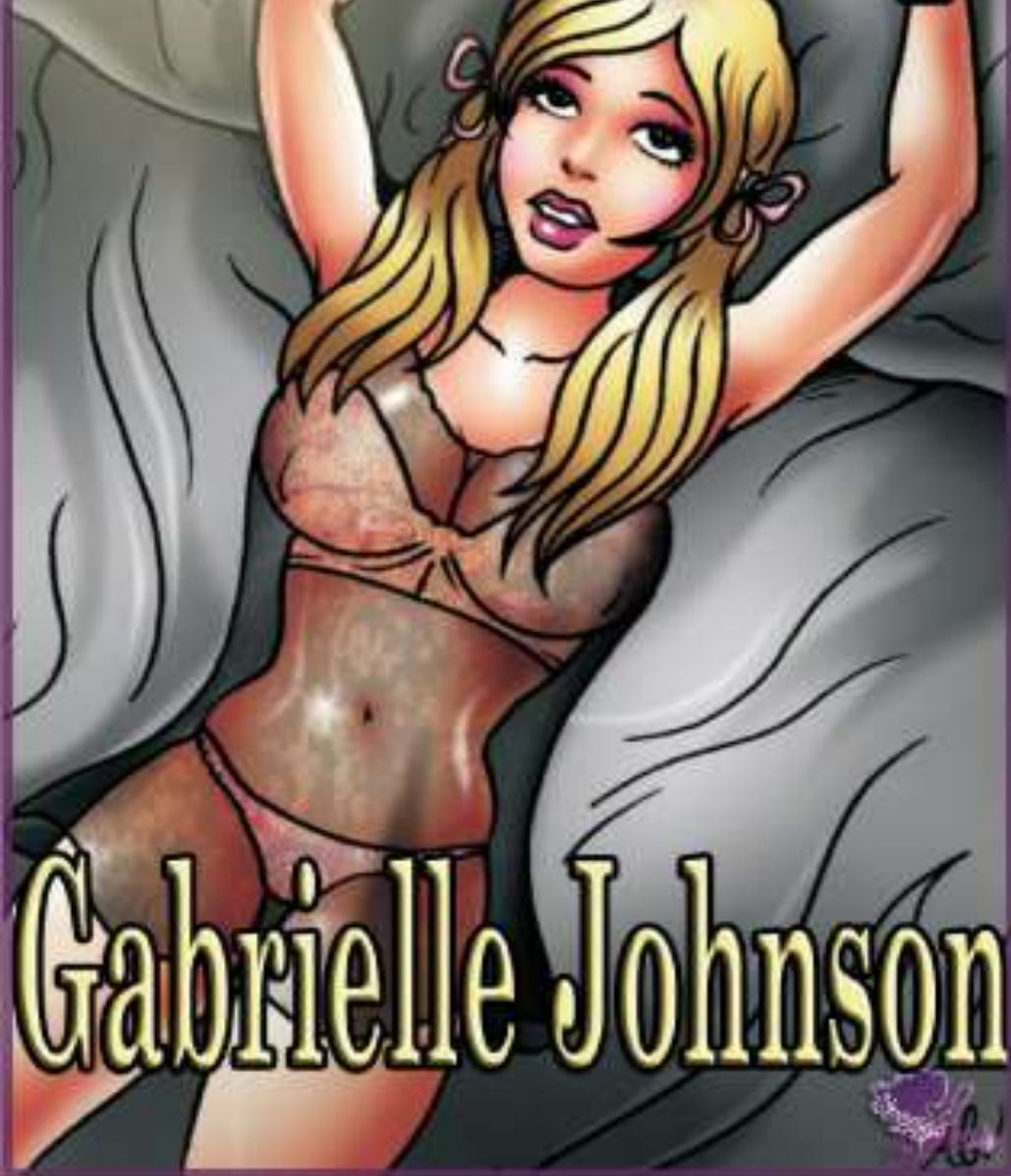


# Frat 4: Girls On Top



Gabrielle Johnson

## FRAT 4 GIRLS ON TOP

by Gabrielle Johnson

Michelle Waters stood with her arms about Christine's thin waist, laughing with her at the line of girls, Wendy in the lead, who were doing a very ragged can-can. About the only thing they could do really well was to fling their skirts over their backs and show off their frilly, white panties, black stockings and black garter belts.

