

Frat 7
**Girls; Better Late
Than Never**



Gabrielle Johnson





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FRAT SEVEN:
GIRLS BETTER LATE
THAN NEVER

by Gabrielle Johnson

Jill closed her eyes, not wanting to see people staring at her as she kissed Max at the end of that dance, feeling the rise of girlish feelings again inside her. But she was exulting as well. She'd come out to this ball in a woman's gown, in a woman's seductive underwear, in high-heeled shoes, in makeup and a wig, and had danced like a woman. No-one was pointing at her and laughing. And she was kissing a man on his lips. She was a girl.

“Say it,” murmured Max with a smile. “Say it, my princess, or I’m going to kiss you again and again and not let anyone else dance with you.”

It was the threat of being kissed so disturbingly again that made Jill frantically whisper the sentence to her ‘boy friend’ that he’d said she had to say all through the night and she’d get through it easily.

“I’m a girl,” she whispered desperately to Max. “My name is Princess Gillian and I’m a girl.”

Max had smiled at her, the first time she’d said it, hugging her nervous body against his, her dress swirling so femininely. Then, he’d introduced her to Peter Simpson, President of the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity, who’d said he was delighted to dance with a new Rho girl. He’d kissed her at the end of the dance but it wasn’t like being kissed by Max at all. It was really like kissing one of the children at the last party Norm had attended with the family back home.

In fact, no-one else Jill danced with aroused her in the way that Max Wagner did. When Max took her, telling her how fragrant a girl she was, stroking her hips and the tops of her panties, she could say to him, “I’m a girl,” because she did feel as if she was a girl in his arms. It was most disconcerting. Oh, she had to find Monica and be all girly with her as they were sometimes at home. They’d make up and discuss boy friends because that was what Monica said that girls did all the time. And Jill, her new girl friend, would have all kinds of stories to tell, wouldn’t she? Real ones, this time!

I can’t tell Monica about this, thought Jill, panic starting to set in, as Max kissed her so passionately. She felt herself, so much a girl, leaning into him, enjoying, yes, enjoying being kissed by a man. You don’t feel this way when Monica kisses you, do you? The little voice in Jill’s head had to be extinguished. It was, by

the arrival of Evelyn, the beautician, with Linda's hand in hers.

"Come on, Princess Gillian," said the beautician with a smile. "You girls have been doing so much kissing that you need your lipsticks replenished." Linda smiled and pulled a face at the blushing Jill. "I'll bring her back all fresh and new, Mr Wagner, in a few minutes."

It was unbelievable, the crush of women, about the bathroom, as Jill was led there with Linda. Jill wanted to protest that she couldn't go in there; but Evelyn glanced back at her and said, "You are a girl, Princess Gillian, aren't you? Say it to yourself. I am a girl. I am a girl. I am a girl."

Whispering it, Jill managed to go into the Ladies' Room, trying not to stare at what many of the women were doing, having to remove their dresses to accommodate themselves to the toilets.

The noise and the subjects talked about made Jill blush while Linda and Evelyn seemed quite used to it. They found a section near to a mirror where the girls could repair their makeup. At any moment, Jill was sure she was going to be challenged and bundled away, thrown out of the Ladies' Room by angry women. But it didn't happen. Evelyn took the lipstick pencil from her shaking, nervous hands and re-did Jill's lips for her, while Linda did her own.

"There," said Evelyn, straightening the neckline of Jill's dress over the phony breasts that she had taped over her chest. "You look as pretty a princess as you should, Princess Gillian. Just a little gloss on your lips, sister, and there you are, the perfectly pretty Rho girl!"

"Ooo," said Linda in her lilting voice so much like Evelyn's. "Put some on my lips as well, Evelyn! Matt looks so good with my lipstick on his face!"

"Of course, Princess Linda," said a laughing Evelyn. "Now, see how I do it, new sisters of mine. I won't be here all night, you know. I'm trysting with Eddie Pope later! He's getting really worked up after dancing and kissing both of you young ladies. So, do it like this, Princess Gillian, watch yourself as you bring your lips together and think about just kissing your man lightly for a while, right?"

Jill was shivering again, knowing she was so enjoying being in a girl's dress and pretending to be a girl. Yes, it was such a wonderful dream to be told by others that she was a girl, as well, to be accepted as a girl, her dress swishing about her, releasing the most wonderful, feminine sensations in her. Jill followed Evelyn and the other Princess out of the Ladies' Room. And there they were in the mirrors, three gorgeous girls, Jill told herself, she the only one not smiling as she held her sisters' hands and swished out to the floor where Max, Matt and Ed were waiting for them.

Gillian could hear other people laughing as she was swept into Max's arms. His kiss ruined her lipstick again. "Oh, we shouldn't be doing this," Jill whispered to Max seeing behind him how Linda was still passionately locked in Matt's arms, her own about his neck, the nipples of her breasts aroused and clearly visible through her lovely, pink dress and the pushup bra she was wearing.

