

Omega Alpha Girls



Jacki Pett

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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“OMEGA ALPHA GIRLS”

By Jacki Pett

The party was over a lot earlier than they had expected. It had been a very stuffy affair. It was still early enough for them to find their friends. There were a number of parties on campus this weekend and they were ready to have some fun.

“It was an open house, what did you expect?” Greg was frustrated at Mike’s immaturity.

“They didn’t even have any beer,” Mike complained.

“The place was full of faculty, numbnuts. The real parties don’t come until after we’re accepted.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Mike agreed.

Mike was at Northwestern for one reason only, to party.

Greg had more serious aspirations but he was anything but a stick in the mud. He could party with the best of them, he just didn’t do it as often or as hard as Mike.

Studying was the primary reason he wasn’t as socially active as Mike and most of their friends. His major required an emphasis on literature this year and it gave him a pretty heavy load.

Getting into a fraternity would let him be part of a social world he envied as well as still give him the time for

his books. His father had always told him how great his college experience had been, and belonging to a fraternity was the best part of it for him. Greg wanted very badly to experience it too.

His first year had been hectic. His classes were so demanding that he had little time to socialize. That meant no girlfriend. He was determined to rectify that situation this year and belonging to a fraternity was sure to help. He was convinced of that. He was willing to do just about anything to get in and he knew that he would have to endure some kind of initiation. He was ready for that.

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It was after two when the real party ended. After the pledges and faculty finally cleared out around midnight, the guys brought out the beer and the real food.

Now just Brad, Cindy and Ron were left. The place was trashed but they found a reasonably clean place to spread out the folders on the large dining table. Ron sat at the head of the table while Cindy pulled her chair up close to Brad's on Ron's left.

Brad, as fraternity president, was responsible for sorting the wheat from the chaff and he had been pouring through the prospective pledges before the open house. He was ready to resume the task.

Ron wanted to take up another piece of business. They had been over this particular topic before. "Come on Brad, they won't let us do it anymore and you know it."

"No, Ron. All they said is that we couldn't do hazing anymore. Nothing that might put anyone in danger. That's all the new rules say. They don't say we can't have a little fun with a harmless initiation."

"You're pushing it, Brad. You're going to get us in trouble if you don't drop it. After all the trouble last year, with that guy getting hurt, we don't dare try anything. They'll shut us down."

Brad was not willing to give in to the faculty's new rule so easily. "I know we can't do that kind of thing anymore but we have to do something. It wouldn't be the same without some kind of initiation."

“You’re nuts Brad.” Talking to him was hopeless. Ron pushed back his chair. “Look, when you come up with something, why don’t you let me know.”

With that, he stormed out of the room.

Cindy had been staying out of it. When these two butted heads it was better to keep quiet. Brad she could talk to, but Ron was unbending.

While they argued she had been browsing through the folders, looking at the photographs of the pledges. A thought was forming in her mind as she studied them. She left open one folder while she scanned through the others. The next to the last pledge might work too. It was a shame there were only the two that might be suitable for her little scheme. It was a good idea.

With Ron gone, Brad turned to Cindy. “What are you doing?” he asked curiously, seeing the two folders she studied.

“Oh, I just had an idea,” she answered, with a wicked little smile on her face.

“What’s your idea?” Brad knew how she thought and that smile was a dead giveaway that she had something devilish on her mind.

“I can’t help you with the others but take a look at these two.” Cindy pushed the folders over in front of Brad.

Brad looked at them then at Cindy, puzzled. “So?”

Cindy sat back in her chair. “Now picture them in wigs, makeup and dresses.”

Brad looked down at the two photos and his face lit up with a wide grin.

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The letter came in Wednesday’s mail, telling him to show up at the fraternity house on Friday, promptly at four in the afternoon. It was a little confusing. It was neither a conformation, or rejection, from his pledge fraternity. It was simply a notice to inform him he needed to come prepared to spend the weekend. What was odd about the notice was it said not to worry about packing a bag.

‘Everything you’ll need will be furnished.’

He was careful to be on time. In fact, he was early. When he walked in the door, one of the fraternity brothers told him to wait in the foyer for a few minutes.

Greg was not the only one waiting. He recognized another pledge he had met the week before at the open house. "You too?" Greg asked.

His name was Jim. "Yeah, do you know what this is all about?"

