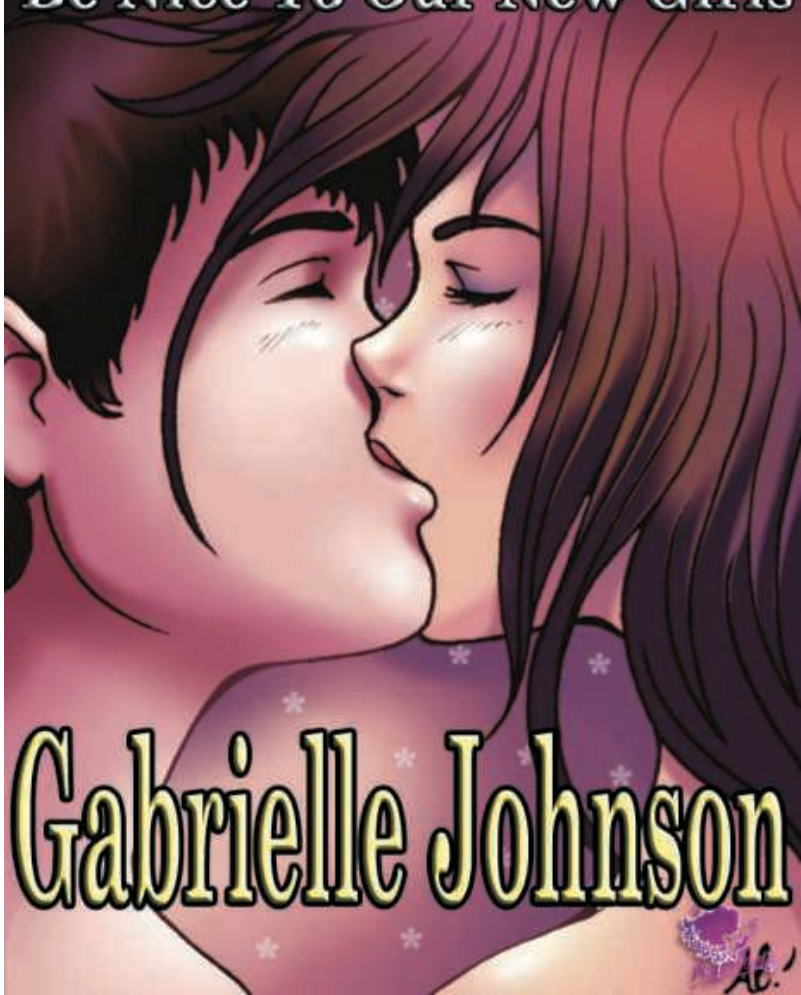


Frat, Too

Be Nice To Our New Girls



Gabrielle Johnson

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Frat, Too

Be Nice To Our New Girls

by Gabrielle Johnson

Will Merton relented and let Brenda wear the vee-string that his girl friend insisted that she had to. She'd smiled when he called her, his girl friend, getting used to it, slowly. He'd have preferred to see his 'girl friend' in a thong bikini but he could see her point. The taping that she would have had to make on herself would have been excruciatingly painful.

"I could never be a Rho girl," Will said, holding Brenda's shapely, almost naked, womanly body against him. He kissed her pink lips and she curved her body against him. Her tush was so shapely as he pressed her against him.

“I wouldn’t like that, either,” Brenda whispered to him, allowing his hands to wander all over her lovely tush, seeming to be pleased with what he was doing to her. Every one of the guys in the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity loved to look at her when she moved, he knew. They loved to see her standing, her tush so wonderfully female, so feminine. Will knew he would soon see the same sort of looks at his lovely girl friend when he introduced her to his father’s crowd.

“I suppose that you didn’t have the chance to refuse, did you?” asked Will Merton as her lovely breasts wobbled against him as he caressed her.

“You wouldn’t, either,” murmured the lovely girl in Will’s arms. “Not with Bryan as President, you wouldn’t.”

Will frowned and thought of the way Bryan Fairfax was running the fraternity. It was becoming more of a dictatorship than it had ever been. He thought of the men whom he’d been friendly with who had ‘disappeared’. “Have you seen ...?” he asked.

Brenda shivered as she put her pretty, girlish face against his and stopped his words with a kiss. “Marilyn, Elizabeth and Olivia,” she whispered. “I, I’m afraid there’ll be more if Bryan has his way!”

Will frowned. “And do Rachel and Emma agree with you?” asked Will gently, hating to see her drawing on the light yellow silk jacket. Yes, it accentuated her long, lovely legs but much of her body was concealed by the wrap.

Brenda tossed her long, blonde hair over her shoulders and checked her makeup in the mirror. “Yes,” she breathed.

“I’ll talk to Peter and Albert tonight,” Will said, stopping her for the moment from adding lipstick to her full, girlish lips. They were far too inviting as they were and he had to taste and sample them. She clung to him, co-operating with his caresses as girls had never done before with him. Even the Rho girls Will knew weren’t as sweet and cute in his arms as Brenda was. Maybe she did really love him as she had said.