"You should be in that group," gushed Michelle, letting her little skirt brush against Christine's, making the other girl gasp and shiver as she didn't really know how to handle teasing from another girl. The caresses that the older girls gave one another were something that especially tantalized her.

"You have the cutest of tushes, Christine," said Michelle with a wicked smile at the girl who would be bouncing around the pole next with the six of them who were going to do a special schoolgirl strip to their artificial vaginas. When they were dressed up, or down, for the show, it was going to really heat up all the males in the audience, Michelle knew, from having performed several times in shows.

This, however, was going to be the debut of her breasts, her lovely breasts, and she was so looking forward to showing them off to all the men in the fraternity. She'd be the leader in luring the men in the front rows to put what passed for money at the show in her g-string which she would then strip off to show she was a real woman, well, as real as the prosthesis all the girls would wear, throughout the show, allowed them to be.

Christine was so nervous, even though it was only rehearsing that was

taking part. "I wouldn't want to be doing any more skits," she said. "The can-can looks so hard to do. It's so professional."

Michelle was caressing the other girl's tush when she suddenly felt a hand on hers, caressing her as well.

She turned, thinking that it would be Rachel or Emma, telling her not to tease the blushing newcomer but it wasn't either of them, it was Joe Taggart, smiling down at her.

"Joe," Michelle gasped. "Aren't you supposed to be off playing football for another two days? You haven't broken curfew, have you? What are you doing in here?"

The last sentence wasn't quite finished before Joe was kissing her mouth. His hands were working on her tush and her costume, such as it was, her breasts dancing delightfully against his man-hard, muscular chest.

"Game's cancelled," said Joe Taggart. "Blew back into campus just twenty minutes ago. So here I am to make love to my girl. I know you haven't missed me, girl, but have I ever missed you! All I've been thinking every night in bed was my girl and the way that she twisted me around on induction night. I ain't had any girl love me like that, ever!"

Christine shivered even more against Michelle as Joe was pushing her back against the other girl, the bandage off her nose just that night.

Melissa called for a break as she worked the can-can girls, concentrating on the way they high-kicked, insisting on unison of height in the kick and rhythm in the dancing.

"See, she let me in," said Joe, smiling down at Michelle while Christine blushed and stared at the male and female interaction going on beside her. "Melissa said I could take you out for the break. Oh, baby, I got to have you, I do."

“Oh,” said Michelle with a sweet smile. “I wouldn’t have dallied with all the men I did this afternoon if you’d called me. I’m in a vaggie as well for this dance Christine and I are going to do ...”

“Have you been bonking all afternoon as my girl friend has?” Joe Taggart asked the other blonde girl, standing with them so nervously, Michelle still girlishly holding her hand.

“Oh, no,” said Christine, flushing prettily.

“I don’t know you, do I?” asked Joe with a smile. “Hey, Michelle, how about your friend comes with us for a quick threesome?”

“No!” gasped Christine shrilly, trying to let go of Michelle’s hand.

“Oh, come on,” Michelle said with a smile. “It will be fun! We’ll teach this big bag of wind, who thinks one girl isn’t enough for him, that he isn’t man enough for girls like you and me!”

Christine tried to protest and break off but Joe’s muscular arm went about her. She felt herself propelled along with the prettiest, flirtiest girl in the chorus line, and the most masculine guy in the fraternity. All the girls were sighing over ‘Tag’, wondering when he was going to get over his fascination with Michelle’s breasts and begin to fondle theirs.

Christine’s heart began to beat more quickly as Joe held her. He lowered his arm to caress her tush as he was caressing Michelle’s, she cooing and squealing and telling him she loved him doing that. He kissed Michelle forcefully and slowed to kiss Christine in the same way. All the other costumed, waiting girls began to giggle and applaud them as they left the rehearsal and headed for the ‘free’ bedrooms on the lower floor of Rho House.

Christine was barely over other girls giggling at her, when she was tossed onto a bed. A heavy man crashed onto her, stroking her long legs forcefully as he pulled off her skirt. Michelle was wrapped around the man’s head as

he began to pull down Christine's panties. Michelle was giggling and directing Tag on where to put his tongue in her artificial vagina, squealing away in pleasure as Tag, almost on automatic, turned Christine. He lubricated her tush, forcing his way into her, one of his hands caressing her breasts as she gasped and gasped as she rolled over. His mouth found her clit while, beneath her, Michelle was devouring Tag as well.