"No, I just got this letter telling me to be here today at four." Since they were the only two there, Greg made an assumption. "We must be the only pledges they're accepting."

Jim agreed. "It looks that way."

Jim was obviously nervous. He couldn't seem to sit still. He sat for a few minutes then got up and paced around the foyer. He had a slight build, just like Greg except he was a bit taller. He wore big glasses that made his face look small in comparison. He was definitely not the athletic type.

Greg often wished he was bigger, but at 5'7" he had stopped growing. He had tried working out, but nothing he did seemed to help fill him out. He envied the guys with broad shoulders and big chests. They seemed to get all the girls.

He had even refused to go out for football in high school because he was so embarrassed about his size. College was a little better. Here, academics, your brains, counted for almost as much as brawn with the girls. Greg had always had a friendly outgoing personality and he had made friends easily. College was his big chance to find the girl of his dreams.

Jim sat down again. He looked so uncomfortable and Greg had to admit he felt the same way. He didn't know how to help Jim relax.

Greg was sitting there wondering what they had in store for them. He knew hazing was illegal, but that didn't always stop fraternities from trying something. "What do you suppose they have planned for us?"

They didn't have long to think about it. One of the doors off the foyer opened and Brad stepped through.

"Hello pledges. Come with me."

Greg and Jim were led back through the doorway, into a small office. Waiting for them were five guys, the fraternity's officers.

"Please take a seat," Brad offered the two chairs in front of the large desk.

Neither of the young men spoke, they simply sat down and waited. Brad walked around the desk and made something of a ceremony out of seating himself in the large padded chair behind it. Resting his elbows on the desk, he spoke. "So you two want to become brothers?"

Jim responded first. "Yes"

Greg quickly followed with, "Very much"

Brad smiled, "Wonderful You both meet all the necessary criteria. You are aware, of course, that hazing is against the rules so we no longer do that sort of thing. We do, however, have a simple initiation rite. Just to prove your sincerity."

Greg kept silent and so did Jim. Greg wondered what they had cooked up for them. It couldn't be too bad, considering the rule banning hazing.

"Do you two still wish to pledge this fraternity?" Brad asked with a very serious tone in his voice.

They both responded, "Yes"

"If you are not aware, the initiation is a secret ritual and you may not reveal it to anyone. Is that understood?" Brad had been concerned that when these two found out what was going to happen to them, they might back out. It would be a shame if they did. Cindy's idea had been fantastic and it was harmless. Nothing like the stunts they used to pull with pledges.

"Of course," answered Greg.

"Sure," Jim agreed.

"Alright, gentlemen, it begins tonight. You will be escorted to separate rooms to prepare. You'll both rejoin us in a few hours. In the morning you'll be brought back here for your final instructions. The preparations are elaborate and you are to fully cooperate with your instructors. Is that understood?"

Again the affirmative response from them both. Greg was a little apprehensive. He could imagine what Jim was feeling.

Brad stood and nodded to the two brothers who had been waiting to take them upstairs. To Greg and Jim he said, "Follow them gentlemen."

Greg stood and followed the two guys out of the room. Jim trailed along behind. They were led up the front stairs to the second floor and down a hallway. One of the guys stopped in front of a door. He turned to the pledges and asked, "Which of you is Greg?"

"I am," Greg responded, nervously.

"Then you go in here." He opened the door and stood back for Greg to enter. "I'll be waiting here for you," the guy announced. Just the tiniest smile creased his mouth as Greg walked by him. The door closed behind him.

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Cindy had a very busy week. There was a lot to do to prepare for today. She had enlisted the help of one of her sorority sisters, Cathy.

When she had told Cathy what their plan was, wild horses couldn't keep her out of it. She thought it would be fun, not to mention, a challenge. When she saw the pictures of the guys she was excited.

Clothes were the first concern. They got a pretty good idea of size from the pictures, but Cindy wasn't satisfied with that. If they were going to have any chance of getting away with this, then the clothes they gave them would have to fit them well.

Cindy had selected Greg and Jim for several reasons. Not only did they have the kind of faces that could be made to look feminine, they had slender builds and would look somewhat believable in girl's clothes.

They snuck into their dorms, early in the week, and measured their clothes and shoes. It was even easier with Greg. She knew he had tried out for the swim team last year and Cindy was able to get all the measurements she needed from the athletic office.