“We have to pick up our bodyguard before we go,” said Will, ushering her through the suite. “No, leave the bed, the maids will put it all back to perfect order, I assure you.”

Franz was at the elevator door when they emerged finally from what Will had called his suite on the floor. There was the sound of Spanish women’s voices and Brenda turned to see a group of black and white maids, under Maria’s command, sweeping into the suite she had just occupied for so long with Will Merton.

“The car is ready, Mr Merton, Miss Lawrence,” said the tall bodyguard. Brenda flushed as she had to walk by him, her legs so bare, but the bodyguard stood in front of the pair going down and didn’t look at her at all, though she was flushing at her image in the glassed walls of the elevator.

“The car is here, Mr Merton,” said the bodyguard pleasantly. “Ricardo is still the driver. I presume that we shall be heading out to the marina and *Mia Contessa*?”

“How many guests are there aboard?” asked Will, his arm about Brenda’s waist, reassuring her as they arrived so quickly in the foyer of the Solarium and Marina Beach Hotel.

“At least six, unattached young ladies,” said Franz, his presence clearing a path for them easily through the crowded lobby, many of the girls dressed in bikinis, some with wraps, just like Brenda, but clearly they weren’t feeling in any way as flustered as she was as she tried to walk properly, girlishly, with a sway, through the lobby. There were so many men looking at her, some really old, with pretty girls hanging on to their arms. All of them were smiling, or so it seemed to Brenda, at her.

“Thank goodness,” said Will as he opened the back of a darkened limo and Brenda tried to slip in as daintily as she could. “I hate the way they congregate here, the leers and ogling that they do, the old guys, rich beyond what I can imagine, Brenda. You’ll be propositioned for sure, even if I’m with you, now that they’ve seen that we’re staying at the Solarium. We have to get you a ring. That might stop some of them.”

“You’re not going to repeat what you asked me upstairs?” asked Brenda with a squeak in her voice.

“You said that you loved me,” Will went on with a start as he eased her into the back of the long, long car. “You said that you’d marry me!”

“That, that was just pillow talk,” a flustered, flushing blonde said, stretching out her long legs before her, her golden heels strapped to her feet.

“Not for me,” said Will, picking up the inside phone in the car. His arm about Brenda, he talked to Franz. Soon, the car was heading away from the beach road and marina and heading into a shaded, secluded shopping area where the ‘most expensive

jewellery in this area' was sold, or so Will relayed to the lovely, trembling girl beside him.

Will barely got to stroke her long legs a time or two before they were there, at a most secure, barred shop. The manager himself brushed away his black-dressed girls and boys to serve Mr Merton himself.

"Just charge it, and anything else my fiancée wants, to my account," Will said with a smile, as the jeweler had whoever it was who worked in the back, begin to size the ring that Will decided that she must have, the jewels in it enormous. Then, he had to buy her a necklace, bracelets, and several pairs of earrings as well, the girl and boy in the shop looking at her with envy.

"Will, you can't ..." Brenda began but Will shushed her.

"You are going to be my wife," Will said, making her wobble inside as she saw the others looking at her in such interest. "This is only a meager start to all the jewels that you are going to have to wear at all my father's social engagements. We'll both be showering you with earrings and necklaces as they are so easy to give as presents. And that's why we have Franz and Ricardo, as well, for protection. Sorry, darling Brenda, but this is the world I live in and you should be living in it as well, a beautiful girl like you!"

So, Will had to kiss Brenda then, right in front of the people in the shop, in front of Franz, and in front of a customer, smiling at her in her bikini as Brenda's wrap opened just when it shouldn't have.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” laughed Dr Jane Livingstone at Bryan Fairfax’s request. “I’ve got other work at this clinic, you should know, Mr Fairfax, besides doing facials and T and As for your girl friends!”

The fraternity president glowered at the older woman who looked at him with a confidence Bryan wasn’t used to seeing in women. “As President of Alpha Rho Mu,” he snapped, “I shouldn’t have to remind a Rho girl ...”

“That she should fall onto her knees and kiss your pecker as if she really loved to do something like that for a ... Ow!” Jane didn’t get to finish her sentence before she was stung by the open-handed slap that Bryan Fairfax landed on her cheek.

“You were a Rho girl when Steve Pendleton was President!” roared Brian. “That means that you still are a Rho girl and anything an Alpha man wants from a Rho girl, he gets!”

“That, that was in university, you, you peckerhead!” cried Jane Livingstone, pressing on the intercom on her desk.

Bryan Fairfax moved forward and knocked the instrument on the floor.

“Yes, doctor. Hello?” came a girl’s voice from the audio.

Bryan stepped on the intercom and crushed it until the noise stopped. He went quickly to the door, locking it before turning back to the older woman with a smile.

“Oh no,” gasped the older woman, watching him undoing his belt. She put up her soft, girlishly manicured hands to stop him as he advanced on her. “This isn’t university, Bryan!” He made a gesture as if to indicate that they were in fact in the clinic on university grounds and took her outstretched hand, pulling her towards him.

