

Frat 4: Girls On Top



Gabrielle Johnson

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FRAT 4

GIRLS ON TOP

by **Gabrielle Johnson**

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

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

“You have the cutest of tushes, Christine,” said Michelle with a wicked smile at the girl who would be bouncing around the pole next with the six of them who were going to do a special schoolgirl strip to their artificial vaginas.



When they were dressed up, or down, for the show, it was going to really heat up all the males in the audience, Michelle knew, from having performed several times in shows.

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

Christine was so nervous, even though it was only rehearsing that was taking part. "I wouldn't want to be doing any more skits," she said. "The can-can looks so hard to do. It's so professional."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Christine was barely over other girls giggling at her, when she was tossed onto a bed. A heavy man crashed onto her, stroking her long legs forcefully as he pulled off her skirt. Michelle was wrapped around the man’s head as he began to pull down Christine’s panties. Michelle was giggling and directing Tag on where to put his tongue in her artificial vagina, squealing away in pleasure as Tag, almost on automatic, turned Christine. He lubricated her tush, forcing his way into her, one of his hands caressing her breasts as she gasped and gasped as she rolled over. His mouth found her clit while, beneath her, Michelle was devouring Tag as well.

It was a tangle of body parts. Michelle didn’t just kiss Tag, or fondle him. She was insatiable, it

seemed, kissing Christine just as forcefully as Tag, caressing breasts and panties and guiding Tag into finally setting down and penetrating Christine gently but firmly. The two of them worked on her breasts and clit, and before Christine could object in any way, she was coming in what a laughing Michelle told her was a woman's orgasm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, Tag had a terrible practice that day. Christine sat demurely in the stands to watch him, shiv-

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

Will Merton kissed the cold, soft, sticky lips of the girl he was going to marry soon. It was a tender, loving goodbye on the steps of Rho House that amused both Brenda's and his friends. It was so chilly with Christmas around the corner. Luckily, Rho girls paid little attention to the weather. They didn't wear pants and huge jackets to hide what they were, attractive women, on a cold, wintry morning. He and his 'friends' watched Brenda walk away with her girl friends. The men he was with were all smiling as the girls swayed in their high heels down the wide pathway that led into the university proper. The upper year girls led the newest girls in the sorority into the crowd who were on the fraternity road just beyond.

Brenda naturally turned, her blonde hair gleaming as she tossed it back, and waved femininely to the men watching her walk away. Even those with other girl friends kept telling Will what a lucky dog he was to have exclusive rights in the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity to the delectable Brenda.

It made Will's heart lurch and a part of his anatomy stiffen, a part that should have been satisfied

with all the attention it had received in bed from Will's gorgeous fiancée. She pointed with a red fingernail and counted down the line of watching men, stopping on the seventh beat, smiling and giggling with Michelle, the girl who was going to be her chief bridesmaid at her wedding. Her counting meant that she'd seen and recognized him still watching her. She recognized that he was the seventh man along watching her sexy walk away from them all.

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

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

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

"Amazing how word gets around in this place," said Will with a smile. The ink probably wasn't dry on the contract for the house and grounds he'd pur-

chased on the lake where Alan Fox was having a hotel renovated. The hotel would soon be the site of the wedding of the year, at least as far as the Alpha fraternity and Rho sorority were concerned. Brenda was as popular with the Rho girls as she was lusted after by the Alpha men. And Rho girls lusted after Will Merton, too.

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

“Just Logic 101,” said Max with a smile. “You and Bertie Boy here send your girl friends off to wow all the guys on campus but scholars like you are not in class on a study day. Peter’s not even down and, look, here come’s the alumni rep, back from the salt mines in Rho. Yes, it’s a big meeting, I think.”

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

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

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

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

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

“We really do have to have a word with Peter, buck him up,” said Bertie to the two others. “Both houses, the sorority and the frat are beginning to resemble brothels. I’ve heard it said all over the place, not just in-house. The amount of bonking has reached astronomical levels, the Physics boys are saying. They think a nova has gone off in boy-girl relationships since Trudi was forced out.”

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

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

the situation to press her slender, shapely body against Ray's.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The President of the fraternity was still in bed when Will ignored the shout to go away. Will used

his pass key to let them all into Peter's rooms. Peter wasn't alone, of course. The covers on his bed were pulled back to reveal that the President was being made love to most expertly by a naked girl with gorgeous red hair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Knew what she wanted to be but couldn’t afford dresses or women’s clothing on the scholarship she was riding,” said Will. “It appears Trudi found her on the ’Net and offered her a scholarship but only if she came to State; and only if she applied to the frat

to be a pledge. He left her in no doubt what jokers we were, that we'd challenge her to dress as a girl and go to a ball before we'd take her in and pay her the full scholarship."

"But we never let girls become members of the frat ..." began Ray before his voice trailed off. "Oh!" he finally ended as the light dawned on him how the pledges were deceived.

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

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

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

"As he tells it," Will went on, "he let Rachel get away. Now she wants nothing to do with him. She was the one who became Trudi's until we decided to

change that dynamic. Now she's Peter's for as long as he wants her, she says.

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

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

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

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

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

"This Ted Moore," said Will.

"I gave him some pictures of Marilyn, very recent pictures," said Bob Maslow, "and he was shocked. I said that she'd expressed a desire to take up her course work and enter law school, if she could get all her records straightened out. But she didn't want to meet her father. She'd written to me, I told him, asking for my help as you kicked out the last Presi-

dent for what he was doing with those 'girls'. I called them that.

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

"Buy off this guy," said Bertie, pulling a face.

"Won't happen," said Bob. "He's a straight-shooter, if not very effective as a cop, I found out. And if we did buy him off, there's still Aitken waiting in the wings. I think Marilyn is going to have to confront Daddy. Even if she agrees, I think I can get her to do that, I've no confidence in what the outcome of such a meeting will be. Maybe Alan should have gone with her and I should have taken Tanya."

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

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

The door swung open as an abashed Peter Simpson escorted two lovely girls to the meeting. Emma looked as bright-eyed and dewy as Rachel

did. Emma studiously ignored Bertie, who looked at her longingly.

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

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

Surely, it would take time for the hormones they were undoubtedly giving her in this clinic to work. If she was clever, ‘Bryan’ would think of a way out of this predicament ‘he’ was in. He’d hide his strength, how little or how strong he became, no matter how much of a ‘Trudi’ they made him become.

“Flexing your arms?” asked Shelley, parking her lovely tush on the side of the bed and taking up the lipstick which she applied to Trudi’s mouth while the patient, Trudi, stared up at the girl smiling down in such friendly, feminine fashion at ‘her’.

“Don’t do that, Trudi, girl. The Council is coming in to see you this morning and you want to be your prettiest which is why I put the pink bows in your hair and about your nightie.

“Ooo, your breasts look so lovely, Trudi! Jane did such a good job on them, didn’t she? And you can’t see, but Dr Nettles, Dr Greg, did an absolutely fabu-

lous job on your face! You really do look like a Trudi now, you know, a lovely, lovely young girl, like everyone else here at the clinic.”

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

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

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

Trudi couldn’t help the shudder that went through her. She remembered what she’d said to Phil Garcia and Shaun Bottfell, even what she’d, no, what he, Bryan Fairfax, had done to a girl named Wendy. The current group of wusses, who’d supplanted him, had this done to Trudi’s throat to make her sound like a girl. They wouldn’t have the balls to do what Phil and Bryan had done to make new girls do what they were supposed to as Rho girls.

The door to the ward opened suddenly and the ‘wusses’ filed in. Trudi almost sneered to see she’d been replaced by a loser like Ray Baker. But why was Bob Maslow, the lawyer, there, and the two girls

as well, their painted, feminine eyes widening as they looked at him on the bed?

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

“Don’t be too nice to her,” said Shelley with a pout and a flounce as she left.

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

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

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

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

“You bloody bastards!” squeaked Trudi in distress, writhing in panic against her bonds, her legs

so smooth and clear, so rounded, not muscular as she knew they should be.



All around Trudi appeared smirking, amused faces.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m not ...” shrieked Trudi furiously but Pete Simpson was opening his laptop and reading from it.

“I made it all up!” squealed Trudi. “I’m not like that at all. I just wanted you guys to have a wider selection of girls to bonk!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I really do like coming to the university,” said Ted Moore to Bob Maslow as they strolled towards fraternity row. “The girls seem to be prettier than they ever were in my day.”

“There was a Gamma Rho house in your day?” asked Bob, thinking that the cop wasn’t really that old.

“Not that I recall,” said a frowning Ted Moore. “Alpha was a house full of rich dorks and weirdoes, I do remember. You guys have changed your image a lot since then. Amazing what money will do, isn’t it?”

