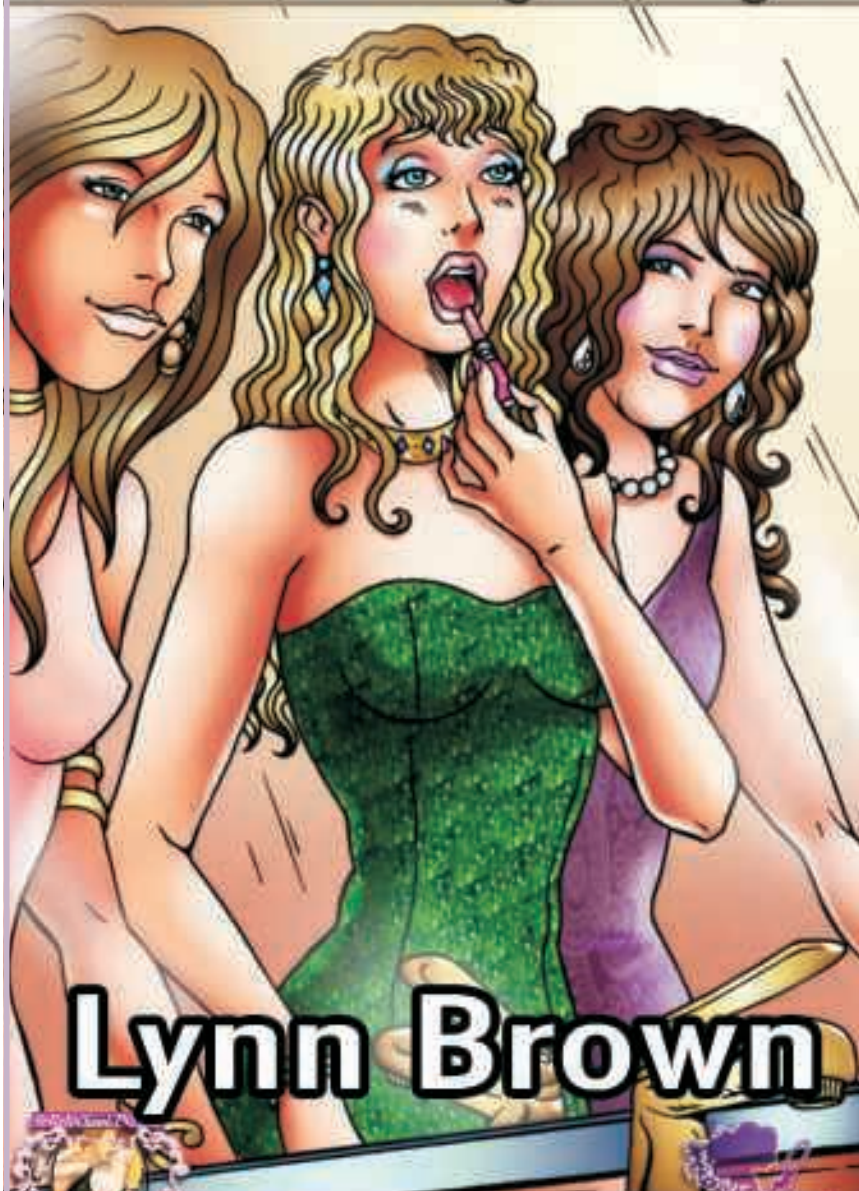


Fraternity Boys



Lynn Brown

A "Her Tv" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.reluctantpress.com

Fraternity Boys

By Lynn Brown

It has been over ten years since I pledged to the Sigma Beta fraternity at a small liberal arts college in Southern Mississippi. The college had approximately 1500 students and about 30 faculty members. It was located in a small town of five thousand and had over one hundred acres of well-manicured grass and lovely flower beds along with colorful shrubbery. The outstanding feature of the campus was a large lake complete with a covered wooden bridge which led a path to the picnic grounds.

First semester students were not allowed to join the Greek houses as the school wanted new students to be able to adjust to academic life with minimal outside interference. The administration had found this policy to be beneficial in getting youngsters off to a good academic start. Therefore Rush Week was the second week in January. I had chosen Belmont because of the size and the excellent scholastic reputation of the school. I was influenced because I was able to obtain nearly a full scholarship which paid for the tuition and books. We finished our exams the end

of December and I had maintained a 4.0 grade point for the semester.

While at home for the holidays I received a letter from the Sigma Beta fraternity inviting me to come visit their house the first day of the second semester. As Freshmen we knew that Sigma Beta was nicknamed the "Smart Boys" frat house. They had a reputation for having the highest grade point average of all the frat and sorority houses rather than being known as a "party" house. Since I put my priority in studying and grades, I decided to only apply at Sigma Beta upon returning to campus.

During my meeting with the membership committee I learned that the fraternity had connections with the administration which gave them a listing of all underclassmen who had made the Dean's list for the semester along with the grade point average prior to the college announcing the results of the semester. A group of twenty males were interviewed.

The president of Sigma Beta told us that if we joined the frat, grades would be of primary importance; if we fell below a 3.5 average the first year and 3.25 average the next, we would have to resign. It was emphasized that the frat did not paddle nor subject its pledges to various forms of hazing but we would be expected to perform certain duties during our pledge year such as running errands and general house cleaning for the entire fraternity. The pledges lived three to a room while the others were two members to a room. The housemother and an assistant prepared the meals, maintained the kitchen and did the laundry for the members.