“This isn’t fraternity-sorority stuff,” she pleaded with him, trying to wriggle out of his arms as they closed about her slim waist. Jane Livingstone shrieked as Bryan pushed her down on her examining couch and forced himself down on her. Her tight, black skirt prevented her from kicking as she wanted to. Bryan’s lips were on hers.

There was a knocking on the door as Bryan freed her hair from the clips and bands that held it back from her face when Jane was working as a doctor. “Love your perfume,” said Bryan huskily as he squeezed her breasts. “Don’t scream,” he threatened her, slapping her again, terrifying her, as her nurse, Shelley, was calling to her from outside the door.

Jane tried to push him from her but Bryan put her hairband over her mouth, cutting off her high-pitched squeals. He ripped the front of her blouse, complimenting her on her lovely, lace, stringy bra which he pushed aside enough to reveal her nipples which he soon attached his mouth to.

Jane tried to scratch at him but a smirking Bryan Fairfax, far stronger than her, turned her over. His tie fastened her hands together. He pulled down her skirt and tied her ankles together with that. His hands fondled her tush and then he kissed it as well, telling her that she must give him her panties which he was sliding slowly over her quivering thighs.

“Such an ugly disappointment beneath the pretty panties,” Bryan murmured in her ear as Jane began to weep as he caressed the ‘clit’ and more that he had found there. “I was hoping that a girl as old as you, seven, eight years gone from the sorority, would have done something about your huge clit by now. Ah well, this will be like old times for you, Jane, my darling!”

Jane tried to scream, to tell Bryan that he shouldn’t rape her, but it was no use. Bryan was panting hard as he entered between her soft cheeks. His hands fondled her breasts, her genitals and her legs as he penetrated her forcibly as she cried and cried.

“So much nicer with an older woman,” sneered Bryan as he drove into her again and again, turning her over finally so that he could spread her legs, play with her garter belt and have her sit on his poker-like manhood and bounce up and down on him as if she was enjoying herself the way that she would have been enjoying Steve Pendleton if he was there.

Bryan exploded into her as Jane tried to lift herself and get free of him. But she was pulled down, her hair flowing over his face as he kissed her bouncing breasts and her cheeks, telling her again how he loved blonde girls and how pretty she was.

“I know! Let’s do it all again!” said Bryan Fairfax, his hands on her breasts, arousing her as she was never able to fake with a man inside her, caressing her so gently, making her feel, despite the knowledge that she was being raped, that she was a woman. He touched her clitoris and she gave herself away as he laughed at her. She still tried to fight him but Bryan was so strong. Soon, he was inside

her again, kissing her gagged mouth, caressing her smooth legs with his so rough, hairy man's legs. And her clitoris was letting him know that she was aroused by his alternate roughness and gentility.

"Well, that was an unexpected pleasure," said Bryan as he stroked Jane's hair as he re-dressed himself. He lifted her legs high as she squeaked, undid her wrinkled skirt from her ankles and slowly drew her panties down over her stockings, fondling them softly, making tingles swarm through her body.

Jane tried not to glare in hatred at the man who had raped her.

His strong hand took hold of the pointed jaw that had cost a fortune when she was in the facial feminization phase of her change, wanting everything that was available to make her into a pretty woman.

"You will take the three special girls I send you tomorrow," Bryan said firmly. "Elizabeth, Marilyn and Olivia will have every treatment that you can give them, including the one that you didn't want for yourself."

Jane shook her head in negation. Didn't this clown realize that she wasn't a surgeon who could perform sex re-assignments? Those had to be done in Thailand, or Canada, for some secrecy, or in the two or three clinics in the Far West where she might go if ever she got enough money to afford such a procedure. She shuddered, thinking of Steve and what he had said to her in bed the night before.

Steve liked her having the clit she had, he'd told Jane. It was so nice to be able to recognize that she wasn't faking his love for him. So why didn't they

make their union legal, Steve had asked. Gays were doing it legally, why not them? And Jane would look so beautiful in a white dress and a veil. Her old friends from the sorority would love to be bridesmaids as well, Steve had said with a grin.

“But we won’t invite Ashley,” Steve had said with another grin. Ashley Robins had been Jane’s closest friend in the sorority. She’d gone on to Hollywood where she was making quite a name for herself as a blonde bombshell in what were euphemistically known as ‘sexploitation’ flicks.

“I’m not afraid that she would seduce you on my wedding night!” Jane had said with a laugh.

“So you admit that you are going to have a wedding night,” smirked Steve as he rolled up tight to Jane and began to caress her thighs which she loved him to do.

“So I’ll have a wedding night,” said Jane airily, loving the feel of her aroused nipples on her boyfriend’s hairy chest. “I just don’t know whether it will be with you or not!”