It was a tangle of body parts. Michelle didn't just kiss Tag, or fondle him. She was insatiable, it seemed, kissing Christine just as forcefully as Tag, caressing breasts and panties and guiding Tag into finally setting down and penetrating Christine gently but firmly. The two of them worked on her breasts and clit, and before Christine could object in any way, she was coming in what a laughing Michelle told her was a woman's orgasm.

Christine shivered and shook as Tag loved the way she was desperately convulsing beneath him. He stretched her out and made love to her forcefully, over and over. It was a while before Christine even noticed that Michelle was gone. She was alone with the huge, ardent male who was filling her yet again, and making her feel such ecstasy, as he penetrated her so deeply.

"I think I'm in love," said the big man, kissing the girl who, six weeks before, had fought against wearing a dress.

"I love you," Christine whispered, shivering as she said it. Tag reacted just as she had hoped that he would. He made love to her, telling her what a sweet girl she was, caressing and fondling all the rounded additions to her skinny body that now excited her so. He stayed with her and slept with his strong arms about her all night. In the morning, Tag still wanted her and she still wanted him. Christine cried with joy when he finally erupted inside her, kissing and kissing him through her tears, which only made him love her even more.

“Oh, girl, Christine,” said Tag finally, exhausted. “Loving you is more strenuous than any workout. “I’m going to be dead on the field today. The coaches are going to be so mad at me.”

“I’m sorry,” murmured the girl, who was thrilling to the journey she had made in such a short space of time. She was thinking about the dance she would be practicing again that afternoon and how Tag would love to see his Christine cavorting around the stage almost naked, a woman.

“Put on a frilly dress,” Tag ordered Christine, “And come out to practice with me. When the coaches see you, and know who’s taken all my strength and power, they’re not going to blame me! But they are going to tell you when I can make love to you and when I can’t. And when I’m not sleeping here with you, my darling, I don’t want you sleeping with any other guy, you hear me. You’re my girl now and nobody else’s, you hear!”

“Oh, yes, Tag,” said Christine demurely, looking up at the man braced over her, laying down his rules for her, how provocatively she was to dress as a girl, but really just for him.

Tag groaned. “Oh, don’t be like that,” he moaned as Christine thought she’d done something wrong. “Don’t be so sweet and shy and lovely, my wonderful girl,” Tag went on as he lowered his body again on her. She felt his male erection between her thighs. His eyes crinkled when she couldn’t help her clit, yes, she had to call it that, the girls insisted, correcting any man who got the wrong word for what agitated across Tag’s abdomen as he crushed her so delightfully in her bed. “You’re such a beautiful girl,” Tad ended. They were hugging and caressing one another as they made love again, he prolonging his eruption until she was in the throes of her ‘orgasm’ once more.

Yes, Tag had a terrible practice that day. Christine sat demurely in the stands to watch him, shivering in the cold. And yes, the coach did want to

see her after practice, the first time anyone of any importance at the university had ever noticed she existed, Christine thought. She minced along on the assistant's arm to the office of the university's most powerful man. He had rules to give her as the girl friend of a major star football player, thrilling Christine no end that he didn't treat her as anything but a pretty girl.

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Will Merton kissed the cold, soft, sticky lips of the girl he was going to marry soon. It was a tender, loving goodbye on the steps of Rho House that amused both Brenda's and his friends. It was so chilly with Christmas around the corner. Luckily, Rho girls paid little attention to the weather. They didn't wear pants and huge jackets to hide what they were, attractive women, on a cold, wintry morning. He and his 'friends' watched Brenda walk away with her girl friends. The men he was with were all smiling as the girls swayed in their high heels down the wide pathway that led into the university proper. The upper year girls led the newest girls in the sorority into the crowd who were on the fraternity road just beyond. Brenda naturally turned, her blonde hair gleaming as she tossed it back, and waved femininely to the men watching her walk away. Even those with other girl friends kept telling Will what a lucky dog he was to have exclusive rights in the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity to the delectable Brenda. It made Will's heart lurch and a part of his anatomy stiffen, a part that should have been satisfied with all the attention it had received in bed from Will's gorgeous fiancée. She pointed with a red fingernail and counted down the line of watching men, stopping on the seventh beat, smiling and giggling with Michelle, the girl who was going to be her chief bridesmaid at her wedding. Her counting meant that she'd seen and recognized him still watching her. She recognized that he was the seventh man along watching her sexy walk away from them all.

