

Frat 5: Nice Girls Have Rules



Gabrielle Johnson



Copyright ©) 2014

Published by Mags, Inc
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

FRAT 5: NICE GIRLS HAVE RULES

by Gabrielle Johnson

Rachel could feel the eyes of all the men in the bar, and the few women as well, on her shapely, feminine body. She slid down in a seat, in her leather skirt, crossing her legs, her high-heeled boots making her feel very sexy, as if she was a real woman. But wild thoughts of discovery, discovery of the whole sorority as being a sorority of men, made her mind tremble. She imagined what these people would do to her if they discovered that beneath all her femininity, she was as male as any man in the place.

“So,” said Ted Moore, leaning over her and looking down the front of her top, at her real, rounded, aug-

mented breasts, a glance which Rachel noted in shaking relief. She might be able to control this situation she was in, after all. He might be susceptible to her femininity. He was a man, after all, wasn't he? "Do you make assignments for sex for the Alpha boys just with the real girls in your sorority or with the trannies like Bryan and Harry as well? Do you tell the boys which kind of girl they're going out with?"

Ted had just broken a cardinal rule of the fraternity, thought Rachel. It was ingrained into Alpha men, clearly Ted wasn't one, particularly Alphas who slept with Rho girls regularly, that Rho girls were to be called 'girls'. They were never to be distinguished from other girls at all as this Ted Moore was trying to do with Rho girls.

But Ted didn't know that. Nor did he know how close he was to stating exactly what it was that Rachel and Emma did for their sorority of 'Rho girls'. Ted almost had it exactly right! Rachel knew she couldn't let him think the whole idea through. She smiled as prettily as she could at the man opposite her. Oh, it was so different to vamp a 'real' man, an unknowing man, not one of the Alpha unsophisticated 'boys' she was used to tempting into her bed to amuse her.

"That's so crass," said Rachel, putting down her drink, seeing the lipstick bow where her mouth had touched it. "Is this the style of all your interrogations, Detective Moore? I don't think you can be a very successful detective if you go around accusing a girl of something she'd never do."

"That came out all wrong," said Ted with a sudden, rueful smile. "I did mean to say, now we're out of the sorority, how beautiful you are, Rachel. The rest is the worst case that could be happening in the situation I saw. Not that I should be so high-minded about students hooking up. I understand that."



“What I can’t imagine is Bryan laying a finger on you, beautiful Rachel. And I do want to ask you what is it you do as Mistress, that’s the right word, isn’t it, of your sorority? I know it isn’t just assignations for boys to get together with girls as I saw tonight.”

“I think,” said Rachel gently, not wanting to acknowledge in any way that that was just what she and Emma did for the girls of Rho House, “that you came into our sorority tonight because you want Marilyn, don’t you, Ted? And since you can’t have her, well, I suppose you’re settling for me!”

Let’s talk about us, anyone, why you came to the sorority. Let’s talk about anything, but not Harry, that girlish friend of Julia’s.

She, Harry, now Linda, would almost certainly break down under questioning from a determined operator like Ted Moore. If Rachel could just keep Ted Moore at bay for a week or so ... Ted wouldn’t be able to find Linda, Harry as he’d call ‘her’, in the sorority at all, not when she was changed as she was going to be.

A friend of Julia’s, Linda, Harry Barrett, fitted in perfectly as a Rho girl. She was scheduled already for her T and A, as well as some work on her Adam’s apple, and for a nose bob. Now, Rachel would have to suggest a little more facial feminization to make sure that Detective Ted Moore would never find ‘her.’

Max Wagner was still hot for Linda but he’d said to Rachel, when she’d asked him, that Linda was attracted to anyone in pants, as a Rho girl should be. When Linda was ‘improved’, Max didn’t think he’d find her, ever, for a date, Linda being ‘man-crazy’. Thank goodness, Max wasn’t a man to talk to anyone, even Ted Moore, about his love life. He was a true Alpha, Rachel was sure of that.

“I do like what Granger Aitken,” said Ted, in answer to Rachel’s suggestion about Marilyn, carefully putting his drink in front of him and leaning more to-

wards the lovely girl beside him, "did to himself. I'm shocked by the way he looks as Marilyn. But I'm not convinced he's had the reassignment surgeries he claims to have.

"But he, I should call him 'she', shouldn't I, has convinced his father he's, um, she's a girl; and that she's going to marry Bob Maslow legally at the end of next year when the authorities agree she's a girl. There, now you know what I think about Marilyn, Miss Rachel Porter, the beautiful girl sitting here with me and being admired by everyone.

"I think that every guy in this place wishes he could take my place tonight. The way you're dressed signals we're going to be into something very kinky. I also think that you're trying very hard, and succeeding, with your feminine ways, to distract me, Miss Porter, from whatever it is that you do in that sorority you call Rho House."

"If I'm distracting all the men in this room," said Rachel with smile, not wanting to let on to the other how close he was to the truth. She was going to distract him in every way she could. She twisted and wiggled in her chair, deliberately re-crossing her legs which made him admire her feminine figure more, "it's because you brought me here, Ted, to do just that."

Rachel had learned to love wiggling in a tight skirt. She loved the way her legs felt in stockings, the tug of her garter belt and the touch of leather on her thighs being so wonderful, so girlish and delightful. She smiled as her leather mini-skirt felt so good, her breasts and the lovely bra that held her, also making her feel 'real' and delicately girlish.

Ted Moore's face registered surprise at what she'd said about him bringing her here to be a lovely girl on show. Didn't he understand that she could think for herself, Rachel wondered. A pretty girl like her should

think for herself. She could be a bimbo, of course, as so many of the girls practiced to be at first.

Sometimes, Rachel liked that as well, liked the way her dress and boots made her feel. Oh, yes, this was a night for 'Girls on Top', wasn't it? The last time they'd done it, just after Christmas, it had been wildly successful. The guys at home for the holidays in Alpha House had begged Emma and Rachel to organize it again, in term time.

So they had, this very night! The few Alpha 'men', busy on other projects, were going to be so jealous they missed what went on in Rho House. Oh, they'd have loved to be dominated by Rachel and the girls she'd trained. And I'm in character for the show, thought Rachel, smiling gently at this persistent detective. I'm not going to be an easy 'date' for a man like you, Ted, she thought, holding that idea well inside her, as she tried to be girlish with every fiber of her feminized body.

"The truth is," Rachel said with a smile, lying easily as she had when Bryan, now Trudi, had been beating her, making her be a slut for him. "We're not a bordello, brothel or bawdy house, Ted, we girls of Rho House. We're sisters. And the sisterhood, our sorority, is just having a midweek party tonight, Ted.

"But even I can't go to it unless I have a date. That's what I was doing, as one of the Mistresses of the House, pairing off men and girls so no-one's left who wanted to party. My date is probably wondering why I've stood him up! Emma, the other Mistress of our House, is probably asking him to leave. We're not as debauched as you think, Ted. By midnight, all the men will be gone from the ballroom! I'm supposed to see to that as one of my duties, being a Mistress."

"Including Harry?" asked Ted Moore with a grin. "Linda?"

"You did your research well," said Rachel with a smile, pleased that the lilt in her voice was holding up. A lovely, feminine voice never had a man questioning what a 'girl' was, no matter what other mistakes she made.

Rachel knew how to handle this line of enquiry. It wasn't the first time that someone had inquired after a specific 'girl'. Her answer, in a case like this, where someone knew Harry was Linda, was rehearsed. "A special case, a one-off, someone her friend asked us to help," she said, crossing her legs again in her skirt because it made her feel as womanly as she wanted to feel. "We took a vote and decided to assist Linda. It's as simple as that. I don't know anything more about Bryan or about what was on his computer. It might have led Linda to State. I don't know. You should ask her."

If you can find her, thought Rachel. She'd pressed the panic button for Emma as she'd left the sorority.

"I will," said Ted Moore, standing and assisting the lovely, puzzled Rachel to her feet. His hand at her thin waist steadied her. For a moment, he held her quite closely, his arm about her bare shoulder as he guided her out of the restaurant and bar, smiles on the faces of most of the men watching them. "I think we should get out of here now before the cavalry appear. They're on the way, aren't they? Maslow and his friends?"

"Do you rush off from all your girls friends like this?" asked Rachel, pushing back her long hair, allowing him to put his arm about her, snuggling a little into him as a girl would to show a man she was interested. Yes, she had to do it. He was interested in her, wasn't he? So what that he didn't know about her 'real' sex? She shivered inside as she thought of him with his hands in her panties, her breasts caressing his chest. It wouldn't come to that. Rachel, as a girl, could do a lot

to distract Ted from his investigations without having to actually get that far.

Ted smiled at her as they stood on the top step of the University Club, pointing to Bob Maslow and Peter coming quickly, almost in marching steps, along Frat Row.

What am I getting myself into? Rachel asked herself with a shudder, swaying against the detective as Ted hugged her as if she was a girl. She knew what was coming as he pulled her against him. So, a real man wants to kiss you, she said anxiously to herself. She let him, not fighting him. It wasn't like having an Alpha 'man' caress her. Girlish feelings built inside her, her legs in her dark stockings arousing her more than the shaking of her long, red hair. She let a 'real' man, so much older than her, take possession of her painted lips, closing her eyes as she always did when Alphas kissed her romantically.

Only, those men knew what she was, knew she wanted to feel like a girl. But this one wasn't Peter Simpson. Ted didn't know what she was. He kissed her as if she was a girl, making her shiver, nicely, inside. Rachel loved the gentle pressure he exerted on her lips, making her feel so female. It was just the way she tried to teach David Brent to kiss her. The science major was always in such a rush.

This was how a man should kiss a girl, Rachel thought, lost in bliss for a long minute, quite stunned when she came to her senses at last. She found Ted Moore looking down at her, his face equally astonished as hers, she supposed. He was showing the same emotion she'd felt inside so girlishly, astonishment and pleasure released in her in the kiss. Yes, she'd been a woman for a few stunning, wonderful moments and he'd been her man.

Being in a dress designer's workshop was the most excruciating experience of Brenda Lawrence's short life as a woman. Heather and Kelly greeted one another with girlish hugs and kisses.

"Six weeks!" shrieked the older, blonde woman. "I don't think I could get a pair of panties out in less than three months!"

"For the 'no fee is too high' that goes with this commission," Kelly said dryly, wandering over to a live mannequin posing and moving in a beautiful, light blue and white silk dress, "you, Heather, can do a whole lot better than a pair of panties for my blushing bride!"

And Brenda was blushing as she was in a workshop with scads of beautiful women, many of them only half-dressed.

"You've already got the design done," said Kelly with a laugh, "and that's the hardest part, you always say, Heather. Now, I've brought you the girl," was that a breathy emphasis on 'girl', thought the uneasy Brenda, but if it was a signal to the designer about the blushing Brenda, Heather gave no sign that she understood, "and you can see how lovely she is. And the publicity alone from this wedding, Heather ..."

Kelly smiled and let her voice trail off as she winked at the blonde, blushing Brenda.

"The girls are going to have to work overtime," complained Heather.

"Which the Mertons will meet and add bonuses to for the work done in time for the dress rehearsals," said Kelly. "Yes, with the money they'll make for the bridesmaids' dresses as well, they'll all be buying new homes, new cars and holidaying in Europe for the summer this year!"

"Bridesmaid dresses as well!" squealed Heather, shaking her head as if in unbelievable distress.

"Well, we could get those done by another couturier," said Kelly, her cheek dimpling prettily as she swished one of the lovely dresses off the rack about her.

"Who'll make sure that her designs clash with mine," said Heather. She pushed a buzzer on her desk and an assistant turned from where she was working, pinning together a cherry-red, evening gown. It looked so delicate and beautiful to Brenda and the silent Michelle, as awed as the bride, beside her.

"Amanda, we have the bride here for eight-five SSL, silk, satin and lace," Heather said with a smile to the three girls visiting her. "Into the dressing room number three, Brenda, and you and your bridesmaid can try on the new underwear that we've designed for you. Then, the mockup of the dresses you'll be wearing will be here when you come out!"

"You snark!" laughed Kelly. "You were teasing me!"

"I loved it!" said Heather, letting loose with a girlish giggle. "I hope you love the dress that I've designed for you, Brenda. Now that I've seen you, I think I could have designed an old sack and you'd have made it look good. Your photos don't do you justice! You're much more beautiful here in person! You're going to make such a beautiful, beautiful bride!"

"Oh, gosh, we're supposed to get into these?" gasped Michelle as they looked at the delicate panties and bras laid out for them. "And what's this?"

Brenda was flushing again as she looked at the silk sort of bandanna with the tiny straps to pull it tight. "I think she's designed a special g-string for us to wear beneath the panties. She knows all about us and the type of girls we are!"

While Brenda was chagrined at what Heather must really think of her, Brenda, a male, clothing herself like a bride, Michelle was pleased with the pink, matching band for her panties, particularly as it fitted her so easily.

"This won't be difficult for Peter," laughed Michelle.

"Peter," said the almost naked girl beside her, hardly able to touch the delicate garter belt that was designed just for her, a match for her new panties. "I thought that he was Rachel's."

"He's had her long enough," said Michelle with a giggle. "You know what Peter's like, don't you? He's in love with all of us as soon as we give him a tumble in bed but it only lasts until some tramp like Nadine bats her eyelashes at him. He can't resist a come-on from a pretty girl. Rachel told me that I could have him and warned me that he wasn't going to be the love of my life."

"But Rachel ..." said Brenda, shivering as she drew out the lovely white stockings with the swirling, flowery patterns on them. And there were the garters with similar flowers as fasteners that she had to wear on her thighs. What was it she had to do with them, she thought in a panic? Oh, she had to let Will caress her legs and take them off and throw them to his male friends. And even if she kissed them really sweetly, they'd never give them back to her.

"Rachel has a new boy friend," said Michelle, a fount of news about all the girls and what they were up to. "An older guy, an alumnus, I think."

"She's trying to make Peter jealous," said Brenda uneasily, staring at herself in the mirror in her strapless bra that pushed her up and out so well, if you wanted to look like a pretty, full-figured girl, that is.

"It's a meeting of the minds," said Michelle, shocking her friend. "Rachel's always liked older, more experienced men. Ooo, you look so lovely, Brenda. Ooo, I'm going to have to be a bride, I really am! But every man in Alpha knows that I'm a real slut! I'll sleep with anyone who strokes my tush and tells me what a pretty girl I am. Oh, gosh, look at the dresses they have ready for us! I want to switch and be the bride! You'll look stunning in that, Brenda, absolutely stunning!"

"Ted Moore was tracking me down?" Bob Maslow asked a still shaking Rachel Porter. "Marilyn and me?"

Rachel's mass of red-gold hair moved in agreement to Bob's statement. Ted had been following the two of them about the campus, probably in the university town as well. He'd seen them entering Rho House, arm-in-arm.

"I, I think he, he's a little jealous of you," said Rachel, blushing almost the color of her hair as she said that, expecting an outburst from the alumni consultant to the Frat Council, a lawyer.

"He's every reason to be," said Bob Maslow with a grin.

"I thought," cut in Will Merton. He'd driven in hastily from the new house he and his wife, Brenda, a Rho girl like Rachel, would be honeymooning in soon, along the beach from Mr and Mrs Daley Masters and their children. Josie Masters, of course, was the 'original' Rho House and sorority girl.

"I thought John Aitken accepted he has a daughter now," Will stated. "Is Aitken still trying to find out all the whats and whys about what happened to Granger? Marilyn isn't going to like that if he is!"

"T-Ted didn't say he was w-working for any-, anyone," said the rattled, nervous Rachel, still thinking of the way Ted had kissed her for the second time and whispered that he'd call her, just as a regular guy would have done. "But he's a policeman. He's found out about Linda. He, he, doesn't seem the type to stop when he's got a mystery."

"No," agreed Bob Maslow, before Will could ask Rachel more about her encounters with the persistent detective. "Will, why don't you head back, Will? Find that lovely wife of yours and depart on your European honeymoon? Marry her over there. I thought she was looking forward to the warmth of the beaches of Southern France."

"It's me who wants to get her on the Riviera," said Will with a grin. "She'd be happy to stay here and supervise the house Daley is improving and re-building for us. I want to show her off on those beaches where the girls are topless like us men. You know, we don't wear shirts and they don't wear the tops of their bikinis!"

"I'm not sure that Brenda wants to be shown off," cut in Emma, the other Mistress of the Sorority who knew the 'girl' whom Will was marrying soon, very well. "We're her family, we girls at Rho and one boy in Alpha." She smiled at Will, frustrated at not seeing his girl friend till their wedding. "We'd be mad as hell at not seeing her as a bride and seeing Will promising her his undying love! And don't you start getting big ideas!" she warned her boy friend, Lord Albert Conway, in whose lap she was snuggling.

"I didn't say a word!" protested Bertie Boy. Emma's pet name for her English boy friend had spread to everyone in the frat.

"I could feel your reaction," said Emma, patting his leg with her lovely, femininely manicured hand, its fingernails long, gleaming and pink. Bertie grinned up

at her as she lowered her head for the inevitable kiss. Most of the others smiled. It was nice to see the two back together and being so loving. Bertie had blotted his copybook, as he said in English slang, with the nympho, Nadine, while Emma had been busy organizing the sorority to 'take care' of the troubles left by the recently deposed President.

"Is this guy really going to cause trouble for us?" asked Peter Simpson who'd become Frat President after agreeing to the emasculation of Bryan Fairfax and Phil Garcia. With the way Trudi and Nancy were currently behaving, and the three previous miscreants, now Elizabeth, Marilyn and Olivia, the troubles left by Trudi had appeared to be over. "And who's this Linda? I don't think you girls told us about taking in another girl this late in the year!"

"She's Julia's friend, someone Trudi tried to recruit for the frat," said Rachel. The others listened as she told them all about Linda and what was planned for her in the days ahead.

"You should have told us all about her when she got here," said Peter Simpson, not noticing the cool looks he got from Will, Bertie and Bob Maslow.

"Don't you and Pete pillow talk?" asked Bob Maslow, smiling at Rachel Porter, who re-crossed her legs with a rasp of stockings that she loved to hear as much as the men in the room.