Questions were taken after the pledge master explained the recruitment procedures. One prospect asked about "Hell Week". The pledge master said the different fraternities had various things that they put the members through during the week but Sigma Beta would have the pledges perform only during the

day. Whatever was decided upon would NOT interfere with studying as maintaining the highest grade point average in fraternity row was their foremost goal.

There were about fifteen candidates for interviewing. I was one of those that were immediately offered to join as a pledge. The following day nine pledges met at the frat house and were presented before the group. After being sworn into the fraternity, we returned to the dorm, gathered our belongings and moved into the frat house.

My roommates and fellow pledges were Harry and Sam. We were close to the same size, between 5 ft. 6 in. and 5 ft. 8in., nineteen or twenty years old, While Harry was from Mississippi, both Sam and I were from Western Tennessee .Harry and I were business majors while Sam was a liberal arts major.

The first weekend there was a social at the house. Our guests were the girls from the Lambda Chi sorority, known on campus as the "Lovely Chicks". I soon learned that these two groups partied and dated almost exclusively. These girls not only had looks and great bodies, but also were considered some of the brightest girls on campus.

Rather than beer flowing, there was wine in moderation, along with snacks. Being a small group, we were able to meet all the girls in the sorority and quickly made friends with their pledges. Sunday late morning the pledges were gathered and assigned cleaning duties for the rest of the semester. All participated in cleaning the party/meeting room or basement under the supervision of the pledge master. We were given assignment sheets detailing which frat members rooms, toilets, showers, and other areas which we were to clean as well as where all the cleaning materials, linens and items were stored. On this sheet we were scheduled to rotate each day so no one

would be stuck with a sloppy members' living quarters.

Since drinking during the school week and smoking was against house rules, our job was not too bad. All went well for several weeks until I happen to hear our club president talking to his girlfriend from Lambda Chi. They were in the living room discussing an upcoming party. I happened to be close by and overheard their conversation.

"Bill, your party room and the living room are filthy. Who does the house cleaning?"

"Betty, we have our pledges clean all but the kitchen area. What is so terrible? Trash is picked up and everything looks good to me."

"Just walk around and I will show you," Betty replied as the couple arose from the sofa and made a tour of the frat house, including all bedrooms and baths.

"Can you see what I mean? The beds may be made but clothes are thrown everywhere. I do not think they have dusted, much less cleaned the bathrooms and shower stalls. Notice that green color on the shower walls? That is mildew. Your pledges must have lived on a pig farm. While our house may not be spotless, it is 200% cleaner than your quarters. Until the house is cleaned better, I do not think my girls should be allowed in your house."

Bill replied, "What you said it true, but I am not the one to teach them to clean properly. What do you suggest?"

"Perhaps your pledges can be taught by my girls who do an excellent job of keeping our house spotless. Why don't you send your boys over this Saturday and we will teach them the proper way to clean a house. It would be nice to have help cleaning the sorority and we can accomplish two things at one time;

keeping my house clean and teaching your pledges. Have them show up at ten on Saturday.”

That Saturday the nine of us pledges along with Bill and the Pledge Master were in the den of Lambda Chi, waiting for Betty. She and several of the sisters came to greet us.

The pledge master, Tommy, made an announcement. “Betty, I appreciate your offering to train our pledges how to properly take care of cleaning our fraternity house. The boys are here to follow your instructions. I never realized that we did not clean and keep our house in order. Bill showed me that we have a lot to learn about housekeeping Do you pledges understand?”

While I knew what this meeting was about, I had only told my roommates. It took the others by surprise. Soon we had been assigned to several of the girls who handed us each an apron along with cleaning products. We started cleaning the sorority house under their supervision. At noon, we stopped, washed our hands and were given sandwiches and a Coke for a lunch break. After lunch, Betty called us and ready to resume our instruction, we put our aprons back on.

Billy Smith, a pledge from New York, had become annoyed and lashed out to Betty. “I am not going to clean your stinking sorority house! I have had enough. House cleaning is women’s work and should be done ONLY by women! Are you guys with me? Let’s leave.”

Several pledges verbally agreed with Billy. “House-keeping is for women. A person in trousers has NO business cleaning bedrooms and washing windows. ALL these jobs should be done by those wearing dresses!” All nine of us agreed. Taking off our aprons, we left. Exiting the sorority house, no one said anything. About an hour later we were summoned into

our frat's rec hall. Both the president and Pledge Master were there, along with most of the fraternity brothers.

Bill addressed the meeting. "We have had a problem today in that our pledges were being taught by our sister house how to properly keep our house clean and neat. I understand that there was dissension among several members who did not appreciate how the Lambda Chi girls were helping us. There were some nasty words said to our lovely sisters who had volunteered to teach our pledges. The girls are rather mad at us and want some sort of apology before they have anything to do with any Sigma Beta man. Billy Smith, you were the one who created the problem. What do you have to say?"

Billy thought about his response. "I'm sorry but it did not seem fair for men to be doing woman's work. I thought that we keep our house in good order. I apologize to the members and hope that we can resolve this difference in opinion."