“It had better be with me,” Steve had warned her, hugging her skinny yet rounded body to him, thrilling her with his caresses, his huge manhood awakening her thighs to the foreplay that always made both of them feel so wonderful. “After five years in bed with you, only you, my darling Jane, I’d kill any other man who ever tried to make love to you!”

Jane had laughed at him then and thrown her arms about Steve’s neck and kissed him with all the strength and attraction that her feminized body allowed her.

“I have a lot of work to do over the Christmas holidays for the sorority,” Jane had said seriously

when she was finally sated with the attentions of her masterful boy friend. "Let's talk about it again ..."

"You're going to be a June bride," Steve insisted. "My sister has little girls who are dying to be bridesmaids."

"And Rachel Porter was telling me that all of the sorority hasn't had the chance to be bridesmaids for a few years," Jane had said. "She asked me about the two of us and if we were still interested in threesomes. She wanted to know how many girls we could accommodate. I told her that you were getting too old. A threesome these days would wear you out."

"Gods, that would be the thing," Steve had teased her then. "You, Jane, and Ashley in the morning and Rachel and Karen in the evening."

"Karen Hudson is married to Frank!" Jane had protested. "Maybe it should be you, Granger and me."

"Then Grange Aitken would be a dead man," Steve had gone on. "No man is going to touch you like this," she squealed when she felt his hand where he had put it, "or do this to you with his manhood."

The last was so pleasurable that Jane Livingstone could still recall every moment of the way that they had wiggled and wriggled around and over and into and out of one another.

She could recall every detail of making love with Steve even as the hateful Bryan Fairfax pulled her skirt up around her and closed it about her waist. He took off her gag before she realized what he was

going and kissed her strongly while she wobbled on the high heels he'd forced her feet into.

"You do what you're told," sneered Bryan. "You are the woman, aren't you?"

Oh yes, thought Dr Jane Livingstone, she definitely was the woman, wasn't she? Her hands were tied and the man who had raped her tush was feeling her boobs and then her tush as if he was going to have her again. But he didn't. He slipped the bonds from her aching wrists and left her then, twirling her panties around his finger.

Shelley came rushing in as Jane was trying to get her bra and blouse back into place. "That Bryan just kissed me ...!" Shelley proclaimed as she came clicking into the joint examining room-office that Dr Jane Livingstone operated from. Shelley stopped dead when she saw the mess that the other woman was in.

"He, he didn't ...!" Shelley gasped, darting forward to take Jane in her arms as the blonde doctor began to cry.

"He did," wept Jane, unable to hold her feelings in as she was hugged so gently by another girl just like her.

"I'll phone Steve," said Shelley quickly, turning on the taps in the washbasin and beginning to put soft, warm cloths on Jane's face.

"Let me do that," said Jane, shuddering as she saw herself, almost devoid of makeup in the mirror. "He, he took my p-panties as well, that Bryan did."

"I have some clean ones in my purse," Shelley said, reddening as Jane looked up at her, her eyes still bright with tears.

“Don’t ask,” Shelley went on, blushing. “Let me go and get my purse.”

Jane felt somewhat better to have panties on, even if they were black silk.

“You need new stockings as well,” said Shelley as Jane brushed her hair back and began the task of pinning it again. Shelley helped her to make a sort of chignon for herself but she left Jane to restore her makeup to what it had been.

“You weren’t tucked or taped?” Shelley asked her, having seen, as Jane had had to take down her skirt, just what a mess Bryan had made of Jane.

“I usually don’t need to,” said Dr Jane Livingstone. “Panties are usually good enough for me.”

“Wear a gaff next time at least,” said Shelley sagely. “It will give me time, if that Bryan ever comes back, to break down the door and rescue you.”

Jane smiled as she dampened her eyes and tried again to apply the false eyelashes which were so much part of her lovely look. “Yes, mummy,” she murmured, shivering as Shelley smiled in sympathy at her. What, oh what, could Jane say to Steve Pendleton after what he had said to her in bed just the night before?

Something must be done by the fraternity to end the problem of Bryan Fairfax, its current President, Jane thought bitterly. She’d heard a lot of the girls complaining about Bryan and his friends who acted as he did. She hadn’t thought that it was completely true. She was fairly new to State again, having been away to gain her qualifications as a doctor to do what she could in cosmetic surgery. She loved helping girls like her to become more and more girlish. And the girls seemed to like her as she was one of

them unlike Doctor Greg Nettles, who was currently out, studying more advanced techniques of surgery that he would share with Jane.

But if she went to Steve Pendleton with what had happened to her, and coupled that with what the other girls were telling her, Jane knew that her lover would explode. He'd never been like Bryan when he was President of Alpha. He had been her lover and her friend, if not exclusive in those years.

Jane just didn't want the man she'd promised to marry, oh that sounded so really femmy, doing anything that would put him into a dangerous relationship with the fraternity. There were those others who were Bryans in the making, like that Phil Garcia, who was supposed to be the next President. She worried about what she should do throughout the day.