They scrounged bits and pieces of clothes from their friends. They were lucky enough to get almost everything they'd need, including inexpensive jewelry. They used the

ploy that it was for some unfortunate girl off campus that had been robbed of everything she owned. No one questioned them.

Only one of them would need a wig. Greg had long enough hair for Cindy to style, but Jim's was far too short. They got the wig from a shop in town. It had been left for styling and the woman had not returned in three months to pick it up. They bought it for the cost of the styling.

Shoes were a problem. The girls they knew didn't give up perfectly good shoes for anything, not even charity. Jim, in particular, was a problem. He needed size nines. Greg's feet were smaller and Cindy was sure size eights would fit him. They found what they needed at a consignment shop. They also found them several pairs of clip on earrings there.

On Wednesday, after checking on their class schedules, they waited for each of them outside of one of their classes. They had to get an idea of what they would need in the way of makeup. After seeing them both, in person, they agreed that Greg would be the easiest to make over.

One of the hardest things to come up with was how to give them believable breasts. When they told Brad that the fraternity would have to spring for prostheses, they balked at the cost. Cindy and Cathy didn't back down. "Anything else will look too phony. It's those or nothing."

The guys gave in and collected enough to gave the girls the money they asked for.

They considered several ways that the guys could wear them but decided they would have to be attached to their chests, not to the bras. They would be more realistic that way.

That only left the other problem and there was no way to tell how big of a problem it would be. They decided there was nothing they could do so they would leave it to Brad and his friends to worry about.

The girl's were surprised when the guys came up with the answer for their dilemma. Brad gave Cindy the modified G strings with the little loop stitched inside would hold their male members back, tucked between their legs. The thick material in front was heavy enough to keep any bulge from showing through the underwear.

On Friday, after they had begged, or borrowed, everything they could, they went shopping. There was really very little they needed to buy. Bras, panties and stockings were about all that was left for them to get.

By mid-afternoon they were ready. They had even managed to get their hands on suitcases for each of them.

Cindy wanted to get Greg and Cathy didn't argue with her. She thought Jim was the cuter of the two and it would be fun getting him to do what she was expected of him. Cindy wanted Greg because he was certainly going to be the more believable when she was finished with him.

Cindy had been anxiously waiting for almost half an hour when the door opened and the boy walked in.

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Greg didn't know what to expect. He was a little surprised to find the girl sitting on the bed in the room. He recognized her from the open house. She was Brad's girlfriend, Cindy.

"Hi"

"Hi Greg." Cindy stood up. "Are you ready to get started?" She was anxious to begin.

"Get started with what?" A number of thoughts went through his mind. Not least of which was that she was a very pretty girl and what were the two of them doing in this bedroom, alone together? Why did she suddenly look disturbed by his question?

"They didn't tell you?"

They should have told him before they sent him up here, she thought to herself.

"All we were told was to follow these two guys up here and that someone was going to prepare us for our ritual. Oh yeah. We were to follow their instructions to the letter. That's it."

Cindy thought to herself, *Brad could really be a jerk at times.*

"They were supposed to tell you what was going to happen. I guess I'll have to tell you myself."

Greg sat down on the edge of the bed to listen.

Cindy remained standing, pacing around the room.

“You and your friend, Jim, are going to participate in a very unique kind of raid over at Wellesley College. At the Omega Alpha house.”

That didn't sound so bad. Wellesley was a woman's college in the nearby suburbs of Boston.

“Ok, that sounds like fun. So what's my part in this?” He had never actually known anyone who ever raided a girl's dorm before, but he had heard stories.

“You and your friend Jim are going to go in there and spend the weekend. All you have to do, when the weekend's over, is bring back proof that you spent the whole time there.”

Spent the weekend in a sorority house? How would they pull that off? “What kind of proof?”

“A letter from their president, confirming that you were there for the weekend,” Cindy answered with a straight face.

Greg didn't understand.

“How are we going to do that?” That would mean that he and Jim would have to be there with their knowledge. “Guys aren't allowed in sorority houses. They'd never let us in the door.” He thought a moment. “Besides, there's too much security around to sneak in.”

Now for the surprise, thought Cindy.

“You and Jim are going to sneak in there in disguises, as visiting sorority sisters.”

