

FRAT 6
Nice Girls Keep on Coming



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COMING

by **Gabrielle Johnson**

“Rachel doesn’t seem to want to talk to me,” said Ted Moore, his jaw tight as he stared at Marilyn, the first man he’d ever seen, he thought, who’d become a woman. She crossed her shapely legs in her tight, black skirt and smiled at the man who was staring at her beautifully made-up face. Evelyn had tried something new about her eyes, “smoky eyes are in”. Mari-

lyn was inflicting them, and her subtle, new femininity, on Ted.

"So you tracked me from the sorority to tell me that?" asked Marilyn, delaying telling him she knew every detail of Ted's tryst with Rachel. The other girl hadn't left out a word, not about her period in full bloom, nor the way Ted believed it and hadn't tried to find out what was in her panties. Ted was looking forward to dating her in a week or so when she wasn't going to be so bloody, as Rachel had said she was.

"I want to see her again," said Ted, his vehemence startling himself as much as it did Marilyn. She took a sip of her wine and regarded the man opposite her, looking quite rattled at what he'd said. So, I was right, thought Marilyn, thinking over the conversation she'd had with Rachel.

"She got called to Vegas for an interview," said Marilyn guardedly, repeating what she and Bob Maslow had agreed was best for Rachel to do. She'd been as flushed and rattled as Ted was, wiggling prettily, if she but knew, as she begged them to help her avoid another tryst with Ted.

Because you liked it so much, and, next time, you're going to give in to him completely, Marilyn had wanted to say. But Bob, ever the diplomat, said it could be arranged and came up with this excuse. Rachel had been disappointed, it seemed to Marilyn, to have her wishes met so quickly.

"That will work," Rachel had said. Alan Fox had co-operated instantly with Bob, giving Rachel an assignment to coax the female impersonator, Mary Dalton, back into the fold. He wanted Mary to headline his hotel club for a while and to arrange trysts, if she still wanted them, back in Vegas, for guys like the O'Reillys, on their annual visit.

"She could have told me," said Ted Moore petulantly, like a little boy. "I've a lot of holiday time stacked up. I could have gone with her."

"It's her first job out of university," said Marilyn sweetly, "if she gets it. She'll probably have to work there, not here ..."

"Tell me where in Vegas she is," said Ted with a frown. "You girls in Rho House are connected to so many rich Alphas. I bet one of them provided her with a job to keep her away from me."

"Now why would we do that?" Marilyn asked sweetly, seeing Bob Maslow entering the University Club with her father and Judge Thurston, laughing together.

"To, to keep her away from me," repeated Ted Moore thickly.

"Because she had sex with you?" asked Marilyn very sweetly again.

"Of course," snapped Ted Moore, not at all the serene gentleman he'd been before in talking to the frat or to Marilyn herself.

Hmm, he's got it bad, thought Marilyn in amusement. Wait till I tell Bob. Ted's definitely over me, isn't he, she thought. Now, he was acting like a man fixated, in love, with Rachel Porter, another man like him, if he only knew.

"But does he know?" Bob had asked as Marilyn was relaxing, sated with their furious lovemaking, wriggling her tush against Bob's flaccid manhood, knowing she could make him rise and have her again whenever she pleased.

"I think so and said so to Rachel," said Marilyn seductively. "I don't think our little ploy under the showers worked. She had to say she was having a bad period. But she was so active with him sticking it into her as you do me, darling Robert. She should just have

kissed him a little and left. That's what a woman would have done, wouldn't she?"

"Wow, you in the showers," murmured Bob Maslow, his limpness disappearing rapidly as he thought of his fiancée naked and then in her bikini. Oh that artificial vagina had had an incredible workout that night, as did her gyrating, feminine tush.

"If you want Rachel," Marilyn had said softly to Ted earlier, setting aside her memory of that wonderful tryst with her fiancé, "you have to come clean with her."

Ted Moore went very still, the whiskey stopping halfway to his mouth. "I've been honest," Marilyn went on in the sultry tones she'd been practicing in her drama classes. "I showed you mine and you're not attracted to me any more, now you know what I am. You want a girl like Rachel, don't you? Or that other girl, like me, Linda, wasn't it? This tracking down Bryan Fairfax's disappearance is all a subterfuge, isn't it? You want a special girl, one like me, in your bed."