“Hmm,” said Bob Maslow, catching the veiled threat that John Aitken, and his money, were going to be a problem for Alpha House unless they co-operated with this investigator into Granger Aitken’s disappearance.

“I’ve been trying to find out where Bryan Fairfax is,” said Ted Moore pleasantly. “He’s yet another one who’s disappeared from around here. It’s amazing, isn’t it, how many people who deal with Alpha House these days end up disappearing in some fashion.”

“Perhaps you’re not as good a detective as you think you are,” said Bob Maslow, a touch of exasperation in his voice. “A guy like Bryan, with the money he has behind him, could be anywhere in the world. He told us he’d sue the pants of us if we made any allegations about him and the cross-dressers he talked to on line. Then, he upped, emptied out his private stuff, and left before the deadline we gave him to clear out. As you say,

money will probably get him into some other university somewhere. You should look after Christmas. I bet you'll find him somewhere."

"Maybe," answered Ted Moore easily. "Is this where we're going?"

The University Club restaurant was exclusive and expensive. Rich alumni were wined and dined there but underclassmen rarely came there, no matter how rich they might have been in their own right, not into the rarefied atmosphere of money, power and privilege.

Maslow nodded grimly. He waved to the non-plussed maitre d' and led his guest across the carpeted floor to the niche in a far corner of the naturally lit, bright room. It was a relief to see she hadn't left the alcove. He'd been more than half persuaded she'd leave as she'd said she was going to do.

"Ted Moore," said Bob Maslow, ushering the other man forward but reserving the seat beside the beautiful blonde girl for himself. "May I introduce you to Marilyn Grantham? Marilyn, this is the policeman who works for your father."

Ted Moore stood, open-mouthed, gaping at the blonde woman, holding a glass of white wine in both of her femininely manicured hands. Her bracelets matched the necklace and earrings she was wearing, while the front of her dark blue blouse was open enough to allow the detective to see the hint of cleavage at her chest. When she moved in her dark, grey suit, he could see by the bobble of her breasts that they weren't fake at all, as he might have suspected.

“N-Not Marilyn Aitken?” asked Ted Moore, finally sitting down as he heard the gentle, feminine rasp of nylon on nylon as the blonde girl, opposite him, either crossed or re-crossed her legs as her exquisitely madeup eyes regarded him with a hint of apprehension.

“I was advised not to use such a name,” said Marilyn Grantham in a voice that shocked Ted Moore. He’d been sure that she’d speak in some kind of nasal drawl that many transsexual women did. But this girl, this woman, didn’t at all. Her voice was a lovely, lilting, soprano, womanly voice. And how could it be anything else with the long, shapely neck she had, no evidence of an Adam’s apple there to suggest that she wasn’t anything else but a woman.

“Suppose Daddy disowned me completely,” said Marilyn, continuing the answer she had prepared for such a question. Her thin eyebrows rose in her feminized face. Ted realized that he was gaping at her. Well, she looked nothing at all like the pictures of Granger Aitken that he’d been looking at for over two months. “I wouldn’t want to cause him the embarrassment of seeing me in the papers, if my story gets out, reminding him I was once his son, and not his daughter.”

“It hasn’t become part of the public domain yet,” said Ted Moore.

“But Daddy has servants,” said the girl who could have been a model or an actress, Ted was sure. “He has people who work for him.” She gave Ted Moore a pointed look. “They’d know that Daddy didn’t have a daughter when they worked for him, just the one son. No, I’m not going to force myself onto my father, or onto people who’ve worked for

him for many years. I won't be an Aitken again unless he absolutely insists. You can tell him that."

Ted Moore watched the red-tipped fingers on the girl's hand grasp those of the man sitting beside her. Bob Maslow squeezed Marilyn's hand in encouragement but said nothing, not even when a waiter silently appeared and left two glasses of Scotch on the table.

Ted Moore needed the drink. It was impossible, he kept telling himself, and yet it wasn't. Her eyes, a brilliant blue, shone as Granger's had, but they were now darkly outlined, thick and very feminine. "Why, why don't you tell your father yourself?" he asked, all the questions that he had planned to ask quite gone from his mind as he stared at this really beautiful woman.

"Do you think he's ready to meet his daughter?" asked the girl, a nervous smile crossing her glossy, red lips. "He doesn't have the strongest of hearts, you know. That's why I couldn't think of any way of telling him what I had to do. It would have been a terrible argument. I thought I could have all of the work done while he was away. It would have worked, wouldn't it? But, typical Daddy, he wouldn't just let me go off privately for a while. He had to know exactly what I was up to, control my life for me.

"Well, as you can see now," she squeezed Bob Maslow's hand, "I don't intend to live under his control any more. I'm a woman." She shivered as she asserted that to the policeman. "I'm not going to hide away. I'm not going to avoid the companionship of men. I don't want to hurt Daddy, I really don't. But you can tell him that I do have a boy friend

now, someone who knows all about me and loves me as a woman. And I love him, as a woman.

“If he can’t accept that, Daddy might want to just cut me off. I understand. It happens to lots of girls like me. But we girls are always here for one another. They, and my boy friend, are my real family now.”

Lunch was served expertly and without fuss. Ted Moore found himself staring often at the lovely girl across the table from him, taking in all the female gestures she made as she nibbled on the salad delivered to her.

“I can’t believe ...” Ted had to admit as he stood with his host and hostess at the end of a fascinating lunch, the girl adept at small talk about the restaurant, her father’s connection to it all and the people there, who had no idea, clearly, whom they were seeing in the university institution.

“Believe it,” said Bob Maslow curtly, taking the girl’s arm and putting it through his, in most proprietary fashion. In her high heels, Marilyn was almost as tall as him. She snuggled into his arm as if she was used to being held like that by Bob Maslow. She looked up at him nervously. Maslow showed the detective the relationship between them by leaning over and kissing Marilyn fully on her soft, red, feminine lips. She let go almost reluctantly as she swayed against her boy friend, Ted was sure.

“This is a disk of Marilyn,” said Bob, passing an envelope over to the other man. “I think John might like to see his daughter and what she’s been up to. And, yes, you can tell him that her boy friend loves her very much and has the most honorable of intentions for her in the future.”

“Do you think he bought it?” asked the lovely blonde after Ted had said his goodbyes. He’d even put his arms around Marilyn and given her a hug before retreating in a hurry.

“I don’t really care,” said Bob Maslow, hugging the girl to him. The kiss they exchanged on the steps of one of the most hallowed of the university institutions drew attention from most of the upper crust of the university’s ruling body. Most however were smiling and gesturing to the security to leave the lovebirds alone, though many were amused that Bob Maslow had been trapped by some girl at long last.

“I’m not going back to work,” Bob whispered as he walked his girl towards Rho House.

“I, I’m not going back to my last classes,” said the girl with a tremulous smile.

In Marilyn’s room, they clawed and wrestled with one another, furiously stripping clothing from one another until they were at last united as a man and a woman should be.

“My darling girl,” whispered Bob Maslow. “I meant every word I said to that busybody detective. I love you, Marilyn, and some day, you are going to be a bride, my bride. You should know that.”

“Oh, I do, I do,” said the ecstatic, blissful girl beneath him, kissing him time and again as they gyrated about one another. “Daddy is going to love his new son-in-law, isn’t he?”

“I think he’ll kill me when Ted Moore reports back to him,” whispered the lawyer, as aroused as he always was now with Marilyn, his still unoperated-on girl friend and lover.

It was a cold night, with Christmas just days away, as the first of the Las Vegas Nights went ahead in Alpha House. The Rho girls had to change into their first costumes back in their own house and wear cloaks for their scamper up to the main house where the stage and casino were set up.

Naturally, the Alpha boys took advantage of the arrival of the girls as they entered under the Gateway. Every girl was given a passionate kiss, several of which like Will's for Brenda whom he'd escorted up the path left the scantily-clad showgirl a shivering wreck.

The girls' dressing room could have been in Las Vegas itself as the cloaks were stripped away and almost naked girls appeared everywhere. Many had to touch up their makeup in the mirrors prepared for them, as pasties were adjusted, tassels checked and strings of beads re-draped over quivering, bouncing feminine figures. Everywhere, the sound of nervous, girlish voices could be heard as the girls got ready for their first appearances on stage.

"The strip and adult numbers on the pole aren't in tonight's program," said Susan, wearing little more than jewellery on her upper body. Like Caroline, Tamara and Miranda, Susan was going to perform with different groups as she apparently did in Alan Fox's clubs in Vegas itself.

"The welcoming hostesses may go," said Susan. Older girls like Melanie, Penny and Adele, in very revealing evening gowns, open to their waists, jewels in their navels, sequins stuck all over them, smiled and wished the newcomers good luck as they went

out to greet the guests who were always at the first night of the shows put on by the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity.