Jane couldn't let Steve go after Bryan in anger and heat. She must call her friends and their husbands and boy friends in the alumni association. Yes, this needed to be confronted by the men who'd gone along with the idea of the Debutantes and Rho girls. Then, she could still marry her wonderful Steve as he wanted her to. She could become Mrs Pendleton without worrying about other girls being raped as she had been.

Jane Livingstone forced herself to think happy thoughts. She could already envision what it would be like to be a bride, floating down the aisle and into the arms of the man who would declare himself to be her husband. Oh, that was the thought that she needed. It chased away all the horrible events that had just happened to her.

Tanya tumbled out of her bed in fright as she felt Martin's arm about her. She stared up at him in surprise as he grinned at her. He put his hand out to help her rise, pulled her nightie down a little over her panties and helped her back into bed.

The soft purring sound of the alarm was going as Tanya looked around wildly for her 'sister', the girl who was teaching her how to be a debutante at the Debutantes' Ball. Astrid was paying no attention to the alarm. She wasn't out of bed, already dressed, her hair and makeup perfect as she ordinarily was in the morning.

No, there was a creaking and squeaking from the other bed in the room along with heavy breathing and little grunts and squeals. Astrid's blonde head suddenly appeared but her eyes were closed in ecstasy as she was rolled on top of George and then she rolled back and George was on top of her, the bed shaking again as Astrid's legs appeared, high over George's back, wriggling and waving as she and George were making love again.

"No!" Tanya gasped as Martin pulled her into the bed and she felt a man's hands about her tush, panties and nightie.

Martin rolled onto Tanya and spread her legs with his as if he had done it before. A sob came to Tanya's throat as she realized that he had done it to her before, more than once. She gurgled and tried to push herself free as she was kissed so lovingly by another man. She shuddered and tried to draw her legs back from spreading wide for him but it was no use. Martin was just too strong.

Martin kissed her as Tanya knew that she and he had done almost all night long, from the dance floor, and in the alcove near the floor, which the giggling girls had shared with each other and the men that they took there.

“I don’t ... I can’t ...!” Tanya babbled at this man who pressed down on her phony breasts and began to affectionately kiss her neck. Realization of what she had done during the night with another man flooded shockingly through her mind as Martin’s hand touched her panties and tush.

Tanya shivered again as she realized that Martin still wanted her as a woman. He thought that she was going to behave with him as she had all night long. She had kissed him so much, hadn’t she, the shame rising inside her as she thought of how they, how she, had kissed. Yes, she had been giggling as she kissed her boy friend so lovingly, so girlishly, just like the other girls on the dance floor. She had been a girl. She knew that she was a girl. Martin had told her that she, Tanya, was the most adorable girl in the world and she had loved him saying it to her. She’d told him that she was and what was he going to do about that.

Somehow, Martin had got Tanya to admit that she was a girl and that she loved him to kiss her as he was. But he’d insisted that she must kiss him, too, if she was a girl as she said that she was and so she had kissed him. How, how, she, the morning after, thought wildly, his lips devouring hers, how had she ever let things come to such a state between them? Panic made her grip tightly on his arms but it didn’t seem to affect Martin at all.

All the girls had had too much wine, Martin had said, when she’d tried to refuse more, but she saw

that it was true about the wine. All the girls were laughing and giggling and kissing, bodies tight to the men caressing their tushes and kissing their girls just as Martin was kissing her. She went giggling down the hallway as Martin whispered silly jokes into her ear as he brought her to the room she shared with Astrid.

“It’s so much nicer to kiss a girl when you’re lying side by side,” Martin had said. Tanya had felt herself being tugged onto her boy friend’s body to kiss him some more as she staggered and told him not to be naughty as he lay her on her bed. He’d helped her out of her strappy high heels and then had lain on her as they kissed and kissed.

“I’ll help you to get ready for bed,” Martin had whispered to Tanya, helping her to take off her earrings, helping her to braid her hair and tie the ribbons in place. Oh, she’d felt so funny, so girlish, as he’d done that, kissing him for doing that but knowing that she shouldn’t. Oh, but it was so wonderful to be a girl, to be adored, wasn’t it? He’d helped her out of her dress as she was still so wobbly and that was when his hands had got into places that they shouldn’t.

“But girls love me to touch them like this,” Martin had protested over her whispered objections. “And you are a girl tonight, Tanya. Just let me get this dress off you and your nightie on to you and then I’ll be on my way.”

Tanya ought never to have believed him. She should never have allowed him to take off her stockings. Oh, she trembled even now, not one day later, as she recalled how he’d done it, kissing her soft-skinned thighs eventually as he worked his way to her panties.

Well, she was taped, wasn't she, Tanya? But her bra was freed and her boy friend, Martin, who was calling himself that, was stroking her and telling her what a girl she was and did she know what girls did to relieve the tension on their overheated boy friends?

Astrid and George had come bounding in, from wherever they'd been after the dance. They'd bounced onto Astrid's bed and were soon going at it, really, a boy and girl together. Astrid was squealing in delight and saying that she only wished Tanya could feel as much like a girl as she, Astrid, did. It was so wonderful being a girl with a handsome boy friend.

