

THE FANCY-DRESSED FRATERNITY



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By Ricky Brundt

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By "Zizzle"

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The Skinny Dip

Chuck Mackie was having a great time in college—especially the social parts of college. He was very good looking had an outgoing, confident personality that naturally attracted girls. In fact, he was so good looking that his nickname around the campus was “Pretty Boy”. The guys seemed to use it more in kidding jealousy than anything else, knowing that they weren’t quite as handsome. Chuck didn’t particularly like the feminine implications of the nickname but he tolerated it well enough, especially as long as he was getting the girls—and that he was doing. In any case, he was all male and everyone knew it.

When he chased skirts, it didn’t hurt that he was a prominent member of Sigma Tau Delta fraternity. Its anglicized letters were, of course, STD, and that gave rise to the nickname of “STUD” for the fraternity, a nickname that had been well earned through the sexual exploits of its members over the years. Even the pledges learned quickly that they were expected to make regular female conquests in order to be fully accepted and so they could swap stories with their brothers. The older members made it their personal duty (a task of pleasure) to set the standard for them so the STD tradition would be carried on.

Chuck fit perfectly in the fraternity, and was even elected as fraternity president his senior year. As such he had even more access to the feminine delights that inhabited the various sorority houses on campus. He made the best of his opportunity to “sample”, as it were.

Things were going great for Chuck and for STD—with one significant exception: Gamma Rho Lamda (GRL), known as the “GIRL” sorority because of its anglicized letters “GRL”. They were a very good chapter of a prominent national sorority, so it was not that they were dogs or anything. Far from it. They always had more than their share of the most

beautiful young ladies on campus. Real lookers. Sexy, every one of them.

The problem was the way that the GRL members conducted themselves. Their demeanor. They didn't fall for the standard male frat come-on, you know, the swaggering, sex-obsessed, super-cool persona that was so patronizing toward women. It's hard to describe, but the GRL's made you feel like you came up short when you talked to them like that, like they saw through the usual male strategies and were above them.

Over time, Chuck began to regard GRL as a special challenge. He simply had to get in good with them...and he meant to "get in" in every sense. This would prove that STD was as good with the girls as their reputation claimed. Chuck spoke to the other officers of the frat and all agreed. They were as frustrated by their lack of success with GRL as Chuck was.

They decided to set up a mixer between the two Greek organizations. All of the GRL sisters would come over to the STD house for some refreshments and some dancing. That would give them a good three hours to charm and woo them. It was bound to work.

As President of STD, Chuck's job was to call the President of GRL to extend the invitation. That would be a pleasure as the President of GRL was Meg Robinson, one of the prettiest girls on campus. What was not to like: a gorgeous face, knockout legs, tight round butt and nice tits? She had the whole package. Chuck had been admiring her for a long time but had never gotten around to asking her out. Now the time had come.

The call went well enough, and she accepted his invitation on behalf of her sorority. Thank goodness for that, but even as she did so, Chuck could sense her reserve over the phone.

"Stuck up bitch" he muttered to himself. "Thinks she's better than anyone else. I'll show her, damn it. I'm going to charm the panties right off her. It won't be the first time I've done that," he sneered. "And knowing her, I'll bet they're damn expensive panties."

The day of the mixer finally arrived. You could feel the

tension in the STD guys as the GRL sorority sisters pranced up the walk to the frat house, clicking their heels on the natural stone pavement. Chuck felt very proud at how sharp the brothers looked. He and his fellow frat officers had advised everyone to be on their best behavior and the message seemed to have gotten through.

It was Chuck's happy task as frat President to entertain the President of the visiting sorority. There she was, the first in line, Meg Robinson, with all of her glorious female parts in just the right places, a treat to the eye of any self-respecting male. Chuck approached her with his world-class cool.

"Hey, Meg, honey, how's it going? Good to see you and the girls."

"Thank you, Chuck. We're very pleased to be here."