All the girls would take part in various stage numbers, changing into the glittering costumes or new g-strings that were on the racks behind them. All were tucked away in their artificial vaginas in case there were any accidents. All had been warned that slightly drunk lecturers and administrators would occasionally try to take advantage of them, as girls. For many of them, it was quite thrilling to know that men outside Alpha would be turned on by them and their new attributes.

“Now, these are the guys,” said Susan, showing pictures of several really, good-looking guys, “whom we have to warn you about. Let Wendy and Michelle, or one of the hostesses, take care of these guys. Tamara and I will come and rescue you if you get trapped by one of them.

“Yes, they’re all as horny as hell and think you’re all provided entirely for their pleasure. Well, tomorrow night, it will be the same, but the alumni and the frat are open to you all. Yes, entirely for your pleasure, girls, but you’re there to please them as you wish as well.”

There were a lot of excited, girlish comments. Olivia flushed as she adjusted the tassels again that were arousing her breasts each time she breathed. “Oh, I wish it was tomorrow,” she said to the pixie girl, Heidi, who nodded to her.

“But it’s going to be so entertaining tonight, isn’t it,” the lovely girl said with a blush of her own, “to meet all the people who were teaching us. I hope none of them recognize us for whom we used to be.”

“That would be so awful, wouldn’t it?” agreed Olivia, not knowing that Heidi, just like her, didn’t think it would be so awful at all.

It was almost a relief, Tanya thought, to hear the music sound and to hear Susan telling them all to smile and pinch their breasts to make them perky. She was already dancing, pouting over her shoulder as the lines of wiggling, jigging girls filled up the stage.

The audience was already applauding them, as many women as there were men, Tanya could see, smiling and laughing. The women leaned into their husbands and clapped, admiring the loveliness and precision of the dancers, as Caroline had said they would. When the girls got down among the audience, she’d also said, they’d find the women just as responsive, even more so, to the acts that they saw.

And it was true. The women touched her much more than the men did, asking Tanya how much her pasties hurt her and could she make the tassels swivel for them. Of course Tanya could. She and the other girls had whole afternoons of lessons from the ‘Vegas girls’ on how to move their breasts by themselves in order to do that.

“Look, Andy,” an older woman said to the young professor she was with. “The girls from Gamma Rho are so talented, aren’t they?”

“Talented? Oh yes,” said Andy Anderson, smiling at Tanya.

“Professor!” said Alan Fox, cutting through the men greeting the girls and leading them to the casino tables to bring them luck. “Moving in on my girl friend, I see.”

Alan's casual arm about Tanya's waist reminded her that she didn't really have any clothes on to speak of as she smiled at the older woman and wished her luck at the tables.

"Surely you can spare one girl," said Andy Anderson. "I understand you brought a number of girls to this party, including some who work for you in your Vegas clubs."

"You heard correctly," said Alan Fox jovially. "I do employ a lot of girls, dancers and strippers, in the clubs I have shares in or the one I outright own. Some are from here at State. Caroline Brown you might remember from several years ago. She came here with three other girls to make these shows as authentic as possible, my debt to Alpha, my own house once upon a time."

Caroline had added a short, reddish dance dress to her beads and pasties from the first number. She looked over at Alan and Tanya, excused herself from the older trustees she was with and moved in on the younger professor.

"Professor Anderson," Caroline purred. "Did I ever tell you what a crush I had on you when I was in your Bio classes?"

"Every girl had a crush on Andy," said Alan quickly. "They still do!"

"Not all," said a blushing Andy Anderson, glancing at Brenda Lawrence who was being held by Will Merton as tightly as Alan was holding on to Tanya.

"But I did," pouted Caroline, tossing her long, golden hair, all her own with no extensions needed. "You remember how you used to crook your finger at someone when you wanted an answer from them to a problem. We had it set up in the last class I was

in with Shelley, Tamara and Peggy, you remember them? It was all set up that when you did that to one of us we were going to pounce all over you and love you to death, right there in class. But you never called on us at all!”

“Thank goodness,” said a bemused Andy Anderson, smiling more and more, however, as Caroline, heavily madeup and flirting outrageously, took his arm and put it about her thin waist, assuring the professor that, with her on his arm, his luck that night was going to be better than it had ever been before.

“Does he know ...?” Tanya had to ask as Alan drew her towards Will Merton and Brenda who were chatting with Bob Maslow and the older, new girl, Marilyn, who looked absolutely beautiful as she leant against the man caressing her waist and hips.

“Caroline is very clever,” said Alan Fox, stopping for a moment and drawing her to him. It was against the ‘rules’ to kiss her the way he did, partly because she instantly became so agitated beneath the little she had between her legs to keep herself under control. But ‘rules’ would be broken, had already been broken, several times, and would be constantly flaunted that night and, in even worse fashion, on the next two nights.

“I’m clever,” said a quivering Tanya, shedding sequins from where Alan had held her tightly, many of them on his dark jacket. “I should find my English teacher ...!”

“But she’s a lesbian,” whispered Alan Fox, “and one thing I can guarantee to anyone who wants to know tonight, my darling, is that my girl friend is not.”

Tanya had to retreat with Alan and have her tensions relieved. And she proved him true in all respects. She was definitely no lesbian as she was the one to swarm all over her lover and pleasure him in every way she could. His male ego was probably insufferable as Tanya showered him with kisses and her scented body, taking him inside her time and again until the call for the second show brought her back to her senses. She gathered up her panties and staggered into the girls' dressing room where several smiling girls assisted her to re-do her makeup and perfume prior to trotting out on stage in the augmented Can-Can lineup of dancing girls.

Caroline sat on Andy Anderson's lap for the dancing numbers she wasn't part of. It was true. She had liked the young lecturer a lot. But he wasn't an Alpha man and there were always so many Alpha men who wanted to tryst with her. It would be so lovely to let go with Andy but she knew she couldn't. She had to be clever.

The moment her wiggling made Andy's erection begin to arise, however, he was hers. Caroline knew just how to sit and how to wiggle to gain and give the maximum pleasure to the poor man who probably didn't really know what he'd run into with a practiced 'slut' like Caroline.

In a corner of the great room, on a chair, Caroline had the professor inside her. Her breasts and body were caressed as frantically as any young pledge could have done it as she made love to a man several girls were wishing they had the nerve to let take them.

"Oh, Caroline, Caroline!" a shaken Andy Anderson whispered to her, her dress about him protecting his male erection from being seen by those close

by. The Rho girls, of course, knew what Caroline was doing, or having Andy do. They steered gamblers they were with, to different stations to get drinks.

“It was a real pleasure,” said Caroline coyly, standing and swirling her skirt about the university professor. She put her arms about his neck and kissed him as sweetly as she could as he was mumbling about seeing her again over the weekend.

“I’d love to,” whispered Caroline. “But this is my last break for a while. I’m dancing in the last show. I’ll be the innocent little schoolgirl with braids and a lollipop.”

“You’re no innocent schoolgirl,” said Andy thickly. “I have to have you again, Caroline ...”

“I’m the French maid in the last skit,” Caroline went on, kissing the man passionately, certain he still thought she was entirely a girl. “But we girls who came from Vegas have to head back ...”

“I’ll wangle a ticket and be at tomorrow’s alumni show,” said Andy Anderson, holding on to her, kissing her passionately again, his erection pressing against her. Well, she couldn’t leave him like that, could she? A touch of her fingers and he was climaxing against her, his mouth devouring hers.

“Caroline, you have to come,” said Tamara, appearing before her. “Hi, Professor Anderson, if you like, I can take over what Caroline is doing as she has to get ready for the last dance numbers.”

No, an embarrassed but aroused Andy Anderson did not want another girl to attend to his erection. He kissed Caroline some more and caressed her lovely tush, promising her that he’d see her again before letting her go.

“You like playing with fire,” said Tamara to her ‘sister’, breathing heavily and quite flushed. “You’re going to get burned one of these days, Caroline. You really are!”

“Oh, but it was so-o-o good,” breathed Caroline with her own smile in return. “Andy Anderson! I just had Andy Anderson! And it was every bit as exciting and wonderful as you must have imagined it would be, Tammy!”

“Lucky girl!” said Tammy as they entered the dressing room where a group of most provocative and sexy schoolgirls were being assembled under Susan’s watchful eye.

“Daddy wants to see me,” said Marilyn, handing back the note sent to her, in care of Bob Maslow’s office.

“He knows you’re here,” said Bob Maslow easily. “We knew he would. I’ll be there with you ...”

“He says just his son,” said Marilyn with a shudder.

Maslow took her in his arms and hugged the trembling girl to him. “Not going to happen,” he said. “I’m going to be with you all the way.”

“Protecting the fraternity’s interests,” said Marilyn bitterly, before wishing she hadn’t been so blunt as Bob released his grip on her.