"It's exactly what we should be doing," whispered Max as he held the perfumed girl so tightly to him. "You are a girl, a pretty princess and my lovely date for this evening, the belle of the ball."

"D-Don't s-say s-such things," whispered Jill as she buried her head in his shoulder as he swayed her away from the others. She felt his hands on her tush, caressing her delightfully, reminding her that she was wearing panties and a garter belt. Oh, but she couldn't let him do that! It was far too arousing of her girlish emo-

tions. There, she'd admitted to herself that she had girlie feelings! Ooo, they were getting worse, increasing in strength and delight. She had to grab Max's caressing hands, leaving her mouth unprotected to his new, devouring kiss.

"You are a girl, you are a girl, you are a girl," murmured Max Wagner, watching how anxious she became and how she tried to hide against him, her delicate touch quite arousing to his body and manhood. "Say it, Princess Gillian, or do we stay here and make out all night long?"

"Please!" Jill whispered, fright still on the verge of her mind. She wished that she could talk out loud like Princess Linda. Linda had such a lovely voice but she was a girl after all, despite what she'd said. Jill couldn't believe still what the girls of the sisterhood she was apparently joining would want with someone like Jill, a crossdresser - there, she'd admitted that as well to herself - in their sorority.

Was 'Princess Gillian' some kind of joke that they were going to play on some unsuspecting member of the Alpha fraternity? But Max knew all about her, didn't he? And he'd said, when she'd whispered her doubts to him, that this was no joke. Princess Gillian was a girl, he'd reiterated, his arm about her, his hand caressing her arm, fondling her tush for the first time, making the strangest of desires start to rise in her, beneath her panties. Thank goodness she was taped there, or her strange desire might have been evident to everyone on the dance floor.

Now Max was caressing her back and arms as he held her tight to him. He kissed Jill again, really drawing her in tight to him, her padded breasts moving as he touched her in ways she'd never thought a man would ever do to her, not even when she was in women's clothing.

"I'm a girl," Jill whispered hurriedly to Max and he grinned at her.

"Let's dance," Max whispered back. "I want the pleasure of kissing my princess again and again tonight. You really do kiss like a girl, you know. And that's because ..." he paused expectantly.

"Because I am a girl," Jill whispered, feeling his hands pressing on her tush again. He pressed her hard to him, her thighs and lovely dress against his lower body. Oh, Jill quivered as she saw what she looked like in the mirrored walls. And around Jill were the two other Gamma Rho princesses she'd seen earlier, in the arms of fratmen whom she, Jill, had danced with. The other girls in tiaras were both so pretty but looked as strained as Jill felt. They stared into the faces of the men twirling them, to make them react as femininely as they'd made Jill behave.

Max laughed as she looked up at him, a wild expression in her lovely, painted eyes. "Yes, my darling Princess Gillian," he murmured. "There are other girls like you whom you'll get to know later in your sorority after tonight." That shocked Jill to her core, her phoney breasts and bare shoulders starting to shudder. Her dress swirled about her as Max swished her around.

"We can't stay here much longer," he whispered as she saw how haunted her feminine face had begun to look, "not with the way I'm feeling. Princess Linda and Matt have already scooted out of here, I don't think you noticed that, and we've danced enough to satisfy the rules. It's time for your boy friend, me, to take home his beautiful debutante princess, you."

"But I ..." began Jill, backing away again with another bout of the shivers..

"... am a beautiful girl," said Max with a smile, still holding Jill firmly. "Smile, Princess Gillian, and we'll join the line up. I think that all of Alpha House and

their girls are leaving now. Princess Linda moving out with Matt Reilly was a signal that it's time for all of us guys to start our loving trysts tonight."

"But I'm not ..." Jill got as far as saying before she was kissed again. She was shaking as Max steered her into the line of couples, the other princesses way ahead of them, clinging to other young men, as the parade led out of the Grand Ball. All along the university walkways, there were people applauding the parade of lovely girls in gorgeous dresses, swishing along the pathways in the direction of Alpha and Rho House.

And I'm one of them, Jill gasped to herself as she felt her dress sway against her so femininely. A little wind made her hair blow over her face as she felt Max move against her to protect her, as well as to put the soft, silky wrap about her shoulders.

"Thank you," she murmured, thanking the deities that this night was soon going to be over. She could stop being Jill for a while, even though she knew she was going to dream about this forever.

"My princess," murmured Max Wagner as he steered the girl along, kissing her as they strolled, she still a little wobbly on her high heels.

"Where, where are we going?" asked Jill suddenly, her voice alarmed and suddenly quite male.