Brenda wiggled her tush just for him, then, laughing and smiling as she did it, pointing at him. She and Michelle turned off, after the delightful, feminine display, that others out there, as well as those on the steps seemed to have enjoyed. They linked arms prettily with Olivia. The science-nerdy girl was still very nervous about her status as a pretty Rho girl. Yet, she was getting prettier, girlier, by the day under the tutelage of Evelyn, the current queen of the cosmetologists in Rho House.

Being out in public as part of the most popular and feminine sorority on State Campus was always the hardest part of their transformations for new Rho girls. Olivia was no different, as a debutante. Femininely manicured hands waved again as the girls deliberately exaggerated their feminine walks and disappeared into the crowds of students heading for last classes before exams.

“You lucky dog, Merton,” said Max Wagner, a fourth year classman like Will Merton, clapping his fraternity brother on the shoulder. “If I could tumble Brenda, I think I’d give up catting around and build me a love nest as I hear you’re doing.”

“Amazing how word gets around in this place,” said Will with a smile. The ink probably wasn’t dry on the contract for the house and grounds he’d purchased on the lake where Alan Fox was having a hotel renovated. The hotel would soon be the site of the wedding of the year, at least as far as the Alpha fraternity and Rho sorority were concerned. Brenda was as popular with the Rho girls as she was lusted after by the Alpha men. And Rho girls lusted after Will Merton, too.

“You’ve got a meeting today?” asked Max Wagner. Will looked at the other sharply.

“Just Logic 101,” said Max with a smile. “You and Bertie Boy here send your girl friends off to wow all the guys on campus but scholars like you



are not in class on a study day. Peter's not even down and, look, here come's the alumni rep, back from the salt mines in Rho. Yes, it's a big meeting, I think."

Will watched as Bob Maslow stopped, his arm about the willowy girl in the attractive grey skirt, fitted grey jacket and pink silk blouse, her hair blonde and held back by ribbons that Marilyn seemed to love wearing of late. She kissed her boy friend before she went on her way, a smile on her lovely face. Yes, since the bandages had come off Marilyn's face, Bob Maslow had become a fixture on campus. He had to be to fend off all the Alpha men who swarmed about Marilyn when Bob was caught in a meeting. He was another 'lucky dog', Will had heard many men say of him.

Will moved away from the others to greet Bob, noticing how Bob grimaced at the men following Marilyn's graceful, feminine progress into the university. "I wish they wouldn't look so lustfully after my girl friend," said Bob Maslow.

"You should have seen them when Brenda left me with Michelle and Olivia," Will said with a rueful smile.

"Oh, yes, Brenda," grinned Bob. "If I'd been here, I'd have been lusting after that sexy tush and perfect legs when she walked away from me." Will joined in the last few words as he had heard it enough times, even used it, before Brenda had somehow fallen into his arms, into his bed, and into love with him. Yes, he was the luckiest of lucky dogs on campus.

"Peter and Rachel out of bed yet?" asked Bob as Lord Albert Conway detached himself from the others. He joined them as they strolled over from Rho House sorority where they had been 'guests' the night before, over to Alpha House, the fraternity that was served by the Rho sorority.

"We really do have to have a word with Peter, buck him up," said Bertie to the two others. "Both houses, the sorority and the frat are beginning to

resemble brothels. I've heard it said all over the place, not just in-house. The amount of bonking has reached astronomical levels, the Physics boys are saying. They think a nova has gone off in boy-girl relationships since Trudi was forced out."

"I don't know how to extinguish or prevent a supernova, do you?" asked Will Merton with a smile.

Ray Baker, still with a year before he became a grad of the university, came down the stairs with a cute girl clinging to his arm. Ray was the fourth member of the council. He looked harried as he bundled the girl to the door, pausing under the 'gateway' to kiss her frantically while she, Angelina, Will thought the beauty was her, took advantage of the situation to press her slender, shapely body against Ray's.

It was on the tip of Will's tongue to tell the new Vice-President to take her back to his room and satisfy the girl; after all, she was kissing Ray passionately and giving off every signal that she wasn't completely sated after the night she'd spent with him.

"I have a meeting," they all heard Ray say to the clingy girl. "And it's important."