"Peter and I are working on a more open relationship," Rachel said with a smile. That made everyone in the group look at the discomfited Peter Simpson.

"We saw Nadine coming from your room, Brenda and I," said Will into the short silence while the rest digested that Rachel and Peter weren't a couple like Tanya and Alan Fox, Brenda and Will Merton, or Emma and Lord Albert. "We thought at the time ... But Nadine's made it clear to everyone, hasn't she, that she wants every member of the frat to fuck her ...!"

"She propositioned you?" asked Emma in disgust. "Not when you announced your wedding day!"

"Not then," laughed Will. "But when all of you girls and guys conspired with Kelly," she was the wedding planner, "to keep my future wife from me, that bundle of blonde femininity pressed her charms into me. I damn well could have given her a tumble. Only thinking of Brenda allows me to resist!"

"I wish everyone else had your will power," said Emma, immediately drawn into Bertie's arms again and kissed most thoroughly and passionately by her boy friend.

"You girls," Will said with a groan, "will have to do something about Nadine, stop her meds or something, have Doc Greg remove," he mimed the breasts that Emma and Rachel had and were so obviously real, "... anything, but get her to settle down with just a couple of men, at best.

"And Bob, I'm out of here soon for a while, you're going to be the one to take care of Mr Moore. Surely, we aren't going to have to go to the extremes as we did with Nancy and Trudi."

The rest of the group noted that he didn't mention Marilyn, also given the 'extreme' like the other new girls. She'd been willing to blow up the frat and reveal all about them, what they did to keep a constant supply of lovely girls in Rho House for the pleasure of Alphas. Marilyn now agreed how wrong she'd been. She'd been enthralled with Will and Brenda's wedding and was already planning, according to her fiancé, a wedding even bigger and more glamorous, in which she'd be the centerpiece, the lovely bride of Robert Maslow, the man she'd fallen in love with.

"C-Can't we buy him off?" asked Ray Baker timidly. He was the third year boy who'd been added to the council after Bryan had been forcibly removed. He was a good example of most of the men in Alpha Rho

Mu fraternity. Girls would have called him a nerd, or a dork, or a geek, some word like that.

Ray was apparently brilliant in his university work which is why he'd been recruited for Alpha House in the first place. He was also flexible enough in his thinking to enjoy all of the wonderfully scented, beautiful 'girls' of Rho House. The girls were thrilled to provide him loving and girlish sex and adoration, things a 'man' like Ray hadn't dared to pursue before. He was, like everyone else as far as Rachel knew, committed to the fraternity and its special relationship with the Gamma Rho girls.

Lovely, wonderful Tess, and the other beautiful Rho girls, didn't know it yet but Ray was determined Tess was going to be his wife in a ceremony just like the one he'd watched being rehearsed in Alan Fox's hotel. He'd been mesmerized as Brenda, whom he'd known as a boy in high school, repeated a promise to love, honor and obey her husband, the so-lucky Will Merton, who had done the same in a different rehearsal. And no, his fling with Nadine, and other nights with whatever girl would have him, wasn't going to change in any way how Ray Baker felt now about Teresa Golling

"He's a policeman," warned Will but Bob was shaking his head.

"We checked him out thoroughly while you were away, introducing your pretty girl friend to your family in Florida," said Bob Maslow. "He's a straight arrow guy. Not as brilliant as others, I guess. Ted said to you, Rachel, that he didn't think Marilyn could have been operated on in the time frame that she gave? He doesn't believe she's been converted into Aitken's daughter? Well, he's right of course, and wrong. Marilyn's a girl in every way that counts with me. But we don't want him to find out how right he is, that Marilyn hasn't had anything done down below. Nothing

she's claimed to her father she's had done. You all know what I mean?"

The others did of course. The men couldn't look at the girls but Bertie did squeeze Emma's waist with the arm he had about her, moving enough to touch her breast with his chest and to send a little, feminine thrill though her.

"Rachel," said Bob Maslow thoughtfully. "You and Ted Moore, he noticed how lovely you are. Is he into leather and boots?"

"He, he was studying me all the time," said Rachel nervously again, thinking how great it was to be a girl in female clothing and lingerie. She guessed what Bob was going to suggest but didn't know if she really could seduce a 'real man'. She shivered and thought about Caroline, now back in Vegas. She'd been with a non-Alpha male, Professor Andy Anderson, and there'd been no comeback on that tryst, had there? She must talk to Caroline and find out what she'd done, how she'd done it ... "But it's Marilyn who, who ..."

"Turns him on?" asked Bob thoughtfully, studying the red-haired girl who'd been lost in womanly reverie for a moment. Rachel nodded, blushing at the look that Bob was giving her. Thank goodness, Bob decided not to go on and give her suggestions on ways she had to use her girlish body to help the frat and the sisterhood.

Bob looked meaningfully at Peter, Will and Albert, and, as an afterthought, at Ray Baker as well, to bring him into the friendship that the frat was supposed to promote. He touched Emma on her nyloned leg and nodded to Rachel as well, to include the girls in what he was about to state.

"Now, what does it say," Bob said slowly, "to anyone here, about a man, who is tracking down a girl whom he thinks isn't totally a girl? He doesn't, according to Rachel, want to make it with a girl as lovely as

her, even when she's right there with him. Something's wrong with him? Hmm, I'll get Marilyn to help me. We'll check it with her father, be certain who Ted Moore's working for, probably the judge who lent him to Marilyn's father. I do think that there's more to Mr Moore than meets the eye.

"But, I do think, too, Rachel, that you've misconstrued his male attentions towards you."

Rachel flushed. She hadn't been able to tell them about Ted's kisses, what she'd felt, how her clothes had clung to her body, rousing the femininity now possessing her every day. Ted had said that he'd contact her - for a date, she'd supposed. Oh, that had made her again feel so girlish! A real man wanted to date her! What more could any girl, even a Rho girl, want?

"What if he thought you were a real girl, Rachel?" Bob went on. "I know that term hurts and we're not supposed to use it in the frat or Rho House but hear me out on this idea a little. What if Ted finds out that you are as much of a girl as Marilyn is, Rachel?"

Rachel wiggled femininely in her chair as the others looked at her and smiled. Oh yes, if she wanted to be like Nadine, she could probably have tempted any man in the Council if she'd wanted to.

"I think that Mr Moore," Bob went on with a smile, "would then be very, very interested in you, darling Rachel. Will you work with me? With Marilyn, we'll set up a test for Ted Moore before he blows up the frat and we all have to run for it?"

"Linda, I need to talk to you," said Rachel, smiling as the bandaged girl stood beside her bed but seemed in ecstasy as she pulled up her panties beneath her nightie.

"Oh, Rachel," breathed the blonde girl. "You do this all the time, putting on your panties and a bra, but you don't know how wonderful this is, to dress like a girl, from the inside out, every day!"

Linda seemed to be in some kind of heaven of her own making as she sat on the edge of her bed and touched the weights on her chest as she tried to put on her stockings, her pantyhose, without stopping to fondle her new breasts.

"You need to leave them alone," said Rachel with a smile. She hadn't been like Linda at all in her time. She'd been in distress at all that had been done to her. She'd wanted to rip out the mounds in her chest. She'd had to be restrained, tied to the bed, for a long time until all her incisions were closed and she was quite used, well, sort of, to wearing a bra.

"Oh, to put on a skirt like this," moaned Linda, wiggling into a mini-skirt, her shapely thighs so womanly as she squeezed her stockinged thighs together. "Every day, I can do this as a real woman does. I am a woman, full-time, aren't I? Max says that I am. Oh, if only my hair would grow! I so want it to be as long as yours, Rachel. My boy friend," she giggled as she said that, "loves me in long hair!"

"Your wig is lovely, Linda," said Rachel, "but that isn't quite what I came to talk to you about today, Linda."

The girl before her smiled at the use of her new name, standing in her high heels to mince unsteadily across the room and grimace at the reflection in the mirror. She was quite bandaged from the work that Rachel had authorized. Greg Nettles had been delighted to do the facial feminizations that were going to take the longest time to heal and give Linda's hair time to grow enough. She had, after all, as a boy, kept her hair fairly long as it was. She'd be out of wigs, if

she wanted to be, before the summer was over, Rachel was sure.

"You didn't tell anyone about coming here and having any of this done, did you?" asked Rachel carefully of the girl who'd walked into the sorority as a very nervous Harry Barrett, had gone out that night as Linda Todd, and hadn't been out of dresses, or boy friends, ever since.

"No, of course not!" exclaimed Linda. "Why would I tell anyone back there ..." her nose would have wrinkled in disgust, Rachel thought, if she could have done that in her bandages, "anything about this? They were all so nasty to me ..."

"I'm sure they were," said Rachel, cutting off a story she'd heard many times from the new girls she had helped to create. "But there were others out of school, weren't there? You have sisters, an aunt who raised you, an uncle ...?"

"Who beat the heck out of me," said Linda, lifting her eyebrows and fluttering her eyelashes that one of the nurses had painted for her.

"Someone cares for you," Rachel said quietly. "The police are looking for the missing Harry Barrett. One of them was here on another matter this week and recognized you, Linda, as the missing Harry."

The girl wobbling in front of the mirror stiffened in shock as Rachel spoke.

"You have to expect it," said Rachel. "You just can't up and quit your life with no expectations that someone isn't going to come after you. Julia says that you told her that your sister was helping you to pay your way through college. Now, you've just abandoned that payment without a word. No wonder she brought the police in on your disappearance."

"What, what should I do?" asked Linda in the breathy tones that Rachel recognized as a stage in

Linda's voice transformation from her deep, male voice to the girlish, lilting tones she would eventually end up with. All of the girls, she one of them, Rachel thought wryly, always did end up with girlish voices, the training intensifying when the girls began to take men to bed with them.

"You have to call or write or e-mail your sister, at least," said Rachel, "and let her know that you are alive, you are well, and that you've decided to take your life in a new direction."

"Sandy will be so mad at me," whispered Linda timidly. "She always is."

"Better that," said Rachel firmly, "than having a policeman coming in here and asking to speak to Harry Barrett. How long would it be before security had the tale and had spread it to some student here who wasn't an Alpha or Gamma Rho? How long before someone was snapping your picture and it was in the newspapers, maybe even picked up nationally, as you'll be very pretty once all your bandages are off?

"And the university will want to know all about this girl, Linda Todd, who's here under false pretences, as she is really a Tom, Dick or Harry. Yes, and they'll be after us as well, and probably Dr Nettles, for all that we've done to help you become Linda."

"I, I'll leave right away," said the chastened girl, her legs squeezing together again as she edged back to the bed in her mini-skirt and high heels, her breasts bobbing just a little.

"You'll do no such thing," said Rachel with a smile and the girl looked up at her, her red mouth wide open in surprise. She wore lipstick over the collagen implants, Rachel guessed, as the new girl, Linda, seemed to be determined to be as girlish as she could be despite her bandages. "But you will contact your sisters and put them off our track. Emma and I will assist you with the calls you have to make. We've done it before

for ourselves and for several girls like you. But you have to be the one to contact those who are looking for you."

"M-My voice," squeaked the girl then as she sat, her hands involuntarily stroking her thighs, her panties, and the dark panty-hose that covered them.

"That's why we have to do it right away, Linda," said Rachel with another encouraging smile. "While you can still slip into those low notes you used all the time just days ago. We'll let you do that. There won't be any disapproval for you being Harry for just a little while if you have to be. As well, your sisters might surprise you."

It had happened. Marilyn was only the latest to be accepted as a daughter in her family. Rachel's family hadn't cared what had happened to the son who had dropped out of college 'to do a year in Europe'. They hadn't replied to the e-mail address that Rachel had sent them. So, she, having not told her father what she was doing, or any of her distant relatives, had been totally on her own as a delicate woman, as Linda clearly wished to be, as well.

"They won't," murmured Linda. "They all think that I'm a pervert of some sort. They, they've been calling me Har-Harriet since, well, since forever."

"One of them caught you dressing up as a girl, did they?" asked Rachel with some sympathy for the girl sitting so prettily now with her long legs crossed. Her hands wavered towards her breasts but she stopped and looked up nervously at Rachel.

"Isn't it so lovely to be wearing a bra?" whispered the brand-new girl on the bed. She uncrossed her legs and stood up, smoothing down the mini-skirt, smiling at the feel of her panties, grimacing a little at some hurt. Linda stared at her new silhouette in the long mirror on the wall, at the thinness of her waist and the wideness of her hips, at her legs that had been im-

proved about her thighs to become so womanly attractive. Yes, she had to wear a mini-skirt and show them off as she was. She flicked her hair and watched her earrings jingle. Oh, it was so thrilling to be here in Rho House and with boys who wanted her to be as girlish as she could be. Linda never wanted to leave.

“So what’s Will’s mother like?” asked Josie, shooing away her excited daughters to play other games for a while, other than dressing up as flower girls for Brenda’s wedding.

“Will called her a battle-ax, and she sort of is,” said Brenda, waving at the little boy who was peeping into the kitchen of the Walters house to spy on the ‘pretty’ woman who was visiting his mummy.

“I’m so glad I didn’t have to put up with a mother-in-law,” said Josie, taking Brenda by the hand and leading her away from her children and the nanny and her helper who were looking after them. “You’re braver than me, Brenda.”

“I didn’t have any choice,” said Brenda, marveling at the way Josie moved, the way she touched her hair, the way she flicked it back from her face and the way that she did little female chores, like straightening a picture, as she led Brenda into her bedroom and the walk-in closet.

“I should wear this to your wedding, shouldn’t I?” giggled the older woman, sounding just like a school-girl as she lifted out the tiny costume she’d worn to dance on the alumni-alumna part of the Vegas days.

“I couldn’t believe it,” said Brenda, coloring as she thought of Josie, apparently naked save for her glittering, expensive jewellery, swinging about the dance pole and vamping every man in the audience.

"W-Would you walk down the aisle like you were at the start or the finish of your dancing?"

"Oh, I'd be a schoolgirl again at the start and I'd strip all the way down the aisle," said Josie in a sultry tone. "Quite upstage the bride, wouldn't I?"

"I d-don't think I'd m-mind," said Brenda.

"Daley loved seeing me in the buff, well, with just the vaggie between me and total nudity!" said Josie. "You did know that we alumna have to do a show like that once a year to keep our status as Rho girls, didn't you? Don't think that you're going to marry Will and slink off into the rest of the world and lose yourself totally as a woman. No, Brenda darling, you are a member of our sorority. We all have to entertain the menfolk whether we are attached, as you will be, to one guy, or not!"

"I don't think ..." said Brenda, thinking of the performance that the older women had put on, indistinguishable Brenda was sure, from any nudie club show, anywhere.

"The men want to know that we are their women," said Josie with a smile. "I thought I was done when Daley made me his woman. But I couldn't miss a show. Well, there weren't many of us at the start, were there? And when Daley made me his, Kelly and Sharon were having to do three guys a night. Even when Susan, Jennifer and Debra joined us, we still didn't have enough girls at first."

"But now, that isn't a problem," said Brenda, watching as Josie put the schoolgirl costume away and took out a most gorgeous, blushing pink suit.

"Not with the eighteen girls you've added in one year," said Josie with a smile. "For the current frat, it's almost overwhelming. What is it, only three more Alpha men that there are Rho girls? And if you do what Trudi started, and a dozen more become debutantes,

some of the girls are going to have to go outside the frat next year to get laid!"

"Oh, we can't do that!" said Brenda, thinking how the sorority would be exposed to public notice in no time at all.

"No," agreed Josie, holding the lovely suit against herself. "A Heather Portillo original, which I can wear at last! I bought it when we were in New York last summer, thinking that Jane would be the next to be married but you've beaten her to it. I'll have to get Daley to buy me something from Paris for Jane's wedding and something from Milan for Tanya's. Oh, this is going to be such a romantic year!"

"Maybe for you," said Brenda, knowing she was pouting. "But not for Will and me! They won't let me near him! I don't think he'll even show up at the wedding and how will that look, me in, in, in my wedding gown and no-one there ...!"

Josie burst out laughing. "So, Kelly's really doing a number on you, is she?" asked Josie. "I heard Daley on the phone with Will yesterday. I could hear him ranting and raving about not being allowed to see you. He said something about organizing a gang and kidnapping his bride-to-be, carrying you off to some deserted island and ravaging you for the rest of the year."

"Oh, that would be so wonderful!" enthused Brenda who couldn't understand why the woman she was with went into such fits of laughter.

"No, it wouldn't," giggled Josie, hugging the bewildered girl who tried to explain that she just had to see Will again and tell him that she still loved him.

"He knows that," said Josie, "and I can tell you what Daley said that Will said. You're being apart from him is making him more in love with you than he ever was before and it's the same with you, my lovely girl, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes!" gasped Brenda, loving the way that Josie stroked and hugged her, making her feel that they really were girl friends. Josie was sure that they'd be the closest of friends once Brenda was married like Josie and had a husband and children like her. Oh, the last sent a tingle through Brenda as she recalled what she'd seen Josie doing with her littlest child. Oh, Brenda could never do that, suckle a child. Just the thought made her nervous and sense all the girlish clothing she was wearing, tugging and caressing her. Oh, and she was going to be a 'her', wasn't she, in that so fantastic dress that was being made for her by Heather Portillo.

"It's only a short time now," said Josie, leading the blonde girl into the empty meeting room, all the children and their toys gone.

"Surprise!" cried twenty or more girls as they suddenly appeared from everywhere, parcels in hand, Michelle being the first one to reach Brenda and hug her, Michelle's Chanel perfume making Brenda feel so feminine herself as she had loaned that to Michelle before the other girl had made it her own.

All of the girls who were to be Brenda's bridesmaids were there, all wanting to hug the bride-to-be and tell her how much they wished they could be in her place. It was amazing how much new feminine underwear and sleepwear, dainty nighties and baby dolls, that Brenda received from her girl friends.

That was only part of the party, however, as someone, Josie or Kelly most likely, knew all the risqué and ribald games that girls had to play at affairs like bridal showers. The Truth and Consequence games led to the most embarrassing forfeits, Brenda only glad that Will wasn't there to see her divest herself of her panties and gaff in front of everyone.