"I feel that our brothers will agree with me in acknowledging the complaint from Lambda Chi. I suggest that Tommy and I talk with Betty about the situation. You pledges are to meet now and consider how we can rectify the problem. You have ten minutes to decide," said Bill.

The brothers left us to ourselves. There was bickering back and forth. Finally I said, "Guys. Listen! I heard Betty and Bill discussing this last week. The girls from Lambda will not come into our house until it has been properly cleaned. We have known that it was our duty to clean the house. We did NOT do a good job. There is no one to blame except ourselves for not keeping the house clean. If we do not accept their help, then none of the members will have dates for the parties. You know that Lambda Chi girls go with Sigma Beta men. As I see it, we have to accept allowing the girls training us. Otherwise I think that

we can say goodbye to fraternity life. I suggest that we take a vote to see what we should do.”

Billy suggested that perhaps he was too hasty and he would make the apologize to our leaders. We all met with them and said that we had not considered that the girls were trying to help us. We wished to be forgiven and would promise in the future to do whatever the girls instructed us to do. Bill and Tommy accepted our apology and would tell the girls, hoping that they would reconsider their declaration regarding Sigma Beta men.

In about an hour they returned and informed us that the girls had accepted our apologize and would continue to train us but we would have to do as they said without any fussing, following all their directions.

Bill told us, “I do not know what they have in mind for you do. They accepted your apology but will decide by tomorrow how they will continue to train you. I told them that we wanted to cooperate and you were willing to do as they suggest. Thank you for helping your brothers to eliminate our dilemma with Lambda Chi. We need to stay in their good graces.”

Sunday at lunch, the President of the chapter told us that the girls had given him the conditions under that they would continue training. After lunch the nine of us were lined up in the hallway outside our rooms. Bill and Tommy handed each of us a Speedo swimsuit they borrowed from the swim team. We were told to change into these, put on some flip-flops and meet in the downstairs hallway in five minutes.

The nine of us were waiting when Bill, Tommy and five other members escorted us over to the Lambda Chi house. It was chilly as we ran to the house in mid-February. Once inside we were ushered into the living room to be met by Betty and several sisters. The pledges were divided into two groups, each ac-

accompanied by several sisters in jeans and our frat brothers.

“Before we proceed, I understand that each of you is sorry for the way you acted yesterday and wish to continue under our tutelage. Is that correct?” We nodded in agreement. “Well then,” Betty continued, “since you think that house cleaning is woman’s work, whenever you are training and cleaning at your frat house, you will be dressed as women. Any objections?”

The pledges were about to say something when Tommy told us, “You boys agreed to do as the girls wanted. If you do not wish to follow through with your pledge, you may return to the frat house, pick up your belongings and leave. I told you earlier that we did not haze our pledges so this is the closest thing that will not compromise your studies and classes. Does anyone wish to leave?”

Billy raised his hand and was shown to the door, accompanied by a brother. Each group was led to a shower stall. The girls were ready with an electric shaver. Each of us had the majority of his body hair removed. Some members did not require shaving. Then we stood as the girls put a strong smelling liquid on each of us. We stood for ten minutes burning, then were put in the shower and given a washcloth. We had to rinse each other’s back. Soon all four of us stood hairless in our wet Speedos. We were given a towel and dried off.

Led to the sink, we found new pink disposable razors and shaving cream. The girls supervised as we shaved under our arms, then our sideburns. Once we were dry, a brother rubbed a sweet-smelling body lotion from a brother’s head to the bottom of his feet. Each of the girls supervising our hair removal gave us a small brown paper bag with instructions to strip off our swim suits and step into the contents of the bag.

The girls left the shower room while we struggled into a very tight nude panty brief under the watchful eyes of our brothers. They told us we were to tuck our genitals between our legs and pull the panty brief tight up our legs. While my group was in one shower stall, the other group of pledges were at the other side of the house, undergoing the same treatment. We all were told to go to the main room where we were paraded in front of the sorority sisters. We received whistles and cat calls from the girls.

After several embarrassing minutes in front of the girls, we were told by Betty, "Return to your house and put on a shirt, pants, and shoes ONLY. You will wear the panty brief most of the time unless told otherwise. You have ten minutes before we pick you up."

We were herded by the brothers to the house and put on shoes, pants, and shirts. Outside, the girls came up in two vans and one car. We were split into the two vans along with several sorority girls and another brother. Tommy, Bill, Betty and another girl followed in a car. Soon we were at the edge of town at the Outlet Shopping Mall. We were escorted to the Bali Outlet shop.

Betty asked for the store manager, then explained why we were shopping. The manager called for two assistants, telling them, "These boys need to be fitted for bras and panties as they will be doing women's work and therefore will be dressed accordingly."

We were soon measured and led to the brassiere section of the store. Betty told us to remember our sizes. The girls working with the assistants decided that we should have light blue Bali Comfort Revolution Smart Shaping Comfort bras that had smooth satin cups. The sorority girls decided that we should all wear B-cup bras along with matching lace-trimmed nylon panties. Another Bali bra model chosen for us was a Passion Pink Satin Tracings Lace

Undergird along with matching lace-trimmed panties.

The salesclerks found the correct sizes for each member's bra, handing the feminine garments to the pledges to carry. We moved over into the panty section where we picked up the undies. I looked over to my fellow pledges and saw their reddening faces, knowing that I was not the only one embarrassed by carrying the lingerie.