"You will feel just as she feels," Martin had whispered to Tanya, rolling her about against him while her body was tingling all over. She should never have drunk the wine, the way she was feeling. "You are more of a girl than she is, Tanya, and I can prove it to you."

Oh, how they'd kissed and tangled up against one another, her hair loose and about his face and her bare shoulders. Her treasure chest had wobbled and bounced against her as Martin had forced her legs apart.

"It's nothing," Martin had breathed in her ear, fondling her, as her head spun and Tanya drew closer into this man who was telling her that they would always be friends, no matter how the Debutantes' Ball turned out for her.

"Those are my panties," she'd squeaked at him as he caressed them, making her legs feel like they weren't her own. They were some other girl's, not Tanya's.

Martin was inside her, penetrating her before she scarcely knew what she was doing. “No!” she squealed as she finally realized what he was doing and what she was allowing him to do to her.

“Too late to object now, my darling girl, Tanya,” Martin said as he lifted her legs about him and began to bounce her on his manhood, her own flopping loosely around and hardening as well as he complimented her yet again on her femininity.

Tanya was squealing as Martin drove into her while Astrid urged her on drunkenly, telling Martin to make her feel like a girl “all the way!” And Tanya did feel like a girl all the way. That was what the problem was! It was just so incredible to feel Martin caressing her, fondling her, kissing her, stroking her, penetrating her, and arousing the femininity in her that she hadn’t know she’d enjoy so much.

“She loves it,” Martin had told Astrid. “Now leave us alone to enjoy ourselves!” Oh, how Tanya had loved feeling like a girl, being told that she was a girl and ‘this’ was what girls felt when a man made love to them. And Martin didn’t just want to make love to his pretty girl friend once. He wanted to make love to her again and then she had to make love to him as well. Girls did that all the time. And she’d joined with him, rocked and bounced with him, squealed when he pinched her and didn’t sleep any more as she made love to her boy friend.

It was morning now, however, and Tanya stared up wildly at the man cuddling her body to her, his lips seeking hers. Well, he’d done it all night long, hadn’t he? And she, Tanya, hadn’t refused him at all every taste that he wanted of her feminine beauty. Gosh, what was it that had been in that last drink of wine? She couldn’t have done what she had done!

She wasn't a girl! She knew that. And yet, she'd, she'd, oh heavens, what hadn't she done, with a man, as if she was a girl?

"Let me ease it again for you, my lovely Tanya," whispered Martin, leaning over her and taking the lubricating lotion and squirting it onto her tush as Tanya squealed and begged him not to.

Her squeals awoke Astrid and George, who began to make the bed squeak again.

"A-Astrid!" screamed Tanya. "H-Help me!"

"Oh, stop teasing your man, Tanya," Astrid's voice floated across the room. "He only wants what you gave him so sweetly, we heard you both, Georgie and me, didn't we, honeysweet, all night long! We girls always give our men a morning glory. Or, rather, they give it to us! So stop teasing, Tanya. You were a girl last night and you still are today!"

Astrid's voice ended abruptly as she began to cavort all over her bed with George, giggling and begging George to do that again, whatever it was that was exciting the girl in the bed next to Tanya's.

Tanya squealed as the lotion bottle penetrated her tush and filled her with cool liquid. Martin's aroused manhood drove into her as he held Tanya down and leaned over her, caressing her false breasts against her, kissing her, rocking and bouncing her on the bed so that he seemed to be going in and out of her in rhythm.

"S-S-S-Stop!" Tanya called at the man penetrating her so thoroughly. Oh, she had done it like this, rolling over and sitting on Martin's manhood, bouncing up and down as he held her to him and fondled her and kissed her as he was doing tirelessly.

“My woman,” said Martin as he filled her with his manly essence, Tanya beating on him with her fists but it seemed to make no difference to him and the loving caresses and compliments he directed to her.

Astrid finally arose and laughingly assisted Tanya to free herself. “We girls have the bathroom first!” called Astrid, leading the shattered Tanya, on the verge of tears but fighting them back, into the bathroom.

“I hope you liked being a girl all the way, Tanya,” said Astrid as she poured bath salts into the bath that brought floral scents to Tanya’s quivering nose. “I really did. George is much gentler than Martin in bed. We’ll switch tonight and you can see that I’m right.”

Tanya wanted to shriek again as she dropped her nightie on the floor, her panties and then the artificial breasts and the hair extensions that had clung to her hair all through the heavy lovemaking.

“I am not, not ever ...,” Tanya began furiously, black mascara running over her hands as she rubbed her eyes.

“I used to say that,” said Astrid, guiding the shaken girl into the soft bubble bath she’d prepared for them both. She used sponges and a loofah to soak the girl’s hair and her now thin, bustless body. Tanya’s eyebrows were thin and beautifully shaped, Evelyn had done such good work there. She still did look more feminine than masculine as she shivered in shock at what she had participated in overnight.