Ted Moore set down his drink. He swallowed hard and stared at Marilyn for several seconds, not saying a word. "You're right," he said finally. "I haven't been honest with, with anyone."

"You're pursuing girls like me," said Marilyn slowly. "Some people would call that very sick."

"Perverted," said Ted Moore gloomily. "The judge told me to stop. Your father doesn't want me to investigate these disappearances any more. They don't want me parading out even one girl, you, who used to be man, and embarrassing the university and the trustees."

"So they know about Linda and, and others," said Marilyn, fright making her bra pull tighter about her.

"No," said Ted Moore. "I'm the only one who's figured it out. All the disappearances, the crossdressers who responded to Fairfax's alter ego, Lily. That's what

he's done, hasn't he? He's a woman now as well, isn't he? I only told my uncle it was about girls and sex. They didn't want to know more. They said it's just kids these days. No, Rachel is quite safe."

"Safe from you?" asked Marilyn, seeing Bob pat the elders on the back and start to head towards her, frowning when he saw it was Ted Moore she was drinking with.

"I'd never tell anyone about her," said Ted, looking Marilyn straight in her lovely, newly made-up eyes. "It was so clear in Fairfax's notes, what he said about his girlie boy friend. I thought I'd be as appalled as I was about you. But I met you, and then Rachel. She's safe from me, she really is, Marilyn. And so are you and that other girl, Linda. No, I'm finished checking and detecting. I, I'd like to tell Rachel that, to her face. Do you think?"

"Of course," said Marilyn with an amused smile, thinking about how to get her own back on the other girl for all she'd inflicted on Marilyn, on Granger Aitken. There, she'd used 'her' old name one last time. Yes, Rachel was going to have one more date, at least, with Ted. And Marilyn wasn't going to tell Rachel that Ted knew about her. Let the girl enjoy being made love to as if she was a woman. Sooner or later, things would heat up. Ted, too, could explain his way out of the predicament he'd put himself in.

Marilyn was smiling as Bob arrived and took her in his arms and kissed her laughing mouth. "What's the joke?" he asked, nodding to the man he still thought of as his rival for Marilyn.

"It's on Rachel," said Marilyn. "But she's going to enjoy it so much when she finds out that nice girls who break the rules have more fun!"

The small, perfectly formed female figure twirled across the stage, a seductive smile on her bright, scarlet mouth. She was in gold-sequined panties and bra which showed off her breasts, tiny waist, hips and lovely legs to feminine advantage. The male dancer, bare-chested and muscular, bounded after her, caught her and the two performed a wild, adagio dance which ended with her draped around the muscular, young man most suggestively as he carried her off.

The audience's applause was instantaneous as the evening-gowned emcee came to the microphone to once again smile and proclaim 'Tanya and Giorgio' to the seemingly enraptured crowd.

"You can sit down, Alan," said Steve Pendleton in amusement. "Your future wife knows how much you love her, I think, by now."

"Aren't you worried sometimes," asked Dr Jane Livingstone, her arm through Steve's, "that an attractive dancer like Giorgio is going to entice Tanya, sooner or later, to pay more attention to him than to you, Alan?"

Alan Fox knew he was being teased. "Not Giorgio," he said with a laugh. "His sexual preference is gay, manly gay. I try to make sure all the male dancers are but there's still a few, like Walter Riker, who find our Rho and ex-Rho girls enchanting! He's the big favorite of our new chorus line, you know!"

"Quite impressive," said Steve Pembleton, squeezing his wife-to-be's hand and smiling into her attractively madeup face. "You should charge Alan extra fees, darling, for all the work you've done giving him the most delightful group of dancers I've seen in any night club."

"She should pay me," countered Alan before the lovely doctor had a chance to retort. "Think of all the

advertising I'm doing for the clinic! I should be paid for that!"

A long-legged cocktail waitress passed in front of their table then. Like the other Rho girls serving as waitresses, Christine wore black pantyhose that made her lovely legs even more slender. Her figure filled the costume most delightfully, her waist tiny, her hips so rounded, like her breasts. The top halves of the full globes were exposed by her bunny costume. Yes, she had the bunny ears and white, fluffy tail that *Playboy* clubs had made famous.