Each of us told the clerk the panty size for which we had been measured. Additional embarrassment was had as we carried two bras in one hand and two pairs of delicate panties in the other hand as we walked to the middle of the store to find matching garter belts. We stood holding our purchases while the clerks took our waist measurements.

A four-garter satin belt in pink was given to each pledge. The satin garter belt was embellished with decorative flowers on the front side and was secured by a four-eye hook elastic closure. Adding the garter belt to our collection, we were led into a dressing area by Betty and the girls.

"Alright, time to make sure your lovely lingerie will fit you properly. Girls, help our future housecleaners get ready. Boys, take off your male clothing. Leave your panty brief on. The girls will teach you the proper way to dress in your undies."

Following their instructions, I and my brothers removed our shoes, shirts, and pants. Standing in only the beige panty briefs, we were told to put on the garter belts first. The girls laughed as we struggled to clasp the hooks around the back of our waist. Finally one of the sisters spoke up saying, "Girls, clasp the hooks in front and slide the belt around your waist until the hooked eyelets are in the middle of your back." It was much easier this way as we all completed the task.

“Now put on your lovely pink panties and pull them up to your waist. Bring the four garters under your panties and let them dangle. It is time for your lovely decorated pink brassiere. Wrap the bra around your chest, bringing the clasp in front. Using the last set of hooks, put the eyelets into them. Slide the bra around your chest, put one arm through the strap, then the other. Very good, girls!”

Each of us stood before one of the sorority sisters as they adjusted the straps on our shoulders. Betty came into the dressing area and handed each of us a package which contained a pair of beige nylon stockings. We were instructed how to roll the nylon, then slide it over our toes while slightly and gently pulling the nylon up our leg. Standing up, I was taught how to smooth the stocking on my hairless leg, snap the stocking to the garter tab in the rear and then in the front. The sisters then adjusted the length and tightness of the stocking while explaining why the adjustment is made to the garter tab to the pledges.

We were marched out into the store area where the clerks and manager inspected the fit of our bras and panties. This was more embarrassing than having to walk into the shop carrying our lingerie around the store. Satisfied that we were wearing the proper sizes, the manager told Betty, “Did you wish to have them fill out their brassieres? I would suggest these inexpensive breast forms which have plastic pellets in a satin casing. They will fill the boys’ cups and give the breasts weight to help round out their figures.

Betty motioned to me. I stepped forward as she dropped a falsie into each bra cup. Tugging at the bra, she proclaimed, “What an excellent idea. This will help them realize what difficulties women go through. Each of you girls help your pledge into his feminine shape.” Laughing, she added, “All right girls, you may return to the dressing room and put your clothing over your new lovely silky undies.”

We rushed to get out of the sight of the customers who had witnessed our ordeal. We were informed to wear our new falsies and bring the blue panties and bra to the checkout counter. We left the outlet store carrying a small pink and white bag marked "Bali's Lingerie" as the group continued to the next store, a uniform shop.

Once again Betty asked for the manager, explaining why the large group was in her store. The girls wanted to see a selection of uniforms so that we boys could be comfortable doing Woman's Work! "The boys feel as though cleaning is meant for people wearing dresses, NOT pants," she explained.

The pledges and our frat brothers stayed in the front of the store while the girls looked through the racks of uniforms. They returned carrying three different dresses.

"The girls and I could not decide which uniform would be more appropriate so I want three of you new girls to model these dresses. Charlie, you and your roommates go with the clerk to get the correct size in each dress. We will have a fashion show to decide which uniform would look best on you."

With assistance from three of the sisters we reappeared in five minutes in the middle of the store. Of course a large crowd gather to see just what was happening. Here were three boys in dresses and lingerie parading around while five other boys were standing holding a delicate bag with protruding chests straining under their shirts. The girls assisted as each of us as we put on the uniforms. Mine was a knee-length light pink dress with a buttoned front to the waist, white ruffled collar, white lacy ribbon, and soft nylon white ruffles at the end of the puffed-out short sleeves. The dress was made from polyester and cotton.

Harry's dress was similar to mine, knee-length, short puffy sleeves with white nylon sleeves but in black. The white ruffled collar came down the side to the waist of the dress. Sam's uniform was a short nylon black above-the-knee with white button front and a wide black leather belt.

The three of us walked into the store area and paraded back and forth before everyone. The sorority girls were laughing loudly as we walked and modeled the uniforms. The girls debated about the dresses.

"The pink is so feminine and would really add to the humiliation and the femininity of our cleaning crew. However I believe that Sam's dress would be most appropriate," said Betty.

Before a vote could be taken amongst the sisters. the store manager suggested, "It might help if we added a beautiful ruffled organdy apron to their outfits." This thrilled the girls, inducing comments as a frilly white apron was placed over Harry's uniform.

"Just perfect!" expressed Betty. "Boys go back with your sales girl, get the proper size uniforms, put them on and show us what they look like."

While Harry stayed out front with Betty, the rest of us changed into the correct size uniforms. Some of the boys had to try several sizes before being properly fitted. To the delight of the girls and the crowd we came out, heads bowed, standing in front of the group wearing undies ,uniform and fluffy aprons. "We will take them all," exclaimed Betty to the manager.