There was much shrieking and laughing as the girls had to tell the truth about their trysts with various boys, what they liked most to have the boys do to them

and what they liked to do to the boys when they had the chance.

"Now, in case any of you girls didn't know," said Josie with a smile. "Each of you bridesmaids has an usher who is your date for the evening. So, speak up if you don't want the man assigned to you. They're not going to have any choice, I can assure you, but who would want to, once they get a look at you in your beautiful dresses."

"Oh, when do we get to see them?" moaned Natasha. "You're just holding them back to increase the agony for all of us girls, aren't you?"

"It's a miracle we can put this all together in the short time we were given," said Josie then. "But thanks to Brenda and Kelly, it's all going to work out. And Michelle was fitted with the bridesmaid dress in New York by Heather herself and can tell you all about how gorgeous you'll look in just eight days from now!"

Trudi smiled up at her boy friend, Big George Lazinsky, as he walked her, hand-in-hand, his stride adjusted to hers in her high heels as they approached the popular night club.

"You like coming here?" asked George. Trudi knew better than to disagree. She'd tried for the first time to escape from Big George but he'd caught her, tiptoeing out of the back door of Rho House, her noisy high heels in one hand. He hadn't said anything as he led her back to the room they shared, one she'd learned how to get out of, when no girls were on guard duty on the upper floor.

Trudi had tried not to squeal but she'd had to as George laid her over his knees. He'd paddled her soft tush and panties with his hand, his hard, calloused

hand. She'd once been as strong as him, but she'd learned, several times, that he was now a hundred times stronger than the weak, pitiful girl she'd been turned into. George paddled her until she squealed, her tush red as she saw later in the mirrors that decorated the walls and ceiling of her feminine room.

She'd realized George wanted her girlish tears. He wanted to hear her, a former gym partner, squeal like a little girl. The smacks then decreased in severity before stopping completely, but Trudi, still weeping girlishly, had to slide between the man's legs, lower her pretty head to what was in George's pants and give him what she'd said once, 'he' really loved from a girl, the ultimate in blow jobs. Only she wasn't Trudi when she'd said that.

"Yeah," George grunted, reminding 'her' what she'd said as she tried to resist the way he was pushing her head into his groin. "A wiggly girl like you can learn to give great head. You're just lucky I don't have the whole football team with me. I'd have you blow them all as well, Trudi, and make sure they all enjoyed what you did for them."

George finally relented and wiped her mouth and face as well as her baffling, womanly tears. Trudi, once the chauvinistic president of the frat, knew what would come next. She stood and wiggled girlishly out of her panties, her skirt, her stockings and her top and bra while George smiled at her. She was left only in her artificial vagina, the prosthesis that all Rho girls were now supplied with.

Trudi, a female in the mirror above the bed, shuddered as she lay back in their bed, her legs so shapely, her breasts so inviting as George eased himself over her, letting her take his pants from him, stroking him as if she was really a female. It looked as if she, once so masculine and strong, was the one eager for sex with her boy friend. He sat on her chest, caressing her



breasts and nipples, placing his pecker between her curvaceous breasts. She knew that she had to lean forward and kiss the wet tip of the huge member that would soon be inside her, yes, her, a woman.

Yes, George wouldn't be satisfied until he'd driven into the vagina prosthesis in front of her and played with her penis, rousing her as she was so used now to being roused. But George wouldn't be satisfied with that. She'd have to lift her smooth, girlish legs high about him, rolling up and taking him in her pretty tush, as he called it all the time.

George would drive and drive into her. Trudi would begin to squeal as any girl would. Yes, it hurt. He wasn't called Big George for nothing. But she'd have to kiss him frenziedly and pretend that she, Trudi, loved a man having her. She'd have to tell him she loved him in her little girl voice. She'd have to beg him to do her again, wriggling and wiggling in invitation. He'd fuck her again and again until he came inside her.

It was so horrible to think of that in those words. She was being fucked by another man. Trudi's little man spurted all over as well. She was in tears but daren't think about all the girls she'd had as George was having her, savagely, as if she was a slut. She'd made Rachel and Wendy be all girlish and adorable to 'Bryan' as she was now having to be, begging her boy friend to make love to her again and again, thinking only girlish thoughts as her clit came to attention and was enjoyed by her male lover.

"You still think you can run from me and the House?" George asked the pretty, feminized Trudi as she murmured how much she loved him doing what he did to her, wriggling her tush so that his maleness hardened again inside her. She felt so much like a girl, she was telling him.

"Well, let's live a little dangerously, Trudi," said George pulling out of her, kissing her sloppily as he loved to do, "and let's go to the Kitten Club. You remember once telling me how much pretty tail there was in that night club?"

Trudi hated it when she was reminded how she'd once been as Bryan Fairfax. She found herself crying but was able to turn her distress into something feminine, kissing her boy friend, thanking him joyfully for forgiving her and treating her so well.

"Oh, I'd love to go dancing," Trudi gushed to her boy friend, caressing him with her breasts. "I, I was going to join Nancy and we ..."

"Don't start, Trudi," Big George had laughed, pushing her onto her back again and spreading her legs once more. His manhood was huge and hard again as he fucked her again. Yes, she could only call it that vulgarity as she had to squeak and kiss him feverishly and be his girl totally.

"I met Nancy on my way in," growled George when he'd filled his sweet girl friend again. "She was taking Corman to her room for an evening of passion and delight, she said. She was the one putting Corman's hand on her ass and climbing on him so she could kiss him and ride him all the way up to her room. Now that's a girl who really loves to be a girl."

"I thought she was going dancing with, with her boy friend," said Trudi meekly. She shouldn't have lied as George seemed able to read her so easily. She had to ride him then, from on top as a lot of women, had done 'her'. This time it was a man's pecker inside 'her', not the other way around. She was the one bouncing and jiggling, wriggling her hips and her breasts against her man, kissing and mauling his face femininely as she performed her girlish duties on her loving boy friend.

Just when she thought that neither of them was going to release, George stroked her legs so softly that Trudi shuddered. Then, trying to hate the girlish feelings that overwhelmed her, she climaxed all over him, squealing as he pumped himself into her as well. Oh, she knew now what it was to be a girl. She knew and wriggled with the pleasure in the act that infused her, hating herself even as she let go and was George's girl.

"My lovely Trudi," groaned George Lavinsky, moving the Rho girl against him, stroking himself with her wonderful girlish body. Trudi kept on shivering and convulsing as she knew that that was what she was. She was never going to be anything else, any more, for the rest of her life.

It wasn't odd any more to bathe with George and to let him fondle her as he cleaned her while she was cleaning him, another man.

"Now, get ready to go out and dance," said George. Trudi stared at him for a moment as she was drying her long hair, only tiny, thong panties hiding what she really was from his gaze.

"Yes, my lovely girl," grinned George. "The Kitten Club's re-opened. The guys on the team were saying how great it is. We don't practice tomorrow; so we can go out tonight. Put on something really short and flimsy, really girlish and flirty. Wear that perfume all you girls are wearing now, the passion-rouser. Let's go, girl! You've got your panties on. You don't need a bra. Choose one of those little dresses that don't cover up your boobs and have those thin straps over your shoulders. Come on, girl. You don't need a lot of makeup, a girl as pretty as you!"

So, Trudi got to go out after all, a fresh prosthesis protecting her maleness. She felt the eyes of other Rho girls on her as she went along, holding George's hand as he held hers. She could sense that the girls hated her. They spied on her and were mean to her all the

time. Most of them, like Wendy, Adele and Rachel, had real cause for what they said to her. Yes, if she'd been a real woman, she'd have been a bitch to all of those girls.

It was amazing, though, that they didn't seem to hold it any longer against Nancy and Elizabeth. Those girls had been just as bad, even worse, than Trudi, in the way they'd treated other girls when they'd been Alpha men. Now, however, they were accepted as girls. Trudi had seen them in amazement, part of little gatherings of giggling girls, being welcomed in to whatever the girls were up to.

Nancy and Elizabeth would squeal like little girls at whatever was said, going off with the girls and a bunch of Alpha guys to some event, Nancy and Elizabeth welcoming different men each time as their dates. How did they do it? Trudi shuddered, thinking of herself joining the girls and being squealy and flirty, welcoming any man who put his arm about her with a charming kiss. She, Trudi, quivered, wondering if, if George would allow her to kiss another man.

"Here's the club," George said, letting a valet take the car. Trudi slid out, flushing slightly as the valet, some kid out of high school, eyed her legs with approval. I'm a girl, she thought with a shudder, trying to smile excitedly as she saw all the girls doing who were lined up, waiting to get in with their boy friends. Of course, she didn't have to wait. A bouncer was waving George and his girl friend forward to go in right away.

"Hey, man," said a big bouncer inside the Kitten Club to Big George as he eyed Trudi. "You got a pretty stunning girl friend there. She should take a turn in one of the cages. Give us all a charge to see a girl like her up there!"

The photos inside and outside the club were new. Trudi hadn't seen them before or the girls swinging

over the heads and outstretched hands of the audience, the girls in bikinis, with kitten ears in their hair and tails attached to the bikinis.

"Sounds good to me," said George as a terrified Trudi handed over her stylish, woman's coat to the bouncer. She stood there, the man admiring her trim, girlish figure, in her little, glittering dress. It was like wearing a short nightie or underslip but all the girls around her, real girls, she thought in fright, were wearing dresses just like hers. Out on the dance floor, many were being flung about in delight, their panties on display to whoever was looking for them.

"Oh," gasped Trudi in dismay as a laughing, delighted girl bent backwards, kicking a lovely leg high in the air as she showed off her black, lacy panties. Corman caught her before she fell, as Nancy must have known he would. Her long, blonde hair, like Trudi's, brushed the Past President's face as she and her 'boy friend' were locked in a passionate embrace, his hands on her tush and thighs, stroking her in ways that Nancy made no effort to stop.

"It's Corman and Nancy," said George, putting his arm about his girl friend, steering her out onto the dance floor with all the other wildly jitterbugging couples. "I guess she was coming out dancing!"

Trudi shuddered as she was twirled forcefully, her flimsy skirt soaring about her hips and showing off her panties to the grinning men standing in a line about the dance floor. Corman James, the Alpha President before Trudi, nodded, in manly fashion, at the girl his successor had become, making Trudi shudder even more and mentally add him to her list of those to get even with.

"How does it feel to be a girl among real girls?" asked George, holding her tightly, her long hair swirling about his face. "Nancy fits in really well, doesn't she?"

Nancy did, thought Trudi with another shiver, panting hard after the exhilarating dance where her boy friend had tossed her about as she'd been able to do to a girl, once upon a time. Nancy and a crowd of girls were going off with their purses to the Ladies' Room, she pouting and flirting with several boys as she went, looking as if she was really enjoying herself.

"Hey, Biggie," said a tall, dark-haired boy whom Trudi knew she'd seen in the university. "Since all of the girls are congregating for girlie purposes, how about you let me dance with your girl for a while."

No, was Trudi's immediate thought, knowing the boy wasn't an Alpha Rho Mu.

"Sure, Jeff," grinned George, taking her hand from his shoulder and putting it in this other man's. "Enjoy yourself with Trudi."

"Trudi," said the tall boy with a grin. "What a lovely name for a lovely girl! You don't go to university here, do you, Trudi? I'd know. I know all of the beautiful girls on campus and I don't recall having seen you ..."

"I, I've just transferred," murmured Trudi, feeling so odd and ill-at-ease as another man, not an Alpha, an Alpha who'd know all about her, was circling with her slowly, not trying to hurl her about as George had and other boys were still doing to their girls. "I'm g-going to be here for the spring and summer semesters."

The frown on Jeff's face lifted. It was true, if 'she' didn't manage to escape. "There's no way that we're going to let this girl," Peter Simpson, in the council meeting, held in her clinic bedroom, had said in his usual wimpish fashion about Trudi, "get out of our grasp for the summer."

"Big George will tame her," the silly English aristocrat had sneered as Trudi lay there, afraid to speak, trying to be a girl, accepting that 'she' would be in-

ducted into Rho House, a sorority! Later, in Big George's room, she'd looked around what she was assigned to. Her girlie bed was extra large and frilly as she had an extra large boy friend, of course, whom she, a Rho girl, had to entertain nightly.

I'll get away, Trudi had thought, adding all the new members of the council, and the alumni and sorority councils, to 'her', Bryan's, list of those going to suffer when she, he, rose again from the depths. Trudi imagined what Big George would look like in a dress like hers. Would she, Georgina, ever get any man willing to dance with her?

"I did say," said Jeff, holding Trudi closer and making her spin with him, her long, pantyhosed leg having to go between his, "I hadn't seen you before. Sorry to break into your thoughts, Trudi," he went on as she gave him a flustered smile and tried to think what girl-ish nothing she should be saying to him. "I hope you weren't thinking of me right then as you looked ready to kill someone."

"I, I'm sorry," whispered Trudi. She shook her long, blonde hair girlishly. "It was nothing, just something that happened long ago and best forgotten." She smiled as sweetly as she knew how to another man, a squeamish feeling inside her. Oh, if only she wasn't in such a short dress and showing off her pretty legs so much.

"Good," said Jeff with another charming smile. He squeezed her waist as they went easily into another spin, which she could now do as a girl. "Wow, you dance well. Say, are you in Gamma Rho Whatever sorority? Is that why I haven't seen you? They keep you girls imprisoned over there, don't they? And you only go out with Alpha men, I hear. You know how that feels? The prettiest girls in university only go out with one set of guys!"

"You, you c-could always join Alpha Rho Mu fraternity," said Trudi, shivering down her bare back, as she swayed about Jeff, his hands stroking her tush and panties, as George's had been, as they danced.

"I'd rather join the sorority," said Jeff with a laugh. "It's not true, is it? You girls aren't kept behind bars? You do go out with cute boys besides the dorks who make up most of Alpha, don't you? Heck, I know they've got all the money but still!"

Trudi shivered. Something Bob Maslow had said came to her mind when they'd been looking at Brenda and Will Merton, seeing the way she was looking at him. Yes, it had been a woman's love they'd seen Brenda displaying for another man.

"You know money on a man is like sex appeal on a woman," said Trudi in as sexy a womanly way as she could, quoting Bob Maslow who was quoting Marilyn Monroe.

"Yeah," laughed Jeff. The music stopped and, looking back, they saw George pointing to her, Trudi. Another grinning young man was headed towards Trudi. "And one of us has the sex appeal, Trudi, and it sure isn't me."

Trudi felt more shivers coming as she always did at being complimented on being an attractive girl. She didn't want to be but it was nice, to be praised, even if for just being a pretty woman.

"How about it, Trudi, some time, if you feel like slumming," Jeff whispered in her ear, "just let me know. I'll come and break you out of your tower, Rapunzel. Do you mind if I kiss you now and make George a little bit jealous? It'll improve his performance in bed tonight, I'm sure."

"I, I'm not ..." that was as far as Trudi got before soft, warm lips closed over hers, and strong, manly arms held her tightly. She swayed, expecting George's

grasp to increase but it didn't. Neither did the lips controlling her mouth slop around her. Oh, it wasn't George. It was another man kissing her, letting her feel his desire for her, which he absolutely mustn't!

"Oh," Trudi gasped as Jeff relented and smiled down at her.

"I enjoyed it, too," said Jeff. "Why don't we get together, beautiful Trudi, and do more of it? I'm not an animal like George. I don't go out with pretty women and ravage them. There's more to being a man and a woman together than that, isn't there?"

Trudi felt her breasts rising as Jeff smiled again at her and stroked her arms with his soft hands.

"Hey, Kirkham," said the boy approaching to dance with Trudi. "You got Big George's permission to be kissing his girl? Shoot, man, you know how protective Alpha guys are of their Rho girl friends. Get your hands off her, Jeff."

Trudi felt a real pang as Jeff let her go and went back to exchange words with George, her boy friend who wasn't too happy with the real man she'd danced with. Yes, she'd danced with a real man. He'd kissed her, thinking her a real girl. He hadn't been revolted by kissing her. No, he wanted to do more of it with her. And as she was grabbed and flung around by this other guy, Trudi shook her head, her long hair and earrings in motion, as she tried to stop thinking how wonderful it would be to be kissing Jeff Kirkham more and more.

"So, I've a secret admirer," said Marilyn coquettishly as she sat in her black, lacy, feminine underwear in front of the mirror, applying her makeup.

"A dangerous secret admirer," said Bob Maslow, coming behind her, smiling, lowering his head and kissing her soft shoulder, touching the thin strap of Marilyn's bra gently.

"I think I like the idea of dangerous men," said Marilyn, turning and swishing her blonde head so that Bob could kiss her full lips which she surrendered to him. Her lips opened slightly and Bob's tongue caressed them and the inside of her mouth which she loved. The only problem with kissing Bob so seductively was that she began to feel the rise of feminine urgings inside her.

"Oh, darn," Marilyn said as Bob turned her, sitting beside her and kissing her thoroughly as she leaned back in his manly arms.

"Don't take anything off," murmured Bob Maslow as he eased his fiancée into his lap, her panties beginning to wiggle as she felt his male hardness beneath her.

"If that's what my lord and master wants," gasped Marilyn, clutching his hands to her agitated breasts. Oh, he only had to touch her, stroke her there and she was putty in Bob's hands. She wiggled her tush over his growing erection, his hands arousing her smooth legs, so girlish to the touch. She let him take her panties down enough so that he could penetrate her.

Marilyn was used to this incredible state of bliss now. It overcame her as Bob made her feel so like a woman. She was a girl in his arms, totally, passionately and femininely. She guided one of his hands to her stockings and thighs and bliss became ecstasy as he loved her as if she was a woman.

"You're the most adorable girl who's let me enter ..." said Bob with another seductive kiss, "... her bedroom."

Marilyn felt the giggle erupt from her. Bob said it was one of the most girlish things about her and tried to make her giggle all the time. He'd probably thought he was just going to have a quickie with his adorable girl, Marilyn thought smugly, as she writhed on his manhood, encouraging him to stroke her where he could reach.