"Sh-h-h," whispered Max Wagner. "We're going into Alpha House where a girl like you has some customs to observe."

"Customs," Jill whispered, her distress rising, her feminine emotions not easing off at all. It was still so wonderful to be wearing stockings, to be in a swishy dress, to be strolling in high-heeled women's shoes, to have a man's arm around her. She felt so girlie and knew she had to back off or ... or she might do something she would regret and Monica would blame her for.

"It's nothing difficult," laughed Max, squeezing her to him. "Rho girls have to kiss their men when they pass Founders' Gate. And you have to go to a man's room for the first time as a Rho debutante. Then, you will really be a Rho girl. See, it isn't much at all. Now, what are you, Princess Gillian?"

"I, I'm a girl," Jill whispered doubtfully as she followed the other couples into Alpha House. She had to stop and wait as there was a lineup of couples passing the Gateway, where several, the other princesses in their pretty tiaras were held for an age, kissed for over a minute passionately before going forward, the girls usually with sparkling eyes, as if they knew, as Jill did on seeing the kisses, that they were going in to get laid.

"She's, she's going to get laid," Jill whispered to Max as the couple in front of them kissed thoroughly, his hand working the girl's breasts which she seemed to enjoy. She certainly didn't stop the man doing what he was doing.

Max moved his princess forward and kissed her passionately. He wouldn't stop even though her dress was swishing noisily all about her and her hair was falling all down her back, tickling and arousing her. Jill knew she was blushing and shaking as she heard the couples behind Max and her calling out that the two of them should get a room. Max waved and smiled as he kissed her, not letting go until he had thoroughly aroused the feminine passion in his Princess.

Max's lips finally released hers, the girlish feelings he'd aroused making Jill push her padded chest into his as if she was really a girl. She felt like a girl. She tottered forward as Max turned and waved again to the couples behind them. "Yes," he said to Princess Gillian, his arm about her shoulders, "we will get a room, won't we, my darling princess. This is the way to my room, my darling."

"M-Max," whispered the girl, Jill thinking of herself like that. She lifted the skirts of her long dress as the girls ahead of her had done so that she didn't fall on the stairs despite her boy friend's arm about her. She hadn't called him that aloud but Max had been asking her to. "I, I have to get back to Rho House and change."

"You forgot to say that you were a girl," said Max, ushering his feminine, swishing girl friend up the main staircase of Alpha House. They went along the main hallway to where his room filled in a corner. There, she could totter to his window that overlooked ballgown-wearing girls, those who weren't being brought into Alpha House by their dates, in the parade down to Rho House. There were as many girls dressed in gowns like Jill, their dates dressed like Max, going into the House, as there were gorgeous girls in short, flirty dance dresses leaving on the arms of men, obviously going out, into town on further, extended dates.

But in every case, it seemed to Jill, who watched the parade of pretty girls in front of her, trembling as she thought of herself as one of them, the Rho girls were sparkling and hanging on to their men, many stopping for kisses and caresses along the way to Rho or to Alpha House. None of the kisses nor any erotic caressing did any girl object to. It was true what Max had told her repeatedly. She couldn't refuse what a man did to her. She had to smile and pretend she liked a man doing whatever he did to her even if she didn't like it or want him to.

"That's how Rho girls behave," said Max, coming behind her, his door closed and bolted, she saw nervously. He put his arms about Gillian's pulled-in, feminine waist. "You'll be like that from tomorrow on."

Jill shook her hair and earrings, hot embarrassment rising inside her as a man caressed her as she recalled she had done to Monica. Monica, of course, liked it,

and became all femmy when she was touched by Norm as Max was now touching Jill.

"I, I can't be like that," Princess Gillian whispered to this man behind her, breathing on her bare shoulder, making her shudder. Jill knew that there was no-one but her 'boy friend' to hear her but she couldn't let him think she was anything but what she really was, a man, a husband. It was true, though, that she hadn't thought of Monica and what she might be doing in a while.

"Why not?" asked Max Wagner, his hands caressing Jill's arms which made her quiver as she knew he was treating her like a girl deliberately and would continue to do so, even though he knew ...

Max let his hands rise to her breasts as he tugged her back against him, Jill shaking and feeling so womanly as her dress swung against her. Her bra tightened against her and for a moment it was if her breasts were real as he kissed her neck and murmured compliments about her Chanel perfume.

Max Wagner kissed Jill's hair lovingly, her ears and cheek softly as well. She freed herself from his hands even though he knew she couldn't really feel his caresses with all the padding she had. But there still was a little tug on her nipples beneath the treasure chest that made her wish that the covering against her skin was real. Oh, to really feel like this, the nervous thought rose inside her. She would be a girl then, wouldn't she? She almost repeated what Max demanded that she say all the time. I am a girl, she thought, and every nerve in her body was on edge.