"Melanie told us," said the girl, her clear, lilting tones reaching the men waiting for Ray Baker. She looked at them but still kissed Ray again, marking him with her lipstick. "Send her to hell, gentlemen," she called to them. "All the girls say she deserves it!"

"Can't we do anything privately any more?" complained Bertie as the lovely girl went tripping on her high heels out of the fraternity, pausing to flirt with the last of the guys who were there, to watch the girls, especially girls like Angelina, go by.

"We have to keep our own mouths zippered," said Bob Maslow tersely, the alumnus advising the Council.

“Not just our pants,” said Bertie snappishly. He was a little out of sorts since his longtime girl friend, Emma, one of the two Mistresses of the House, who ran the sorority, had found him in bed with Nadine, the ‘tramp’ of the new class. Nadine seemed determined to sleep her way through all of the fraternity before the school year was over. She’d come on to Will but he’d only had to think of Brenda and a girl like Nadine was easy to resist.

The President of the fraternity was still in bed when Will ignored the shout to go away. Will used his pass key to let them all into Peter’s rooms. Peter wasn’t alone, of course. The covers on his bed were pulled back to reveal that the President was being made love to most expertly by a naked girl with gorgeous red hair.

“You’ve got a key to my room!” Peter Simpson raged as the shapely Rachel lifted her lovely head and looked back at the men in the doorway. She smiled as Peter continued to caress her breast and rose, rocking on Peter’s manhood, it being clearly still inside her. Oh gods and goddesses, thought Will, was she ever gorgeous, Rachel Porter! Thank goodness his own lovely Brenda wasn’t there to see the gaga look on his face when he saw what she was doing to Peter. No wonder the lucky dog couldn’t get out of bed.

“You should have put the bolt on,” said Bob Maslow impassively. “Can we ask both of you to finish what you’re doing so expertly and join us in your office, Peter? We do have this meeting to consider what to do with Trudi among other things. We’ve had some complaints, Peter, that you’re letting this frat become nothing more than a brothel of late. We have to discuss that, of course. How long will you be?”

“T-ten minutes,” Peter Simpson said, his eyes rolling back in ecstasy as Rachel began to writhe on top of him.

“An hour,” murmured Rachel, looking over at the men admiring ‘her’. Like

all of the men who had girl friends with them that night, she had a 'clitoris', hers partly disguised by the panties Pete had put over them. He had one hand there between her legs, frantically trying to rouse his girl friend so that she could climax as he would.

Rachel slowly eased herself up and down, on her lover's manhood. A quick glance and you couldn't have told she was as much a man as Peter, thought Will Merton, wondering if he looked as ecstatic as Peter did. Will knew he grunted and groaned with the pleasure of making love to Brenda, as much of a girl as Rachel was.

Rachel smiled and pouted at the men watching. "I'm not really excited yet," Rachel purred as she encouraged her lover to continue arousing his woman, 'her'.

Will ushered the others out, closing the door with the master key he possessed. "It takes a lot to excite Rachel these days ..." he said with a smile at the stunned faces around him.

"Since Alan Fox had her," Bertie said grimly.

"Yes," agreed Will. "But have you ever seen Pete as happy and as aroused as he is now. I haven't, in four years of knowing him."

"Just takes the right girl," said Bob Maslow, turning to look back down the stairs to the foyer and gateway, but Marilyn didn't appear there.

"Which brings us to Trudi," said Will grimly. "And Marilyn's father. Can we deal with that before Peter gets here?"

"It's the same policeman, that Ted Moore," said Bob Maslow, "who wanted the interview with us about Marilyn. He suggested that the old man was going to make a lot of trouble for us." John Aitken was hugely wealthy and hadn't liked the letter he'd received from 'Marilyn', telling him basically not to look for her, but she was his daughter now and not his son.

“Any revelation would hurt him more than it would hurt us,” Berty said impatiently as they all found places around the meeting table. They took the notes Ray was passing out, an account of the last meeting, so long ago now.

“He had a lot of interesting stuff from the computer on which Trudi kept a record of her dealings with our new pledges,” said Bob Maslow. “I think Ted’s been investigating them all.”

“If he has,” said Will as Ray looked puzzled, “he’ll have found that Marilyn isn’t the only one who disappeared from State in the last couple of months. And the web sites for most of the new girls are very revealing about them, which is why Trudi wanted to secure them for the frat.”