So damn proper, Chuck thought. Couldn't he ever break through her reserve? This was going to be a challenge. Hell, most girls were easy for him. He needed a challenge. During the early part of the mixer, their conversation seemed to go well but every time they danced and he tried to pull her close, she insisted on maintaining her distance.

Nevertheless, by the end of the mixer, he felt confident enough to ask her for a date. To his relief, she accepted. It would be embarrassing indeed for the President of STD to be turned down right out of the gate with a girl.

Chuck took her out the following weekend for a nice dinner, and the weekend after that to a play in the big city forty miles away, complete with drinks and dessert afterwards. (No mere movie and a parked car for Meg Robinson. Not on your life!) Each time, Meg showed no interest in giving Chuck even a good night kiss. Ordinarily, Chuck would have dropped it as that point, regarding her reluctance as *her* loss, but Meg was different. Whether she intended to or not, she had made herself into a highly desired prize for Chuck. Could he get her?

For the next weekend, he decided to go for broke. He asked her to go on a picnic at a reservoir about twenty-five miles away from the campus. His plan was to get her into a more informal setting as a way to break through her reserve. Why not try it? To his delight, she accepted! At that point,

Chuck decided to elaborate on his plans, springing his secret plan. He asked her to go swimming with him in the reservoir. He knew a nice quiet, romantic place. Again, she said OK. Surprise, surprise.

Chuck spent the rest of the week getting ready for the big date. He wanted everything to be just right. He even bought a picnic basket for the occasion, a fairly unusual purchase for a frat man, he had to admit. By Saturday, he had it all together, including chilled wine.

During the ride to the reservoir, Meg was friendlier to Chuck than she had even been before. He thought, although, he couldn't be sure, that she had gently squeezed his hand as they drove along the quiet wooded road. They arrived at the north side of the reservoir, in a very secluded place.

The lunch was tasty, at least so Chuck thought, and the wine was soon gone. It seemed to loosen her inhibitions and they began making out. Everything was going just as Chuck had hoped it would. As their tongues intertwined, Chuck's heart was beating hard in his breast. He had finally made some headway with the *Ice Princess*. Things were going very well.

At just the right moment, he brought up the swim and she smiled back at him. She reached for her small bag and drew out a swimsuit. From the looks of it, it seemed to be a bikini.

"I'll change in the car and then you can," she said with a smile, "if you promise you won't look." What a coquette! She was delightful.

Soon both of their suits were on and they began the short walk down to the water. The path led around the thick row of hedges that shielded the very small parking area. It was covered with a thick mat of soft grass so they were able to walk in on bare feet with no trouble all the way down to the water.

The bottom of the reservoir in that area had a nice sandy surface that was very pleasant underneath their feet. The water was brisk so they naturally fell into one another's arms in the water. They did it half to keep warm and half because they wanted to keep hugging. As you can imagine, they

warmed up in more ways than one.

They kissed and frolicked, and kissed and frolicked. Meg could not have been more playful and engaging. She was absolutely charming, mesmerizing. He loved running his hands along her near-naked body. It was flawless, absolutely flawless.

Throughout it all, she was very responsive to his kissing and did not pull away from him a single time. What was going on here? After all of her reserve, he had finally made it. Outside he tried to remain cool, but inside, he was joyous.

As they made out, he got more and more excited...and he was sure that she was, too. He had never been so happy, it seemed. But where did he go from here? Did he pull back and come off like a gentleman or did he keep pushing so see how far she would go? Maybe let her stop him and then he could do “the gentleman thing”. Then go further next date. Maybe. Maybe. But he wanted her SO much! His hormones seemed to get the best of him.

“Meg, I’m so hot for you. You’re really great, you know, and this feels so good. Look I don’t want to rush things but... well, no one’s around and we could... that is, if you wanted to... take off our suits and really enjoy feeling one another.”

There, he had said it. Had he blown it all in one impetuous moment?

“Why, Chuck, you are a rascal aren’t you? You want me to get NAKED with you? How audacious of you! And we’re only on our third date!”