"They're real girls," began Jill, jumping a little when she felt his hand slide out of hers and touch her hip and tush.

"What are you?" asked Max, hoping she would still play the game.

Jill turned as Max drew her to him. "I'm a girl," she whispered, knowing she was going to be kissed. Max didn't disappoint her. He lifted her arms about his neck and lowered his head to her lips. She agonized as she realized that they were alone in his room, the door closed, she in her long, swishy dress.

I shouldn't be doing this, Jill thought, but she did it anyway. She lifted her lips as she had seen so many girls doing and closed her eyes as she felt her dress swishing over her legs so wonderfully, so effeminately. What was the point of wearing a dress if she didn't enjoy feeling like a girl? Max had asked her that and chilled her early in the evening. After all, it was what Monica had said to her husband as well.

But Jill had thought about it as Max danced with her and knew that he was right. If she just wasn't so overwhelmed by all the femininity around her, femininity that she was a part of, as she'd wanted to be when she was dressing up in her wife's clothes ... oh, she didn't feel like a man any more.

Jill's lips met Max's and she felt the delight start again inside her. Max's tongue slid over her mouth and then was inside hers. I'm a girl, she thought unsteadily, as she kissed a man as if she was. She opened her lips slightly, as a girl who liked kissing that way would have. He took full advantage, sliding his tongue deeply into her mouth.

Oh, yes, you're a girl, Jill thought, as she was pressed back against the wall and Max's hands traced out her waist and hips, brushing her dress against her thighs, finding her garter belt and stockings with which he began to play. A shriek rose in her throat as she tried to break free but that only led to her falling, falling in a mass of rustly, female dress until she was laying on a bed beneath a man who was still kissing her most eagerly.

"I can't ..." Jill began, not knowing how feminine was the look on her face as she accepted yet another wonderful kiss from her new 'boy friend'.

"What are you?" Max whispered in her ear, blowing on her long hair and earring, raising all kinds of femininity inside his princess.

"I'm a girl but ..." Jill began.

"You are as much of a girl as every Rho girl that you've seen here tonight, in fact all day long," said Max Wagner firmly, knowing it was time to reveal the secret of the sisterhood to her. She didn't understand him, as he expected. He lifted Jill's long, shapely, stockinged legs up onto the bed and lay on her between them, her dress hiked up. She must know what was going to happen to a girl like her, to a willing girl like her.

"No, I'm not real ..." Jill started again, trying to hold him off her, from crushing her panties and garter belt as he seemed intent on doing. Oh, Max was kissing her as she, Jill, no, Norm, kissed her wife when he was trying to entice her into having sex with him. But what was he saying about Rho girls? A tremor went through her as Max Wagner stroked her legs. Ooo, she loved the way she felt, so much like a girl, as Max did that through her dress.

"The Rho girls you've seen going in and out with their boy friends aren't what you would call real girls, either, my pretty Gillian. Neither were all the girls you saw in Rho House," said Max Wagner, knowing it was the time to make the purpose of the sorority clear to his lovely princess. He rose over her, while she went still in shock, understanding at last what he was saying, as he went on and on about Rho girls not being real, just as she wasn't. "You've been certain, my darling Princess Gillian, that there was some catch in this dressing

you up so exquisitely. You thought it was some way of humiliating you, but it isn't.

"The only catch, my darling girl, is that all the Rho girls out there, from Linda to Emma, Evelyn and all the others, were once girls just like you. Yes, you don't have to fight me, darling Jill."

Jill was hardly conscious that she was doing that as her mind heard and rejected all that he was saying. He was tantalizing her, she was certain. He was saying things that would make her behave more like a girl with him. But they weren't true! They couldn't be! Girls like Emma and Evelyn and Adele were real girls! Weren't they? But Max was caressing her, making room for her to thresh about beside him as if he sympathized with the shock she felt at what he was telling her.

"Linda could have, should have, shown you her clitoris," Max went on, reaching up and caressing her hair, removing her earrings as he did so. He took the tiara from her hair, stroking it gently as if it too was really a part of her. "If you had bathed together, I think that she would have. Her clit is just like yours, darling Jill."

Jill stared over at this man speaking in such soft, coaxing tones. "Yes, her clit is what we call what she has, what you have, my darling girl," Max was going on, kissing her face and neck between his words, just holding her stunned body as she stared at him, knowing that he must be lying to her. A whole sisterhood of men just like her? Jill's mind reeled in the enormity of that thought.

"Linda doesn't just think this. She knows," Max whispered as his hand caressed Jill's hip, catching her garter belt. His touch on her soft-skinned leg sent tremors through her, delight mixed in with distress as she listened to him talking, knowing he was explain-

ing to her why she should surrender as a girl to him and so hardly believing at all what he was saying.