“They all wanted to be converted into girls, in some fashion,” said Berty as Ray looked at him with wide, shocked eyes.

“Not all,” Will corrected him. “Not Tanya, not Christine, not Rosemary, not Ellen and not Julia, surprise, surprise.”

“None of them were as girls have been in the past,” Bertie explained to Ray, who knew less than the other men in the room. “I must say Trudi picked the new pledges well. And Rachel had a program organized that brought the new Rho girls into the pursuit of womanly pleasures in no time at all.”

“Angelina?” asked Ray, the first word he’d spoken.

“Knew what she wanted to be but couldn’t afford dresses or women’s clothing on the scholarship she was riding,” said Will. “It appears Trudi found her on the ‘Net and offered her a scholarship but only if she came to State; and only if she applied to the frat to be a pledge. He left her in no doubt what jokers we were, that we’d challenge her to dress as a girl and go to a ball before we’d take her in and pay her the full scholarship.”

“But we never let girls become members of the frat ...” began Ray before

his voice trailed off. "Oh!" he finally ended as the light dawned on him how the pledges were deceived.

"With what we've paid Greg and Doc Jane at the clinic," Bertie cut in. "We're already way over budget at the seventy thousand per girl we planned for this year. Thank goodness for the rich sponsors we're always able to find in the frat." He punched Will's arm as Will was the son of a billionaire.

"Yes, the girls we've assisted in their transformations, the T and A and facial feminizations many of them have been through, plus the backlog we had because Greg went off to Thailand with the girl friend he left over there," said Will, "have cost us over a million already. But," he smiled at the shocked younger man, Ray Baker, "it's worth it, isn't it? And the girls don't complain about not being an Alpha any more, do they, if they ever did. I think Tanya was the only one who would have been trouble. Alan Fox has worked his magic on her as he's done to other intractable girls in the past, notably Rachel."

"Rachel," said Ray, pointing up at the ceiling to the room she was in, making love to Pete Simpson. It was right above them, "was Alan Fox's woman, once?"

"As he tells it," Will went on, "he let Rachel get away. Now she wants nothing to do with him. She was the one who became Trudi's until we decided to change that dynamic. Now she's Peter's for as long as he wants her, she says.

"But the thing that we aren't talking about is this Moore character, Bob. Does he know all this, what we've been doing for the frat? I don't think the brothers would want to go back to not having a Gamma Rho sorority. Dweebs and dorks we may be but we're all getting sex, as much as we want, and for as long as we want, and with as many girls as we can

handle.”

“The variety is doubled, thanks to Trudi,” said Bertie but he still sounded gloomy.

“Ray, have you been with Nadine yet?” asked Bob Maslow.

“Um, no,” said the young man, blushing. “But I, I don’t take any girl regularly. They’re all so nice, you see, and I don’t like ...”

“To disappoint one,” said Bob sympathetically as Will found it hard to keep a straight face. “Do you mind taking Nadine off Bertie’s hands?” He glanced at Bertie who suddenly appeared more alert. “A brother will do that for another brother, Bertie. You can grovel to Emma when she comes to our meeting which she won’t until Rachel calls her and they come in together.”

“This Ted Moore,” said Will.

“I gave him some pictures of Marilyn, very recent pictures,” said Bob Maslow, “and he was shocked. I said that she’d expressed a desire to take up her course work and enter law school, if she could get all her records straightened out. But she didn’t want to meet her father. She’d written to me, I told him, asking for my help as you kicked out the last President for what he was doing with those ‘girls’. I called them that.

“I said I didn’t know who they were and that we didn’t give scholarships to boys to become girls at this school. Did he believe that? He said he didn’t. But if Marilyn does come back to the university, he wants to meet her and talk to her. I said I’d write her but it would take some time for a reply. What do you think we should do now? You are the Council, after all.”

“Buy off this guy,” said Bertie, pulling a face.

“Won’t happen,” said Bob. “He’s a straight-shooter, if not very effective as

a cop, I found out. And if we did buy him off, there's still Aitken waiting in the wings. I think Marilyn is going to have to confront Daddy. Even if she agrees, I think I can get her to do that, I've no confidence in what the outcome of such a meeting will be. Maybe Alan should have gone with her and I should have taken Tanya."