Greg jumped up off the bed. “You've got to be kidding. We'll never get away with that.” *Were they crazy.* “No way!” He started for the door, but it opened before he got to it.

Brad stood in the doorway. He had heard Greg's outburst.

“Is there a problem?”

Brad had decided not to tell them earlier. Frankly, he thought if the girls told them, after they were already upstairs, they were less likely to bolt for the door. He had been outside in the hall listening for just such a reaction from them.

Greg settled down when he saw Brad. Obviously they weren't kidding. Greg didn't care for the idea, but if this

was the only way he could get in this fraternity he didn't have much choice, he would have to go along.

He decided that all they would have to do is suffer a few moments of embarrassment when they arrived and then he and Jim would hibernate in their room for the weekend. When it was over, they'd leave. No big deal, he assured himself. He wondered for a second what Jim was thinking about this.

"No, no problem."

Resigned to go through with it, Greg returned to the bed and sat down.

"Great. I'll go check in on Jim. See you downstairs a little later." The door closed and he and Cindy were alone again.

Cindy was relieved that the little confrontation was over. Now she could get busy. "Are you ready to get started Greg?"

He wasn't as confident or as glib anymore. "I guess so."

"Ok. Let's start by having you change." She handed Greg the long white robe that had been laying on the bed. "Go in the bathroom and take off all of your clothes and put this on."

Greg took the robe from her and slowly started for the bathroom door. This was a little scary. At this instant he wasn't even thinking about the part where he dresses up as a girl. Cindy was really pretty and she wanted him naked so she could have her fun. It was embarrassing.

"Call me when you've changed," Cindy added as he closed the bathroom door.

He striped down to his underwear and called her. "Ok, I'm ready." He pulled the robe tight around him.

Cindy came in and gathered up his clothes.

"What are you going to do with them?" Greg asked, worried.

"I'm going to hide them under the other things in your suitcase," she lied.

"Suitcase, why did I need a suitcase?"

“When you walk in there and say you expect to spend the weekend, you’ll need to have clothes with you. They’d be suspicious if you didn’t.”

He had to agree. “Oh, ok.”

She put his clothes out on the bed and returned. Cindy took a bottle off the back of the sink. “Spread this on the hair on your legs. Put it on thick.”

“What’s that for?” he asked as he took the bottle from her.

“It’s hair remover silly,” she answered with a smile. “It will remove your hair.” *Guys are so naive*, she thought to herself.

Greg felt a sick feeling in his stomach. He hadn’t thought about it until now, but of course he had to have hairless legs. He reluctantly agreed. “Oh.”

“I’ll be back in a few minutes. It takes about fifteen minutes to do the job so just spread it on evenly and relax while it works.” Cindy closed the door on her way out.

He opened the bottle and looked at the thick white liquid as it poured out in his palm. He spread it on his legs, starting from the his ankles and on up to his knees. He assumed that was far enough.

Cindy returned before he was done. She didn’t knock. When she saw that he had spread the cream only part way up his leg she said, “You need to do it all the way up.”

“Why?”

“What if someone were to walk in on you while you were getting dressed and saw all that hair?”

She made her point.

“Ok.” It was weird, but he did what she said.

“Use it all over. Do your arms too. There are two more bottles under the sink. You’ll probably need them,” she told him. Cindy was laughing inside. He was going to look wonderful when she was done with him. She wasn’t shocked that his chest was smooth and hairless. That would definitely be an asset.

Greg didn’t argue. He knew it would grow back soon enough. He had no plans on running around shirtless or in shorts in this cool weather. He draped the robe over the toilet and applied the lotion everywhere. His arms weren’t

all that hairy and what he did have was very light. He didn't relish standing there in front of her in his jockey shorts, all covered with white cream.

Cindy had him climb in the shower after the cream had time to do its job. "While you're in there use the razor I left there for you and shave your armpits."

He had gone this far already. He might as well go all the way.

While he was in the shower Cindy collected his underwear and, along with the rest of his clothes, passed everything out to the guy in the hall. Greg wouldn't be needing them.

She went back to the bathroom to wait for him to finish showering. Sitting on the closed toilet, she watched him through the opaque curtains. "Wash your hair while you're in there. There's conditioner on the shelf, use it generously."