“Protecting my interests,” said Bob Maslow forcefully. “He might have ideas of marrying his daughter off to the son of one of his friends. We have to let him know that isn’t going to happen. The only wed-

ding that will take place for you is when you get your womanhood confirmed and your wedding will be to me.”

Marilyn knew little how it worked but she knew that she was on some transgendered list somewhere. It took time to change her records but the process had begun. She was going to be acknowledged as a woman soon. She'd have all the rights of a woman, including that of choosing a man to marry, if she so desired.

Marilyn drew in to Bob. They kissed, her sweetness rousing him. It wasn't long before the kiss turned into something more. Bob locked the door to his office before they eased themselves down on Bob's comfortable couch. In no time at all, she had her nyloned legs draped around Bob. He was inside her, their passion for one another such that not all their clothes were removed before they were united as man and woman.

Bob refused to get up and answer the phone as Marilyn tried to wriggle free to let him. His hand, hooked beneath her garter belt, caressed soft, smooth skin, as she enjoyed as well his touch of her stockings, her panties somewhere down her thighs.

“It might be important,” Marilyn whispered before his mouth closed over hers again. She loved Bob's tongue inside her, taking control of her so powerfully. She'd loved the soft, gentle lovemaking that had enticed her into becoming more and more of a woman than she'd ever thought she could be. Now, she loved even more how masterful and strong Bob, her sweet Robert Maslow, was with her.

Marilyn hadn't known what a submissive she was, how she craved to be taken so lovingly by her

man. She felt the surge of emotions inside her rise as Bob helped her breasts free from her new, pretty bra. But that wasn't on his mind as he kissed and caressed her engorged nipples. She whimpered in pleasure and wiggled and wriggled on his rock-hard manliness, her orgasm sweeping over her. Bob understood and caressed her fiercely wherever he could as he was coming as well deep inside her, his penetration feeling so wonderful as he rocked back and forth in an ecstasy as passionate and compelling as her own.

Marilyn clung to her lover, not wanting him to withdraw from her, desiring him to love her soft body with his rough one. Bob accommodated her. She was in heaven as he let her kiss him and gyrate beneath him again and again. She extracted the maximum of pleasure from the man who kept telling her she would be his bride and no other.

"Datted phone," Bob murmured as he lay on her, stroking her thighs so wonderfully, stoking her passion for a bout of gentler lovemaking she'd enjoy just as much as the first, hurried rush.

"It could be for me," Marilyn whispered, giggling. She'd heard the other girls doing that all the time and learned from Michelle how easy it was to do. Bob smiled as he heard her. She felt a tweak in her moistened tush. She responded to with a wiggle of her own.

"No rehearsals tonight," murmured Bob, caressing her breasts, hardening and thrusting again at the touch of his fingers.

"You get the, the full production tonight," Marilyn whispered, clasping her hands about his neck as

she loved him everywhere with her soft, feminized body.

“Ah,” said Bob, before his mouth became too engaged with hers to be able to say anything more. “Everyone else gets to see what a beautiful, girlie body I’ve been hiding from them this last month and more.”

“Silly,” Marilyn said with another giggle. “Everyone’s been sneaking into rehearsals all the time. I think they’ve seen everything about me it’s possible to see.”

The show was a wonder to Bob’s eyes. He barely recognized the smiling, playful Marilyn in the schoolgirl dress, in the shortest of skirts that a schoolgirl had ever worn, he was certain. And a schoolgirl would never have had such shapely legs that gripped the pole that Marilyn swung about so freely, a piece of her scanty clothing being peeled away as she and the girls with her cavorted like little kittens across the floor.

Marilyn tossed her bra into the audience where one of the older guys, Ray Holt, caught it and offered it to the lovely woman, Kelly, one of the first girls the fraternity had taken on after Josie had led the way. Kelly had laughingly refused. Ray had put it in his pocket as the trophy it was.

All the girls on stage, Brenda and Michelle either side of Marilyn, wiggled their lovely breasts, Bob watched in bemusement. Caroline led the girls on. She was the first to roll on the floor and raise her legs to let one of the guys down front put money into her g-string. Yes, the girls tantalized the men as they hooked their panties with their thumbs and down they’d come, more trophies for the men who

panted to touch the lovely bodies at the front of the stage.

Bob wanted to run forward and protect his woman, his Marilyn, from what she was being encouraged to do, what girls in strip clubs did all the time. He sensed that Will Merton, a little way from him, was having the same reaction. The girls rolled and danced, high-kicking and laughing, before they stood and, yes, the g-strings came off. A line of naked, laughing girls danced and jiggled around the stage. The stunned alumni gasped before the alumna whispered to them what was going on, the 'women' in the audience leading the prolonged applause for the brave girls, so wonderfully female, who danced off into the dark wings of the stage.

"That shook you up a bit," said the lovely Rachel in an off-the-shoulder evening gown, another change from the first she'd worn as Mistress of Ceremonies for the entertainment portion of the show.

Some of the raucous guys around the O'Reillys began a clamor for her to take off her lovely gown and show them what she had underneath. Rachel smiled and swirled in a dance step, her dress flaring out and showing her female lingerie, black panties and garter belt.

"Going to be that kind of evening, isn't it?" Rachel said seductively. "Well, since you guys like black garters and frilly panties, here's our Can-Can line!"

The debutantes must have worked very hard on their dancing. They didn't miss a step in their unison routines, even as they bounced around the stage, huge lipsticked smiles on their faces. They trilled as they swished their dresses about them,

flicking them over their backs to show off the sweetest, most feminine of tushes that Dr Jane and Dr Greg must have been so proud of.

What was also amazing were the splits that so many of the girls could do. They all seemed to be enjoying dancing girlishly, too. It finally ended and the lights came up as that section of the entertainment was over. The Can-Can girls came swirling through the audience, sitting in the laps of the alumni who had come out in larger numbers than Bob Maslow remembered before.

It was time for the casino as excited, aroused debutantes led the alumni who weren't paired up with Rho girls, to the tables. Soon, the babble of girlish voices, shrieking and laughing, dominated all other sounds.

A schoolgirl, pretty pink ribbons in her hair, in a micro mini-skirt came bouncing through the crowd and flung her arms about Bob's neck. He had to kiss her, not minding at all as she jiggled against him, still high with excitement Bob could sense from her extraordinary, femmy performance.

"You like me?" Marilyn asked him in a little-girl-ish, giggling voice that Bob hadn't heard her use before.

"I love you," said Bob hoarsely as he held onto her. He kissed her again in front of all the alumni, claiming her as his woman, his girl.

"The rooms are open," Marilyn whispered, bright-eyed, to her lover. So, he took her to the rooms that were ready for quick trysts, Brenda and Will disappearing into the same hallway before they could get through the crush.

“That vagina looked so bloody real,” said Bob gruffly.

“Keeps us all legal,” said Marilyn, not objecting to his hand on her tush, caressing her panties and garter belt as they headed to the room number on the key they’d taken.



The cubicle was little more than the bed but it was all they needed. And yes, Marilyn wanted to be penetrated through the artificial vagina she wore. She was in delight as Bob took her as she wanted to be taken.

“Ooo, I can feel you so well,” Marilyn giggled.

“And that’s you, isn’t it?” said Bob as he found something wriggly and agitated that vied with his masculinity inside the girl’s tightly bound ‘vagina’.

“Oh, do that! Do that!” Marilyn giggled, her long nails digging into Bob’s arms. “Ooo, this is so wonderful! You won’t believe how it makes me feel!”

Like a woman, thought Bob Maslow, caressing Marilyn slowly and gently, letting her explode with joy as they came in the strange way that they did.

“Oh, I love you so much, Bob,” said Marilyn, crying as she writhed beneath him, his manhood finally dominating what she’d been hiding.

“And I love you, darling Marilyn,” Bob said into the long hair rustling and moving beneath him as all of her seemed to be in motion. “Now, before some guy out there grabs you from me, will you please commit to marrying me? I want you as my woman for ever and ...”

Marilyn’s frantic kisses were her answer as she went into a frenzied orgasm, kissing and kissing Bob Maslow as if there was no other man in the world for a woman like her.

It was only in the alumni performance that the girls’ dressing room was invaded by a line of

bejeweled, smiling women with perfect hair and makeup. They rustled into the room in their lovely gowns, most of them strapless.

“On here,” said a smiling Susan as she stood in her red, silk panties in front of a mostly empty rack.

Tanya recognized Josie then, Dr Jane and her nurses, Shelley and Marisa, as well as Kate Hudson and some other women she had seen around the university, like Debby Lang.

Josie Bentley, Daley’s wife, was smiling at Tanya’s shocked face as Josie slid out of her dress, revealing that she wasn’t wearing a bra at all. But she was wearing red, silk panties, a black garter belt and black stockings.