But when Bob reached his glorious climax, he realized his fiancée hadn't been fulfilled as she wanted. They had to retreat to the bed where he had to take Marilyn 'properly', from the front, her legs wrapped about him. She held back as well, refusing to come as he touched her clit, as they called it in Rho House.

No, Marilyn wouldn't come completely until Bob stripped her of her bra, kissed her breasts and aroused nipples intensely and finally kissed almost all of her wonderful body, including her rampant clit. And so, gyrating beneath him and crying about how much she loved him, Marilyn, a woman now, came and wanted Bob so much that she did the same to him to make him finally exhaust himself totally.

"Oh, gosh, we're late for your father," said Bob, looking at the clock.

"Daddy will know why we're late," the blonde girl in his arms murmured to him. She kissed his ear and took his hand to her breast, shaking as she wriggled against him for further stimulation. "I told him last time, when you were out for a moment, that you can't keep your hands off me."

"That's why he was so sharp with me ..." said Bob Maslow.

"Don't worry," said the stimulated, happy woman beneath him. "I told Daddy we wouldn't go over and stay for his birthday if he didn't let us sleep together. He wanted you to be down in the guest room and me up beside his. Well, I had to tell him. He sort of wanted details which I didn't give him but I did let him know

we did it, once we started, five or six times on average. So, come on, Bob. Don't make a liar of me with my Daddy. We've two more times to do it before we leave. I told Daddy not to expect us until nine as we usually do it when you get home from work before we go out."

"You talk to your father about having sex with me?" asked an astonished Bob Maslow.

"Of course," said an impish, adorable Marilyn. "He never had my mother anywhere near the times you have me. I've told him he can expect to be a grandfather after we're married. He's finding that very hard to get his mind around. I'm going to be a mother, aren't I, Robert? You weren't just fooling with me when you told me ..."

"You've met Josie and her children, haven't you?" said Bob Maslow. "You're going to be a mother, Marilyn, just as Josie is, and, no, you don't have to go through anything surgical or gross. All you have to be is my adorable woman. Now, where were we?"

"I've seen the movie of Josie's wedding twice," said Brenda nervously to her chief bridesmaid. "I don't think that I can do it, walk like she did, holding flowers, and I'm going to be having little girls dropping flowers on the floor as well that will probably trip me up. Have you seen the shoes that they expect me to wear?"

"Ours are the same, Brenda," said Michelle, trying to be reasonable with the terrified bride-to-be. "It's what you ordered, isn't it? And these garters for our thighs. Oh, the men are going to have trophies all right tonight, aren't they?"

"What am I doing?" squeaked Brenda then. "How did I ever agree to let Will's father take me down the

aisle and give me away? I can't be given away as a bride by anyone!"

"I wish you'd agreed to that before the week that Kelly, your wedding planner, has put us all through!" said Michelle, sitting on the side of the bed where Brenda had spent her last night as an unmarried girl. "Look at me and what you've put me through! This prosthesis is so tight, so authentic, and this garter belt is pulling me in six different ways each time I move!"

"Your hair looks so perfect," whispered Brenda with a shiver as she looked at her blonde bridesmaid, so much like her now, even to the way she crossed her shapely legs in her skin-toned stockings and pink garter belt and bra.

"Yours will soon," said Michelle. "Evelyn and Adele are waiting outside to dress you for your big day, Brenda. Just think about Will and how he's feeling as he's getting ready to see you again for the first time in weeks!"

"I have to bathe!" squealed Brenda, swishing her legs out of the bed, exposing the tiny nightie she had slept in. Her legs were long, shapely and tanned while her breasts filled the cups as they should in her nightie. She tugged on the ribbons holding her hair in plaits and shook it all free. It bounced back easily into the golden mane about her head and neck.

Evelyn would still work with Brenda's hair, despite how wonderful it looked. She was there at the door. "May we come in?" she asked in her lovely contralto. "Has she eaten, Michelle? You have to have something, Brenda. Can't have you fainting once you set eyes on Will! Didn't he look so handsome at the rehearsal, Michelle?" That would have been the one that Brenda couldn't go to. "I think he's lost weight, too, pining over his love, and that he can't touch her until today!"

Evelyn and Adele, with Michelle, didn't waste any time in bathing and primping Brenda for her big day. They made sure that a shivering Brenda was clean between her legs and fitted snugly into her prosthesis; and then she was helped into her panties and bra which were white silk, trimmed in satin and lace, making her feminine parts appear even more feminine as they were fitted to her.

Her stockings and garter belt were put on as the photographer, an Alpha alumni, came in to photograph her all through the process of being made into a bride. Likewise, a Rho girl, Jeanie, an alumna, filmed Brenda being fastened into her stockings and frilly, white garter belt, her garters being fastened at her thighs before her long slip was put on her while Adele was combing out her long, golden hair.

I can't, I can't do this, a numbed Brenda told herself, as she was led to a makeup mirror and saw how her hair was being piled up in a style she'd never worn before. Pearls ran through her hair as she stared at what these other girls, girls as much, as little, as she was, were doing to her, knowing what they were doing and to whom they were doing it, too.

There was an audible gasp from the photographers as the dress was brought forward and the covers removed. I can't wear that, Brenda almost cried aloud. No man should be allowed to wear such a fantastic, strapless, wedding gown. It should be a real woman in such a dress, not someone like Brenda, but she couldn't stop it being brought forward as Evelyn had her lie back as she began to apply makeup that would make Brenda look like she belonged in such a dress.

Then, there was the reverent effect of the people in the room, the woman filmmaker, was she a Rho alumna, Brenda couldn't tell, who wanted to capture every swish and movement of Brenda's as she was

drawn up from the makeup table and poured into the fantastic gown.

"Oh, it's so beautiful," said Evelyn, in tears and almost swooning as arranged the neckline across Brenda's uplifted breasts. With her spiky high heels on, Brenda could feel the swirl of the dress. That was when the shakes overtook her, remaining with her all through the afternoon as she stared at the golden girl in the mirror, the bodice clutching her so tightly, the elegant skirts sweeping away from her.

Oh, her hair and her face, the way her eyes had been done, the cluster of pearls at her ears and at her neck, her thin arms and the perkiness of her breasts, were all too much. I can't be this, this womanly, she wanted to tell them all but Adele brought her veil. She pinned it in Brenda's hair so that it gently touched her shoulders. The trembles really came as Brenda felt the tightness of her panties and her bra, the silk against her as she moved as she was told.

Michelle was smiling and just had to hug Brenda and tell her again how beautiful she was as she thrust the bouquet of white roses into the bride's hands. Brenda had to walk forward to gasps and cries as all of her bridesmaids wanted to come and hug her, all careful not to muss her fantastic makeup.

"Oh, I was so in love with being a bridesmaid," Natasha told Brenda. "I do so love this dress and the way the girls have done my hair. But now I want to be a bride, just like you, Brenda. Oh, that dress is so fantastic!"

An open-mouthed Jay Merton came through the crowd of stunningly beautiful girls, looking at them with an eager smile on his face, until he was steered to Brenda.

"Oh, Brenda," Jay, Will's father, said, gaping in awe. "Will hasn't seen you, has he? He's going to faint

when he does. You are so beautiful! If only my bride had been as lovely as you, I'd never have strayed!"

"I don't think that's true," Brenda managed to whisper as she clutched the arm of the man who was going to lead her down the decorated staircase, white flowers everywhere, and into the hall that was arranged for the wedding ceremony.

As she watched Will's father, he leaned forward and whispered something, in his turn to Michelle, who turned and gave Jay a dazzling smile. "Later, Jay," Brenda heard her chief bridesmaid say archly, pouting as she placed her roses demurely in front of her. Michelle signaled to Josie to let the flower girls come beside her, in front of the bride. They looked at Brenda in awe. Oh, the very idea of Josie's 'daughters' being part of such a ceremony made her shudder again.

The organ music began as people along the staircase began to applaud. The camera bulbs didn't stop. Brenda's throat was dry. She could barely see through the veil that had been drawn over her face. But Jay held her tightly and walked her very slowly down the stairs. Finally, she was on the marble and could hear her high heels clattering as she followed Michelle and the girls scattering petals in front of her.

The whole room seemed to be swathed with female scents. Brenda was assailed by more Chanel and knew that it was hers. It rose from her bare shoulders and the way Michelle and the other girls had prepared her for this, covering her body, all of it, in the lovely fragrance.

It was the most harrowing walk of Brenda's life. She'd never dreamed that it would be like this, with all eyes on her, smiling at her, many taking her picture, the organ repeating *Here Comes the Bride* again and again. And there, in front of her, Will and Peter stepped forward.

Oh, Will looked so stunned. He was staring at her. He must realize what they were doing and what a fraud Brenda was. She half expected him to snarl and walk away but his father let go of Brenda suddenly and Will's hand took hers, his touch sending new trembles through her.

She could barely stand as someone in a dark suit was rambling on about being gathered here today to join a man and a woman in matrimony. That's not me, Brenda thought, but she had to move up the steps, just as in the rehearsal; and Will was lifting her veil from her painted face, gasping as he stared at her. She could look at him as well for the first time in weeks.

The judge was smiling as he more or less kept them from jumping into one another's arms. "And who will take this woman," the judge began and Brenda's hand really shook in Will's, his moving as well, she noticed, as they listened to all the words that Brenda knew she shouldn't agree to, "to love and cherish till death do you part," said the judge, frowning. "William James Merton, dost thou take this woman to be your lawful, wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forth," and on, and on.

"I do," said Will, clearly, squeezing her shaking fingers, not letting go of her at all. He had the ring to place on her finger and words to say again that she had heard many times before but hadn't realized that they would ever apply to her. But they did, Brenda thought fitfully, because she was here, a bride, and she was a woman.

And then, it was Brenda's turn, to promise to love, honor and obey her husband. It might have been old-fashioned but they both knew that she was going to do that anyway. She was his wife and she said, "I do," a catch in her voice, as she accepted Will as her husband.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," the judge said, using the old language that Kelly had told Brenda that Will and she had to use. "You may kiss the bride," finished the judge as they both could barely wait. Will's arms clasped Brenda's waist as she flung hers about his neck.

Their lips clung together in such sweetness that neither wanted to break free. Even a discreet cough from the judge didn't work. Perhaps it was the titters in the audience that finally convinced them that they should part, reluctantly, and let the ceremony end. They were applauded all the way down the steps and out into the foyer where everyone had to come up and congratulate them both.

"I just want to get away and make love to my wife," said Will.

Beside him, his beautiful wife looked up at him with her gorgeous eyes and wished that she could obey him right away as well.

But there was a whole reception to go through, entertainment for the crowds of Alpha men, Rho girls and floods of alumni and their wives and girl friends who all had gifts and kisses to exchange with the bridal couple.

Will's mother was in tears as she came to congratulate her son and her new daughter. She had a Spanish gigolo, it was the only way to describe Pablo, Will had whispered in his wife's ear, to introduce to the couple.

"If only we could have a ceremony as beautiful as yours," said the battle-ax of a mother. "But still, after my surgery, I might be tempted."

"Your mother might be married again," asked Brenda in surprise.

"She's always saying it but she never goes through with it," said Will. "Um, my dad is the one more likely, isn't he? Do you see the way he's squiring Michelle

around? I think he's besotted with her and she looks pretty pleased with herself and him. How would you like a mother-in-law the same age as you are?"

"Michelle wouldn't ..." said Brenda with another shudder.

"Won't be so awful if it happens," said Will with a smile. "Now, it's time for us to say good-night to all our guests, wish Michelle and my father sweet dreams and tell them the honeymoon suite is in use."

And it was in use for all of that night, the next day, and the following night as Will and Brenda had so much love-making to catch up on. Brenda, naturally, fell in love with her husband all over again, deeply and wonderfully, as she was the wife of a man. He said so, called her 'Mrs Merton', which sent tremors right through her, as he loved her in her wonderful dress, out of it, in her fantastic underwear, and out of it as well.

Brenda knew she was his woman, his wife, and that he saw her that way. She learned that she had to see herself that way as well. And yes, she decided, when the time came, like her friends, Karen and Josie, she was going to do what a wife should do for her husband. She was going to be the mother of his children.

Brenda snuggled up to her husband who took her into his arms and kissed and caressed her again, his hands shaping her lovely body beneath him, her wide hips and lovely thighs, that he loved so much about him. But it was her soft mouth and words of love that enticed him again to penetrate her, the most loving wife that a young, fraternity man could possibly have on a honeymoon that would make them love one another, as man and wife, forever.

There was a definite, little tap on her outer door. Michelle sighed, draped her pretty, pink, robe about her, putting on a pair of panties, over her artificial vagina, at the last moment. Well, it couldn't be Brenda out there, wanting to come in and say something about how wonderful it was to be a woman and to be married to such a fantastic man.

No, they'd already had that conversation. It must be one of the other bridesmaids, the wedding now long over, wondering what to do now that they'd finally seen the blushing bride off with her husband. Ooo, how sexy that sounded, thought Michelle, as she opened the door with a big smile, expecting to see another Rho girl there.

But it wasn't Mrs Will Merton, or any Rho girl at the door. It wasn't even Mr Will Merton. No, it was the father now of the groom and his bride. Jay Merton smiled at the blonde, long-haired girl, trying to keep her robe together so that she wouldn't show him her bare breasts and beautifully shaped, girlie breasts.

"Hi," Brenda's father-in-law said to the chief bridesmaid at his son's wedding.

"Jay!" gasped Michelle, clutching her thin robe to her, aware of her bare leg peeling out of the front of the silk robe. "Do you know what time it is?"

"Time when all the girls who came to my son's and new daughter's wedding have all paired up with various men and disappeared, leaving me alone with my wife," said Jay, pulling a face. "She couldn't wait for me to leave her to Giorgio, or whoever that was with her ..."

"Pablo," said Michelle with a shiver.

"So, I told her I'd had enough champagne and was going to bed to sleep it off," said the older man. "Then,

I thought of you. You left as soon as Brenda and Will did, didn't you? I actually didn't expect to find you still here." He frowned. "Oh, you are alone, aren't you? That big football guy you were teasing went off with that cute, little, bouncy girl, Christine. That's her name, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think she and Tag are hooking up," said Michelle.

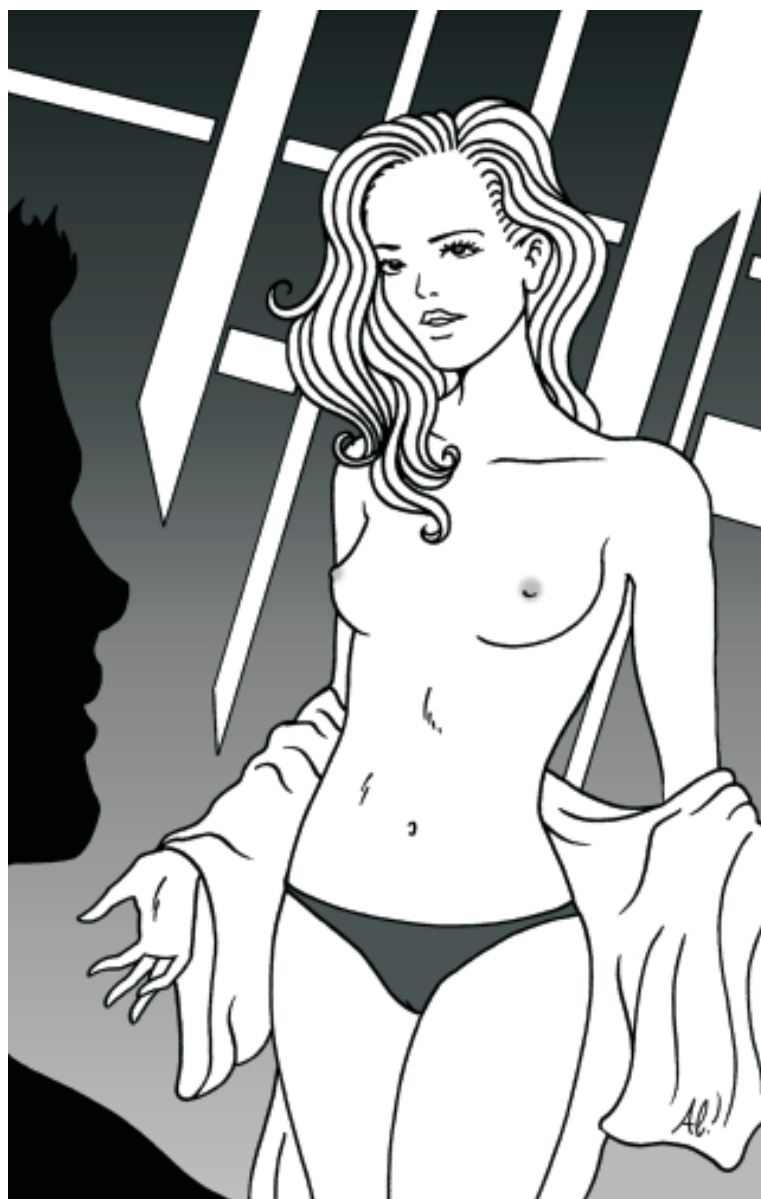
"And you are alone," said Jay Merton forcefully, stepping into her room past Michelle.

"No, I thought ..." began Michelle. Who could she say she was waiting for, Alan, Bob, not Tag, Peter, yes, Peter, or had he gone off with Rachel. She should have kept better count, she thought in panic.

And she was in panic as Jay slipped the robe over her soft skinned shoulder, caressed her neck and hair and drew her to him, his lips meeting hers so firmly. Oh, she shivered. That was a kiss from a real man, a man who thought she was a real girl, a man she'd told Brenda she could fool into believing he'd had sex with her. Oh, the taste of his lips! Jay didn't taste of alcohol as he always had before!

"You, you're not drunk!" Michelle shrieked as she pulled back from the demanding kiss. Oh, her robe descended from her and there she was, dressed only in panties as this man, this real man (!), took her hands in his and smiled at her, staring first at her wobbling breasts and then at her feminized body. He looked so pleased at what he saw.

"No, I'm not drunk," said Jay with a smile. "I poured the drinks all night at the bar. Sparkling apple juice looks just like champagne, you know. Well, it is my son's wedding night. He must know that his old man is going to get laid by a beautiful girl just as he is, mustn't he?"