When Christine leaned forward to place the drinks in front of the party of alumni and alumna, her breasts clearly jiggled. She laughed at some remark by one of the men she was serving and wiggled her tush for him. He ran a hand over hips and upper thighs.

Her long, blonde hair fell forward and partly obscured the thin straps over her shoulders that kept the costume in place.

The alumni, men from four and five years before, in the Alpha fraternity, knew how to tip a girl like Christine, caressing her breasts as they put large bills in the new girl's real cleavage.

"Just think, only half a year ago, what she was," murmured an admiring Steve Pembleton as his fiancée tugged on his arm and smiled femininely at him. "She's surely a dancer as well."

"In the second chorus," agreed Alan Fox, watching for Tanya to appear in the passageway that led from the girls' dressing rooms to the audience. "Christine likes to be out among the men, though, as do all the girls I can persuade to be waitresses. It's not the tips they like, of course, but the attention they get."

"And they score a male friend for the evening," said Steve with a laugh again at his friend.

Alan Fox scowled at the man beside him. "No, Steve," he said as Jane began to remonstrate with the

man who wished her to be his bride. "This place is not a brothel or a bordello. We don't allow the girls to take men to their rooms for money."

"But all the girls do take men to their rooms, don't they?" Steve persisted while his fiancée beside him shook her head at his crassness.

"Some do," said Alan with a frown, "and some don't. Denise, the redhead over there, laughing with Matt Oliver and his friends, won't be taking anyone to her room, not with her boy friend, Glen, over there, playing guitar tonight. And Christine," he indicated the lovely cocktail waitress, "she has a thing for Taggart, the football star."

"Not fair," said Steve Pembleton. "All the girls should be available for trysts ..."

"Just like it was when you were frat President?" asked Alan. "You were one of those who started the rule that a Rho girl had to do anything that an Alpha man wanted, weren't you?"

"He's changed his mind on that," said Jane Livingstone, snuggling up to her husband-to-be who put his arm around her shoulders, soft and feminine to his touch. "What Bryan was doing, what he did ..." Jane shuddered as she thought of the rape she'd endured and the penalty the Alpha men had inflicted on the person she should now think of as Trudi.

Yes, that was work that Jane Livingstone had put her heart and soul into, making that girl, Trudi, as feminine as the limits of cosmetics could make her, without making the final snip many of the Councils, alumni, grads and undergrads thought Trudi deserved. Luckily, the word hadn't got out to everyone because if it had, and a vote had been called for, Jane had no doubt Trudi would now be without any male appendages, able to join Ashley Robins in her video performances.

“Ah, here’s Tanya,” said Alan Fox, jumping to his feet to meet the lovely girl who came swishing out of the performers’ passageway.

Steve and Jane watched in amusement, as did a lot of the audience, as Alan hugged the blonde girl to him. She had her exquisitely madeup eyes closed in bliss as she kissed the man who clearly loved her so. It was the talk of the whole alumni association for several months that Alan Fox was not sleeping around any more with any girl he could put his hands on.

Many of the girls, of course, thought that it was very unfair, what Alan Fox was doing. They wanted a turn with him, many said, some even saying that they’d have given up all their sleeping around if they’d known that Alan wanted a Rho girl to be exclusively his. But now, it was obvious to everyone that Alan Fox was in love, and with one of the newest girls of all, Tanya Langton, who’d stolen his heart.

“We have to go over the final arrangements for our wedding,” Steve protested as the couple turned away from the stage where the band was assembling to start the second part of the main show, the beautiful chorus line of former and present Rho girls, about to enchant the audience again with their femininity and female style.

“Let them go,” murmured Jane, seeing the way that Tanya was clinging to her lover. There was something a little amiss there, she didn’t doubt. But once Alan got away from the club to the private suite he shared with the blonde dancer, she swishing away so lovingly in her white cocktail dress, Jane didn’t doubt that Alan would have the means of making whatever was ailing the girl go away completely.

Tanya sat on top of her lover, her breasts still so perky, her nipples large and erect as she swayed on Alan, his manhood still inside her, as she roused him for another full session of lovemaking.