Then she paused.

“But before you go into a funk,” she continued, “I must admit that it has a certain appeal. I guess maybe we can if you remain *under control* - but don’t go crazy on me, now.”

She waded over closer to the edge of the reservoir and calmly took off the top of her bikini and threw it on the shore. She was facing away from Chuck, so he couldn’t see anything yet but he knew he was in for a treat. She reached just beneath the water and caught the thin waist band of her bikini bottoms with her thumbs and pushed them down her legs. Chuck was

thinking that he had never seen a more erotic sight in his life. She was an absolute model of feminine gracefulness as she removed her skimpy garments.

Chuck almost forgot that he was supposed to be taking off his own suit at the same time. Luckily he remembered that just in time got it off before she turned back around. He tossed it on the bank besides hers.

When she turned slowly around and gazed directly into his eyes, the electricity was overwhelming. His eyes were drawn to her breasts as if by a strong magnet. At that moment, no force on earth was strong enough to make his eyes look anywhere else but at her tits. They were perfect, absolutely perfect. Full, rounded, smooth, youthful, upturned girl-flesh. Pouty nipples, with pink rosettes circling each one. What a chest of treasures she had!!

Meg smiled confidently when she saw the overwhelming desire in his eyes. As she waded back toward him, her breasts scarcely even jiggled because they were so firm.

They wrapped their arms around one another and embraced, relishing the electrifying sensation of feeling the other's naked skin along the entire length of their bodies. Naturally, their kissing became even more passionate. As they embraced, Chuck marveled at how incredibly soft and moist her skin was under his fingertips.

He casually explored her back, where the strap of her bikini top had been only moments before. Then his hands slid further and further down, caressing the flawlessness of her lower back. Perfect. Then, he let his hands drop still further down and cupped her buttocks and gave them a tender squeeze. As he did so, Meg made a little moan of pleasure in his ear.

When Chuck pulled back from their embrace, he saw that Meg's rising excitement and the coolness of the water had made her nipples stand out a good 3/4 inch. Sticking right out there. Just waiting to be sucked. He brought his mouth down and took each one into his mouth in turn. He heard himself make little groans of pleasure—echoing her own—as he did so. They were wonderful!!! Rubbery, subtly tasteful, completely feminine!

After a few rapturous moments, Meg drew back from Chuck for a moment. Was it all over? Please not that! He wanted her soooo badly! Then... YES!! He felt her small tender finger tips slide down his stomach, wrap gently around his rod and begin to stroke him up and down. Meg Robinson, Queen of Queens, remote, majestic, aloof, was actually stroking his rod!! How lucky could a guy get!

Meg soon raised Chuck's rod to its full stiff length with her rhythmic ministrations. She had gotten him so hot that he was concerned that he might lose control and shoot his load before he was supposed to. What an embarrassment that would be!

"Chuck, you've gotten me very excited," she whispered softly into his ear and then licked it. "I want you. I really want you. All I can think about is how this would feel up inside me," she said as she gave his equipment a squeeze for emphasis.

Chuck couldn't believe what he was hearing! Boy, when Meg decided to move, she moved *FAST*.

"I'll tell you, Chuck, I think we should take this back up to the car and see what happens."

HE WAS IN! Meg Robinson was actually going to let him have sex with her. What a day!!

"Sure, Meg, I was thinking the same thing myself," he said as a sly smile wrinkled the corner of his face. "Let's towel off and walk back up. I'd love to.. .to get to know you better."

As Meg and he toweled off, Chuck could not help but feast his eyes on Meg's lovely body. Just to think, that was soon going to be HIS. He was going to plant her, leave his juicy seed inside her. This was going to be a fuck to remember for a very long time.

Chuck gazed into her eyes longingly as she wrapped the towel around her, then he took her hand and led her up the grassy path toward his car. His sense of anticipation was almost overwhelming. They tried to be especially quiet as they approached the hedges around the little parking area so they could see if there was anyone else there. After all, it wouldn't do for them to walk into the lot naked if someone else was there, even if they did have towels wrapped around them.