"No," said Will with a smile. "Alan is putting a ring on Tanya's finger today. Yes, three weddings with beautiful brides over the summer. The Gamma Rho girls are beside themselves in excitement, Brenda says."

"I thought that was going to happen at the shows this weekend," said Bertie, pulling a face. "We lose all the Vegas girls and, I suppose, the alumni who're visiting them in droves, right? That will cut back on some of the traffic around here and the rumors of us running a cathouse."

The door swung open as an abashed Peter Simpson escorted two lovely girls to the meeting. Emma looked as bright-eyed and dewy as Rachel did. Emma studiously ignored Bertie, who looked at her longingly.

"Now what's all this about the frat becoming a brothel?" asked Peter, gingerly sitting on the cushioned seat that a laughing Rachel prepared for him.

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"And how is Trudi today?" asked the nurse in her lilting voice. Trudi knew 'her' only as Shelley. As she always did, Trudi strained at the bonds holding her, hoping that the tensing she was doing would restore some of her strength. She couldn't believe how she had been sapped of so much male virility in such a short period of time. She shivered and hoped that it was for just a short period of time.

Surely, it would take time for the hormones they were undoubtedly giving her in this clinic to work. If she was clever, 'Bryan' would think of a way out of this predicament 'he' was in. He'd hide his strength, how little or



how strong he became, no matter how much of a 'Trudi' they made him become.

"Flexing your arms?" asked Shelley, parking her lovely tush on the side of the bed and taking up the lipstick which she applied to Trudi's mouth while the patient, Trudi, stared up at the girl smiling down in such friendly, feminine fashion at 'her'. "Don't do that, Trudi, girl. The Council is coming in to see you this morning and you want to be your prettiest which is why I put the pink bows in your hair and about your nightie.

"Ooo, your breasts look so lovely, Trudi! Jane did such a good job on them, didn't she? And you can't see, but Dr. Nettles, Dr. Greg, did an absolutely fabulous job on your face! You really do look like a Trudi now, you know, a lovely, lovely young girl, like everyone else here at the clinic."

"I'm not a girl!" squeaked Trudi, flushing at the smile on Shelley's face as she heard the unbelievably high, little-girl voice that emerged from Trudi's tight throat, the evidence of some operation there so clear. There was also a deep, awful feeling that ran through Trudi at what Shelley was saying about 'her' as well. It probably wasn't all true, but some of it was.

Hadn't the other nurse, Marisa, congratulated her on being rid of the obnoxious Adam's apple that 'Trudi' had had for so long. She was so much more delightful, Marisa had said, without that thing in her throat to suggest she wasn't the girl they knew she was.

"Now, don't say that," said Shelley reproachfully. "Remember what our last President used to have done to any girl who said that? You don't want to have a lover chosen for you, do you?"

Trudi couldn't help the shudder that went through her. She remembered what she'd said to Phil Garcia and Shaun Bottfell, even what she'd, no, what he, Bryan Fairfax, had done to a girl named Wendy. The current group of wusses, who'd supplanted him, had this done to Trudi's throat to

make her sound like a girl. They wouldn't have the balls to do what Phil and Bryan had done to make new girls do what they were supposed to as Rho girls.

The door to the ward opened suddenly and the 'wusses' filed in. Trudi almost sneered to see she'd been replaced by a loser like Ray Baker. But why was Bob Maslow, the lawyer, there, and the two girls as well, their painted, feminine eyes widening as they looked at him on the bed?

"You may go, Shelley," said Peter Simpson with a smile at the long-haired, blonde nurse. "We have to have some words with Trudi."

"Don't be too nice to her," said Shelley with a pout and a flounce as she left.

"We won't," said Bert Conway shortly, looking down at the girl in the bed. He reached over and touched one of the buttons by the light switch panel. Above her, Trudi heard a rushing noise and, looking up, where she'd stared often, she saw that the ceiling was moving.

A whole panel was sliding aside and Trudi was looking at a huge television screen. At least, that was what she thought it was at first. She saw this lovely, busty, blonde girl on a bed writhing as she strained against the bonds holding her. She was in a short nightie, her pretty pink panties and long, shapely legs revealed. The pink of the lace-edged panties matched the pink ribbons in her mass of golden hair.

Trudi was going to tell them to turn the television off if they wanted to talk to her, this stupid Council. Then, an ice sword seemed to pierce right through her as she realized that the golden girl in the pink ribbons, short nightie and panties was 'her', Trudi.