Astrid slid out of her nightie then and let the other girl look at her real, lovely breasts. She looked up fearfully as Astrid undid her blonde hair, striking

several sexy, feminine poses as she did so, gently wiping her eyes free of the little makeup still there.

“I, I don’t want another man in bed with me, ever!” said Tanya as Astrid turned and began to take off her panties, clearly going to join Tanya in the roomy bath.

“I said that as well,” said Astrid, her hand over her genital area as she stepped into the bath, as naked as Tanya was. “When I was a debutante two years’ ago, there were only three of us who had pledged, so, of course, we were very much in demand and, girls like me, we can never say, ‘No’. That’s the rule of the sorority!”

“But you’re a real girl,” said Tanya bitterly as Astrid sat across from her, her breasts so lovely, her soft, smooth, hairless legs gently touching against Tanya’s soft, smooth, hairless legs. “You’re supposed to have men inside you, aren’t you? You’re a Rho girl!”

“So are you,” said Astrid with a smile, easing the bubbles aside and allowing Tanya then to see what she had been concealing from her in the time they had been together. “You’re a Rho girl just like all of us Rho girls, Tanya. Welcome to your sorority!”

Little did Tanya realize it but she wasn’t alone in having to face up in the morning to what she had done the night before. None of the reactions of the ‘girls’ was exactly the same. Nadine had to be pried off Leonard in the end as she wanted to stay in bed all day with her boy friend and have him make love to her, without ceasing.

“Leonard can’t keep going, Nadine,” her sister, Kendra had told her.

The dark-haired girl had stretched femininely and smiled at her sister. “How about a sub?” she asked the bemused Kendra. “You girls have been talking a lot about threesomes and stuff in front of us debutantes. So, there must be more boys around who wouldn’t mind making it with me!”

“You’ll have a legion after the Debutantes’ Ball,” Kendra had laughingly reassured her ‘sister’.

“A legion,” breathed Nadine, glowing and wiggling as she sank into her bath. “Oh, that sounds so wonderful!”

“Oh, it is,” laughed Kendra, unable to believe how feminine and girlish her ‘sister’ had become in such a short time.

It was easy to dress Nadine, to show her how to bind her breasts with tape, make cleavage appear and then to use small falsies in her bra as real girls used. Nadine welcomed the padding that Kendra applied in her panties and corset, twirling femininely as she admired her girlish self in the room’s dressing table mirror. Nadine put on her own stockings, practicing all the time to talk in a proper, girlish voice as she had been told to.

Nadine even swished, her tush wiggling like a model’s, into the makeup room where Evelyn and her friends were ready to transform Nadine into a lovely, elegant girl. She squealed like a girl as she was put into lovely, black high heels, exquisite makeup and perfume, her earrings, bracelets and necklace suited to the frilled blouse and tight skirt that the girl was to wear for her first venture out of

the sorority to do what all girls must learn to do, shop.

With some of the other girls, it wasn't as easy. Madeleine was in tears so many times that it was almost impossible to make her mascara and eyeliner not run. She went to join her sisters, hand in hand with Becky as if she was going to an execution. Despite that, she was mincing properly in her tight skirt and blouse, her earrings shivering at her neck, as pretty a picture of womanhood as any of her sisters.

Tanya, though not weeping, was clearly shocked after whatever she had done the night before. Evelyn regarded the little girl with sympathy as she had gone through a traumatic evening herself, several years before, with an older man, Bob Maslow, one of the Council at that time. But Bob had been so nice to her when Evelyn had been distressed. He'd been with her throughout the next week, holding her, admiring her, telling her what a lovely woman she was and hadn't had sex with her until it was she, yes it was she, who had initiated it with Bob, letting his soft caresses develop into love-making that had been such a guilty pleasure for Evelyn, she remembered.

She looked at what Tanya had done to her hair extensions and decided on a blonde wig for Tanya that necessitated completely different makeup and nail polish. She tried chatting girlishly to the stricken girl, but Tanya could barely answer in a whispered "yes" or "no" to the other girl's queries about how she liked the new eyelashes Evelyn tried on her, her softer makeup, and the prettiness of the bright red earrings. They were so delightful with the

soft, platinum blonde wig that made Tanya look so different, so much more womanly.

“She’s taking it differently,” Evelyn said to Astrid, watching the cautious way that Tanya moved down the hallway to join the chattering, high-pitched girls at the assembly before going in to town. The sisters of the new girls were, of course, doing much of the talking as the other girls were staring at the other debutantes who were joining them.

That some of each group recognized the others was clear by their wide-eyed looks at one another and the nervous shifting that the girls made. They all turned and looked, open-mouthed, at Tanya as she swayed into the room, and stopped, herself, staring too, at Nadine and the other girls in her group that she hadn’t seen since the session when all were still in male clothing.

“Tanya was studying Adele and me as if she’d never seen a girl before,” murmured Evelyn to the tall, gorgeous Astrid who sauntered so easily in her split skirt beside her sister of two or three years.