Oh, goddesses, he doesn't know, screamed a voice in Michelle's mind. And Jay confirmed that by putting his arm about her almost naked body and kissing her, caressing her, making womanly feelings burst out all over her.

Well, you wanted this, a tiny voice inside her sneered at her. You wanted to make love to a man, a real man, who thought that a boy like you was a real woman, didn't you? And here you are, and he isn't drunk and he is going to have you as a woman, or he thinks he is. Oh, goddesses! There go your panties. Thank goodness you wore the artificial vagina for once. Oh, stop him taking off his shirt and his pants as he's kissing you, rousing all the female feelings inside you. You're a boy, remember! You're not real!

"My darling, lovely Michelle," groaned Jay Merton, hugging her to his partially naked body, his manhood, rampant, making her squeal femininely as it touched all over her wiggling thighs as she danced on the spot, trying to avoid the obvious penetration that he was going to make into her.

"Oh, stop, stop," she begged him, clutching Jay to her breasts, his chest moving delightfully against her nipples. "Oh, Jay, Jay, haven't you figured it out at all, why I'd be here so alone when everyone else is pairing off tonight!"

Michelle couldn't tell him about the alumni she'd done a naked strip for that afternoon, in this room. And she'd done both of them, before traipsing out to Brenda's wedding. Oh, bouts with Warner Cook and Ed Elliott were always so tiring but so wonderful, the guys being so creative with a girl like Michelle.

"You were waiting for me," whispered Jay, kissing her and pressing into her. Oh, he was already so moist, oh and his manhood was caressing her artificial vagina as if it was real!

"No," said Michelle, quivering even as Jay wriggled, freeing himself from all of his clothing so that he was as naked as her, and obviously desiring to couple with her. "I wasn't waiting for any man," she managed to say, before he was kissing her again.

"You're a lesbian?" asked Jay as his pecker thrust at her, making Michelle do a funny dance to keep him from trying to enter her, through where he thought he should. "Oh, you can't tell me that, Michelle, not after what you did to me in Florida. I haven't thought of anyone being so sweet to me as you were then, darling. It's why I haven't drunk anything at all today. I just wanted to have a night with you, my darling girl."

"That's the point," murmured Michelle, knowing that only the truth would stop Jay, possibly stop him from hurting her, at the very least. Oh, girls, I'm so sorry, she wept inside. I'm letting everyone down. Oh goddesses, don't let him take it out on Brenda, she cried in her panic.

"I'm not a girl," Michelle finally managed to say between kisses from this man who seemed to be enchanted by her.

Jay Merton laughed. He laughed as he picked up her struggling body and carried her to her open bed. "Of course, darling Michelle," he said as he tossed her onto the soft pillows and followed her down.

"It, it's true!" Michelle shrieked at him as he spread her legs and lay on her as men did all the time to her. She would love him doing this to her if only he was an Alpha male, but he wasn't!

"Will told me," breathed Jay then. "He thought it would disgust me that Brenda's girl friend was a tranny. Heck, I didn't tell him how many trannies I've had in my life. He didn't even know that Ginny, my number one girl on my yacht, is a girl like you. So, kiss me properly, darling Michelle, and let's make this night as wonderful for the father as it is for the son."

What could Michelle do? She trembled and lifted her legs about this man, Brenda's father-in-law, and had the most wonderful night of her life as a woman, the lusty man beside her making her time and again, in her artificial vagina, and without it, once it was split from her. Oh, how her breasts ached, her lips were swollen as she felt shredded inside after her night with the sexiest man alive, she knew.

Michelle only hoped, for Brenda's sake, that Will was half the man that his father was.

Ted Moore's car was waved onto the campus by the university security who knew him well now since the days of Granger Aitken's disappearance. Security knew that mystery had been solved but still let Ted re-enter the campus, probably thinking he was still raking through the ashes of that disappearance.

But it wasn't Granger Aitken, or Marilyn, as that individual was now, who was drawing Ted Moore back onto State's campus. Ah, there she was, the slender, red-haired girl who'd turned his insides to mush when she'd kissed him. Rachel saw his car. A smile curved her lovely mouth as she swayed lightly, womanly, strolling the last part of the path from Rho Sorority. Her long, red hair swung as Rachel waved femininely to him. Ted almost ran his car into the one in front of him as he admired Rachel's breathtakingly, feminine silhouette as she approached his car.

"Sorry!" Ted yelled at the driver, who was giving him a single finger salute, probably because the unfortunate man wasn't picking up a Rho girl and taking her out on a date.

Ted had to run but he did make it to the passenger side to open the door for the beautiful Rachel. She smiled coyly, enticingly, at him as she slid into the

front car seat, her legs so smooth and apparently bare, though he heard the noise of stockings as she sat prettily and crossed her lovely legs.

"I wasn't sure where we were going," murmured Rachel in her lilting, woman's voice. Ted tried to keep his eyes up but her breasts were moving at her neckline so very seductively. Why, oh why, did women have to wear such dresses and make men feel so darned frisky, Ted asked himself ruefully.

"It's a reception at your University President's house," said Ted with a smile, wishing he'd greeted Rachel with a kiss. "It's much like a Ball without all the evening gowns and tuxes."

"You've been there before?" asked Rachel in surprise.

"My uncle's a trustee," said Ted with a smile, "and a judge. That's how I got involved in this mess with the Alpha House boys and Granger Aitken. My uncle raised me and so I owe him. He wants to make sure there isn't any mud going to be thrown at the university by this unsavory affair."

Rachel gave a little shiver. Ted's words explained a lot. It wasn't quite the situation Frat Council had thought it was with him. He seemed to be hinting at the need for privacy, that's what the frat called what it did for Rho girls. Yes, the frat could work with that. She didn't have to play up to Ted as if she was a woman, Rachel thought, the shiver becoming worse inside her, not unless she wanted to, of course.

Rachel needn't have gone out and bought this striking, new, Heather Portillo cocktail dress, nor her new, Revy-designed lingerie, from nude stockings to the soft, gently caressing bra at her chest, or the lovely high heels that made her legs look so long and striking. She saw Ted looking at them, admiring them, as he'd have done to those of any woman.

"I, I don't think I'm dressed up enough for a ball," began Rachel, adoring the feel of her fashionable, cocktail dress.

"You might be overdressed," laughed Ted Moore. "You look really gorgeous and you know it, don't you? You'll stand out in that lovely dress as little, black dresses will abound tonight. My uncle, Judge Thurston, and his bosses, the Mayor and the President of the Board of Trustees, once a year welcome new people into the community, people like Marilyn, Bob Maslow's fiancée and surprise, John Aitken's daughter. She'll only be one of a dozen people welcomed."

So Marilyn's why we're here, thought Rachel. She swished from the car into a glittering hallway, music from a chamber orchestra filling the air. Ted was right. Almost all the women, the score that were arriving with she and Ted, were in little, black dresses. Rachel couldn't be anonymous in the group, not in the dark, sequined, green dress that made her hair seem redder, brighter and more fashionable, if that was possible. But the swish of her dress, so wonderfully feminizing, was all hers to enjoy, a secret 'other' women could not appreciate, having been born female.

Ted nodded to several people and mentioned names Rachel knew she wouldn't remember. "Oh, what a lovely dress!" several of the women said enviously. Rachel agreed with them, clinging to Ted's arm as she became a woman among women, the heat rising inside her as it always did in situations like this without her sisters around her.

But, familiar feminine faces appeared in several places in the large ballroom. Oh, thank goodness, thought Rachel with a feminine shake of her long, gorgeous hair. There were girls in colorful dresses like hers. She could be a Rho girl again, part of a spectacularly, womanly group.

Rachel could even go over and talk to Marilyn Aitken, and warn her about Ted, if Bob Maslow hadn't done it already. Oh, what a gorgeous red dress the blonde beauty was wearing as she circulated with her father, John Aitken, clearly proud of his beautiful new daughter, and the smiles and delight with which she was being received by everyone.

Ted stared across the ballroom at Marilyn Aitken. John had insisted on his 'daughter' using the 'family' name. Rachel put a fixed smile on her lovely face and glanced just as intently at Alan Fox and his new wife, Tanya. She was a Rho girl like Rachel, but a debutante just that year, not having completed a full year in dresses as a woman. Tanya was completely at home in her role of woman and future wife, nevertheless, not a gesture out of place as she swayed against her fiancé, laughing girlishly. She and Josie Walters were teasing their husbands, Alpha alumni, as they swayed on their arms.

Tanya spotted Rachel and waved to her to come and join her, Alan's hand draped around her bare shoulders. Alan didn't hold back in greeting Rachel with a kiss. Considering how many times he'd made love to her in the past, and how he'd made Rachel love being a woman, Alan probably thought he was entitled.

"Trust Alan," murmured Tanya as she kissed Rachel's soft cheek and hugged her so that their breasts could bounce a little together. "He thinks he can make me jealous and spice up our love life. It couldn't make a difference to me. I'm so hung up on him and so in love with him as it is! I'm his woman and not jealous at all of his past loves. I'm glad he's had them because he's just got me now."

Rachel nodded and smiled. I hope that Alan stays faithful to Tanya, she thought, admiring the little, blonde girl who'd trapped the man everyone had

thought too fascinated with girls of all kinds to ever settle on one, even one as lovely and adorable as Tanya.

Marilyn moved towards the Rho girls on her father's arm, Bob Maslow stopping to talk to the judge and the mayor. Bob was smiling as he seemed to be indicating something about the way that Marilyn walked with her father who was so protective of her, even though he was shaking with whatever disability he was suffering from.

"We should go and speak to my uncle," said Ted, giving a brief nod to the Aitkens, father and daughter.

"Oh, Ted," laughed Marilyn, reaching out and hugging the stiffening detective most seductively. "It's so nice to see you! You must ask me for a dance. I wouldn't mind my fiancé being a little jealous of me with a handsome man. Oh, Rachel, what a lovely dress! It really sets off your gorgeous hair."

The two girls had to exchange a girlish hug while a doting father looked on. "Should have had a daughter sooner, shouldn't I, Moore?" said the older man while Ted looked somewhat stricken as the girls swirled their dresses against each other's.

Rachel was about to gush about Marilyn's lovely dress and ask about the designer when Marilyn batted a long eyelash at her in a wink. Rachel was startled but it told her Bob Maslow had spoken to his fiancée about Ted tracking them into Rho House.

"We have to pay our respects to my uncle," said Ted rather brusquely, taking Rachel's hand in his and leading her away quickly, making her wobble in her high heels.

"Marilyn was teasing you," Rachel felt she had to say to the man still treating her as if she was a delicate piece of porcelain.

"Yes, she was, wasn't she?" grunted Ted, slipping his arm about Rachel's waist. She felt so warm, butterflies in her stomach, as she went through the excruciating introductions to what passed as family for Ted. She felt herself studied. The questions she was asked about her background were downright intrusive. Luckily, Ted was there to be her defender.

"Aunt Grace! Aunt Grace!" Ted protested. "I didn't bring Rachel here as my date to have you interrogate her as a suspect. If you'd told me you were going to do that, I'd have arrested Rachel and let her have a lawyer present while you checked her out!"

Grace Thurston smiled charmingly. "But you bring so few women home, Edward, and even fewer to our little soirées," she said. "And when you do bring a date," she wrinkled her nose in saying that word, "she's the most stunningly beautiful woman in the room! We're all agog at the girl you're escorting and want to know more about her."

"So do I," laughed Ted, taking Rachel again around the waist. "I'll tell you more after we've danced a while."

Rachel smiled a trembly goodbye to the older woman, feeling Grace's eyes, along with those of the men around her husband, the judge, on her, on Rachel, as she was held tightly by a man. Ted swept her out onto the dance floor among so many real men and real women, who knew exactly what they were.

"Despite my great age," whispered Ted into his lovely date's jeweled ear, "my aunt and uncle are still protective of me. They'll want to know everything about Rachel Porter. I wouldn't put it past my uncle to set one of his detectives on the problem as he set me onto Granger's disappearance."

"That's old news," said Rachel with a shiver. "You know that."

"True, in a way," said Ted Moore, "but there are these other cases Bryan Fairfax's computer led us to."

"And that you feel a need to know all about," said Rachel as she was twirled. Her skirts floated out delicately about her legs, sending feminine shivers all through her. No, she thought with a shudder. She couldn't think up a dozen convincing 'disappearance' stories for the debs. Ted Moore must be deflected onto something else, she must tell the Frat Council.

"I only need to prove to the Judge there'll be no mud on the university's good name and no crime committed," said Ted, swirling his lovely partner once more. "Anyway, it's nice to leave all of that aside for an evening and just enjoy being here with a beautiful woman like you, Rachel. I won't have to think of missing university students or oddities like Harry Barrett and Granger Aitken for a while."

"Missing students?" asked Rachel as she was held more closely as the music slowed and became very romantic. So, it was the debs Ted was trying to find out about. All around her, smiling girls were putting their heads on their partners' shoulders. Some were even kissing like Josie and the man she was dancing with, her husband, Rachel supposed.

"Probably just dropouts," laughed Ted Moore. "Let's not think of them any more, shall we? Let's just enjoy this party, darling Rachel."

Rachel smiled timidly. So she was 'darling Rachel', was she? But this wasn't one of the Alpha men she knew so well and could seduce at her leisure. How did real girls act on such compliments and caresses as she was now receiving from Ted? He held her as if he did possess her as they left the floor. She'd have known how to act if she'd been back in the sorority. But here, among so many real girls? She felt a little flustered but Marilyn and Josie came for her. She had to 'powder her nose', the girls said.

"I'll be talking with Bob Maslow," said Ted, admiration in his eyes as Rachel joined the other very feminine, stylish Rho girls and retreated to the Ladies' Room.

"Bob's inviting your boy friend up to the lake with us on the weekend," said Marilyn to the Mistress of her sorority. "After he's seen me in a bikini, and in my vaggie from a distance, he won't be saying any more that I'm not really a woman. Are you up, Rachel, for the same thing as me?"

"That might take care of his problem with you," said Rachel, watching the 'new' blonde girl swirl her dress about her and check her feminine figure in the mirror. It occurred to her that Marilyn, like Tanya, was new at femininity. She hadn't had many men making love to her, not since Bob had taken over. Marilyn was in love and thought she could do anything as a woman. She didn't really understand how complicated the relationships between men and Rho girls could sometimes be.

"Ted's still looking into Bryan's list of students invited to State," said Rachel as a smiling Tanya and Josie re-did their makeup, adjusting dresses and bra straps to make their necklines more attractive. "There are the debs who disappeared at the same time as you. I think Ted's got the list. The frat needs to provide better cover, you should tell Bob. I'm trying to plead surprise and ignorance but I think Ted knows a lot more than he's letting on about us Rho girls."

"Wait till he sees us changing our bikinis on Saturday," said Marilyn, shaking the mass of blonde hair extensions over her soft-skinned shoulders. "Ted Moore can chase Trudi all he likes. She's quite the girl now, everyone's telling Bob. George has definitely tamed that one. Ted will never find her."

"Don't be too sure," murmured Rachel as she picked up her purse and linked bare arms with her

lovely Rho sister. "It would be a mistake to be too over-confident."

Michelle Waters tapped gently on Rachel Porter's door, as any girl would do. The gentle knock would mean Rachel didn't have to leave off doing what any girl might be doing in the early evening. Michelle had heard, however, that Rachel wasn't really committed to Peter Simpson as they'd all thought.

In fact, Michelle had seen the current President of the frat with that new girl, that Nadine, the blonde cutie smiling up at the leading officer of the frat, batting her eyelashes at the poor guy, being all cute and girlie with him. Michelle had almost laughed out loud as she recognized herself, the way that she sometimes acted, when she had a most interesting male in her sights ...

Rachel's door swung open. "Come in, Michelle," said the one of the Mistresses of Rho House. Rachel, like Michelle, was clearly dressed to go out, in a little black dress that suited her so well, making the most of the feminine figure she'd had so much longer than Michelle had had hers.

Michelle's longer, burgundy-colored, cocktail dress rustled as she swished into the other girl's room. Emma's side was as neat and tidy as Rachel's and without an occupant which was rather rare. All through the house, there were males in almost every apartment room, Michelle was certain, going down on nubile, welcoming, Rho girls.

The newest girls, like Angelina, Olivia, Nadine and the rest of the debs, were the worst, expecting, it seemed, that there had to be a man draped around them every second of the day and night. Yes, and as

soon as one man left to attend a class, someone else had to be found to take his place.

Rachel smiled at Michelle and indicated an armchair she'd placed near the fireplace in the Mistresses' room. That was something not every room, 'apartment' as the Rho House girls called them, had.

Rachel sat gracefully, smoothing her short dress beneath her in feminine fashion, opposite Michelle, who'd done the same. This was always a little awkward in Rho House, meeting other girls on business. If it had been a party, hugs and fake kisses would have been the mode of greeting with compliments on makeup, dresses and fragrances. But Rachel had indicated she had 'questions' for Michelle.

Business meetings were for men. Girls couldn't shake hands, after all, as they were no longer 'men' and shouldn't act like one. Nor should they act like empty-headed bimbos, though they all had in their time, of course. So being girls and meeting to exchange information led to awkward meetings like the one Michelle found herself in.

"I didn't do anything wrong, did I?" Michelle asked with a tentative smile, reaching for the glass of white wine set on a side table for her.

"I hope not," said Rachel with a smile of her own. "You've been a good girl, haven't you, with Ed Pope and the alumni you're dating these days? You like older men, don't you?"

"I do," agreed Michelle. "The O'Reilly brothers, Dr Greg, Corman, they're so experienced in knowing what girls like us want in a man, sometimes before we even know what it is we want ourselves."

"That older guy, Warner someone," said Rachel with a smile. "He's calling for you just about every weekend now, isn't he?"

"He's all right," said Michelle, pulling her pretty face into a grimace, "but I just found out he's married. No, not to a Rho girl, either, like Will, Daley or that Hudson guy, Karen's husband. No, Warren is married to a ... well, to a real girl, if you don't mind me breaking a rule ..."