"Linda's sure that you're a girl like her, Princess Gillian," Max whispered on as the girl in his arms lay there, shocked and still. He stroked her hip very slowly, just enough to acknowledge that he still thought of Jill as a girl. "She's eager to become a Rho girl and make love to a man as she is doing now with Matt. So are the other girls, Barbara and Jennifer, the debs you only saw from a distances.

"Linda will show you everything about her, in the next few days, as she is something of an exhibitionist. Other girls are more restrained but they will confirm everything I say is true. To become a Rho girl, all you have to do is be a girl, all the way. Linda thinks you want that, as all debutantes do."

"A girl! All the way?" gasped Jill, knowing that she was being manipulated into loving a man and knowing that she wanted to be manipulated as well. No, she told herself, don't be an idiot! She tried to free herself from Max's heavier body pressing down on her.

She'd seemed so girlish when she had first lain there but now Jill panicked as she saw Max's purpose in putting her on the bed! He wanted her to be a woman for him! And she was dressed in such a way that she could be, couldn't she? She struck at Max's shoulder in panic again but it was like hitting wood. "I'm not ..."

"Don't tell me what you're not," Max whispered gently to her, lowering his head to kiss her cheek so delicately when she moved her lips away. "I know all that. I don't think, though, that you know what you really are, my darling girl, do you? You are a girl tonight, my princess, and you always will be."

Jill squirmed in her dress, feeling so trapped as she lay on Max's bed, his mouth possessing hers. His bab-

bled words to her were so strange that she could barely comprehend them. What did he mean that she was as much of a girl as all the other Rho girls?

That would mean that all the pretty girls she'd met, who'd dressed her and done her makeup, applauded her in dancing class, were like her, were men like her, and were off on a loving tryst with another man ... A cold chill spread throughout Jill's body. And Monica was gone, she thought desperately. She had no-one to protect her!

"Tell me what you are," said Max, repeating it constantly as Jill struggled and moaned at the words filling her reeling brain with the unlikeliest of ideas and concepts. He couldn't really think that she, Jill, a man like him, would really let him make love to her. She couldn't, not if every man she'd danced with at the ball, turned out to be a woman, in fact!

"Please say it," murmured Max gently, caressing her hair again, her arms and slender, corseted waist. "You are a girl tonight, aren't you, my darling?" His kiss sealed her fate. She knew how she felt and knew that she, Gillian, wasn't any kind of man at all.

"I, I'm a girl," Jill murmured, a tremor passing through her. Max lifted from her. In one way, that was such a relief and, in another, she felt a twinge of disappointment as he wasn't pressing her down like a girl on his bed any more.

Max sat on the side of the bed and drew Jill, backwards to sit on his knees. She quivered as she did so, expecting him to kiss her neck and hair again but then she felt his hand sliding down the zipper that held her long, lovely dress to her body.

"Don't!" Jill shrieked, realizing that he was going to go through with making her into his woman. He was going to make her love him as women did for their men. She squeaked at the idea sweeping through her.

Max Wagner's hands gently but insistently slid the dress from Jill, touching, no, fondling her bra, her panties, her garter belt and stockings, as her dress and slip were drawn from her now struggling, feminized body.

"It's the rite of passage to becoming a Rho girl," whispered Max, pulling the frightened 'girl' back beside him on the bed, her hands trying to fight him off in her anguish. "You have to go through the whole rite, my darling Jill, but it isn't difficult. You dress like a girl. You're outstandingly pretty. You kiss a man as if you were a girl. I can attest to all of that. The last part is that you have to make love to a man and be his girl as well."

"You can't mean that!" spluttered Jill, trying to break free from the man holding her, his hand on her gartered thigh, stroking it so seductively. His caress was making her feel so much like a girl. He was twisting her and kissing her as she tried to kick him. Both of his hands were caressing her legs. Ooo, she'd never felt more girlish in her life, certainly not with Monica making love to Jill in the nightie Jill had had to buy for herself.

"I mean every word, my darling princess," Max said earnestly as he turned her against him, under him on his bed as he kissed her more passionately than anyone had ever kissed Jill in her life before. His hand caressed her panties and tush, while she grabbed at them to keep him under control but she shook as she kissed him back.

Oh yes, Jill was a girl, wasn't she? If Max would just touch her and make her feel the way that his kisses made her feel ... Yes, she had longed to be a girl and she was a girl, but all the way! That would be so horrible! She couldn't do that! But if she was a girl, she knew he would say she was, she would have to practice kissing men and pleasing them. Wasn't that what

he'd said as he'd walked her, his girl friend, through the crowds going to the grand ball?

While Jill had been whirling her hair about his face, trying to make Max get off her, Max had taken off his shirt, she noted, her temperature starting to rise again. His hairy chest was against her bra. She felt his bare, hairy legs on hers. Jill's were so much smoother, girlier, than his. Jill squealed as she was lifted a little then and her panties moved aside.