Alan had almost crushed her in his desire to have her as his woman as soon as they got into their suite. She'd been fully aroused as it was and denied him nothing of her body, of undressing her or of relishing her breasts and lips with his delirious kisses. They were united together in seconds, her panties discarded on the floor, no tape on her appendages. Tanya had known she wouldn't need to tape, not with the way that she was feeling. Feminine desire was cascading through her to make love to the man who seemed to love her so much.

"I just couldn't stand one minute more of what Giorgio was saying to Marco," Tanya began again as she swayed on top of Alan, he hardening inside her. He held her hands and would draw her on top of him at any moment, she knew, kissing and kissing her, caressing her clit that was growing again as she caressed him, until speech between them became impossible.

"Tell me again," said Alan, squeezing her soft, feminine hands, touching her thighs, so soft and girlish, everything about her, her rounded, bouncing breasts and active 'clit' clearly yearning for his attentions.

"It was just the way he was sneering about queens like me," said Tanya with a shudder. "That's the word he uses all the time, describing us girls as if we were a lower species of life than he and Marco."

"And Marco agreed with this as well?" asked Alan, his hands slipping along her thighs and finally touching her clit which made her react, her long-lashed eyelids closing in ecstasy as he sat up, wriggling the cush-



ion in place so he could kiss her while her loving breasts caressed his naked chest.

"Giorgio asked me how I liked his, his cock," Tanya said. "Wasn't it just so great to have a man like him to dance with? I should go down on him before and after we perform. He wanted us to compare, you know, in front of Marco."

"Marco didn't want you that as well, did he?" asked Alan, drawing the girl to him so that he could kiss and fondle her.

"No, he told George not to be so crude," Tanya managed to gasp even as her temperature was rising with what she and Alan were doing. "It, it was just how, how it made me feel. I, I didn't feel I was a Rho girl any more! I felt, I felt, like I was some kind of ..."

"Don't say or think it," said Alan, crushing his teary-eyed girl friend in his arms. "You're my woman, Tanya. You're going to be my wife. And you're never going to have to dance with a clod like George Smith again."

Alan Fox fumed as he drew Tanya's lips onto his. She was his woman. He had a hard time convincing her of that on occasions when she had recriminations with herself on what she'd allowed herself to become. And George Smith, a gay man, had no right to bad-mouth the wonderful 'girl' in Alan's arms.

"But I have to dance with someone," murmured Tanya as Alan eased her over. Her legs rose over his back as Alan seriously began to penetrate her. She couldn't think of anything for a while but being a woman to the kind and thoughtful man who was entering her.

Oh, I am a 'her' when I'm with Alan, Tanya gloried to herself, wiggling and writhing. Her passion rose as Alan stroked her breasts as he drove into her, one of his hands on her clit, arousing her to a climax that made her squeal. She shook and shook as she was a

woman to the lordly man taking her with such enthusiasm.

Alan held her until Tanya climaxed with him, each releasing and shivering in delight together. He buried his tongue in her mouth as she put her thin arms about her man's head and gyrated her aroused, girlish body against his, glorying in the spasms she felt coursing through her feminized body. Oh, I am a girl, she thought in bliss, I am a girl.

And in a month, she, Tanya was going to be a bride, just two weeks after Jane Livingstone married her man. And all the girls in her year, and more, would be her bridesmaids. And all the men of Alpha House who were staying on to do graduate work over the summer would be there as groomsmen and ushers. Oh, how her girl friends were looking forward to that.

And all Alan's friends, male and female, Alpha men and Rho girls, were going to be there at the hotel. Tanya had already seen the bookings. The hotel was going to be full! And no-one was going home for the night, not even married couples like Daley and Josie, Frank and Karen, Brenda and Will, who'd be back from their long honeymoon. And then began a long series of marriages as many of the girls wanted their day as a bride in front of all their friends.

Kelly had been in, talking to girls about wedding dresses and wondering if she should organize a wedding show, just for Rho girls. Tanya had to talk to Alan about it as she'd promised the older Rho girl.

"Who knows?" Kelly had said archly. "I might have to get in on this marriage kick myself!"

"If you've found the right man," Tanya had lilted at the girl who was as much of a girl as she was, she'd been told. She'd flushed at the amused look on Kelly's face as she realized how much like a girl she must sound, both in her voice and in the subject she was talking about.