"Just a minute," the manager said as she excused herself, going to the stockroom. Returning, she explained, "Since this is a large order, I would like to give the boys a white organdy maid's cap."

Each of the girls placed a cap on her charge while cameras were flashing. Betty thanked the manager

and the Pledge Master paid for the uniforms. We were given a shopping bag and instructed to gather our clothes as we had more shopping to do and we needed to keep the uniforms on. However, we were told to put on our shoes.

As the eight boys wearing maids' uniform with cap and white fluffy aprons were walking the length of the mall with nine young ladies and two college males, we attracted a large crowd. Everyone stopped to see what was happening.

Someone in the crowd said, "It looks like some fraternity boys are being initiated." We were taken into the Olga outlet shop.

Once again Betty requested the manager and explained that our group considered housecleaning a job for women; therefore the boys would attend to their duties dressed and appearing to be women. The manager laughed and called for several clerks to help us.

Once the choice was made, we informed the clerk as to our proper size undies. Finding the sizes each member required, we were handed the soft lacy garments and ushered into the dressing rooms where we were told to strip and put on the bra and panty combination chosen by the sorority sisters.

Each of us removed and hung his apron, cap, uniform, pink bra and panties on the door hooks. Then we were given the new white lacy soft nylon bras interlaced with a deep midnight blue ribbons along with matching Secret Nylon Scoop Half-pant Panties. These panties had a wide band of elastic dark blue lace along with a three-inch band of lace on each leg. Stuffing our falsies into the bra cups, we were herded into the store aisle to be checked for fit. We were a sight returning wearing the new lingerie along with a garter belt and stockings. The young clerks took delight in checking our shoulder straps and tugging on

the panties to insure a proper fit. Once they were satisfied, we walked back to the counter where we told the clerks our bra and panty sizes. We each received a set of lingerie in pink with red ribbons intertwined through the lacy panties and bras.

Humiliated, we returned to the dressing rooms where we removed the new Olga panties and bras, then dressed in the pink Bali set of undies, stuffing the falsies into the bras. We dressed back into the black maids uniforms, apron and caps along with our male shoes. Then we returned to the counter, carrying both sets of white lacy lingerie. Our purchases were paid for and then individually wrapped for each pledge to carry to our next store.

Along the mall, we were a sight. Eight young males wearing black uniforms with a frilly apron and matching cap while carrying one large bag lettered "Mary's Maid Shoppe" containing our male attire and two smaller bags marked "Olga Lingerie" and "Bali's Intimates".

Soon we entered a shoe shop. Betty again asked for the manager. She told her why we were shopping and that she required the boys to be fitted in two and one-half-inch black heels.

Taking turns, we watched each other being fitted and trying on high-heeled shoes. We had to walk back and forth down the small aisle to see if they were comfortable. Most of us had to be assisted by one of the sorority girls as we had difficulty balancing on the pencil thin heels. Fortunately, Betty informed us that we were to put on our male shoes and carry the heels. "You will learn to walk properly in your new high-heeled shoes after some practicing."

Leaving the mall, we returned to the sorority house. Betty insisted that we put on the heels and help serve lunch. All of us had to serve in our complete maid outfits before the entire group of girls. We

took a razzing from the girls that had not attended our shopping. They teased us, saying, "My, but you boys look pretty. What are you wearing under your smart uniforms? Do you like wearing pretty soft underwear? Would you rather be wearing that old heavy cotton boys underwear or do you like the feel of soft nylons? What color undies did you buy? How did you grow breasts so rapidly? You may wish to take smaller steps to balance yourself in your thin heeled shoes" and other nonsense like that. After serving the girls, we had our lunch.

Before sitting at the table we were instructed how to approach the chair and the proper way to sit while smoothing the skirt of our dress under us. "Not only will you learn to clean but we will teach you how to properly present yourself while you have the privilege of wearing skirts," Betty informed us.

Before I had time to think, I retorted, "You are *not* going to make sissies out of us!"

"That remark, my dear Charlie, will cost you two points," replied a stern Betty. "We were assured of your wanting to apologize and being willing to pay for your rude behavior. Your Pledge Master and I have come up with a series of penalties should you fail to comply with our rules and training. Gloria, bring out the penalty uniform to show our trainees the consequences for rule violations."

Gloria returned carrying a short black maid's uniform on a hanger. Showing us the dress as well as several lacy petticoats, Betty continued, "This is a French maid's uniform. The pledge with the most points accumulated during the week will have the privilege of wearing this on Saturday along with complete makeup and jewelry. Later I will review the rules we have set to insure that you will abide with this training. So girls, I suggest you learn quickly."

Having finished lunch, we all rose to our feet, holding on to our chair or the table to catch our balance in the heels. Once steadied, there was the clicking of heels on the tile kitchen floor as we took our dishes to the sink to be rinsed. Betty and her crew met us and taught us how to properly walk in heels, taking smaller steps, putting one foot in front of the other and holding our wrists parallel to the floor. The hardest thing I had to learn was swaying my hips.

Then it was off to the bedrooms where we learned how to properly make a bed, dust by removing objects to clean under and behind them, dusting blinds, how to properly store clothing in the closets, as well as how to change the vacuum bags. From there we were taught how to clean the bathrooms, shower stalls, etc. Betty told us to take off our fancy aprons, giving us plain cotton ones to keep our uniforms from being soiled.