"What are you trying to ...?" Jill cried and then she felt his enlarged manhood seeking to penetrate her, while she was being caressed all over as if she was indeed a girl. She was responding like a girl as well, kissing her man as passionately as he was kissing her. He rolled her to her back and lifted her legs about him, his manhood entering her as she screamed and fought with him.

"I can't do this!" Jill squealed. "I'm not, I'm not, n-not g-gay, M-Max!"

"Neither am I," replied Max firmly. "But I am a man, Gillian, and I have needs that only a woman can requite. And you, my darling princess, you are a woman, my woman, and you will please me, my woman. You, my Princess Gillian, you will love me."

"I won't ...!" Jill screamed as his mouth descended on hers once more and refused to let her break away. She beat on him and scratched at him with her feminine fingernails. But Max was too strong. He held her up, stilling her wriggling as he penetrated her. She begged him not to, but her protests were cut short as she couldn't free her mouth from his.

"I'm not ..." a girl, Jill wanted to say, but that didn't seem to bother Max. He was inside her, driving into her into a frenzy, as she ripped at him with her nails, trying to stop him.

"My darling girl," Max whispered to her and Jill felt him jerking inside her. And worst of all, he was stroking and fondling her while wild ideas that she was now a girl were seething through her. It was his kisses which were driving her crazy, she knew, as he stroked and caressed her femininely padded body as if she was indeed a girl with her smooth legs about him.

"Ooo!" Jill gasped as his hands fondled and aroused her thighs. Oh, she wanted to be his woman. She really did. She wanted to know how it felt to be a woman, to be like her wife, taking it from a man like Norm. But Max was no Norm Clark.

No, he was something far out of Jill's league she was sure. Max Wagner was a real man, strong and powerful, with such adorable muscles that she was caressing instead of pushing from her.

Max smothered her again with kisses and whispered to her what an adorable girl she was. Jill felt herself twitching beneath her man. So this was what it felt like to be a girl, she thought, as she writhed with Max's caresses all over her. She clasped his head as his kisses awakened every part of her girlish body. Oh, yes, she told herself, I am a girl! And this is how she takes a man inside her! Oh, it hurt! But pleasantly, and she didn't want him to stop!

"You are my girl," whispered Max at her as Jill felt him driving in and out of her just as Monica made her husband do. Only now it was Jill being 'poked' and kissed at the same time as her tush and thighs, garters and panties were being stroked as well. And there was a terrible pain at her groin where she had been taped back by Adele before Max had arrived to claim her.

"No-o-o!" Jill screamed again as she felt Max's hand tear away the tape that concealed her manhood so effectively.

"It's all right, Jill," said the man making love to her as if she was a woman. "It's all right. Relax for a minute and let feeling come back to you as it should."

Jill almost cried as she relaxed and felt her panties being freed from her legs and then used to caress her 'clitoris' as Max called what she had.

"What are you doing to me?" Jill gasped, not caring how she sounded as she felt the slight movement of Max's manhood in her tush.

"I'm making love to my woman," whispered Max, leaning tightly against Jill. "And if I am going to lose myself in the ecstasy of climaxing with my woman, she should be climaxing with me as well. There, can't you feel it, Jill, as I can. Your clit is becoming engaged, isn't it? It loves what I am doing to you and it wants to be part of our making love. It wants you to have the pleasure of making it as my woman."

Jill knew it was completely wrong. He was manipulating her again because Max was as sick as the girls who had dressed her as she was. But Max's tongue was in her mouth again. She wiggled to get him off her but that only meant that he became more active in fucking her. Yes, that was what it was. He was a man and he was fucking her. And she wanted it. Her clit was so hard in the panties that pressed against his abdomen. She, Princess Gillian, wanted these feelings inside her to grow as they were. She wanted to be Monica and really feel what it was to be a woman, a woman at last!

Jill squealed at the intensity of her emotions as Max so thoroughly caressed and made love to her. She felt like a girl. More, she was a girl. She felt the onrush of emotions that she'd never felt before. She convulsed against Max as spasm after spasm shook her as she dimly realized that it wasn't just Max making love to her in his bed. No, Jill was definitely making love to

her man, wriggling and bouncing, swaying against her man in her desire to be united to him.

Jill climaxed and felt Max come inside her as well. She couldn't help it. She was crying as Max held her, trying to kiss her, pressing her breasts back against her, her clit soaking her panties with her emissions which she could only think of in the most negative light.

But Max wouldn't hear anything that Jill wanted to say about being a man, about being gay, or perverted, or worse. "That was marvelous, my darling," he had to tell her, still fondling and stroking her and what was left of her girlish lingerie. "You had an orgasm, a woman's orgasm, on your very first time with a man. I told you what a gorgeous girl you are and you've proved it."