“You didn’t think you were going to have all the fun, did you?” Josie teased the debutante as Tanya would be referred to through her whole first year as a woman.

“But you’re married!” said Tanya, as if that was supposed to make a difference.

“Now,” said Josie with a laugh. “Once I was a schoolgirl! It’s true! We originated the dance you girls did on the poles! It’s about time our husbands were reminded. And that there are many men out there who’d make love to us former Rho girls if our husbands ever flag.”

Tanya moved in bemusement as Josie leaned forward and changed her hair and her makeup with practiced ease. The elegant model was replaced by a sluttish, girl in the most sluttish of tiny mini-skirts, a bra that left one of her lovely, perky breasts free in the girlish, schoolgirl shirt that she tied beneath her breasts.

“Would you help me with my ribbons?” asked a giggling Josie as others who’d come in with her were becoming equally sexy ‘little girls’. They were even beginning to sound like little girls in the voices they were putting on.

Susan and Caroline were changing as well into the same costumes, if they could be called that, as the older girls were wearing.

“I need my dollie,” pouted the little girl whom Tanya had seen as a mother and as a woman suckling her baby in the house party that Alan had taken her to. Now, she stared in wonder at Karen Hudson in her ribbons and ringlets, clutching a baby doll to her, making it squeak at random moments.

“Oh, Tanya,” said a girl whom Tanya found hard to recognize as Dr Jane Livingstone, another to-be-married woman in the troop that lined up, giggling and flouncing, ready to go on stage and do what the new girls had done once before.

Only it wasn’t the same. The older women were greeted with a roar of recognition. Their whole act could be termed ‘audience participation’ as they were down in the alumni, wiggling their almost naked tushes in the faces and laps of the delighted audience.

Some men were hauled on stage and made to fondle the ‘little girls’ who cooed with pleasure. The girls did the strip tease, of course, but didn’t remove an article of feminine clothing themselves. No, they got men lining the stage to do that even as they performed blatant sex acts on the poles with laughing men, rewarding them with lingering kisses and body caresses.

Exposed finally for what they were, in their artificial vaginas, the 'little girls' mimicked the sex acts that their men could perform on them, before finishing the performance by launching themselves onto specific men. The crowd applauded as they danced off, so naked and so beautiful, to the trysting rooms where their aroused, playful husbands and boy friends could have them; at least until the voracious women they'd become were satiated with love and sex.

"That will be you in a few years," said Tamara to a shaking Tanya, organizing the girls into their revealing animal costumes, which aroused them as they stroked and fondled one another. Oh, was there ever a stampede to the trysting rooms after the girls performed that number, makeup forgotten, tails and ears getting in the way, all brushed aside in the urge to complete the copulations that the animal dances had suggested so broadly.

"Two down and one to go," said Miranda, the quietest of the Vegas girls who'd come to help the debutantes learn now to perform the routines that were standard, sort of, in Alan Fox's night clubs in Las Vegas.

"It's going to be the wildest of all," predicted Tamara, watching one of her former lovers, Warner Cook, pull on Ed Elliott's shoulder to bring him over to where Miranda and Tamara were watching the last of the action at the roulette tables.

"Tammy!" said Warner heartily. "I don't recall the last time ..."

"It was in the afternoon when you got married to that rich heiress to a wine business," said Tamara with a devastating smile. "Surely you remember,

darling Warren. You said that it wasn't going to make any difference to our relationship, remember?"

Ed Elliott began to laugh. "Miranda," he began. "You don't have a man at the moment?"

"Didn't I see you coming in with Kelly?" asked the long-haired redhead, flicking her lovely hair over her bare shoulders.

"After that little girl dance, I seem to have lost her," the older man admitted sheepishly. "I just thought, for old times' sake ..."

"I'm not going into any stock room alcove with you," laughed Miranda, swirling in her dark blue, cocktail dress against the horny, former Alpha House beau of hers.

Ed held up a trysting room numbered key. Miranda almost immediately folded into his arms, kissed him passionately and frolicked away with him as if she couldn't wait to be Ed's female lover again.

"It's still a rule," said Warner Cook hesitantly.

"Rho girls have to give Alpha men exactly what they want," said Tamara, putting her arms around her former lover's neck and wiggling her dress and her feminine body against his.

"Oh, I want you," Warner said thickly. "I do. I think of you all the time. I dream of you when I'm making love to ..."

"Shush," said Tammy, taking his hand and leading him to the back of the deserted, messy dressing room where a horde of girls had clearly changed and run out, costumes everywhere. "Let's see if you still remember how to pleasure a girl like me."

“Oh, I do, I do,” said Warner fervently, squeezing her soft hand tightly, following her to a couch where he was soon her slave, desperate to please Tammy who’d learned so much about being a woman in her sorority. The poor sap never had a chance, Tamara thought in pride, as she brought Warner Cook to his knees in love for her.

Marilyn waited until Bob came around the car and opened the door for her. Shapely, stockinged legs slid from the car. Her female body followed, standing in the stylish, blue and grey high heels that Bob had told her would make her legs look beautiful for the meeting with her father. She stood, smoothed down her straight skirt, one manicured hand holding on to the man with whom she’d spent her usual long night in bed.

Even so, despite all the lovemaking she’d been such an active participant in, Marilyn still couldn’t move forward across the familiar driveway to her home without first having Bob Maslow kiss her and press her breasts in her new, hidden, lacy bra against his chest. Her earrings danced at her ears as she felt the pull of her stockings on her legs, the tightness of her panties. She was snuggled into the artificial vagina that Bob insisted she wear for this first visit to her father.

“I often dreamt ...” Marilyn whispered as Bob continued to hold her, smiling as he kissed her hand, her long nails painted in a glossy pink, the ring on her finger that her father might not notice. Bob had bought her a necklace, earrings, and bracelets that all matched the ring that proclaimed to the

world that she was his woman, one day to be his wife.

Just thinking about that brought a catch to her throat and trembles to her whole body. The envy she felt for girls like Rachel and Brenda had evaporated. Her features had settled at last, her nose thin and bobbed, her chin pointed and her forehead straight and clear as a woman's should be.

"You don't need to say," said Bob with a smile as he kissed her again, Marilyn's soft, clinging lips like cushions for his ardor as were her breasts that pushed against him, promising him all of her femininity whenever the two could be alone again.

The door of the mansion opened. Ted Moore stood there. Bob didn't stop kissing his woman even as he felt the other staring hungrily at him. He likes her as a woman, Bob Maslow thought in wonder. The man is positively turned on by the woman he sees, thinking she was once a man. The alumni and fraternity council must really do something for the poor beggar.

Marilyn shivered and held onto Bob, looking up at the old house, the rooms she knew so well. She was becoming teary-eyed, Bob saw in sympathy, as she swished across the pathway to the stone steps where her heels began to click.

"All the servants are dismissed for the day," said Ted Moore hoarsely as he stared at the 'daughter' of the house. "Your father, Marilyn, is in the library, looking at the images you sent him of yourself."

"And his mood?" asked Bob sharply, knowing that would be what Marilyn was most concerned with.

“He’s wanted to meet with you for an age, Marilyn,” said Ted Moore, which didn’t tell the couple, man and woman, anything at all.

Marilyn shuddered as she stepped into the great hallway, the shields that her father had acquired from European castles lining the tops of the walls. She had to shake her hair and free her long, dangling earrings, sensing everything again about ‘her’ that was so changed. She staggered as her skirt restricted her stride but Bob’s hand was there to assist her. She swished the way she’d been taught, taking the hand about her thin waist and stroking it in thanks for the help and support he was giving her.

John Aitken was standing in the center of the lounge- library, awaiting his guests. On the large screen over the fireplace, someone, it wouldn’t have been her father, had linked up the disk Ted had been given, to display the contents.

Marilyn stared at the scenes of the Debutantes’ Ball, she smiling and so happy, apparently, as she danced with different boys. She brushed her lips against George’s as he demanded payment for the pleasure of dancing with the most beautiful girl in the room, which she wasn’t.

She was still too swollen and awkward, up there on the screen, smiling brilliantly as Bob Maslow came forward, and hugged Marilyn to him. He kissed her hungrily, as hungry as she was to be kissed by him as well, it was clear. Bob pulled her to him and her breasts in the strapless gown bounced against his manly chest. His hands were on her tush and she didn’t object, laughing and smiling at Tanya who was saying something to her.

“So, Granger,” said Marilyn’s father, “you think that you’re my daughter now.”

The other men in the room stiffened. Marilyn knew that her eyes were bright as she looked at the man she’d been planning to call ‘Daddy’.

“So, Daddy,” she said, pleased to see how his eyes widened a little in surprise at her lilting, female voice. “This is why you wanted to meet me; so that you could berate and insult me.”