They didn't hear a word, so Chuck led Meg around the hedges and toward his car. Thank goodness no intruder had arrived to spoil his fun. When they got to the car, Chuck turned her toward him and kissed her again. He just couldn't get enough.

Their arms were still intertwined when he opened the back door. It was at that point that Chuck made the most astounding discovery. All of his clothes had been taken! Every stitch! In their place was only Meg's clothes. Wait, there were a lot of girl clothes on the back seat of his car, more than Meg would have worn. It was not only that his clothes had been taken but they had been replaced by girl clothes!!! What was going on here!! Meg seemed as surprised as Chuck was.

"What the hell is going on here?!" blurted Chuck. "Someone must have come up here and swiped my stuff! Did you see anyone sneak up to the car? No, of course, you didn't! That's silly. You would have told me. What am I supposed to do? All these thieves left me was girl's clothes! *Girl's* clothes!! How am I supposed to wear *THESE* back to the campus?" he asked indignantly.

"Well, Chuck, I'll try to do my best to ignore your disparaging comments about female clothes. As for your situation, you don't have a lot of choice, do you? It's either these frillies or going back to the campus buck naked. Talk about embarrassment!! Wearing these female clothes has to be better than that. Here, let me help you into them," she said as she held out a pair of silky panties toward him, draped on one finger.

Chuck could even smell a delicate whiff of perfume emanating from them. This was real girl stuff, all right.

"I don't have to wear the underwear, do I?"

"I wouldn't worry about having the underwear on. No one will know because all they'll be able to see is your pretty dress," she said teasingly. "So you might as well wear it. After all, it's very important to keep yourself down in front," she said as she looked down at his semi-erect member bobbing out from his abdomen.

"The material will probably feel nice against your skin anyway. Take my word for it," she added.

Her logic was right. Chuck couldn't deny that so he

went ahead and pulled the flimsy garment up his legs.

“That’s good,” she said. “I can see that they fit you pretty well. I guess whoever picked these clothes out for you must have made a good guess about how big you are.”

That started him thinking, but he couldn’t follow it through because there were lots of other things on his mind that crowded it out. Most importantly, Meg was holding up a BRASSIERE for him as the next garment to put on. She had a very wicked, impish smile on her face.

“You’re going to need this Chuck. As you know, things just wouldn’t look right without it. Look, they even left some foam bra pads so you will have the proper curves!” she said excitedly.

Chuck purposely avoided eye contact with her as he slipped his arms through the shoulder straps of the intimate garment. He couldn’t believe that he was actually putting on a real brassiere—and he was doing it in the presence of one of the most influential girls on campus! If word ever got out about this.. .he would be ruined. Absolutely ruined!

Meg reminded Chuck to sit on the seat of the car “while you put on your pantyhose” so he wouldn’t get any runs in them. It felt incredibly strange to him to hear her refer to the gossamer garment as “your” pantyhose.

Once he had tugged at them enough to get the waistband up over his hips and into place, Meg slipped some white pumps with two-inch heels on him. He could feel them sliding into place smoothly over his stockinged foot. They felt a little snugger than he was used to but they were not uncomfortable, just different. He noticed immediately that his feet looked much smaller in the pumps than they did in his male shoes.

“Meg, I don’t know how to walk in these.”

“Shush, Chuck,” she said, quieting him. “There’s no reason to squawk about your heels. You certainly can’t wear those clodhoppers that you wore out here with your girl clothes, even if we still had them. So these pretty little pumps are your only option, I am sure you realize.”

Then she paused and smiled impishly. “Just remember to swish your hips as you walk,” she continued. “I’m sure you

want to get dressed as quickly as possible, don't you...or someone may come along and discover you in the process of getting into your girl-things. I just can't imagine what they would think."

Chuck immediately appreciated the point she was making and decided to focus his attention on getting himself presentable.. even if that meant being presentable as a female.