Max eased from Jill's ravaged body then and let her lie lightly in his arms, not trying to do more than console her gently with his lips and soft touches, her skin quivering against his, she so smooth and he so manly and rough, until her crying slowly died away. It took her several minutes to lean back into him and kiss his lips. It was the sweetest kiss he'd ever had in his life, Max thought, as he let Princess Gillian make all of the moves then.

It took her half an hour of foreplay before Gillian finally took over completely and moved against him, pulling him down on her. She gasped at the size of his erection but she said nothing as she opened her legs again and let Max enter her as he had done before. Then, Jill was the sweetest, most loving woman that Max Wagner had ever had. She wanted to kiss him through the whole process and didn't fight with his hands as they sought to arouse her womanhood.

By morning, Jill lay in Max's arms, rising over him, kneeling on either side of him as she let him bury his



manhood into her. She bounced and gloried in his penetration of her, thanking him in her not too feminine whisper for making her into a Rho girl.

“Do you want this wife of yours to recognize you when she comes back onto Campus?” Dr Greg Nettles asked the highly nervous debutante girl across the desk from her.

“I, I don’t know,” said the girl, pushing back the tresses that fell across her face from the wig she was wearing. She was very pretty and Greg Nettles would have liked to take her out on a tryst, or even take her here in his office, between assignments with Shelley and Martina, the nurses.

But the notation on the file was very clear. This girl was Max Wagner’s girl friend. Princess Gillian had been a debutante at the last ball of the year and was now ensconced in Rho House, still under the mentorship of her first boy friend, a graduate student in the next year and an invitee to be part of the new Alpha Frat Council under Ray Baker

Dr Nettles turned the computer towards Jill and she winced as she saw herself, her face fully covering the screen. “Facial feminization,” said the doctor with a smile. “We can do this.” Greg had the program show what Jill would look like with a bobbed, thinner nose, with her brows shaved back just a little, her chin pointed and shaped more thinly, her cheekbones changed, and many combinations of procedures that he could do.

“I, I don’t want all that done to me!” protested Jill.

Greg smiled. He’d heard many Rho girls say the same thing that Jill was saying and then they came back. Some were still coming back, like Shelley, his

'work of art', years after they had left State. He'd learned so many new procedures from his travels to Thailand as well as other sexual reassignment clinics.

"No," agreed Greg. "You are very pretty, Jill. I dare say Max says that to you all the time but you don't believe him ... because he's in love with you ... and you think love blinds him, don't you?"

Jill flushed very prettily and Greg guessed why Max Wagner was still seeing this girl rather than passing her on to the frat in general. She really was quite delicate in her mannerisms, really feminine already. Her voice needed work. Greg could help that with the shaving of her Adam's apple. It really wasn't very prominent but a little work on the girl's larynx could help. He should convince her to let him work on her chin and jawline as well as her nose.

"We'll schedule you in for a T and A, that's tits and ass," said Greg Nettles to the blushing girl once more. She was clearly very nervous about her short dress and was pulling on the hem as if she could make it cover more of her long, shapely legs. Hormones would do most of the work on softening this girl into a woman who would be like Jane, Greg's partner in the clinic.

Jane Livingstone was soon to become Mrs Steve Pembleton. What a tizzy the girl was in now, over her bridal gown, and the arrangements for the wedding out at the Fox Hotel. With all the girls that Jane had worked on, it seemed as if everyone wanted to be there that weekend, to either be a bridesmaid to Jane or to bring boy friends to the wedding to see what the guys had to go through if they wanted exclusive use of the lovely girl they were shacked up with.

It wasn't as if that was the only wedding of the year or even the first. The first had been Brenda Lawrence and Will Merton. That was going to be enormous but it

was going to include a lot of people who knew nothing about the specialness of Alpha Rho Mu and Gamma Rho. Jane's wedding would be exclusively Alpha and Rho later in the year and then there was Alan Fox himself and Tanya Langton.

Yes, Alan Fox was going to have a gold mine, in the hotel and club just out of town, as Rho girls started to look for men to commit to them and make them into wives and mothers. And that meant money for Greg Nettles, the surgeon thought with a smile.

Oh, yes. While you're in town, pop into the clinic and let Dr Greg fix that heavy jawline, bob that nose, tighten those breasts, enlarge them, decrease them, and/or contour the body so much more femininely. Oh yes, hormones had done their work but weren't doing anything any more than maintenance of the lovely T and As that he and Jane provided. Yes, a little cosmetic surgery at every wedding. After all, Rho girls deserved the best, didn't they?

Jill shivered as Dr Nettles went on about what he thought she should have done to her face. "B-But then I won't look like me," she finally managed to gasp.