From behind the curtain he asked, "What are you going to do to my hair?"

"I'm going to style it for you, of course, silly." She was excited.

The sick feeling in his stomach was causing it to churn now. When he was done drying off he reached for his underwear that he had left on the back of the toilet. He groped around for it blindly. When he couldn't find it he peeked around the curtain. "What happened to my underwear?"

"I put them with the rest of your things. You can't be wearing those with the clothes you'll be wearing." Cindy could see the disturbed look on his face but she didn't give in. "Put this on and let me see how it looks." She handed Greg the modified G string.

"What do I do with this?" He held up the strange device in front of him, behind the shower curtain.

"Do you really want me to show you?" Cindy asked, grinning.

"NO, no. I'll figure it out." He did.

Wrapped in just the towel, he climbed out of the shower. He just stood there looking at the girl smiling at him. It was embarrassing. He felt all the more naked and

exposed with the hair gone from his body. Vulnerable was the word that came to mind.

Cindy gave him a once over. The cream had done the job nicely. “Ok Greg. You look fine. Now how about a close shave?” There was lather and a clean, new razor on the sink.

Greg gave himself the best shave he could. The way his beard grew he wouldn’t need to shave again for a few days.

“Those sideburns have to go too,” Cindy told him.

Greg turned to her abruptly, with a frown on his face.

“Come on. They’re not that long anyway. They’ll grow back fast, just like your eyebrows.” She looked at him with her impish smile.

His frown turned to a scowl. “Now that’s going too far.”

Cindy laughed. “Stop acting like such a baby. Later, if anyone asks, just say they got burned off when you were lighting a gas grill. Besides, I just need to shape them a little. They’re not coming off altogether.”

He thought about it and the gas grill story would be a plausible explanation. The scowl faded. He shaved off his sideburns up to where Cindy told him, but he still didn’t like it.

“Now have a seat on the toilet while I do your eyebrows.” Greg did as she told him. Cindy picked up her tweezers and went to work. It took quite a while and Greg complained like a baby each time she plucked a hair.

She finally finished and stood back to assess how she’d done. Smiling, she said, “Perfect. Now I’ll just trim them a little and we can get on with this.”

Greg just sat there, very docile. He hadn’t yet seen what she’d done.

Using a small comb and scissors, she cut them short. They were high and narrow, curving up from his pretty green eyes. “Ok, you’re done. You look great. Want a look?” She didn’t wait for an answer. She handed him a small hand mirror.

His stomach had calmed down as he sat there for her. Now it started to act up again. They were taking this thing too far. His reflection was disturbing. His masculinity was being stripped away, little by little.

As if reading his mind, Cindy said, "That's it. No more scary stuff. Let's go do your hair Greg." As an afterthought, Cindy reached behind the open door for what was hanging on the towel rack. "Here, you might be more comfortable with something on over that G String." She handed him a pair of panties. They were a style they picked to match the G string so that it didn't show. They were white stretch lace with a little scoop front.

She saw the look on his face. It was getting a little annoying having to coax him into everything. "Just put them on and stop your fussing."

Reluctantly, he did as he was told. He hadn't forgotten what Brad had said earlier.

Cindy caught a look at his shape as he opened the robe just enough to pull them on. "Greg, take off the robe for a minute. I need to see something."

He just looked at her. What was he doing here, he asked himself. He was grown man standing there in women's underwear and this really cute girl was giving him the once over, like he was a piece of meat. This was sick.

"It's no big deal Greg. You're covered up."

He took a deep breath to calm himself and dropped the robe to the floor. He stood there, blushing, in front of her.

She was surprised. He had a very convincing shape. With his clothes on, in the photo and on campus, she hadn't been able to tell. Even the stats she had gotten on him didn't really tell her much. He had a nice trim waste and nice hips. His chest wasn't even too big. When she walked around behind him she was pleased to see that he had a shapely tush. Even his legs were nice, shapely, not heavy or muscular at all. Cindy was having second thoughts about the style of clothes she and Cathy had gotten for him.

"How much do you weigh Greg."

Why was she asking, he wondered to himself. "About 150 at the moment. I was sick just before school started and I lost a few pounds."

"You don't look like you weigh that much. You look closer to about 135." He was too thin to weight that much.

