking differently. He got into the outfit he had brought, with his male parts tucked down and back. Then it was off to the mirror in the bathroom, to play with his cosmetics. He used the whole assortment, ending up looking convincingly female, except for his flat chest. But then, he wasn't female. He was a sissy. Marty might not identify with that term. He preferred to see himself as a straight tranny. But Diana's doubts had been privately mounting and today's events made want to confirm or eliminate those suspicions.

He was in total girly mode, though she was still fully dressed. She had him assume the type of poses he relished, sticking out his shapely butt, puckering up at her, and holding his hands over

imaginary breasts.

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Then she had him lie on the bed on his tummy, with his legs spread. Diana stroked his bottom and complimented its softness. Then she grew alert, as if she'd heard something out in the hall. "That might be Shari. Let me just tell her we might be in here for the entire weekend and don't want to be disturbed."

In a high sugary voice he told her, "Yes, darling. It's going to be a long couple of days... and nights."

Diana opened the door a crack. "Oh." She feigned surprise. "It's not Shari. Mindy, I'd like you to meet Tyrese."

Marty awkwardly turned himself over and got propped up on his elbows. "What?" he squealed. "Who?" Marty gaped at the tall imposing man whose form filled the doorway. He was Black and wore his hair short and natural, with a clean shave except for a patch of hair under his lower lip. "You told me he was pretend." "I'm real," Tyrese announced. "But I never met this pretty lady before. The deal now is that she gets to pick between me and you. Or maybe decide to keep us both." He approached Diana. "I hear you're having second thoughts about your pretty boyfriend over

there."



"Well, I've never actually been with someone like you. So..."

He held up bottle of wine. "This is already chilled. How about you and me have a little and work this deal around some. See where that sweet treat on the bed -- Mindy they told me she likes to be called -- where she fits in."

Marty crossed his arms over his chest and pressed his legs together, a picture of shamed modesty. "You have to leave. Diana is my girlfriend."

"Don't know," Tyrese considered. "Two girlfriends together might be too many. You and her. Need a man in here. Like me. Who knows, maybe I can be good for you both. Now Mindy, go check for a couple of wine glasses. Just two. No drinks for you, sissy. Shari said there were some in the cabinet over the sink, sort of a welcome present from the sorority."

Too fearful to oppose the big man, who acted like nothing untoward was going on, Marty went to the kitchen. Tyrese's dark eyes held Diana with their warm intensity. She stepped closer to him, tilted back her head, and closed her eyes. He embraced her in his long arms and kissed her tenderly. She responded with a purr and opened her lips, which led to something much less chaste. When Marty returned he almost dropped the stemware. But instead he set them on an end table so Tyrese could open the bottle and pour. The Black man handed a drink to Diana and they clinked glasses and then sipped. All Marty could do was stand in the background and try not to whimper. He wanted to get back into his male clothes and run away.

The glasses were set aside for the moment and another hug followed. Remembering something she had said on the phone several hours ago, Diana got her hand between their bodies and felt between Tyrese's legs. OMG.



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There was the impressive man-meat she had imagined. And yes, she could feel the heavy knob at the end. Her sex life had been quite limited until then but she wasn't ignorant about how foreplay was conducted. She had gotten Marty's penis in her mouth but it was rather a letdown. This man's cock, so much larger, would be a welcome challenge. She undid his pants, pulled his member out, and marveled at it. So long and thick and dark, with heavy veins, and that mushroom head. Like a marionette on strings, Diana sank to her knees.

Marty whined, "You can't do that. I'm your boyfriend."

Tyrese, unperturbed, told him, "Shut your lipstick-mouth, girl.

Can't you see Diana here is trying to thank me for stopping

around?"



"Yeah," she told Marty with a sneer. "Looks like it's going to be a BIG thank you. Not like when I did it with that pitiful pecker of yours."

"Some dudes," Tyrese said, "are built for bedroom work. And other ones, like you, are natural-born sissies. I'll bet you eat pussy good."

Diana offered, "He does."

"And probably has dreams about doing the same to cock, if he could get up the nerve. Thing is, his type doesn't always know

what they want. Sometimes they need a man with a strong hand to guide them along. But right now..." He pushed his hips forward to that Diana felt his tool move in her lightly gripping hand.

She gave it a few strokes, which was all it took to bring it up and up, to a whopping nine girthy inches. Then her lips found their way around the end and she sucked spiritedly. After a few moments she took it out of her mouth.

"Am I doing it right, Tyrese?" she wanted to know. "I'm not used to having the King Size model to work on."

"You're doing fine, baby. Give me a few more minutes of that and then we'll get on to the main action, if that's what you want."

"Absolutely," she assured him.

"Good. I can't wait to see you naked and ready for what I'm going to give you."

Marty had the bottom of his nightie between his hands and was wringing it. His face was a mask of misery. But Diana noticed something else.

She gasped and said, "Look at that. Mindy's little sprout is hard. She's getting off on seeing me with a real man."

"For sure," Tyrese seconded. "That's part of how it works for some of these sissy types. They honestly get off on having their woman taken away from them and properly handled by a for-true man." To Marty he said, "Ain't that right, Honey Lips?"