“I showed her that we are both Rho girls now,” said Astrid with a short laugh. “She didn’t believe me that all the Rho girls are girls like her.”

“Oh, it’s too early to tell Tanya that!” objected Evelyn, staring after the slow-moving, quiet girl, quite unlike her usual ebullient self.

“We’ll see,” said Astrid. “But I thought that it was time.”

“Keep a good, close eye on her today,” said a worried Evelyn, accompanying Astrid down the hallway to where the two sets of six girls and their sisters were eyeing one another in shock and surprise. The older sisters, save for Kendra and Astrid, who were

to be leading them all through the shops that they were going to visit, left for 'other' duties, some of which involved rewarding certain Alpha boys for the great work they had done the night before with their 'dates'.

"Today," Emma said to all the new sisters, even if they didn't know it yet, "we bring all of our debutantes together for a day out shopping. Yes, there are twelve of you pledged to be debutantes, not six, as each group thought."

There were blushes and nervous shiftings in front of her them as the girls began to realize just who it was they were being grouped with. Several moved gauchely in their skirts as if realizing what they were wearing and in front of whom; others who they knew were men as they were men themselves.

"I'm Nadine," said one of the pretty girls as Kendra called on her. Her voice was clear and girlish, the intense work that Kendra had done with her paying off well as all of the girls stared at her, some in her own group recalling how she had been the one at the first meeting to object to being dressed in girl's underclothing. Now, you could see her bra straps and the hem of her slip beneath her tight skirt that she swayed in so sexily. This wasn't the Nadine that had been first introduced to them.

Tanya's group knew little of that. They just stared and shivered as this lovely, dark-haired girl introduced her sisters, Gwendolyn, Angelina, Carla, Julia and Ellen to the other debutantes. Then it was Christine's turn to thank her sister, Belle, for all that she had done for her. Her voice was high and squeaky but she managed to get through introducing Corinne, Rosemary, Madeleine, Heidi and Tanya

to those who just stared at persons they had known by completely different appellations.

“I was told,” said Emma, so womanly in every way that they could all see and hear, “that there was only room for six new Alpha pledges to be taken on this year, and so six of you here should be cut loose after the Debutantes’ Ball. Only those who were most acceptable as debs were supposed to be chosen by us. We could even whittle away a few of you if it was clear that you weren’t going to be successful as Rho girls.”

There was a definite gasp as the girls heard that. Emma waited with a smile, but not even Tanya objected as Emma said that they weren’t Rho girls but Alpha pledges. “Rachel and I have gone to bat on your behalf, my lovely sisters,” Emma went on in her lovely, speaking voice, so clearly feminine. “We told the Alphas how unfair they are being to you when you young ladies have worked so hard to pass the rite of passage and be selected into Alpha Rho Mu.”

Several of the girls shivered nervously but none of them asked the obvious question, what would happen to them if they weren’t acceptable to Alpha any more. Would they be pilloried for all the university to see? How could they go back to their classes with all the changes that the Gamma Rho Sorority had already inflicted on all of them? Long hair swirled and earrings swung as more than one girl looked at her rival in the other group of ‘debutantes’ and saw a girl as pretty and shapely as ‘she’ herself was, who would be in competition with ‘her’.

“Who knows yet what will happen?” Emma went on sweetly, aware of Tanya’s intense scrutiny of her. The little girl was clearly having a hard time in be-

lieving what Astrid had told her and shown her. Perhaps she was thinking that it was just Astrid who was different to all the other Rho girls, not the prototype. There were, after all, over forty girls in Rho House now. How could so many be boys, Tanya must be thinking, and not be discovered and exposed as Astrid had exposed herself to her.

“But today,” Emma went on, “all of you who step out in your lovely high heels and wiggle in front of everyone, with us, are Rho girls. Yes, you are all Rho girls if anyone has the nerve to ask you that. Tell them that and remember that because our sorority will be judged on the way that all of you girls behave.

“If your voices need work, then whisper. The ladies who wait on you will understand this. They know how we of the Rho sorority like to train and change our pledges. As far as anyone knows, today all of you are pledged to be Rho girls. Don’t disappoint us. Don’t get yourselves cut just before the Ball. Enjoy these last few days before all of your dreams come true!”

Rachel Porter entered then in a sweeping, ball gown that showed off her bare shoulders, her awesome, real breasts and her womanly figure. There was a tiara in her beautifully waved red hair that descended over her shoulders.

“This,” said Rachel with a smile as the girls stared at her in awe, “is what you will be shopping for today. You will need a dress like mine and,” she waited while the looks on the girls’ faces went all the way from fright on Tanya’s to desire on Nadine’s, “you will need the fanciest of lingerie to wear beneath your dress.”

Rachel swayed and a smiling Emma went to her and helped her to divest herself of the dress and reveal her frilled, uplifting corset, her tiny panties, her frilled garter belt and her stockings that came just to mid-thigh.