Greg felt almost insulted, but he understood her misjudgment. "I'm very wiry," he said in self defense. He actually weighed closer to 140, but he wouldn't tell her that.

Cindy wasn't being judgmental. This was terrific.

Her little inspection of him took only a few seconds and he was relieved to put the robe back on.

Greg noticed the open suitcase on the bed when Cindy led him back into the bedroom. It was stuffed full of clothes, girl's clothes. He didn't say anything.

Cindy had him sit down in a chair. She made a point of staying away from the mirror for now. "Ok Greg. I'm just going to give you a little trim before we set your hair. Nothing much and you'll be able to wear it the same as before, when this is over."

He believed her assurances and let her go ahead without getting upset. He just sat there with his eyes closed as she went to work on him.

Cindy and Cathy had talked about it and with Greg's straight hair, they had decided on a short pageboy for him. Cindy didn't want to take away any length. All she needed to do was trim up the back, trim the split ends and give his hair a layered cut for more fullness. It took her almost a half hour to accomplish this and when she was done, she showed Greg that, essentially, he still had all his hair.

"See, I didn't butcher it." She saw the relief on his face when they moved over in front of the big mirror.

Greg was satisfied that she told the truth. Still, his reflection was disturbing.

Now she began to show Greg what she was doing. He had to know how to do this himself over the next couple of days. His hair was still damp and she showed him how to gel it thoroughly then she started styling it. Cindy parted his hair almost on top then started to blow dry it using a vented brush to give it shape. It curled under just slightly, just below chin level. His long bangs were down to just above his eyes and swept softly to one side.

"It's very simple to do, as you saw. Any questions about how to do any part of it?" Cindy really liked the way he looked. His shiny light brown hair framed his face and with the long bangs, he looked very soft and feminine.

Greg stared at himself in the mirror. He had watched Cindy closely. “No, no questions.” He was amazed at how he looked. With his hair this way, he really looked a lot like a girl.

“Ok Greg, I’m going to teach you how to apply your makeup next.” She had everything laid out on a tray on the bed and she brought it over to the desk where Greg waited, still sitting in the chair.

“This is foundation.” She picked up the small bottle and a makeup sponge. Putting just a dab on the sponge she started to apply it on one side of his face. “Put it on very sparingly like this. Now you do the other side.”

He did as she told him but he couldn’t see that it did much other than cover his few freckles and make his skin look smoother. “Like that?”

Cindy grinned. He learned quickly. “That’s perfect. Very good. Now we’ll do eyeshadow.” She took great pains to make sure he did it just right on the eye that he did himself.

The most obvious reason Cindy had selected Greg out of all the pledges was his face. It was small and well shaped. It was fairly narrow and tapered at the chin. He had nice cheekbones and fair skin. His beautiful deep green eyes were large and not too close together. He had a small, petite nose and a shapely mouth. He even had a nice smile. Cindy realized she was staring and got back to the business at hand.

Greg was amazed at the way it made him look. It wasn’t that she put on a lot of color, in fact she put on very little, but it made a distinct difference.

Eyeliner went on next. Cindy thought how funny he looked, struggling to get it on straight.

“I can’t believe that you girls go through this every day.”

“You get used to it pretty quick. By the time this week-end is over, you’ll be an expert.” She had all she could do to keep from laughing.

He had no trouble with the mascara or defining his eyebrows but it took a couple of tries to get his blush to look just right.

Cindy was very pleased. By now, he was looking quite pretty. He looked even better than she had imagined he would.

Greg was actually beginning to have fun with this now. “What’s next?” He picked up the tube of lipstick. It was a pale shade of red. “This?”

Now Cindy did laugh. “No, not yet. You want to define your lips first. Use the lipliner to make them look a little fuller than they really are.”

He reached for the pencil. “This?” He looked at her in the mirror for verification.

“That’s right, but you better let me do it.” Cindy took the pencil and did his upper lip. It already had a nice little heart shape but she accented it just a little more. “Now I’ll do your bottom lip.” She accented the bottom more than she had the top, to give him a pretty little pout.

Cindy handed him the lipstick. “Now the lipstick.”

Greg had seen his mother apply lipstick enough times to know how. He pursed his lips to even it out as he had seen her do so many times.

Cindy had him turn in his chair to face him. “You look terrific.”

He really did. It was amazing.

They had more to do, and it was getting late.