"I don't mind," said Rachel with a smile, "as that's what I wanted to talk to you about, Michelle. You've had the most recent experience with a real man, if you don't mind me breaking the 'real' rule, Will Merton's father, I believe!"

"Jay Merton?" asked Michelle, puzzled. "He's married as well, you know."

"We all know about Will's mother and father and their separate lives," said Rachel with a smile. "I was interested, not in Warren, and why he prefers nice girls in the sorority and not his wife, but in making love as you called it, to a real man."

Michelle crossed her legs more tightly, feeling suddenly so girlish. She rarely thought about the fact that she was in a dress or a skirt, in stockings or a bra. They were so natural to her, the feel of a skirt on her stockings, of checking out her 'look' in a window or mirror and smiling at the girl, yes, the girl she was, looking back at her. But talking about making love to Jay Merton, well, she was his new daughter-in-law's chief bridesmaid. And the randy, old goat had treated her accordingly.

"We've got a lot of alumni like Warner," Rachel went on, "which is why Alan is building his hotel on the lake. He's going to make a fortune, you know, when he gets Rho girls there, working as showgirls, dancers, escorts, waitresses, everything a girl can do in a hotel. We'll make a fortune as well in entertaining men who know exactly what we are. That's Alan Fox's plan. Guys like Steve Pendleton and Daley Masters are buying into it with him!"

"So we're continuing with Trudi's plan to bring over a dozen new debutantes into the sorority again next year?" said Michelle with surprise. "Is that what you wanted to see me about?"

"No, but you're right about next year," said Rachel with a sigh. "I don't see, honestly, why Alan isn't taking over the plan. Tanya could organize a debutante group, without any of the university trimmings."

"Ah, but we wouldn't have the excuse that we were forced into this," giggled Michelle, changing legs again as she sat. "We wouldn't be able to say they tricked us. We didn't really mean to be this way. We were fooled and softened by the hormones and now what can we do?"

"We can't go back," agreed Rachel with a sweet smile, still rather tense, "and so we have to go forward and become wives, mothers or mistresses, girl friends or, at worst, a special kind of whore."

Michelle wrinkled her pretty, bobbed nose at that one and took a sip of the cold, delicious wine she was beginning to like. She was a girl and couldn't drink beer any more.

"I wanted to ask you about you and Jay Merton," said Rachel abruptly. "You were his date at Brenda's bridal shower in Florida, weren't you? He made quite a play for you, and as the chief bridesmaid at her wedding at the Lake Hotel. He didn't know what you were, going down there, did he? Does he know now? Did you have sex with him or ...?"

"Of course, I had sex with him," said Michelle, smiling, her lovely leg swinging in front of her. "It was what the man wanted. Everybody could see that, couldn't they? He wanted me! A rich man like that wanted me to be his girl. I could have been Brenda's mother-in-law, I was telling her, if I'd had a day more ... but Will, you know, he told his father I was a tranny, Brenda's special friend. Jay didn't tell Will that

one of his girls in Florida is a tranny and he's had tranny sex hundreds of times. Any time I'm in Fort Lauderdale after I graduate, I have to look him up! He'll find the perfect job for me!"

"This Jay Merton didn't know you were a Rho girl," said Rachel carefully.

"He knows," said a giggly Michelle. "He just doesn't know what it means, that's all."

"So you just went down on him," said Rachel.

"In Florida, where he was drunk all the time," said Michelle. "It was really great to be his girl there. He took me everywhere to show me off to his business friends. But he got drunk every night. He was under the influence of alcohol all the time I was with him. So he was great to be with, charming, kissing me, cuddling me, but when it came to the nitty-gritty, I didn't have to do more than gobble on his pecker, swallow his you-know-what and be the sweetest of girls laying beside him.

"But Will tried to keep him off me up here after the wedding. But Jay stayed sober here and did me properly as we girls like it. You know what I mean by that. I like it best from the front, me underneath and he pumping himself into me. I mean, I'm willing to try anything with an Alpha guy and Jay, well, it wasn't oral all the time."

"Was Caroline from Vegas oral only when she was here?" asked Rachel.

"Caroline?" asked Michelle. "Oh, yes, the girl who had Andy over in the corner! She was so clever, getting him all aroused and sitting in his lap. I don't know whether he even knew which orifice he was taking her in! But she really enjoyed it! Caroline liked Andy all the time she was here as a Rho girl. She didn't let him touch her, though. She had her vaggie on and was taped, she told us. The poor sap was caressing the

front of her panties as he was filling her. She had a little orgasm, she said, when she was jerking around on him, riding him. I thought I might do that with Jay Merton but I was never in a room full of people like Caroline was when she took advantage of Andy Anderson. Jay Merton doesn't need to be fooled, anyway!"

"Well, that's what I wanted to know ..." said Rachel thoughtfully. "You have a date tonight ...?"

"What do you think?" giggled Michelle again. "I'm a Rho girl! Oh, are you thinking of going out with a guy outside the fraternity, a real guy?"

"I have to," said Rachel with a shiver that made Michelle gasp. "There's this guy, an older guy, who could threaten us in if he starts making public pronouncements about some of the girls he knows about. It's a legacy Trudi left us. The Council, using me, has to investigate."

"Wow," said Michelle. "The frat could be exposed ..."

"Rho could be exposed," said Rachel with a shudder.

"If I can help in any way," said Michelle sincerely, "I really wouldn't mind going out with a real guy, Rachel. I really wouldn't. Brenda thinks I'm insane. I'm kind of sure she was the one who tried to get Will to stop my affair with his father. Just think, I could be married to all those billions!"

"Or been one of the six girls he keeps permanently on his yacht waiting to service him like inmates of a harem," said Rachel with a smile. "Yes, I talked to Brenda. She told me all about Will's father. I didn't know he was a drunk, though."

"Does that help with this other guy?" asked Michelle. "Get him drunk and carry him off to the

dungeons like you did Marilyn and Elizabeth. We could do that, couldn't we?"

"He's a policeman," said Rachel, looking over Michelle's head to the clock on the wall. "And in half an hour, he's picking me up for a date." She exhaled slowly. "I don't know how to behave with a real man," she said plaintively to the lovely blonde in the chair opposite her. "I suppose I'll act as if he's Peter or David Brent and knows all about me. Is that the way you thought about yourself when you went out with Jay, Michelle?"

Trudi slipped quietly from between the silky sheets and waited, hardly daring to breathe, as Big George snorted and snuffled. Trudi padded silently towards the door and stood there, seeing, in the mirror, a shapely girl putting on her black, lacy panties and stay-up stockings. It was second nature to her, clearly, to put on her black bra, before she wiggled into a skirt and blouse, fluffed her hair, picked up her purse and high heeled shoes and silently opened the outer door.

Trudi grimly smiled as she felt her skirt about her stockings, reminding her she was dressed as a woman. Her breasts bounced in the bra she had to wear. Not for long, she told herself, not for long. She felt silky panties between her thighs. The taping beneath that symbol of womanhood she was forced to surrender to all her lovers, George, and the Alpha men he awarded her to.

Someone whispered at the end of the hallway but that ended with a girlish giggle and the creak of the chair. Yes, Melanie was making out with a guy who'd probably left his sleeping girl friend, knowing that Melanie was always available to any Alpha man. It had been a rule she, Trudi, had imposed relentlessly.

Now, George applied it dispassionately to 'her'. No, she couldn't refuse any Alpha man who wanted to fuck the former President of the Frat. And they wanted her to be very sweet and girlish, which she was, or George would have chastised her, his girl friend.

The giggle meant that Trudi wasn't going to have to creep up on Melanie and bop her with the weighted purse she carried. Crouching low, she actually slid past the lovers, girlish stocking legs high in the air, the chair creaking, some nerdy guy telling Melanie how much he'd always fancied her as a girl.

The stairs made the slightest of noises, easily drowned out by the rhythmic coupling going on in the armchair. Melanie's girlish shrieks would have covered the noise of Trudi's escape as it was. Trudi moved into the dark space behind the stairs and was glad she hadn't plunged immediately to the front door. A shadow passed and a feminine outline looked up the stairs.

"Who ...?" a male voice whispered.

"Melanie and someone," said a feminine voice Trudi recognized as Natasha's. Natasha giggled, "Stop that!" to whoever she was with.

"Well, if she can do that while she's on duty," murmured the male voice, "why can't ...?"

"Because I'm a girl with principles," murmured Natasha. "I obey the rules ..."

"Yes," said the man quietly. "What if a non-Alpha sneaked in? What would you do, darling Natasha?"

"Squeal," responded the girl, turning and showing off a definite, lovely, feminine silhouette to the hidden Trudi.

"How loud can you scream?" asked the man in a teasing voice. He must have done something then as Tasha's silhouette wiggled. The girl squealed, very quietly, almost laughing as she did so.

"That's what I thought," whispered the male voice.

"Since you're so up," giggled Tasha, "just lift my skirt and take down my panties ... Ooo, yes, just like that. And watch out! I'm going to lean against you. Ooo!" She squealed again like a girl. "You didn't have to sit down!"

"It's so much better," said the guy who had Natasha in his arms, "because I can do this," there was another 'ooo' and squeal of delight from Natasha, "and this."

Trudi could hear the sound of feminine clothing being disturbed. The second squeal, by the way it had been cut off, had been smothered by one of them kissing the other long and passionately.

"See," murmured the boy huskily before he kissed Natasha again. "Your clit is telling me ..."

But whatever it was that Natasha's clit was telling the boy making love to her was lost to Trudi as she heard the slap of skin on skin and realized what the two were doing, their mouths clearly glued to one another's. Only little gasps of joy and pleasure could be heard in the hallway.

Slowly, Trudi edged towards the back door. Natasha and her man would have reacted to her trying to bolt through the front door and alerted Melanie as well. The back door was locked and bolted, but from the inside. The bolts squeaked a little but not enough to overcome the noises Tasha or Melanie might hear.

The cold air on her face and legs made Trudi shiver as she eased into the trees that would enable her to reach the university grounds unseen. She was wondering whether or not to put her shoes on and go down the path as a girl when she heard a shriek.

"I told you I heard a noise!" squealed Natasha. "Someone's let somebody in through the back door!"

"That's everybody in every room," groaned the boy she was wrestling with. "You're going to wake everyone up, Tasha. Pull up your panties first."

"And you stick that thing back in your pants," Natasha said, almost crying, Trudi could hear. Yes, the poor girl did have principles about rules and so on. She was clearly thinking she'd let down the sorority in some way.

Trudi held onto her shoes and darted through the trees, out and around the house, past all the swings where the boys took the girls in summer. If the girls looked inside first to find an intruder ... no, it wouldn't be long before they woke George. The hunt for Trudi would be on. She had to get away if she'd any hope of being Bryan again.

"Still don't believe it?" asked Marilyn, smiling at Ted Moore, swinging her delicately in the foxtrot, not letting her body swish against his. She was something not to be touched or molested at all. Marilyn found it quite arousing.

"Who said ...?" began Ted, watching Rachel in Bob Maslow's arms, the two laughing and hugging as they did swirls and prances only advanced dancers from expert dance classes could do. "Oh, you're friends with Rachel ..."

"I wish I could dance like her," said Marilyn with a sigh. "She and Bob are having so much fun, aren't they? Just the way a man and woman should."

Ted stared at her as she slipped her hand from his and put it about his neck, pushing her jiggly, feminine body against his.

"I won't break if you swing me, caress me, or even kiss me," whispered Marilyn to the man whose arms

now enclosed her. "And I am a woman, Ted." The last came out with a wobble in Marilyn's lilting voice. She swished her lovely dress around Ted pressing her breasts against him, forcing him to twirl her, not what she was supposed to do in the dance.

Ted Moore was a good dancer. He caught her easily, twirling her again. Marilyn gave a girlish shriek. Soon, other couples were dancing a weird assortment of steps, with whirls and swirls, to enable the girls to swish their dresses and show off their underwear, or some of it, to those sitting, smiling and applauding them.

"Still not convinced I'm a girl?" asked Marilyn, her arm around Ted's waist as he walked her back to Bob Maslow. "Only one way to prove it, isn't there, Mr Moore? I'll show you mine and you show me yours. Come out to the lake with Rachel this Friday, maybe stay the weekend. I'll wear my black bikini and convince you, St Thomas the Doubter."

Ted swallowed hard. "He said that he wouldn't believe unless he could put his hands ..."

"Right," whispered Marilyn, her *Intimate* perfume flooding Ted's senses as she leaned against him. "And you can put your hands anywhere you want, Ted. Bob says it'll be all right. Maybe, then, you'll stop persecuting my special sisters, like Linda. After all, we only want to live and be accepted as the girls we know we are."

Ted's mind reeled at that, at the nearness, the femininity, the femaleness, of the woman he'd known as Grainger Aitken. He directed her to the man she'd said was going to marry 'her'. Marilyn was going to be a bride and become a wife, Ted thought, feeling very strange as he looked at the beautiful, blonde woman, laughing at him. Another beautiful woman, lovelier even than Marilyn slipped her arm under his but that was only to be expected as Ted knew Rachel was a

woman. He'd felt it right through his bones when he'd kissed her, something he wanted to do again. Rachel smiled at him, tossing her lovely red hair over her bare shoulders, as she let Bob Maslow also hold her tightly.

Bob Maslow smiled. "Looks like Marilyn finally got to you, Ted," he said, moving to take hold of his future wife, putting Ted's hand into Rachel's. "Blondes do have more fun, you know."

Ted stared at the other man. Was he really being admired for touching and holding Bob's fiancée as if 'she' was a woman?

Marilyn winked at Ted before she brushed his lips with hers. "See you at the lake, darling," she cooed, pirouetting, her long, blonde hair swishing over Ted's face. Marilyn went off, a wiggle in her walk as she clung to Bob Maslow as she'd just been clinging to Ted, the latter thought jealously.

Rachel glanced at Ted with pity and forbearance, he would have called it. "I, I'm sorry, Rachel," he mumbled, taking her soft hand in his. "It's just that Marilyn ..."

"Scrambles your senses," said Rachel. "I think I'm going to change my hair color. I want to be a blonde and have you and Bob stare at me as you do at Marilyn."

"Something else scrambles my senses," insisted Ted gallantly, taking the lovely, pliant girl in his arms and dancing with her once more. "Marilyn ... well, I don't think she's really qualified to be a member of your sorority, is she?"

Rachel winced as her breasts, aroused by the dance with Bob Maslow, were firm but bouncy against Ted's jacket. "She's as much a girl as I am," Rachel said to the man caressing her waist and hips, his mouth on her face and then her ear, treating her entirely as a girl. A girl would love this, as Rachel did, wouldn't she?

"She's every right to be a member of our sorority. She only had to ask. All of us girls invited her in."

"You must be the most welcoming sorority on campus," said Ted Moore, kissing his date as the music changed. "I guess Marilyn belongs in Gamma Rho, if she belongs anywhere."

Despite her wet feet and torn stockings, Trudi put on her high heels, clicked onto the roadway and swayed femininely into the university proper. There were lights at both Alpha and Rho Houses behind her. The hounds were out, she thought, grimacing at the female word she used for herself. She'd been in captivity too long.

The security on West Gate was non-existent at this time of night. It was easy for the athlete she'd once been, to clamber over locked turnstiles. I should enter the women's Olympics, shouldn't I, Trudi thought smugly, as she eased down the wire fence and onto the freedom roadway beyond. Her long, shivery, femininely smooth legs and short skirt flew up to show off her stocking tops and panties.

She couldn't help the female-toned shriek that came from her mouth as strong hands closed about her thighs and lifted Trudi down onto the roadway. "Shush," whispered a male voice in her ear. She turned and faced a line of five or six frat or dorm boys, loaded down with bags of liquor they were sneaking into the university grounds.

"Ooo, black panties," said one of the dudes. "I love a girl in black with a rounded tush to match! I get to touch her first!"

"We all saw her coming over the fence," argued another. "I said she'd flash her panties at us. Doug said she prob'ly wasn't wearing any! I should get her first."

"You guys!" said the tall boy holding Trudi as she descended the fence, his hands shifting from her thighs to her waist. "This is Trudi, a Rho girl, Big George's girl friend. Anyone here want to try to take her from George? No? Hi, Trudi! It's me, Jeff Kirkham! Fancy meeting a lovely girl like you in a place like this!"

"I've got to get away from here," Trudi said, shock bursting through her. Amazingly, she automatically acted as femininely and delicately as she could. She looked back at the end of the building she'd skirted, what a word with her dress hitched up over her hips to her thin, girlish waist. "They, they're after me!"

"Beat you again, did he?" asked Jeff. The guys he was with gasped.

"What!" said one. "Hey, we're not letting anyone ...!"

"She's going to hide in our dorm," said Jeff, bending and picking up Trudi as if she was a feather. He walked straight at the fence where another boy was standing. He grinned at Trudi and the panties she was undoubtedly showing as he pulled on a section of the fence. It slid aside to allow Jeff and the wriggling girl in his arms to pass through.

Up ahead in the building, a blue light glowed in a window. The liquor pirates headed to it, a door opening. The guys raced in, Jeff setting his burden on her high heels as the blue light went out. The door silently closed.

"Here they come," said one of the guys. A security patrol with strobe lights and trucks swept along the pathway Trudi had been on. A second patrol, of Alpha boys by the look of it, was in a security pickup coming

down the track Trudi had swished along from Rho in her high heels.

"Your high heels scared the living daylights out of us," said one of the boys earnestly to Trudi. "We stopped the run while we figured out what a girl was doing out here in the middle of the night. Have a fight with your boy friend?"

"Her boy friend's Big George," murmured one of the guys who'd been outside the fence with Jeff Kirkham.

"Okay, you guys," said Jeff. "Trudi's here and not with louts like Tag or George out there. But she's not here, never was, and never will be. You all got that?"

Jeff's hands pulled Trudi's skirt down. He caressed her thighs quickly, fondly, whispering to her, "Can you carry that bag, Trudi? Don't drop it as it's got nothing but whiskey in it!"

"Let her carry a case of beer," grunted another guy. "She's a girl and you know what they're like, weak!"