After the bathrooms were cleaned, we were instructed as we vacuumed the den, dining area and recreation rooms, followed by dusting and polishing the furniture.

It was close to five when we finished. Betty accompanied us as we walked back to the frat house. The girls had lent us sweaters to help ward off the chilly February air. As we entered the house, Tommy was waiting and told us to gather in the rec room. He explained, "Today you were off schedule, so after lunch, you pledges are to change into your uniforms and be ready by one o'clock to clean the frat house. In the future, you will clean the Sorority on Saturday mornings and the fraternity house in the afternoon. This means that you will have Sundays to yourself and can do your studying or have some leisure time.

"Now everyone have a seat," he said. We folded our uniform skirts under us as we sat. He continued, "Betty and I have some rules that will be followed as long as you are pledges. We will award points for not

adhering to these rules and regulations. Today you purchased four sets of ladies undergarments. These are to worn every day under your street clothes. You will be stopped randomly by frat brothers and Lambda Chi girls and asked what you are wearing. You will reply by reciting their names and a description of your underclothing. To identify yourself as a Sigma Beta pledge, you are to wear this brooch with the Lambda Chi initials on your right coat lapel or your shirt. There is a list which will be passed around for each of you. Each will memorize the form and the descriptions written.

"Everyone will wear the set of lingerie as described each day on the calendar. You will go to the Lambda house each afternoon from three until six o'clock. You will gather in our lobby at ten minutes to three dressed in your uniforms, aprons, and caps. You are to shave prior closely to putting on your uniform. Until you are officially a Sigma Beta member, you are not to have your hair cut. Keep it long and in a pony-tail during classes.

"At the end of your daily visit to Lambda Chi house, you are to return, change clothing and be ready for supper at six-thirty. If you do not have time to change, you may eat dressed in your uniforms. If you are late for dinner, points will be award. I will let Betty describe how punishment points will be awarded. I believe Betty has shown you the punishment uniform."

Betty came to the front of the room and said, "To help you become a better person and to help you cooperate in your initiation, we have devised a point system. There are two punishments which will be awarded. The first is for the most points accumulated during the week, Monday through Friday. The second is for when a pledge has totaled twenty five points. For these infractions the pledge will be wearing the French maid's uniform for a period of time.



For the weekly points he will be required to wear the outfit for Saturday cleaning session. For twenty five points, the candidate will be dressed to serve at the bidding of the Lambda for the entire weekend.

“Now for hygiene. You need to hand wash your undies and hang them to dry. Since everyone has the same matching undies, I am giving each of you wooden clothespins. Put your names on the pins. Hang a line somewhere and hang your dainties to dry. The same goes for your stockings which should be done every day. Your legs and arms and underarms are to be free of hair. You can use a razor or a depilatory. I am passing out the rules and your dressing schedules for next week. Are there any questions? No? Good. The girls and I will see you tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Wear the same clothing you have on today.”

We were dismissed and returned to our rooms to change. It occurred to me that if we were to wear the same undergarments, we had better rinse them. I mentioned this to Harry and Sam. We rinsed our undies and hung them to dry. It was a strange sight when entering our room. We had strung several clotheslines across the room. On these lines were sets of panties and bras as well as nylon stockings waiting to be dried. After dinner we returned to our rooms to catch up on some of our studies as we would be busy in the morning. I took time reading the rules which we had been given earlier:

Not complying when questioned about what you are wearing meant 5 points. Not reciting your lingerie of the day correctly got you 2 points. Not wearing the correct lingerie of the day would cost 5 points. Disrespect to a Lambda girl was worth 5 points. Not following instructions or cooperating with a Lambda girl equalled 10 points ;Messy or dirty uniform: 3 points; Run in your stockings: 10 points. Incomplete uniform: 10 points. Not wearing lingerie was a big one:

25 points. Inadequate or sloppy housecleaning: 5 points; Failure to participate in house cleaning was another huge no-no: 25 points

Sunday morning, Harry, Sam and I put on the dried undies, then our pants and shirt and hurried to eat our breakfast. Returning to our room, we changed into our uniforms. As I put on the high-heeled shoes, I noticed that I had a small run in my right stocking on the inside. I hoped no one would see it. At nine we were assembled in the rec room waiting for Betty and four other sisters. The girls they asked each of us, "What dainty undies are you wearing today?"

Each of us replied, "Miss [her name], under my uniform I am wearing my nude panty brief as well as a lovely pink Bali Satin Tracing Lace Undergird brassiere with matching pink nylon panties. Under my panties I am wearing a blushed pink satin floral design garter belt holding up my sheer beige nylon stockings."

All the pledges supplied the answers to his girl's satisfaction. Under the girls' guidance, we cleaned the fraternity house with only several suggestions. At lunch the girls were invited to stay and the pledges put on our fluffy white aprons and served the girls along with the fraternity brothers. While I was bending over serving a brother, Gloria noticed the run in my stocking. She pulled me aside and said, "Charlie, you have a run in your stocking. That will cost you ten points." Nothing else was said.