“Let me see your hands Greg.” She took them in hers. “I’m going to have to give you a manicure. Just wait there.”

She went into her bag and brought out everything she’d need. Cindy had expected this too.

When she finished she applied fake nails. Cindy wore them all the time because hers were so weak. A little extra glue would insure that they would not come off on him. Once she shaped them, his hands looked very feminine. She didn’t make them too long, knowing it would be too awkward for him.

Nail polish was next.

“I’ll do one hand and you do the other.” Cindy took great care to do them just so.

Greg wasn’t as neat and he had to do several nails over and over again until he got them right, the way Cindy

wanted them. By the time he had applied two coats of color and a finish coat of clear, he caught on to the technique.

“I better do your toenails for you. You just keep your hands flat on that magazine until they dry.” With his foot on her lap, she shaped them and put the same deep red polish on as he had on his fingernails.

While they waited, Cindy broached him with a question. “Would you try something for me?”

He was a little wary. “What?”

“Can you talk in a higher voice?” They had thought about this but there was nothing either of the girls could do to help them. They were on their own, to try to sound as convincing as they could.

This he had expected. It had occurred to him in the shower that he couldn’t carry this off, talking in his voice. “Maybe I could say I have a cold.” He suggested.

Cindy thought about that for a second but she didn’t want to settle for that without trying. “Just give it a try.”

Greg’s first attempt was terrible. Not convincing at all. He didn’t need Cindy to tell him it wouldn’t work.

“Try humming in a high pitch for me.” Cindy offered.

That was easy enough but how was that going to help? Greg didn’t understand.

Cindy thought her idea just might work. “Good Greg. Now do it again but talk while you hold that pitch. It might sound a little nasal but it should work.”

He was amazed at how different he sounded and he could tell by the look on Cindy’s face that she approved.

“That’s wonderful Greg.”

“It isn’t too nasal sounding?”

“Not at all. I’m sure it sounds different to you but it sounds just fine to me. Let’s practice that.”

For the next ten minutes she had him read out of a magazine, using only his new voice. She encouraged him to throw in a range of inflection as he read. If he could keep this up he’d be fine.

Cindy was delighted.

She looked at her watch, “We need to get finished with you. Your nails must be dry by now.”

Greg followed her over to the bed.

Cindy took a pair of pantyhose out of the suitcase. “Go ahead and put these on. Be careful not to snag them with your new fingernails.”

The warning was wasted on him. He put a hole right through them before he even got them over his foot. He felt like an idiot. She had even warned him. “Sorry.”

“That’s ok. It happens sometimes. Here,” she handed him a second pair, “be a little more careful this time.” She wasn’t impatient with him.

At least he was cooperating with her now.

This time he managed to pull them on, intact. It definitely was tricky. Standing there in them, he felt very strange. Could he really go through with this?

He looked up at Cindy. She was holding what could only be falsies and she was grinning. This too was to be expected but that didn’t mean he had to be happy about it.

“Time for the rest of your transformation...” A thought struck her. “I can’t go on calling you Greg. We have to start using your new name.” Cindy picked up the purse that lay next to the suitcase. She opened the wallet she took from inside. From a small card, she read, “Nichole Stevens.” She looked up at Greg, “What do you think?”

Greg screwed up his face at her. “Nichole? Do I have a choice?”

“Actually, no. The sorority has already been notified that you, as Nichole, are coming.”

All the arrangements had been made early in the week. They had even made false ID’s for both Greg and Jim.

They had been very thorough in their preparations. Brad had gotten some help from his sister, upstate. She was a member of the Omega Alpha chapter that Greg and Jim were supposedly visiting from. The names came from her. There were really girls registered there by those names. While their membership was active, they rarely were. It was an excellent cover. All the proper paperwork for the visit had come directly from the mischievous little

hands of Brad's sister. If for any reason anyone were to check on them, everything would appear to be legitimate.

"Nichole," Cindy laughed. "lie down on the bed for me so I can put these on you."

Greg didn't think it was so funny. "Why do I need to lie down?" He assumed that they'd just stuff them in a bra that he'd wear.

Cindy's smile grew. This was pretty comical to her. "If you don't, I may not get them on straight. Besides, it will be easier for me."

The back of each was covered with a very strong two sided tape. Once in place they would not come off until alcohol was used to dissolve the strong adhesive.