Trudi wished she could be Bryan for just a moment and slap that guy. Oh, she was a girl! She could hit him, couldn't she? And he couldn't hit her back. Oh, there were advantages to being a 'weak', pretty girl! But the other guys around her were laughing. "Don't mind Frank," said one of the boys, passing her the bag of clinking whiskey bottles. "Give him one drink and he'll have your panties down! He'll be slobbering all over you, telling you how lovely you are!"

The other guys started laughing again. "She is and anyone lays a finger on Trudi, they answer to me," said Jeff. "I mean you, Frank!"

"Where would I touch her with my finger," asked Frank to more laughter, "when she's not here, never has been and never will be!"

Trudi's high heels resounded as she went shakily, girlishly, up the stairs and deeper into the building, making more boys turn around and look at her.

"In here," said Jeff Kirkham. She entered a room with just a single bed, a desk and chair, and all the paraphernalia of the typical male university student in residence. "This is my room, Trudi, yours for a while until we sort out what to do with a pretty girl like you."

"She's hiding somewhere on campus," said Ray Baker nervously to the rest of the small Council he'd been able to assemble. "When she re-appears as Bryan Fairfax, she's going to make us all look bad."

"How's she going to do that," asked Emma, "with the facial feminization she's had, and her tits and ass? She'll never look like that, that other guy again. She can't talk like a man or walk like one. No, that's not the way she's going to get back at us. She's holed up with a boy, I'm willing to bet. George, a list, please, of all the boys she's danced with and talked to in the clubs, anyone who's said what a cute girl she is. We should check on Elizabeth and Nancy as well."

"Did that," said Matt O'Reilly. "My brother's on Elizabeth." He pressed a switch. The image of a teen-aged girl came up, bouncing up and down on a well-muscled, older man's body. They could see she was wiggling, moaning and squealing in delight as she was penetrated by the older man. He was smiling as he drew her down on him to kiss her lips as he fondled her breasts and clit.

"Oh, oh, yes-s-s-s," squealed the girl as she convinced the man to roll her over, her legs closing about him as she began to buck and shriek and beg Mike O'Reilly to fuck her, fuck her hard, fuck her brains out!

"That's Elizabeth," said Matt O'Reilly, knowing that she once had been Shaun Bottfell and a terror on girls in the hallways of Rho. Now, he was what he had always wanted his girls to be. "Nancy is in Alan Fox's hotel. This is earlier. She's the cocktail waitress on the left. The guy that's bought her time is an alum from just a year or two ago ..."

"Dave Stoley," put in Peter Simpson. "But he married into the Lederer jewellery family, didn't he?"

"Family life's a little tame," laughed Matt O'Reilly. "He's divorcing Maddie, no kids, luckily, and spending a lot of time banging every cocktail waitress and dancer he can at the Lake Hotel. It's the third time he's had Nancy who really seems to like him. She gets him off and he gets her off. He gives her enormous tips and I do mean that both ways."

"Do you want me to list Alpha guys as well?" asked a subdued George Lazinsky.

Emma glanced at the list. There were a dozen names on it. "Who's the most likely?" she asked.

"Kirkham, Jeff Kirkham, on the basketball team," said George with a shake of his head. "He really liked Trudi. His dorm's right there where she was heading."

"Did she like him?" asked Peter Simpson sourly. "I thought she wasn't co-operating with anyone until you took her over, George."

"I've taken her dancing to the Kitten Club," said George with a grimace. "I've had her dancing in the cages and paid a few guys to put a bill or two in her bra or her stocking. She seemed to be enjoying it. But the only time she seemed really stunned was when Kirkham kissed her that first time we were in there. He's really one for the ladies, Jeff."

"I sent Lee after her but Jeff kissed her again. She didn't come out of it the way she does with the other guys I make dance with her or make love to her. She

wasn't laughing after Lee broke them up. She looked like she was in a daze which is why I've kept the two of them apart ever since."

"Jeff Kirkham?" Emma asked Ray who was on the computer.

"Older student, working his way through college, not on our list to pledge Alpha," said Ray. "He's a real hit with the ladies. Was dating the homecoming queen for a while last year, that girl who went on to television and fashion shows."

"Not an Alpha at all," said Peter Simpson.

A handsome, confident, assured man with no difficulty getting women, thought Emma, glancing at the 'dorks' she was with. She didn't dare to say it out loud, however. Besides, after being with her, everyone said how much Lord Albert Conway, her Bertie Boy, had improved in personality and confidence. He wasn't the fumbling, nervous dweeb who'd hardly been able to lock his lips to hers, she mused with a secret smile. She'd been the one to initiate him into making love to a woman. He'd been so grateful since, fixated on her, save for his slip with Nadine. Oh yes, she'd made a man out of Bertie Boy as he'd made a woman out of her.

"Can we find out if Trudi is indeed hooked up with this Jeff?" asked Peter Simpson.

"I'll put Melanie and Natasha on it," said Emma, loving how girlish her skirt made her feel, especially when she sat in Bertie's lap and her stockinged legs were so beautifully arranged in front of her. She loved the touch of his hand and his other thing on her panties, his touch making her squirm in response to his arousal.

"It's something we girls can do a little better," said Emma cheerfully. "I'll have all the sisters looking for

Trudi. If she's on campus, we'll know before the end of the day."

"And if she's not?" asked Peter doubtfully.

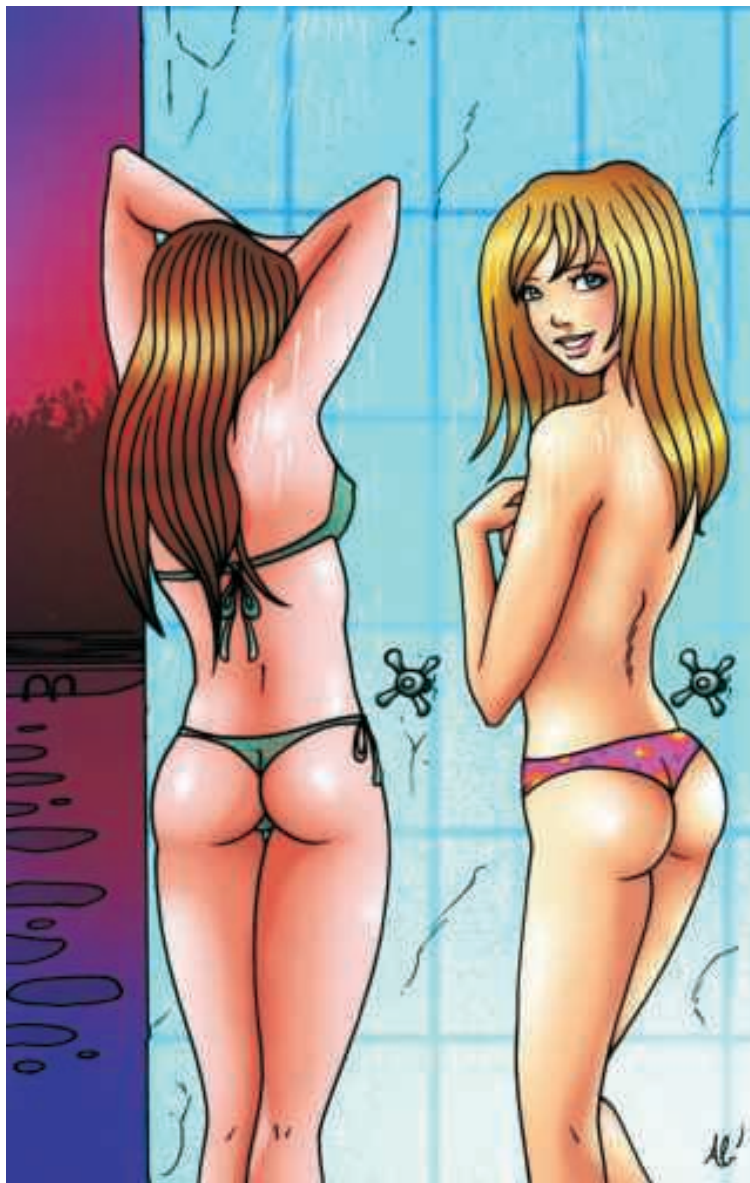
"Well, she's escaped as a girl," said Emma with a smile. "She'll use her credit card somewhere. That comes back to us in a day, doesn't it? We can track her. She can't be stupid enough to try to be a guy again with the way she looks and dresses. Now, the question is, what do we do with her when we catch her?"

"Are you ready?" asked a giggling Marilyn, standing under the warm shower and letting it flow over her long, blonde hair. She slipped off the top of her bikini and let her aroused, perky breasts stand free as she put some soap suds across her. "Bob will make sure that Ted's looking at us!"

Rachel wiggled as she rose from the warm pool and joined the other girl in the shower. "We've hardly any makeup on," she giggled as she stroked her long, wet hair back. It was much longer than Marilyn's, even with the other's hair extensions.

"Ted's not going to be looking at our faces," said Marilyn, stroking her breasts, and admiring how stunning Rachel appeared to be. Her legs and tush were just that much more rounded, as were her shoulders and thin arms, than Marilyn's; but no man would have worried about any small musculature that Marilyn had, not with the way her breasts and tush had been sculpted by Dr Greg and Dr Jane.

Rachel undid her bikini top, her back to the cottage windows where the men were supposed to be watching football. She turned, her bare breasts bouncing a little, as she picked up a brush to give her back a vigorous rub.



"Oh, seeing you do that, would have given me a hard-on when I was a man," said Marilyn with a laugh, admiring the girl beside her. "In fact, I think ..."

"Don't think!" gasped Rachel in alarm. "We can't let him see ..."

"I think I'm having a lesbian moment," giggled Marilyn. "Ah well, here goes! You don't have to do this, Rachel. Ted already knows you're a girl."

"He thinks he knows," murmured Rachel, shivering as she undid the string of her bikini bottom. No, she couldn't let Marilyn go through this display alone, could she? They were sisters and supported one another.

Marilyn slipped out of her bikini, completely naked to the eye as she ran the movable shower head into position to wet her vagina. "Ooo, it's cold!" she gasped at Rachel, giving her a huge smile as she used a loofah between her legs, spreading them so Ted Moore could see she was completely a woman.

Rachel laughingly kept hold of the other, warm water hose, as she let her bikini bottom fall as well. She spread warm, soapy water into and around her false vagina before taking pity on the other girl, letting her use the warm hose as well.

"What should we do now?" asked Rachel, able to see, this close to the other girl, thin, flesh-colored tapes and cords that kept the artificial, blonde-haired vagina prosthesis in place.

"You have to check me out," said Marilyn immediately with a laugh. "Well, you would, wouldn't you? A real girl would want to check out a sex change, wouldn't she? She'd want to compare my vaggie to her own. Yes, Rachel, let's compare vaginas, clits, labial folds, all of that, and don't forget to jiggle as you're doing it."

"What do you want to bet that, as soon as we get inside, Ted's going to want to take you into the spare bedroom? Bob will be telling him about it now. I know Bob's going to want to give it to me in my pussy as well as in my tush as soon as we get in. He only has to see me in panties or a bikini and he's all over me. This is overload, girl!"

"It isn't me Ted's going to want in the spare bedroom!" said Rachel. "You know it's you, Marilyn!"

"Ooo, we should swap, shouldn't we, around dinner time," said Marilyn with a feminine wiggle of her shoulders, her breasts moving too. "Come on, let's dry ourselves, put on some panties at least and join the men. If things go as planned, the worst that you'll have to do, Rachel, for your man tonight is to give him a blow job! Or is that the best!"

Marilyn giggled all through their showers, debating with herself about whether blowing Ted was the best or the worst. Rachel, feeling the weight of the sorority and fraternity on her thin shoulders, was not looking forward to what she might have to do; but it didn't work out that way at all. Ted and Bob were sitting in front of the television as the girls shimmied in on them in their new, dry, black bikinis, looking so unbelievably girlish, like showgirls, as they'd once been learning to be.

The guys, however, pretended they'd been there all the time, in front of the television, watching exciting football, and hadn't looked out at the girls in the pool and shower.

"You didn't have to come out here if all you wanted to do today was sit and watch football," protested Marilyn, strolling over wantonly to the man she was going to marry and sliding her shapely, smooth, womanly leg over him.

A faint grin stole across Bob Maslow's mouth as he murmured, "Well, maybe we weren't watching foot-

ball for every minute," there was a stress on 'every', "you were out there." He stroked Marilyn's leg and kissed her soft skin before she giggled, Ted watching her in amazement, as she danced away to another sofa.

A laughing Marilyn threw a pillow at the man slated to be her husband within a year. That made Bob bound to his feet and chase her. She was giggling even more as she disappeared down the hallway that led to the bedrooms.

"Well," said Ted Moore, staring at the delectable Rachel Porter, her makeup back in place as well as scent on her body. He patted his sofa, making room for her to sway girlishly to him. His eyes showed how turned on he was by her in her black bikini and nothing else. "I don't think we'll be seeing them any time soon!"

Rachel shook her drying hair as she sat beside Ted. She snuggled nervously into his arms, her temperature rising at the way he stroked her bare arms and waist. "Who's winning?" she asked, looking at the game on television.

"Bob and Marilyn," said Ted Moore with a sigh. "That was a planned presentation out there by the pool, wasn't it?"

"Oh," gasped Rachel girlishly, raising her hand to her mouth and opening her eyes wide in surprise. "You saw us in the pool! Why didn't you come and join us? It's heated and wonderful ..."

"That would have spoiled the presentation, wouldn't it?" asked Ted, staring into the open, girlish face beside him. "Now, I'm wrong about Marilyn, aren't I? Am I supposed to stop trying to find all these other missing kids as well? Is that what you're going to suggest to me?"

"Not me," said Rachel, remembering how she'd felt when Ted had kissed her before. She crossed her legs

in her bikini, wondering if he'd ever do that so masterfully to her again. "If you don't want to swim, though, I'm going to change and go for a walk by the lake. I might go over to that hotel being built across there."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Rachel," said Ted, standing suddenly and putting down a hand to help her to her feet. "This was supposed to be a day off inquiries, wasn't it? I don't seem able to relax ..."

"Tell you what," said Rachel with a sweet smile. "Let me dress up a little and we'll go over to the hotel for supper and dancing. They have a show each night that they're working on, Marilyn says, so it's never quite the same. We can leave Bob and Marilyn a note to join us, if they ever get out of bed, while we go and see how close to a Las Vegas show they're performing."

"Sure," said Ted, drawing Rachel forward and kissing her. Oh yes, it was just as it had been before, thought Rachel, as her skin began to tingle in the excitement and pleasure his kiss brought to her. Maybe he'd just meant it as a peck, an apology, but she couldn't let him go, not with the agitation in her breasts and the way he was beginning to caress her all over.

Oh, how Ted could kiss, thought Rachel, as she cuddled up to a man. She knew she shouldn't be doing such a thing. But Marilyn and Bob were there, weren't they? If she went too far, if he started ripping away things he shouldn't instead of just caressing her panties as he was, she could squeal and they'd come running to help her.

"Oh, gosh, we should stop," said Ted Moore after several devastating, passionate embraces that the first simple kiss on the sofa had turned into. Rachel, still in her bikini, trembled against him as he kissed her breasts, her bra top gone. She leaned into him and encouraged him to stroke her as girls really liked. Or so

he'd heard. Ted Moore hadn't really had any experiences with women as gorgeous as Rachel Porter, ever.

"If, if we don't stop, Rachel, my beauty," Ted managed to gurgle as her wonderful lips wanted to be kissed passionately by him again. Her arms were about his neck as his were on her tush, pulling her onto him where she must surely feel how much he wanted her and right away, "I'm going to be taking you to the bedroom Bob was talking about. We'll be doing what those two lovebirds have been doing all afternoon in theirs."

Rachel laughed girlishly, making her eyes sparkle. She took his hands and slid them over her soft, lovely breasts, knowing Ted could drag her to the bedroom and make love to her completely if he wanted. She just wished he was an Alpha. She'd have been leading him there long before now.

"I'll go and change," Rachel whispered, her voice dripping with feminine seduction. "Though, if you wanted, Ted, we could compete with the lovebirds. I wouldn't mind at all!" She was sure that Ted Moore was far too much of a gentleman to take up a girl like her on such an offer.

It was a dangerous thing for her to do. Luckily, Ted reacted as she'd expected.

"Let's go out," Ted said with a gulp. "It's, it's too close in here."

Yes, thought Rachel with a smile. Too close to the 'girl' you really wanted to make love to, isn't it? The blonde was making the bed pound, Rachel could hear, with Bob Maslow. It spurred Rachel on, making her soft, pliable and girlish as she wished she could behave herself with such abandon.

I must be losing my charms, the amused, red-headed girl thought, flouncing off alone, with a pout and encouraging smile over her shoulder to the detec-

tive. Yes, let's go to the Apollo Lakeside Hotel and let my former lover entertain us. With Tanya in the show, she could take her time, draw Alan Fox to her, and let him know what he was really missing by not marrying her when he could have. And, make Ted really jealous of her as any man should be when he saw the way she flirted with Alan.

Marilyn was quite flustered when she came out of the bedroom with Bob's arm about her, having heard Rachel's high heels clicking down the passageway and guessing the other girl was going to leave and take Ted Moore with her.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Marilyn said, closing the silk of her nightgown but they had all been able to see that she was wearing just white, frilly panties beneath the robe. Her feminized body was really gorgeous, Rachel could see. See, Mr Moore, she thought, looking at Ted's strained face. All of us girls look like that. Pity this is the closest you're ever going to come to such feminine beauty. It made her, strangely, feel rather angry and sorry at the same time with herself, in what she was doing to the detective who kissed her so nicely.

"I always get so carried away, making love with Bob," murmured Marilyn, actually putting a finger little-girl like, on her lip as she said it, her breasts in motion. "I always forget the time." She smiled at Rachel while Bob Maslow, in his robe and pyjamas, came bounding out of the bedroom that had seen so much action, looked very pleased with himself.

Marilyn's skin was quite clear of makeup but was reddened where she'd obviously received Bob's male attentions. She wore little makeup as she made a feminine gesture of pushing her hair back from her face,

smiling at Ted and his Rho girl in the doorway, arm-in-arm.

"We could go swimming," Marilyn said.