"I'm not that way. I've never wanted... not really... only when I'm looking at stuff on-line..."

Tyrese waved his words away dismissively. "Keep telling yourself that, Mindy. But the dick don't lie. And that itty bitty one of yours is saying you want to see somebody else with Diana here. And maybe somebody else with you."

Diana continued to work on Tyrese's member with her mouth and both hands. Then he helped her to her feet, steered her close to the bed, and they started to undress each other.

As if reading Marty's mind, the Black man said, "Don't think about grabbing your boy pants and rushing out that door. No, no. Not going to happen." He kissed Diana's pale neck. "Just enjoy the show. Be good and you'll maybe get a chance to join in."

Soon the couple were naked and on the bed. Tyrese got his large hands on her sizable breasts and enjoyed fondling them. She moaned and writhed her hips.

Tyrese said, "Hey, Mindy. It's your time in the spotlight. Get your sissy self over her and use that tongue on Diana's puss. Get her

good and juicy for me. She ain't used to having anything as big as what I've got going in there, now is she?"

Marty was stunned by that order. He couldn't believe it when he heard himself say, "Yes, Sir."

It seemed even more improbable when he put himself on the foot of the bed and wriggled forward until his face was an inch from her mound. Then he closed the final distance and began to lap her. At the same time, Tyrese was touching her smooth tummy and upper thighs, almost making contact with Marty's head. The coed cooed and massaged Tyrese's solid biceps. After a few minutes the big man pushed Marty away with one foot. The sissy got off the bed and, without being told to, slid to his knees. He had a clear view of what was transpiring. His hand went down to confirm that he still had a raging hard-on, though he continued to tell himself he wasn't enjoying what he was witnessing, and that he wasn't a sissy, and certainly not the kind Tyrese had described. That enviable Black cock entered its lightly furred target. Diana sighed loudly and met his slow steady pumps with her own hip movements. He increased his tempo and so did she. All at once they were in a sexual frenzy. It went on and on. Marty was sure his girlfriend -- if she could still be called that -- had two orgasms and maybe a third. She wrapped her legs around Tyrese and

called out his name.



He pleased her in ways she could have only dreamed of before. And then, as she flew into one more wild climax, he allowed himself to finish too. It had been almost superhuman. After they had recovered somewhat, Tyrese said, "We have to give our sissy her fair share. And my Johnson certainly needs a cleaning. You were damn wet, Diana. And I sure did empty my

balls. So how about I let your Mindy get what she really wanted the whole time she was with you? How about we give her a big old cock in her sissy mouth, one covered with your juices and my spunk?"

In a throaty voice, expressing a new and unfamiliar passion, she said, "Yes. Make Sissy Mindy suck your wonderful cock and get it all clean."

"You heard the lady," he told Marty. "And there won't be any 'make her' involved. The Princess WANTS to do it. She just has to admit the truth. Ain't that it, Mindy?"

"I don't know anymore," Marty confessed, caught in a web of conflicted emotions.

"Won't know until you try. Now get to getting, Sissy Face. And I mean NOW."

Marty got on the bed for a second time. Mindy sat up for a better view. The mixed up sissy approached that Black mamba as if it really was a deadly snake. He licked the tip and then kissed it, while Tyrese looked on with good-natured patience. As if in a trance, the cross-dressed young man took the fat head into his mouth and sucked on it. In no time it was rigid.



He moaned and began to avidly work at satisfying the amused man. Marty did everything he had ever seen or read about in the sissy porn he had viewed, the pictures and stories that he would not admit even to Diana that he sought out. His tongue made lazy circles around Tyrese's wide corona and found the receptive spot under the head. He was only able to swallow half of its awesome length yet felt strangely pleased he had done that much. He worked that knob and shaft until his jaws felt permanently expanded.

With Diana's eyes locked on what he was doing, Marty took Tyrese to the brink. The powerful man grunted and shot his heavy load into the accommodating mouth. Everyone heard Marty struggling to gulp it all down. He managed to do it with only a few thick white drops escaping the corners of his stretched-wide lips. As Tyrese relaxed, the enormity of what had just occurred struck the sissy. He had given a blowjob. And from all the evidence, it had been a good one. He had never seriously thought about going that far. There had been dim fantasies, unfinished scenes that played out in his mind, compromising situations that threatened to lead this far but were always cut short in his dreaming. Yet this was reality.

"There you go," summed up Tyrese. "Girl finally gets some real cock and sissy does too. Happy ending. Now what I'm thinking is that I should stop around regular to make sure that everything keeps going along all right."

"Or," Diana suggested, "you could stay right here for the rest of the weekend."

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"That'd be a long one," he advised her.

She gave his flaccid cock, still impressively long and thick, an affectionate squeeze. "I like things long."

"Well all right then. And Missy Mindy there, she might even get lucky before it's all over. Could maybe get her sissy cherry busted. Have that backdoor opened up so good that she'd never want to keep it closed again. Be out on the streets sniffing around for Black cock like she's addicted to it, which I know she would be. Heh, heh. Yeah, give a sissy what she wants and you know she'll want it for always. Ain't that right, cocksucker?"

Marty blushed so hard they could see it despite his make-up. He said, "Yes, Sir. It's true."

And it was.