"That might be a good idea," said Greg Nettles as Shelley came bustling in to where he was showing Jill where she could find good examples of feminization surgeries on *You Tube*. "You might not want your ex- to find you if you are Mrs Wagner by the end of next summer!"

"Dr Greg's a little crude at times," Max Wagner agreed later as he walked his shaking, lovely girl friend through the main part of the university, she no longer as bothered by all the attention and looks she got from all the guys who were working, as Max was, on projects over the summer.

"He wanted to change me totally," said Jill anxiously, wishing again that she hadn't allowed Max to

talk her into wearing the short, black dress that he'd bought for her deliberately 'to show off her pretty legs'. They showed them off too well and they showed off her panties as well, whenever she sat.

Jill colored anew each time she thought of the girls in short skirts she'd stared at when she was out and dressed as a boy. Now, she was in the same predicament and didn't know how to handle it save not to wear such femmy clothing as she always did. But it was all so wonderful to be in girl's clothing, to look like a girl, to have others look at her as if she was a girl.

It was all Max's fault as he was buying her clothes, lingerie and jewellery every day. Ooo, and he wanted to see her in everything he bought. She had to model her lingerie for him and, inevitably, that meant that she was a girl in his bed. Ooo, he made love to her, whenever and wherever he wanted, making sure that Jill knew that she was a woman now.

Max was buying Jill jewellery and cosmetics all the time, bracelets, necklaces and earrings of course. Her huge, golden hoop earrings were a gift from him that very day while her glossy lips were from the Ravishing Red lipstick he'd bought her, days before. She staggered on her high heels as she clung to Max's arm and wondered why she was doing that, being so girlie to another man. But she really knew the answer to that one. She loved being dressed like a girl.

"Come," said Max suddenly, drawing Jill after him into an alcove near to the library.

"What is it?" Jill asked in alarm, thinking he'd seen someone who knew her from her life as Norm Clark. But it wasn't that at all. As soon as she was in his arms in the alcove, what he wanted to do was to kiss her passionately, his hands on her tush, caressing her in her panties and pantyhose, reminding her that when

she was dressed like a girl, Jill had to act like a girl with her boy friend.

Jill nervously put her arms about Max's neck and kissed him back passionately, ignoring the wolf whistles from some guys passing them and obviously watching what the long-haired, blonde 'girl' was allowing her man to do to her.

"They envy me," said Max Wagner, hugging his shaking girl friend to him. He knew she wasn't yet a complete Rho girl. How could she be when she had a wife, Monica, out there somewhere? But once Jill had her own breasts, like Linda, her best friend among the girls of Rho House, Jill was not ever going to be going back to being a man or a husband.

Neither were the other new girls, Barbara and Jennifer, who were settling into the role of being a pretty girl with many boy friends much more quickly than Jill. In contrast to those typical Rho girls, loving every man who came to their room, Max was thinking, strangely for him, that the demure, attractive girl in his arms would make a man a fantastic wife.

"Look," said Max. "I'll come with you tomorrow to see Dr Greg. We'll make it very clear how far he can go. You will love your new breasts and tush, as I will. This is a good time to get them, over the summer, when there aren't loads of men around staring at you and any bandages you have to wear."

"But that would only be ..." whispered Jill with another shiver. She knew what Max wanted her to do and how it would mean that she would never be Norm Clark again.

"Yes, if you wanted your nose bobbed or some other feminization done," said Max. "You might like the results, Jill. Don't worry about paying for what you want as I'll take care of all the bills, or my father's investment in me will, I should say. And I think that no

investment is better than what a man puts into his wife. She should have lovely, lovely, real breasts, shouldn't she? And a soft tush and ..."

Jill went rigid against Max. He had to kiss her several times before she could stop the feelings churning through her. His soft touch on her face as he moved back Jill's hair and softly lured her into responding to his kisses wakened her to how thrilling it was to be a girl friend to this really demanding, nice guy.

"We have to go to the boutique again," Max whispered in the shaking girl's ear, each of his touches making her clutch at him, especially when his hands reached down her legs, below her skirt and caressed her legs against him. She gasped as she kissed him, shifting her body and hips but still keeping her arms about his neck as he caressed what he would have called girl's stockinged legs.

"We have to buy you a hat and a dress for Jane and Steve's wedding," Max said as he breathed on her lovely golden band of an earring. "And you can see what a gorgeous bride Jane is going to be. I'll be imagining that it's you going to the altar to meet me, your future husband, you know. Oh, and I have to order you a bouquet of flowers as well. I wouldn't doubt that you'll outshine the bride on her wedding day, my darling Jill."

But then Max could say no more as Jill lifted herself on tiptoes in her high heels and kissed him so marvelously, so wonderfully girlishly, on his lips, her body pressed against his, deliberately raising his manliness which she pleased as she swayed so femininely against him.