On Monday morning I dressed in the required lingerie of the day, the Olga soft white nylon bra with the dark blue intertwined ribbons along with the matching laced top and legged panties. I put on my garter belt and the one stocking as the other was

badly torn. I finished my dressing in a sport shirt, pants, socks and shoes. We were ready to leave for classes when Sam reminded us to put on our L.C. pins. During the day I was asked several times what I was wearing under my shirt and pants. I passed all inquiries. By three in the afternoon, I had shaven my slight facial hairs, put on my maid's uniform, heels and apron and waited for the others in the hallway. Together we walked to the Lambda house.

Inside, we stood in the hallway awaiting the girls who were going to instruct us for the day. We were told to stand straight for inspection. All eight of us had forgotten the maid's cap and were assessed ten points each. Gloria came to inspect me and noticed I was wearing only one stocking. She told me, "Yesterday you received ten points for a run in your stockings. Today will cost you an additional ten points for an incomplete uniform"

I replied, "You knew yesterday I had a run in the stocking. This is not fair! What am I supposed to do? Does this mean that I have two incomplete uniform complaints today?"

"Yes. Since you asked nicely, I will not assign you points for disrespect. I thought you realized that you should have gone to the store and bought another pair. I expect you to have new stockings by tomorrow. If you find the same brand and color, you can have a spare in case you snag another stocking. Girls, pay attention. Charlie had a run in his stockings so I suggest that all of you purchase extra pair of stockings so you can carry a pair in case you ruin yours. Save yourself a minimum of ten points and perhaps a total of twenty points for the day."

Within one day I had amassed thirty points plus the two points from the previous day.

The girls had us sit in the living room and began teaching us how to sit in a straight back chair and on

a sofa or stuffed chair while we were wearing skirts. In addition we practiced walking and the proper way to bend and retrieve something from the floor as well as how to bend our legs when serving either at the dining table or a casual serving of snacks and drinks. By the end of the week, we were all well-trained. Friday evening the points for the week were posted. It seemed I would be the first to be punished.

Saturday morning, we all put on our lingerie of the day, uniforms, aprons, and caps while slowly walking in the high heels over the rough concrete sidewalks to the Lambda house. While the others started cleaning, I was taken into Betty's room and told to strip down to my panties and bra (of course I remained in the nude panty brief.) Doing as told, I waited until Betty and her roommate entered.

From her closet Betty removed the small black satin white lace-trimmed French Maid uniform. I was surprised as Sally brought out a long black satin boned old fashioned corset which had a front opening and laces in the back. As she closed the steel front eyelets, I thought to myself that it didn't look too bad. That was until Betty started pulling the back laces to tighten the corset. While the tightness did not cause pain, I was caught off guard as Betty started again at the top of the corset, after Sally had inserted my falsies into the bra cup of the corset, tightening the heavy laces through the eye loops.

She started at the bottom, working her way to the middle until she secured and tied the laces. Sally then went behind my back, starting at the center of the laces to take out the slack, then pulling from the top and bottom until she had my waist reduced several inches. Giving a final tug, she closed the corset another half-inch.

Betty had me sit in a straight chair as she rolled a stocking on her hands, then placed it on my left foot. I stood up as she smoothed the stocking up my legs

and secured the stocking top to the three garters on the left side; one in the front, middle and rear positions. She asked me to sit as she rolled the second stocking on my right leg, repeating what she had done with the left leg. Betty asked me to bend over which I could not since the corset constricted my movements. She reminded me of the lesson yesterday and emphasized that now I would have to bend at the legs while having to keep my back straight.

I stepped into the short skirted black satin uniform which Betty zipped in the back. She handed me a white short fluffy ruffled nylon petticoat which I stepped into, then she handed me a second petticoat which when pulled up to my cinched waist filled the skirt of the uniform, leaving the skirt sticking straight out. Betty handed me a pair of lacy ruffled white rumba panties which completed the outfit. I sat in the chair as she slipped on the three-inch black high-heeled shoes over my nylon-covered feet.

As I stood up, I felt naked as the hem of the skirt fell halfway between my hips and knees. The tight taffeta uniform clung tightly across my body, particularly hugging my corseted cinched waist. The neck of the uniform was scooped, allowing a fair amount of chest to be revealed. Between the corset putting pressure on my chest and the falsies being squeezed, I had been given artificial cleavage. There was a vast amount of stockinged legs peeking out from under the fancy petticoats and rumba panties, which showed as I bent over, to my feet enclosed in three-inch pencil-thin heels

I was escorted to the vanity table in the bedroom. Sitting down, I had to hold my petticoats in place rather than expose my lacy panties. A cape was put over my shoulders to protect the bodice of the uniform as Betty and Sally cleansed my face, moisturized and wiped off the excess cream before applying a

base foundation, smoothing in the liquid makeup until it looked like my natural skin after a sun tan.

Setting powder followed, then eyeshadow, mascara, eyeliner, and a thinning of my eyebrows, followed by penciling in the brows for fullness. My lips were outlined with a pink pencil, then filled in with bright red lipstick and sealer. Long pearl drop earrings were attached to each lobe while a single strand pearl necklace was clasped around my neck. This was followed with a four-strand pearl bracelet and a clustered pearl ring.

Once the girls had completed applying makeup and jewelry, I was taken before a full-length mirror to view the finished results. I was amazed at the reflection. There stood a pretty creature with a lovely face, long slender legs and a very sexy outfit. The only thing lacking was my short hair upon which was under the frilly maid's cap. There was no doubt that the reflection was a pretty man in a dress.