"Oh, I love what Dr Jane and Dr Greg did to your face, Trudi!" said Rachel, stepping into the picture. "And your makeup, Trudi! It's flawless! Is that Marisa's work or did she get Evelyn to come in and attend to you?"

"You bloody bastards!" squeaked Trudi in distress, writhing in panic against her bonds, her legs so smooth and clear, so rounded, not muscular as she knew they should be.

All around Trudi appeared smirking, amused faces.

"You hear the voice?" asked Rachel. "That's something Greg learned how to do on his travels to Thailand, among other things."

Rachel's smooth hand caressed Trudi's leg, the girl reacting as if she'd been touched by a red-hot poker.

"You bitch!" squealed the lovely girl on the bed. Trudi didn't look as pretty as she had before when her face was contorted in rage.

"I'm glad you recognize my gender," said Rachel softly, her slight emphasis on 'my' making another cold shiver pass through the lovely blonde on the bed.

"I'm going to take you all for every penny ..." trilled the blonde, catching Will Merton's eye as she said that.

"Oh, stop it, Trudi," said Will forcefully, not letting any of the doubts he'd voiced in Council show in his voice. "You knew this was going to happen to you. You can cut all the phony protestations!"

"Phony!" the girl on the bed squealed again, her exertions revealing quite a lovely cleavage at her chest, which she now knew, with a groan, was real and part of 'her'.

"Yeah, phony," said Bertie with a smirk on his face. "We've read your e-mails, Trudi. We know what you said to all the pledges to entice a certain kind of girl, one like you, to come here to State."

"I'm not ..." shrieked Trudi furiously but Pete Simpson was opening his laptop and reading from it.

"I made it all up!" squealed Trudi. "I'm not like that at all. I just wanted

you guys to have a wider selection of girls to bonk!”

“Oh, but we have,” leered Bob Maslow, reaching over on the bed and touching Trudi’s thigh, not stopping the caress even when she jerked and cursed him.

“This girl needs a boyfriend,” said Rachel, her eyes sparkling as she looked down on her former lover.

“A dozen boyfriends,” said Emma, not smiling at all as she looked down at the frightened ‘girl’ on the bed.

“No, no, please,” said Trudi, the sob in her voice barely contained.

“You were interested in this,” said Bob Maslow, touching the edge of the blonde girl’s panties. “You wanted to meet with some of the girls in the little circles they belonged to. You told them how much you longed to be in dresses and girls’ underwear and makeup but you’d only go if everyone was dressing up.”

“I didn’t go ...” whimpered Trudi as Bob’s fingers walked up her shivering skin towards the neckline of her nightie. Then, he touched her breast and Trudi had to convulse to stop him doing more to her.

“I would say that the case is made by the way she’s reacting to my exploring,” Bob said to the others. “Look at her face. Her expression belies the words. She’s getting turned on. She likes it. But she can’t bring herself to admit it.”

“I hate everything ...!” screamed Trudi.

“I’ll talk to Alan Fox,” said Bob Maslow and Rachel immediately pulled a face. “I know it’s better than she deserves. I know many of the girls think she’s a serial rapist and should be punished. But I don’t think she could help herself, could you, Trudi?” He stroked her breast, exposing it to everyone. They could all see how aroused Trudi’s nipple was. “What she

was inflicting on Penny, on Wendy, on Melanie, and particularly on you, Rachel, was what she wanted inflicted on herself.”

“No,” sobbed Trudi in a tiny, girlish voice. Oh gods, it was as if Bob Maslow had been there when she’d made love to Wendy or Melanie and used those words on them.

The Council stood up, ignoring ‘her’. “Big George Lazinsky has volunteered,” said Emma, allowing Bertie to put his arm about her waist and cuddle her to him.

“I’ll talk to Alan first,” said Bob Maslow. “He said that in the adult show he was going to create, there’d be live actors and actresses. I think Trudi would be a real hit. All the girls would want their boy friends to take them to see a sketch like *The Reluctant Debutante*, starring Trudi Cameron and her different boy friend every night.”

“No,” squeaked the girl on the bed again.

“Now, let’s move on to the next topic,” said Peter Simpson. “Is there any way we can promote real decorum in both our houses after the complete revelry and debauchery of Las Vegas Night?”

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