"We thought we'd go around to the hotel and see the show," said a smiling Rachel. "How long will it take the pair of you to change?"

Marilyn leaned back into Bob Maslow and raised her lovely face to his. They were wrapped in the kiss then for minutes as her robe drifted apart and her yearning breasts were quite visible.

"We'll be a while," said Bob gruffly, holding the girl who was to be his wife. They scampered back to the bedroom as Ted and Rachel looked at one another.

"Let's go," said Ted unsteadily, "unless ..." Unless you want to go to the other bedroom and let me make intense, passionate love to you, he wanted to say to the beautiful woman standing beside him.

Rachel felt Ted looming over her. She turned and his deep, longing kiss seemed to shake him as much as it did her. He put his hands about her tush and pushed on her panties. She loved the way her skirt moved, feeling so girlish against her. She always wanted to feel like this, in a bra, panties and a dress, with the warmth of a man's kiss on her lips; but then she felt something else boring in on her, something that extended from his pants.

"Marilyn has inspired me," whispered Ted. "This weird afternoon is having the effect on me that I think she wanted it to have. I want to make love to a woman, Rachel, lovely Rachel, and the way that I feel when I kiss you ..."

Ted kissed her again. It was there, Rachel felt in sudden panic. He was a man and he wanted her, wanted her as a woman. And she wanted him to be her man, her whole body told her, as she responded to his kiss with her own, wiggling against him, this real man.

She was playing with fire and needed someone to throw some water over her, she thought in a tremble.

"Not, not here," Rachel managed to gasp, loving the way he stroked her upper thighs and her garter belt. Yes, they did seem to turn him on. Well, they turned her on as well, making her think that she was a girl when a man played with her clothing and garters as he was doing.

"N-No," agreed Ted, holding Rachel and caressing her arms and body against his. "I know a quiet, little place, not the hotel."

Rachel collected her purse and swimming clothing, her bikinis, and let Ted usher her outside, his hand continually on her, having to stop and kiss her, his kisses making her tremble through and through. The man really kissed her and didn't know at all by her response that she wasn't the woman she was pretending to be.

Ted's hand rested on her leg as he headed the car, not to the lake and hotel, but into town and a motel just outside the Aitken estate. "We can finish our talk here," said Ted, leading her into a room with just the one bed and one chair.

Can I really do this with a man, Rachel asked herself, all kinds of shivers running through her. No, she couldn't, she thought, but it was too late as Ted put an arm about her and began to kiss her again so passionately. Oh, and it was so good to be kissed by him. Would he really believe her, that she was having an intense, female period, after the way she'd been behaving with him? She was luring him on to caress her and make her feel she was really a woman, for the first time as fully as when Alan Fox had been making love to her every night, for as long as he could.

Ted was rampant as soon as Rachel touched his pants. They fell to the floor. Ooo, she had a naked, en-

ergetic, older man on her hands who desperately wanted to make love to her.

"Ted, I have to tell you," Rachel whispered to him, and, like the wonderful man that he was, he bought it all. Or pretended he did. "But we can do it in lots of other ways, Ted darling," Rachel whispered to her new lover, and knew then, with the way that he relinquished control to her, she really could make it with a man, like Caroline and Michelle. Yes, she could break a rule and make it with a real man. He'd love what she'd teach him to do; and she'd love the idea that she was at last a real woman with a real man. Ooo, that was such a marvelous thought. Ted loved the trembles that went through her as she worked that idea over in her mind.

Rachel opened her dress for him and then her bra, as it opened at the front. Ted was in heaven, his huge erection rising against her stockings and thighs, as he kissed and caressed her breasts.

Rachel felt a stirring inside her as she assisted Ted to come between her legs as she fondled his body and kissed his mouth, his lips as soft as her own and fantastically inviting.

Rachel's panties were quite soaked against her as Ted apologized for what he'd done so prematurely and so amateurishly. That was when Rachel took his penis in hand and began to teach Ted how to make love to a woman like her, just as Alan Fox had taught her how to be a woman and how to receive a man's love as a woman.

"I'm not going to let you inside here," she whispered to Ted, indicating her artificial vagina. "You don't need to be all bloody and you would be that way. But we can still make wonderful love, Ted, if you want."

Ted wanted, very badly. He was shaking as he took her dress down. She made him kiss her legs, remove

her high heels and then kiss and caress her body, taking the wet panties from her. Rachel wrapped him in her long, shapely legs and showed him how to take a woman in her tush from the front, her legs so high as his manhood was large and glorious, sliding inside her.

She had to teach Ted how to bounce her and increase both of their pleasures as they made love, Rachel finally coming, showing him how he could tell that a woman was not faking it when she was a woman like Rachel. Her convulsions were quite real. The way she tugged on him as she writhed in feminine emotion at being a woman for her man must have convinced him she really did want him as her lover. And she really did.

On his own, Ted turned Rachel over and did her doggie-style, again and again, kissing and praising her hair while his hands never stopped fondling her breasts or, through her panties, what he thought was her clitoris. Oh, how she moaned and squealed, not much of that faked. She was in seventh heaven to be making love to a man who really wanted her, wanted her as a woman, and knew she was a woman, which she wasn't always sure of with the men she made love to in Alpha House.

Naked, Ted let Rachel rise over him and sit on his penis when he rested for a moment. She bounced up and down on his manhood, it firmly fixed in her wriggly tush. It wasn't something he'd experienced, it seemed. He loved it and was grunting fiercely in joy when she came, writhing and convulsing all over him. He erupted and the two shared most unexpected total body orgasms.

"So you like making love to a girl," gasped Rachel as she sat astride him, loving the way his hands traced out her rounded tush, his caresses making her female desires rise inside her again. She wanted to be his

woman, to be back in a dress and swirl it about his hard, masculine body, to let him rediscover all her femmy parts once more with his warm, mobile mouth.

"But you're ..." began Ted, squealing when she tweaked his nipples, and bounced again on his weakening manhood.

"So you like making love to a girl," said Rachel again, leaning over him and putting his hands on her caressing breasts, and Ted caught on.

"I love making love to a girl like you," he said, shaking himself as Rachel began to ride him again. He would have called it that as he fought to become rampant.

"Then prove it," Rachel whispered in as seductive a way as she could, trying to be as womanly as she had ever been, with Alan or anybody.

Ted pulled her down, fondling her urgently. He kissed her as she kissed him fiercely as well, glueing her lovely, sweet mouth to his. Rachel kept her position on him and he didn't mind at all. He caressed and fondled her breasts and thighs and grew inside her as she rode and rode him until, finally exhausted, Ted came inside her, grunting how much he loved her and how much he loved making love to a woman like her.

Ted couldn't stop and it appeared she couldn't, either. But she did let him roll her over and press her down. Rachel trembled and gyrated as a man told her again and again how lovely she was. He'd never had a woman as beautiful and loving as she was.

"I love you as well," Rachel murmured back to him as he kept saying it to her. Funny, she knew that it was partly true. She loved how gentle and strong he was with her, even when he touched the unyielding tape over her artificial vagina.

"I have to go back to the sorority," Rachel managed to say as she clenched her legs over his exploring

hands. Ted was gentleman enough to pull his hands back onto the outside of her hips, pressing on them as she gripped his manhood with her inner thighs. Oh, he was such a nice guy. She lay beneath him, wriggling in pleasure, until he came again, well over half an hour passing in just that one final, girlish orgasm which he held her in.

Ted couldn't rise from the bed as the beautiful girl dressed herself so beautifully as a woman in front of his eyes. When she got to her dress, he finally managed to struggle out of the bed and reach for his own clothing.

"We can stay here all night," murmured Ted as he kissed her newly scented neck and painted lips.

"I have to check on all the girls who went to the Grand Ball, the year-end celebration," Rachel murmured between kisses. "I have to put in an appearance ..."

"All those randy students looking for an available girl," protested Ted. "That's what you're going to be, Rachel. And they're going to be telling me to beat it, it's for students only."

"That's why I have to be there," giggled Rachel, loving even more how he kissed her and caressed her, raising her dress and running his hands over her fresh, dry panties. Rho girls always carried extras, didn't they, and, today, they'd been absolutely necessary. "I have to let Emma have some fun."

"Not as much fun as we've had," said Ted. "Look, I must see you again when you don't have a period. Luckily, it doesn't cramp you very much. I've known girls that I couldn't touch at all when they were just starting ..."

Rachel didn't want to talk about that. She kissed Ted Moore as passionately as she could, he respond-

ing to her, drawing her down on the bed where they were man and woman, sort of, all over again.

"I can't believe I came that many times," sighed Ted as Rachel laughed and kissed him, caressing his body as she rose so gracefully as a woman from his bed. "I don't know that I can even walk to the car."

"I'll drive," giggled Rachel. "If you want to get your car back tonight, lover boy, you'd better come now. I can hear squeals already from whatever they're doing on campus!"

"They must have heard you," said Ted flippantly. "Oh, gosh, I'm so sore. Aren't you ...?"

"Of course I am," giggled Rachel as she leaned girlishly again and kissed her man on his warm, firm lips, wondering if she should risk another round with Ted. But, luckily, just moving was making him gasp. Rachel was sore, but she'd been that way many times, after long sessions with men making her be their woman. Oh, but now she'd had a real man! Her breasts rose and almost stood out of her bra.

Ted kissed her chest again and stumbled after her. "I need to sleep," he mumbled. Rachel took his keys and pushed him back to the motel bed.

"I'll come and pick you up in the morning," Rachel said with a smile. "Sweet dreams!"

"They'll all be about you, Rachel Porter," said a bleary-eyed Ted Moore, falling back into the messed-up bed. "They'll be about the most beautiful girl I've ever made love to, the girl I love and the girl who's someday going to be my wife, as Marilyn is Bob's!"

Trudi felt that someone was beside her. For a moment, she thought that it was Big George about to take

her for a morning tryst. She covered up her squeal, clutching the sheet over her, waiting for him to descend upon her.

A soft kiss touched her lips and Trudi opened her eyes in surprise. George didn't kiss like that! It wasn't George down on his knees beside her. It was Jeff Kirkham. He was smiling at her as George never did. He didn't have his pecker out, either. He wasn't pushing it at her lips or breasts as George liked to do. If she'd been something of a bastard as President of Alpha Ro Mu, she'd been paid back for it all with the way all the men of Alpha had treated her since, especially George.

"Sorry to wake you, pretty girl," said Jeff as she stared up at him. It all came back in a rush where she was. She was in his bed. He'd slept in a chair. "You look so pretty with your hair all mussed. I wanted to come and join you when you put a bare leg out but I just covered you instead. You haven't stirred since."

"You touched my bare leg?" asked Trudi in a little bit of panic.

"It's so smooth and lovely," said Jeff with another smile. "It was all I could do not to kiss it all the way up to your pretty panties. Anyway, it's noon. I have to go to class. I want you to lock the door after me."

Trudi rolled back more in the bed. She was still in her underslip and panties. That was all she had to sleep in. If she arose, he would see her as she was, her breasts on display, her legs ... she had to push her slip down a little to cover her panties and the top of her thighs, flushing as Jeff smiled down on her more broadly.

"I don't think you want to use the communal showers and toilets," Jeff said with another smile. "That's what the plastic bucket and seat is for and the hot water I've prepped for you. I'll give you two sets of three

knocks when I come back and clean up ... well, you know."

Jeff headed to the door and went out. Trudi threw back the covers, stretched and was moving to the door when it opened again. Jeff re-entered with a cup of hot coffee and a doughnut. He smiled at her, his eyes roving over the very feminine body the clinic doctors, Greg and Jane, the ones she was going to get even with, had given her.

"Breakfast, liberated from Tom," Jeff Kirkham said with another smile. "Oh, and before I go," he'd laid down the paper plate with both items, "there is one other thing ..."

"What?" Trudi asked fearfully, knowing her voice was little-girlish and squeaky as it always was in the morning. George claimed it was her speaking to him that turned him on and made him want her, Trudi, as a woman, first, and sometimes second and third thing in the morning.

"This," said Jeff Kirkham and his arm went about her as he kissed Trudi fully on her lips. It was just as if they were dancing again, she in her short, flirty dress, his eyes admiring her so. Then she'd felt so feminine as he'd kissed her, not once, but twice. Now, he was doing it again.

Oh, it was awful! It was awful that Trudi liked it so much. She liked the feelings running through her. She knew she was feeling like a woman as another man kissed her. He held her breasts against his manly chest and wouldn't stop, his hands sliding down her shapely arms and onto her hips pressing her against his obvious male erection.

I can't let this happen, Trudi thought helplessly, as her arms seemed to move on their own. They were around Jeff Kirkham's neck as she was kissing him as passionately as he'd been kissing her.

"I, I have to go," said Jeff, stroking her hips and panties. She didn't stop him. "But when I get back ..."

"Y-Yes," Trudi murmured, her lips closing on his again. She made him late as she couldn't get enough of him, her breasts rampant and even her taped down clit reacting to the man who kissed her so sweetly.

"What are you doing, you idiot?" Trudi asked herself as she stood with her back on the locked door. "You're not a girl. Your name is Bryan Fairfax. You are going to stop all this nonsense of loving men and telling them you're a girl. You're going to change back to who you were, be a boy again. No more kissing men."

Her resolve lasted only as long as it took Jeff to rush back from his class and burst into the room she opened to him. Then, her face freshly made up, her body clothed in bra and nylons and garter belt, she was in Jeff's arms as they resumed the kissing that his class had so unthinkingly interrupted.

"I'd love to take you to the end of the year ball, my darling Trudi," whispered Jeff as she sat astride him in the chair, facing him, just thinking what it might have been like for her if the other men she'd known had treated her like this. It almost seemed unfair that she wasn't in bed with him yet. She would have been with any of the boys George allowed her to copulate with in her room, never mind with George himself.

Trudi might even have resigned herself to being a girl, as Nancy, Marilyn, Elizabeth and Olivia had, she thought, as she cuddled into Jeff's arms. They were even nice to George as well. No, George wouldn't lack for a girl friend like Trudi, of that she was sure.

"George will be at the ball," said Trudi, "and all my girl friends." She quivered as she thought of how some of them urged on the men to degrade Trudi as a girl, as if skipping along, breasts bouncing, in little girl ribbons and skirt wasn't degrading enough for the surgery-altered former President of them all.

"That's right," said Jeff. "Let's wait for the rest of this lot to clear out," he indicated the dorm that they were in. "I'll take you into town. You'll be free. You know where you're going from here? I've some money left over from my grant ..."

Trudi shivered and had to kiss him again, this man who was so nice to her. She had her arms about his head, letting his mouth agitate her breast when she suddenly felt his hand under her short skirt pulling her panties down.

Trudi squealed but his mouth covered hers as he held her so tightly. His manhood sought to enter her. She wriggled, directing him into her tush. Jeff was so lubricated that he entered her easily, delightfully. She threshed on him in pleasure as he drove into her.

They were man and woman as Jeff frantically undid her top and her bra. Her breasts were his to amuse and arouse. Oh, this is how to be a woman, Trudi exulted, as she was that. She was a woman, her man delighting her. He delighted in the way she moved and rode his manhood but then, something strange happened, she felt the surge of feminine feelings rising up inside her until she was squealing Jeff's name, urging him on. She had spasms sweeping through her and knew she was having what the girls had said to her was an orgasm.

Jeff confirmed it as she clung to him, whimpering as his pole was still grinding away in her. "I didn't know that you could have an orgasm that way," he murmured, kissing her face, drawing her into kissing him again.

"All-All the time," Trudi said as she writhed on Jeff, her makeup a total mess, her hair undone, only her taping job and panties between her and abject humiliation.

"Let's go to the bed," said Jeff. That meant she had to make it so femininely sweet again for him in the chair so that he wouldn't move her.

Trudi hadn't realized she'd learned so much from the men who'd had her. Rho women had made her a girl like them. She was so sweet to Jeff, kissing and caressing him, riding him like a girl on a pony as he groaned and held her. They became one again, man and woman.

It must have taken Jeff the strength of ten men to lift the woman clinging to him and carry her to his bed. Trudi looked up at him fearfully as he removed the last of his clothing, his erection huge as she took it and tried to bring it to her lovely, mobile tush.

Trudi fought to keep her panties on but they tore. Jeff's hand ripped the tape from her, and from one moment of bliss and ecstasy, she was plunged in the next down to despair and humiliation.

Jeff spread Trudi's legs as she quaked under him in surprise. "Big George can never keep his mouth shut when he's drunk," Jeff said, lowering his lips to hers. "But I can."

"Oh!" squeaked Trudi as her lover took her gently, kissing everything that was feminine about her so softly. When she put her legs high around him, she felt her man enter her firmly. He was the one to ride her, caressing her clit until she could contain herself no longer and was everything Jeff wanted in a woman as he filled her again.

"I can't let you go, my darling," whispered Jeff Kirkham to the woman who wriggled beneath him in his bed. She was lost in some kind of bliss, he could see. He hoped it was unique to him to make her feel as she did as she made love. "I love you, my darling Trudi. I want you to be my woman forever."

"All right," whispered Trudi, her senses shattered as she felt her man begin to revive again to have her as a woman once more.

"You'll be my woman?" asked Jeff Kirkham, kissing her forcefully, Trudi's golden hair spreading out as a cushion for them.

"Yes," agreed a shaking Trudi, knowing full well what she was promising, a howl rising in the far part of her mind that she suppressed. To feel as she did, to be a woman as she was, she wanted to be that, for now, she said, qualifying the thought.

"I'll treat my woman as my wife," said Jeff Kirkham, smiling at the way she shivered at that. "You'll be Mrs Kirkham."

"Yes," agreed Trudi meekly.

"And no other men but me inside you, my darling," ordered Jeff as he lifted Trudi's legs and tush again to penetrate her once more. "Oh, these pills I took are supposed to last for four hours at least. We'll have to explore lots of ways of arousing your womanly passions, my darling. I'm ready to do anything you want me to do to you to make you more of a woman. Try me out, my darling."

And for the rest of the day and night, Trudi surrendered totally to her lover, so much that she was the one to initiate a replay in the morning, persuading her agonized, hurting lover to have her as his woman before they dressed and headed out from the university. She expected never to return, except as a woman.

###