“You were my heir!” raged John Aitken. “What are you now? My line has just died with you, you giving in to your selfish desires. You should have married an understanding girl and had a couple of kids. That’s what other queers like you have done before, I’m told.”

And it was Ted Moore who told you that, thought Marilyn, her heart fluttering, at the derision she heard in her father’s voice. She’d expected it, known it was going to happen, and the reason why she’d had to hide what she was, and really wanted, when everyone knew her as his son. “I don’t want your money,” she said, surprised that her voice wasn’t fluttering with the emotions she felt.

“And what are you going to live on?” sneered John Aitken as the screen faded. Then, it showed her walking along the street in town, Michelle with her hand through her arm, stopping Marilyn. The two of them were laughing and smiling at whatever was in a store window that made them giggle. There was the sign for *Victoria’s Secret*. Michelle pointed to a transparent panties and bra set that she seemed to be saying were perfect for Marilyn. They were.

“You may not have noticed the ring on Marilyn’s finger,” Bob Maslow intervened. “I was going to ask

your permission and blessing on me marrying your beautiful daughter, John. But it seems that it would be a waste of breath, wouldn't it?"

"You're fucking my son?" asked John Aitken crudely. All three of the people facing him winced.

"I am making love to your wonderful daughter," said Bob Maslow in as gentle a voice as he could manage. "In this day and age, it is an agreed upon custom between a man and a woman who are in love ..."

"She's not a woman!" snarled John Aitken.

"She's a woman in every way," stated Bob Maslow firmly. "I can attest to that." Marilyn had to squeeze his hand as she silently thanked him for what he was saying and the danger he was putting himself in before her livid, obscenely rich father.

"The, the government doesn't agree," said Ted Moore hesitantly.

"It takes time for the government to issue a proper birth certificate and passport, agreeing that Marilyn was born a woman and is a woman totally," said Bob easily, taking Marilyn's hand more tightly in his. "We anticipate it will take the year, or just under. But, as soon as the government issues the right documents, Marilyn and I will be married."

"I don't believe in gay marriage," snarled John Aitken.

"Neither do I," said Bob Maslow firmly.

That stunned the old man for a while. "Turn that off," said John to Ted and, mercifully, to Marilyn's eyes, the images of her in a short dancing dress, practicing how to walk and dance like a sexy show-girl, disappeared.

“You weren’t out of the country at all,” said John Aitken. “Ted thinks that you didn’t have the operation.”

“So, what do you want me to do, Daddy?” Marilyn asked as she stroked and clung to Bob’s arm. “Do you want me to strip, take off my panties and show you what I don’t have any more?”

John Aitken winced.

“I think that it’s time for us to go,” said Bob, his arm about Marilyn’s shoulders.

“Stop,” said John Aitken. There was a little silence as the others stared at him. “I ... This isn’t how I wanted this meeting to go, Granger ...”

“Marilyn,” said both Marilyn and Bob together.

“You’re, you’re not how I imagined you’d be,” said the older man, indicating the chairs and sofas as he shuffled back to his desk where Ted Moore was closing a laptop.

“I, I’m not how I imagined I’d be either, Daddy,” said Marilyn with another little quiver that reached her voice this time.

Aitken stared at his daughter. “I can’t get over your voice,” he said. “It, it’s so girlish.”

“I had to have a lot of lessons,” said Marilyn with a smile as she sat beside Bob, crossing her lovely legs, adjusting her skirt as her father watched her in fascination. “Do you remember how you made Mummy have all those talking lessons when I was about five, Daddy? She didn’t want to. She said she liked it that people could tell she was born in New York.

“I really wanted to change my voice, though. So, I’ve worked very hard to speak like this. I think I

sound a lot like Mummy did after she stopped being so New York. I used to practice with her. She said I should be a girl as I was so much better in liltng like this than she was. I don't think she ever said that in front of you, though, Daddy."

"No, she never did," grunted John Aitken. All of those present could see that he was surprised by what Marilyn had said. "Gods, I thought you'd be some ridiculous cartoon when I saw you in the flesh, Gran- ... all right, Marilyn," he said, waving off the correction that Bob was making immediately. "But you're quite womanly, aren't you, Marilyn?" he emphasized the last with a scowl at Bob Maslow. "How did you ever get to be this way?"

"Years and years of wanting and practice," said Marilyn, tears coming again to her eyes as she thought of all the lies she'd told her father over those years about 'her' girl friends. Granger has even made sexist remarks about pretty women when 'he' watched television with 'his' father.

"You used to like the Rockettes, I recall, at New Year," said John Aitken with a frown at the person who said she was his daughter. She clearly wasn't his son any more. She wasn't his son in a dress, either. Moore had been horribly informative about breast augmentations, tush augmentations and facial feminization. His son, if this was Granger, had clearly gone through all those things, and, worst of all, he was sleeping with another man as that man's woman.

"I wanted to be a Rockette," said Marilyn quietly, her hands still playing with those of her boy friend, no, her fiancé, John Aitken realized. He could destroy Robert Maslow, a rising, successful lawyer if he really put his mind to it.

“Well, you should come over and sit with me again through New Year’s,” said John Aitken gruffly. “They’ll be on again. We can watch and admire them together as we’ve always done.”

The thought of watching the high-kicking, long-legged dancers, so perfect in their dancing and real femininity, made Marilyn shiver in discomfort.

“We’d love to come,” cut in Bob Maslow, making her shudder even more.

“Good,” said John Aitken. “I’ll have Mrs Harris leave all your favorite foods in the fridge, Gr-, Marilyn. And yes, bring your boy friend with you as well. I should get to know him and find out what he sees in my daughter, shouldn’t I?”

“You, you don’t have to ...” Marilyn began, lifting her lovely hand to brush away the tears on her thickly mascara’d eyelashes.

“I thought you’d be screaming at me and calling me all kinds of names,” said John Aitken with a sigh. “I wouldn’t have blamed you, Marilyn. Ted’s been very good on educating me about girls like you and the compulsions you’re under. I don’t really understand. I wish I’d known how you were feeling. I was proud of you as my son.”

“I think you’ll be very proud of your new daughter, given a little time,” said Bob Maslow.

Marilyn rose to her high heels and her father stood as well. As his son, she could never remember hugging her father. She couldn’t recall ever kissing his cheek and having him kiss hers. She’d never heard her father compliment her on her thin waist, on her lovely figure, on her wonderful fragrance, or what a lovely woman she was.

Marilyn finally had to do it, kiss her father on his lips, a kiss that made him stagger and stare at her.

"I-I'll be looking forward to New Year's," Marilyn whispered as she hugged her father again, feeling his body stiffen as her breasts pressed against him. "It will be good to taste one of Mummy's bellinis again. It's a tradition Daddy's kept up for years, Bob. He'll pretend he doesn't like them, call them a woman's drink but we toast Mummy and remember her. This year, I'll agree with him but tell him how much I like them as Mummy did."

John Aitken looked quite stunned, Bob thought, as he escorted his daughter, holding onto her arm, back to Bob's car. Ted hovered in the background as John Aitken had to hug and kiss his daughter again and admire her lovely legs as she lifted them into the car.

"That went well in the end," said Bob as the weeping girl lay her head on his shoulder. He put his arm about her as he drove her off the estate and back towards the university.

"You bastards, all of you," said Marilyn as Bob finally had to pull over and let her cuddle against him. "All the lies I told him. You and your friends made me into this woman I am. I should just stop taking the hormone pills you guys make me, shouldn't I? Then I could be Granger again. Daddy would be pleased. I could make a woman pregnant and give him the heir he wants."

"You want to be a man again?" asked Bob, thinking how that might upset the Council but that they'd have to learn to live with it.

"Don't be silly," said the girl beside him between kisses she poured on to him. She took his hand and

put it on her breast. “Just pull in to the first motel or hotel, take me to a room and fuck my brains out for the rest of the afternoon. Don’t listen to the garbage that fills my mind from time to time. It doesn’t mean anything, just like it meant nothing when I was berating Brenda, Michelle and Gordie. Though that worked out well for me, didn’t it?”

“Oh, come on, Bobby boy!” She took his hand and slid it between her legs, his fingers finding her lovely new panties over the artificial vagina she was wearing. “What does a girl have to do to get laid? You want to do it right here in the car?”

Bob Maslow could see a motel from where he’d pulled over. It was minutes only before he was in a room with his lovely fiancée. Only minutes more and he had her naked and was inside her, she squealing in pleasure as she writhed over him, completely succumbing to her female pleasures in making love to her man.

Tanya could scarcely believe what she was doing as she prepared for her evening. She stared at the girlish features in the mirror and looked at the end of the tweezers in her hand where she’d just removed some tiny hairs and so made her eyebrows thinner and more curved, more feminine.