Greg just lay there with his eyes closed while Cindy performed the critical placement of the natural looking forms.

Short of implants, there was no way to make the guys look completely natural, but they had the next best thing. Cindy squeezed out the flesh colored silicon adhesive under the edges of the forms. She pressed them firmly down as she went, smoothing the pliable gel around the edges. When she finished, it filled the seam between Greg's chest and the forms. As long as no one saw him completely naked, he would easily fool them. The gel filled prosthesis were soft and pliable, just like real breasts. They would even jiggle if he bounced or shook the right way.

"Just lie still until that dries, Nichole," she urged standing over him. Somehow the name suited him, the way he looked now.

He just looked up at the girl. He didn't respond, he didn't smile.

Cindy had explained as she put them on, about what it would take to get them off. It made him very uncomfortable to have them stuck to his chest. Too weird, he thought to himself.

While the silicon set, he read some more. The more he practiced, the easier it got to use the new voice. He was able to stretch the range of his voice, more and more. Although he didn't really feel like it, he even laughed convincingly for Cindy.

“It’s almost nine Nichole and we need to get downstairs. Let’s finish getting you dressed.”

His `breasts’ felt very strange when he stood up.

“I can’t imagine getting used to this,” he protested, his hands cupped under the forms. They sagged just slightly.

Cindy got a kick out of the way he looked. “Trust me, you will. Just imagine going through your whole life with them.”

“No thanks, I’ll pass.”

Cindy adjusted the straps on the bra. It fit him perfectly.

His silky full slip was next. While Greg slipped it on over his head, Cindy got the skirt and blouse he would wear out of the closet. She handed him the blouse first. It was a white, long sleeved cotton blouse with lace trim on the collar and cuffs.

Greg looked reluctant as he put it on.

Cindy understood.

“Don’t worry, you look fine. Here, step into this.”

He pulled up the gray plaid pleated skirt. It zipped and buttoned in the back. The button gave him a little trouble, but Cindy wouldn’t help him with it. He needed to get accustomed to doing these things with his long nails.

“You have to learn to do that sort of thing yourself. Don’t try to use your fingertips or you might break your nails. Use the side of your fingers.”

He would get it, she knew. He was just nervous.

He had managed just fine with the buttons on the blouse but they were in front. This was a little more awkward. The skirt was long and came almost to his calves.

Cindy was ready with his jewelry and handed him each piece to put on himself. The bracelet and necklace gave him trouble because of the small clips. Cindy showed him how and he did fine after that.

The earrings were clips on and while he had no trouble getting them on, they did hurt his ears. When he complained, she had an answer.

“If they hurt too much I could always pierce your ears for you and loan you some of my earrings. They’re a lot more comfortable.” She knew how he’d react to that.

“That’s ok. They feel better already.” No way was she going to do that to him.

His next to last accessory was a red, v neck, button down cardigan sweater with cable stitching.

Step by step, he had been transformed.

Cindy was amazed at how natural he looked. So sweet, soft and feminine. “You’re a perfect size eight Nichole. Everything looks so nice on you.”

They had to hurry. It was almost nine and she and Cathy wanted to go downstairs with their charges, together.

Cindy set the black two inch heels on the floor at his feet. She prayed they’d fit. “Go ahead and give them a try.”

The idea of wearing heels was frightening. He was sure he’d break his neck. He slipped his feet into them.

Cindy was delighted. “They look like they fit you pretty well.” She was afraid that he’d be too tall in the heels but with the extra two inches he was still only about five foot nine. Not bad at all. She was only about an inch shorter in heels.

Greg had to admit, “They seem to be the right size.” He told her his concern. “Cindy, I don’t think I can get around in these.”

“Don’t worry, we have all night to practice. You’ll get used to them before you leave.”

Now it was her turn to share something with him. She used his new name. “Nichole, I have to tell you. You look fabulous. I knew when I saw your picture that we could make you up sufficiently for you to pass, but seeing you like this...” She just stared for a moment.

“You look so pretty.” She couldn’t wait to show Cathy. “Ready to go?”

He wasn’t quite sure how to take what she must have thought was a compliment. Under the circumstances he supposed that being attractive would be an asset, but it didn’t do much for his male ego.

He was nervous enough to pass out.