Pleased with the results of their efforts, Betty and Sally led me back down the stairs for the sisters to view their creation. At the same time the other girls had our pledges come into the living room to see what could be in store for them in the future. It was humiliating enough to be standing in front of the girls, but when my fellow pledges saw me, I wanted to hide.

The pledges returned to finish cleaning the Lambda house. I was taken into the dining area and was taught how to set the table for lunch. Soon it was time for the pledges to return to the frat house for lunch and then clean our house. While they gathered in the hall, I was told to stay, my job this weekend was to be a maid for the Sorority. The boys were told to eat lunch, then be ready to clean house when their supervisors arrived. They left in a group as I stayed.

The girls went into the dining room and seated themselves; I carried the plates of food to the table,

going to each girl and filling their plates with the various food items. I had to bend my legs while serving the girls. I was embarrassed as they would play with my petticoats and sometimes lift the skirt to reveal what I was wearing underneath. Once I had completed serving, I was told to stand off to one side in case the girls needed an item. During the meal, I was called to fill the water and tea glasses many times.

One girl summed up the whole episode by stating, “Don’t you just *love* the way Charlie looks and the girlish swishes from his petticoats as he walks around.” From the heat of my cheeks, I was sure that I was blushing, thus putting more color into my cheeks than the blush which had been applied earlier.

After lunch was finished, I cleared the table, taking the dishes to the kitchen. The cook and helper both enjoyed seeing me in a sexy outfit and were talking softly between themselves but looking in my direction. Once the dishes were done and I had cleared and dusted the table, replacing the chairs, I was taken to the kitchen and had my lunch. Seeing lipstick prints—MY lipstick prints—on the water glass reminded me as to my fate.

Reporting back to Betty, I was told to sit in the recliner and relax for awhile. It was difficult to get comfortable because of the tightness of the corset. I was able to lean towards the corner of the chair. Betty schooled me on the proper way to close my legs while sitting, joking, “You do not wish everyone to see your panties while sitting. Keep your legs and ankles together with your feet flat on the ground.” After fifteen minutes I followed her up the stairs to her room where I sat at the vanity stool, having my makeup touched up. This time she also added perfume.

After checking out my uniform and retying my apron along with adjusting the white fluffy cap, I was taken downstairs to the hall. Shortly the doorbell

rang and I was instructed to let the people in and have them wait in the den. I was to escort each person into the den and return to my station. Soon the bell rang again and I opened the door to see two girls from Alpha Phi. I asked them in. They were giggling, watching as I walked in front of them into the room.

Soon the bell rang again and I went through the same routine for another girl; again for three more girls from Alpha Phi. The bell rang once more and I let in six more sonority girls from two other houses. Returning to the hall, I waited until Betty had me come into the den to take drink orders from the girls. She had given me a small pad and pencil to write down the orders.

During the afternoon I was kept busy refilling glasses and serving snacks. It seemed to me that I was providing the entertainment for the day. At five-thirty the guests left. Betty told me that there was not enough time for me to change since the girls would all be getting ready for dinner and dates. She gave me a paper bag containing my regular uniform to take back. I was to report at ten in the morning in my regular uniform and to bring the corset and the special uniform back on Sunday morning.

It was close to six by the time I returned to the frat house. I had no choice but to sit at the table while wearing the French Maid uniform having dinner. I had forgotten that I was still wearing makeup. The brothers enjoyed ribbing me, asking if I was cold wearing the short skirt. They joked that I was probably warmed by the layers of ruffles under my dress and asked if I enjoyed wearing makeup as I was very pretty for a boy.

I was relieved when dinner was finished. I returned to my room and with assistance from my roommates removed the uniform and the corset. Taking a long hot shower helped ease the pain and tightness in my waist. I then caught up on washing my lingerie and

hanging it over a line we had put across our room with the clothespins I had been given. Sam and Harry had the same idea so our room had panties, bras, garter belts, and stockings hung all over. The girls had thought ahead when they told us to put our names on the pins as we had matching sets of undies. I studied that evening as I knew I would be busy the following day.

In the morning all the pledges were wearing their uniforms for breakfast since they were to make the beds and pick up the house. Afterwards they changed into their male underwear for the balance of the day. I was dressed in the lingerie of the day; Bali white lacy bra with red ribbon decoration along with the daily uniform. Harry reminded me to take the maid's cap along with the corset and French Maid's uniform as I was heading to the Lambda Chi house.

Arriving slightly before ten, I was taken into Betty's room where I undressed down to panties and bra, then stood as she and her roommate put me into the corset. Betty had me stand at the end of the poster bed and hold tightly to the post as she tightened the garment more securely than the previous day. Again she rolled the nylons up my legs and attached them to the garter straps. I was assisted as I stepped into the flounce petticoats and rumba panties. The uniform was lifted over my head and zipped in the back. Again I sat at the vanity while they applied makeup.

Once the lipstick was blotted, I received the same jewelry and perfume as yesterday. Sally came over to the table carrying a long Auburn wig which she placed on my head, working on the styling until she was satisfied. Betty sprayed the wig and had me turn around to look into the vanity mirror. I did not recognize the image that was reflected back. I think both Betty and Sally were as surprised by my appearance as I was.