What am I doing, she thought to herself. She was going through the routine of primping herself, making her features more and more feminine. This isn’t me, Tanya thought, as she studied the soft, puckered lips that Jane Livingstone had done something to. Now, they puckered up beautifully, so red even

before she put on her lipstick. She'd noticed on the wineglass how wide were the marks of her lipstick. She thought of the way she'd been, thin lips being part of her, why she'd never been able to achieve a perfectly female face, no matter the amount of makeup she used.

But then, Tanya's eyebrows had never been so narrow. Her eyelashes had never been so thick and dark. She hadn't even put eyeliner and mascara on her eyelashes yet. Her hair was so thick and so long, bouncing back into waves and curls as she brushed it. Every second day, it seemed, she was under a dryer and having her hair done, sometimes with hair extensions added, sometimes not.

A long, red-tipped, shiny nail touched her soft-skinned face that she'd covered with lotion earlier before removing. Alan loved to kiss her skin and praise her for what she was doing to it, from her face to her legs. But she'd never done it before 'they' had decided she was Tanya and ordered her to do what she did now quite naturally.

Tanya checked her face and nervously curved her eyebrows again. She had barrettes in her hair to hold it back as she applied a light astringent to her face. Her earrings, flowers with hanging petals shook lightly as she moved, astounding herself as she went through feminine actions, all intended to make her look more and more like a woman.

"Dreaming of your last boy friend and what he did to you?" asked Susan, coming behind Tanya, slipping the straps of Tanya's bra over her shoulders and freeing the catch at the back. "You won't need this, Tanya, in the first dance, not with it being just the fraternity out there tonight."

Tanya looked back along the line of girls at the mirror. Angelina, next to her, most of her makeup in place, turned and shook her lovely breasts, smiling broadly and blowing Tanya a kiss.

Tanya recalled Angelina from the time before the two of them had become girls. They'd communicated over the Internet. They'd both gone to a transvestite party and meeting, new recruits to a group of older men in drag. The older 'queens' had been of no help to the young men, so outlandish in the mismatched dresses and pantyhose they'd worn, never mind their frumpy wigs.

Tanya smiled at the memory before turning again to her naked breasts in the mirror. "Want some help?" Adele asked, coming behind her. Adele was so good with makeup and arranging hair that you didn't refuse when she offered. In no time, she'd painted Tanya's face, and new eyelashes had been attached. Tanya was as sweet a woman as she'd ever seen, nothing like the little frump who'd run away from the terrible meeting where she'd made her debut as a transvestite.

Only, now, as she stood in her g-string, Tanya knew that no-one would call her anything but a girl. She looked like a girl. She was a girl.

Nadine, as new a girl as Tanya, vamped her way around the room, handing out jewellery to match the 'costume' they were wearing. "It's going to be an orgy out there tonight!" Nadine sang to anyone who'd listen. "The boys will be grabbing us right off the stage and taking us into the trysting rooms. We can't say no! We're Rho girls and they're all Alpha men!"

"Alan won't ..." said Tanya.

“He won’t have any choice,” giggled Nadine. “No-one has a girl friend allocated to them tonight! If Tag grabs you, or Brenda, you, or she, have to go with them. Those are the rules tonight! You ask anybody!”

“First call!” went through the dressing room, followed by all kinds of feminine calls of agreement.

Tanya shuddered as she thought of some man, particularly someone as big as Taggart, the football player, grabbing her. Some of the alumni had done that the previous day. Julia, in her Can-Can costume, her panties and legs exposed and wiggling in the air, had been thrown over some man’s shoulder and marched off to the trysting rooms but, in that case, Julia had been laughing and smiling the whole way. Her ‘cries’ for help had been clearly phony and rather cute.

“Have you heard ...?” Tanya tried to ask Angelina but the line moved. Angelina was holding on to Heidi while Tanya was holding Angelina as she was catapulted forward, Corinne yelping as she shot forward after Tanya as well.

There was a roar from the press of guys around the stage as the girls danced in front of them in nothing but g-strings, or so it seemed. They’d barely begun to pout and wiggle, bouncing their breasts when there was a girlish cry from the end of the line and to Tanya’s horrified eyes, Christine was dragged into the crowd of men. She was lifted high, kicking and squealing. It was Taggart who had her, carrying her off like a trophy towards the trysting rooms.

But Christine was laughing as she was swung down to her feet. Taggart was kissing and kissing her as she wiggled and danced with him as if she

was still up on the stage. She was lifted up, her legs wrapped around the football player, still dancing against him as Taggart marched off down the hallway, Christine waving to them all, punching the air, the winner in whatever game she thought she was in.

Tanya held back from the edge of the stage and was glad she had when Nadine was caught. Two men furiously fought over her until a laughing Nadine took one by his tie and the other by his crotch and led them off with her, clearly promising she was going to make love to both of them, at the same time.

Susan must have cut short the music for the first dance because Tanya had barely got her g-string open when the dance ended. A dozen men jumped up on the stage. It wasn't complete panic as the girls were smiling and laughing as they were being carried off. Suddenly, Alan Fox was there and Tanya was in his arms.

"Sorry, my darling," Alan said as he hugged Tanya, caressing her almost naked body to him. "But if anyone is going to carry you off for a tryst, it's going to be me."

Tanya squeaked as Alan's cold hands caressed her naked body. She was in bliss then as Alan kissed her passionately. She didn't care who was looking at her, what all the cheering was about, or how naked she was. She did see the video later. It was unbelievable to see herself with her hair flowing over her shoulders, her breasts so aroused as her thin arms hugged Alan about his neck.

Tanya was so thin, and shapely, her tush rounded! Where Alan was soon holding her, hiding

the strings that kept the prosthesis in place, did that part of her ever look so female! She looked so real, her makeup perfect. All around her were naked girls being kissed by not one, but several, boys as the girls were 'fought' over. The sort-of- nerdy boys caressed 'girls' more furiously than Alan was caressing Tanya, trying to persuade the girls to be their partners in the trysting rooms.

It took all the members of the Fraternity Council and the girlish Mistresses of Rho House, Emma and Rachel, to restore order to the show. Finally, Peter Simpson had to roar into a microphone that he'd close the whole show if the frat didn't behave with more gentility.

"Look," Peter yelled. "There are new rules in order here in Alpha House! You're going to abide by them, whether you're a football player, or a new kid helping us get through math and science classes.

"No girl is to be bonked against her will. We don't have the rule any more that a Rho girl has to give an Alpha man exactly what he wants. You guys must ask her for what you want from her. You'll probably be surprised when she says 'Yes' to you dweebs and nerds." That caused a lot of hooting. "Girls will not be raped or taken against her will. I want to make that absolutely clear. This is not a brothel any more!

"Now, after the Can-Can," there was a huge cheer from the boys, "if there are enough girls to perform, the girls will come down into the audience to attend you at the casino tables. If you can seduce a girl into trysting with you, good luck to you, but, if she can't decide, you can't grab her and carry her off!"

After good-natured boeing, the evening became more orderly. "Shouldn't have started with the sight

of your naked body,” Alan whispered to his fiancée, keeping his arm about her as he escorted her back to the dressing room. There, another set of laughing, excited girls were swishing their dresses over their backs and studying their tushes, garter belts and stockings to see how they’d appear to the men looking at them.

Angelina unfastened one of her garters and re-positioned it so that it was straighter down her shapely thighs. “Any boy who wants me can have me,” she said laughingly to Tanya. “Isn’t that what this night’s all about, us getting bonked by rutting boys?”

“I think you’re right,” said Tanya shakily, finding a pair of black, lace-edged panties that covered up her genital area, so female in appearance.

Again, she found herself staring into the mirror at herself, at this girl putting a matching bra to her panties about her breasts, she having to toss her hair this way and that to put on her bra and fit it properly to her. Then, Tanya was putting on her stockings and a narrow garter belt, all the time thinking that this wasn’t her in the mirror. It couldn’t be her. She remembered the way she’d dressed, a feisty guy, when she’d registered at State.

For those first few weeks, she’d known she’d made a mistake as she’d strutted about the campus. No-one had bothered with her, men or women. And then, the pledge week notices had appeared. She’d got the e-mail from ‘Lily’, whoever that was, telling her to apply to Alpha Rho Mu. And, when she’d walked in to the recruiting in Alpha House, who had she seen, sitting quietly across the room but Larry whom she now called ‘Angelina’.

Tanya watched as Angelina swirled, tossed her dress again flirtily and pulled her front neckline down more to show off her 'perky' breasts. As Tanya watched, Angelina was smiling as she pinched her nipples, making them stand out more in her tight-fitting bodice.

"Lovely," said Tanya automatically. Angelina beamed at her as she swished away, her hips with a sway that was exaggeratedly feminine.