As he got dressed, all kinds of thoughts were running through his mind. Whoever was behind this prank, it seemed, could at least have left him a pair of jeans and a blouse—but they didn't. No, the next garment was a very lacy slip. Meg literally squealed with delight when she saw it in the pile of clothes that had been left for Chuck. Soon its frilly hem descended over his head and the garment enveloped him in the most wonderful silky sensations imaginable. It felt like when he hugged a woman in her lingerie—except that this time his own body was being hugged!

"The slip's going to make your dress hang just right, Chuck. There's really nothing like feeling your slip caress you beneath your dress all day."

He knew what was coming next—HIS DRESS! He, Chuck Mackie, was actually getting ready to put on a dress!! This was completely weird—but it was happening! He stepped in the top of the dress while Meg tucked in the hem of his slip into the bodice. As he pulled it up over his new breasts and into place, he experienced a new sensation: it seemed to flow over his new curves. He felt pretty, much prettier than he even had in his life—but then he remembered that he was actually standing outside—where anyone could see him-in a girl's dress.

Instinctively, he started to get in the car when Meg reminded him that he was missing the last part of his outfit—a brunette wig. Meg handed it to him as he seated himself. As soon as the wig was in place, he could hear Meg snicker softly under her breath. She was actually laughing at him—albeit discretely. He stalled to tell her straight out that she should show a little less pleasure in his predicament, but he knew that it would have no effect so he said nothing.

"Move over on the seat, Chuck, you simply must see yourself in the rear view mirror!"

Meg pushed him by the elbow across the front seat of the car so he could see himself. There he was... in all his beauty!! His jaw dropped open as he realized what a transformation the clothes had produced in his appearance. He actually looked like a pretty young coed of the scrubbed-face, wholesome sort. (Of course, he didn't have on any makeup.) He couldn't believe how convincing he looked. He would have asked himself out for date, no question about it!

"Stop admiring yourself, Pretty Boy," said Meg teasingly, "or maybe I should say *Pretty Girl*." Chuck blushed a bright shade of pink.

"If you can tear yourself away from admiring yourself, we probably should go back to the GRL house so we can get you changed."

"I wasn't... admiring myself, Meg," Chuck stammered.

"If you weren't admiring yourself, I can't imagine what you were doing, Chuck—or maybe I should call you Charlene. That's it. That will be your new name until we get back."

She really knew how to rub it in. Damn broad. All of this from a girl who was snuggling up to him naked just a few minutes ago. All of the sexual excitement and anticipation they had enjoyed had gotten totally lost in his frantic desire to get back to the campus with an absolute minimum of embarrassment.

The drive back to the GRL house took about twenty minutes. Chuck's eyes scanned the side of the road the whole time to see if anyone took special note of his appearance. Luckily, no one did.

He had never been as happy in his life as he was to see the GRL house. Would it be his refuge from embarrassment?

"Now when we walk up to the house, Charlene, don't run because that will just attract attention—and remember to swish your hips so your walk will look as naturally feminine as possible."

Chuck could not have been more humiliated.

Their walk from the car to the house was very tense—at least for Chuck. Meg had to remind him to take his hand away from the small of her back when he started to guide her

up the sidewalk. A security guard looked their way from about fifty yards away but soon was looking somewhere else. All Chuck could think about was that he was going to make it to the door. The most humiliating interlude in his life was just about to come to an end.

As soon as they were inside the house, Meg directed him down the corridor toward the left and then down some stairs to the basement.

“Right down here, Charlene. Don’t worry, we’ll take care of you.”

What did the “we” mean? He thought that he was in this only with Meg. As soon as he was at the bottom of the stairs, Meg turned on the light of the sorority’s rec room.

“Surprise, Chuck!!!” he heard from at least twenty voices.

He had been tricked!! Horribly, horribly tricked!! A large group of the GRL sisters were gathered there and were apparently expecting him. Their faces beamed with the hideous smiles of those who have succeeded in a sharp-edged practical joke.