"The first boy who asks me will be inside my panties as soon as this dance is over!" declared the glowing, flirtatious Angelina, lifting a shoulder to pout back at the girl who dressed beside her.

Alan was standing in the doorway, smiling as Tanya stood there in her underwear, before putting on the black and burgundy cocktail dress that Alan had to fasten for her. He put his arms about her and kissed her again.

"You really didn't have to get dressed," he whispered to her. "You're not going to be in anything you're wearing very long."

"Oh, goody," said Tanya with a smile. "Unless I say 'no', of course. Peter just said I can do that!"

But with Alan's kiss and his hands on her tush, Tanya forgot any plan she might have had to play with him. She was trembling as he put his arm about her and led her off to the trysting rooms, where he was right. She wasn't in her lovely clothing very long at all as Alan explored her body, particularly her vagina. She couldn't help it, the way she wriggled when he entered her sheath.

She was a woman; the long-haired girl she'd been studying so intensely, prettifying a little, was her. Tanya had an orgasm that way and again when she

lifted her legs high. Alan buried himself in her tush, she squealing in pleasure, as he took her again and again, knowing by her own emissions that she was as much in love with him as he was with her.

It was a very quiet morning after the wonderful party of the night before. The first boys leaving for home came down to the doors of Rho House. Their girls, in nighties, and flushed from all the exertions of the night and morning, kissed them good-bye and wished them a 'lovely' Christmas at home

More than one boy said he wished he was staying on over the holiday period but had family who expected him, blah, blah, blah. More than one girl returned to her room teary-eyed as she thought about what she was going to miss, what she'd given up to become 'Gwendolyn', 'Rosemary', and 'Madeleine'.

Alan Fox's limousine drew up in the alley it was allowed to use beside Rho House. The Vegas girls, Susan, Caroline, Tamara and Miranda, brought down their pretty luggage so that Leno could take them back to the airport.

"What a night!" laughed Caroline. "Hey, Lenny, are you coming back to Vegas with us? We could use a man tonight after the surfeit of loving we've been getting used to this last month."

"I wish I was," said Leno gloomily. "But the boss is still working on this hotel he's converting into a club of some kind. You've heard about it, haven't you?"

"Alan's talked to all of us," said Susan guardedly, settling back, crossing her legs so femininely in the

back seat of the limo. "Has he talked to you about what he's planning to do to keep the place full most of the time?"

"I know that they're hurrying to get the place ready for some weddings," said Leno. "I reckon to be busy ferrying VIP guests back and forth from the airport; but most of the activities about the wedding are going to be inside. So they won't concern me, I think."

"Poor Lenny," said Tamara, checking her look in her compact mirror and touching her thin nose with a pad. "But I bet there'll be lots of pretty bridesmaids floating around the place looking for a handsome guy like you!"

"I prefer my girls with a little more experience and with a little bit extra," said Leno with a wicked smile. He stared at Miranda and her voluptuous figure in the little, yellow mini-dress.

"If you hurry," said Miranda with a shake of her lovely, long, reddish hair, "we will have time for a conjugal visit, you poor man, while the other girls are supervising the loading of Alan's jet."

"Hey, Lenny is mine!" cooed Tamara. "I saw him first."

"You could share me," said Leno as he quickened the pace of his packing the car.

"When I've finished with you," purred Miranda, her head shake setting off her golden earrings and other jewellery, "you won't be fit for another girl for the rest of the day, Lenny boy."

"Oh my," said Caroline. "This we have to see."

Leno's throat was dry as he drove, the girls having their fun with him all the way to the airport. And

yes, Miranda was as good as her word. Lowering her yellow panties as she sat in his lap, Miranda gyrated against 'poor Lenny', turning and writhing so that he could fondle her lovely breasts while she kissed and tongued him, making him flood her in no time at all.

"The girls don't know what's hit them, do they?" asked Rachel with a smile at her roommate, Emma, who was stretched out in panties and a bra, still dreaming about the night and day she'd had being adored by Lord Albert Conway. Yes, he'd made up fully for letting the slut, Nadine, tempt him, Emma had decided, but, no, she wasn't ready yet to tell him she'd forgiven him, not quite yet.

"You're organizing the Christmas party," said Emma lazily, raising a shapely leg to apply lotion. "I need to catch a few sessions in the tanning salon. You watch the boys' eyes then when I stroll into class in my new, white mini-skirt."

"So, Albert's not quite forgiven," laughed Rachel.

"No," said Emma with a giggle. "How did the list work out?"

At functions like the one they'd just been through, the Mistresses took the list of fraternity men and made sure that all had a girl at some time in the night. Yes, the rule might be changed but, as they'd reminded the girls who had pulled faces at not being totally free to pick the men who made love to them, it was the fraternity that met the expenses of the whole sorority. And those expenses had increased with the addition of so many new girls. The

girls definitely needed to make sure all the men of the fraternity were compensated for the pleasures they heaped upon the girls of Gamma Rho.

“I really only had three boys I had to find girls for,” said Rachel. “You could probably guess who they were, David Brent, the second year, Robert Hill, he’s a new one and very, very shy, and Graham, of course.”

“I don’t know why Graham comes to the dances and shows,” said Emma. “He never seeks a girl out. I always have to send someone after him. I just can’t take him myself when I see him looking at me the way he does. It’s as if he recognizes me as his lab partner in Chem in our first year.”

“Yes,” said Rachel. “It’s like he remembers all the time that we were pledges together. He’s remembering us as buddies or something. Not that we ever were but we were outsiders together. He seems to think we were closer friends than we ever were.”

“Have you ever been with him?” asked Emma.

“Oh, yes,” said Rachel. “I mean, I do sometimes feel sorry for him. None of the girls on call wanted to go with him and so I took him myself. He’s not so bad, you know. Just, very, very ardent. I just wish he’d be gentler, show a little humor about what we’re doing, you know, like Peter does.”

“So who did you pair Graham with last night?” Emma wanted to know.

“I should have sent Nadine after him,” said Rachel with a giggle, “but, no, Arabella was free. She’s never had him before. I told her I’d owe her a big favor but I noticed Graham didn’t leave till well after mid-day. Belle walked with him through the campus, chattering away, he staring at her as if he’d

never seen a girl before. You should have seen the kiss she gave him in the bus stopping area before he went off. She was dancing and laughing as she came back with Becky and Denise. She hasn't come to me yet to complain about Graham, either. It's very strange!"

Emma almost choked over those words. After all, everything about Rho House and the girls within could be classified as 'very strange'.

"So who did the others?" asked Emma.

"Evelyn loves shy kids and they always fall in love with her," said Rachel with a smile. "So, I gave her Robert Hill. Don't be surprised if she doesn't convince him to wear a little makeup and finally try on a dress and become our sister. She's pretty good at drawing in new girls during the year, as you know.

"And I was talking about David Brent with Brenda as Natasha came along with another little problem. She volunteered right away to take him. I didn't realize she was in the same dorm with David and knew him well. But she got Evelyn to re-do her makeup and took him, being girlier than I've seen her of late. David was smiling when he took her off to the trysting rooms first. In today's check, I see he's written in to Natasha's room for the night. So, they seem to hit it off as well!"

"Excellent night all round," laughed Emma, holding up different earrings to her ears to decide which she would wear when she eventually dressed and went out.

"Do you know much about the new girls," Rachel asked, "about Julia specifically?"

“I don’t know anything about any of them,” said Emma. “Is there a problem with her?”

“She’s used the computer we issued her to contact someone, a guy, at a different university to us,” said Rachel. “She’s inviting him to come here and meet her. Most unusual, of course, as our girls are so down now, as you noted, because they’ve cut themselves off from old contacts, relatives, that sort of thing. Now, they’re girls and we’re all sisters together. They’ll soon get used to that but this contact with someone outside our group is something I’m going to have to follow up on.”

“Julia had a nose job and some other facial work, didn’t she?” asked Emma. “Very pretty, as I recall. But they all are. We’re all pretty, aren’t we? The guys expect it of us; and we’ve the doctors to make sure that we’re perfect young ladies, don’t we?”

“You’re right about Julia,” said Rachel. “She doesn’t have any problems with guys, either. She had a least three trysts last night as well as spending the night with Gerry Newman, one of Penny’s paramours. Penny was shackled up all the time with Rob, of course.”

“Talk to her,” said Emma.

“Julia?” asked Rachel, smiling at the long, red earrings dangling from Emma’s ears, quite a contrast to the purple underwear she was wearing. “I’ve set it up to see her. I’ll let you know how it goes. I thought I’d get her to come into town with me. It’s so dead around here. We can scope out a few of the town boys as well, if there are any not attending here as it is. Want to come?”

“I think I’ll just stay and think about what I should wear to bring Bertie Boy to his knees,” said Emma with a smirk.

“You just be sure and have a vaggie in place if you have him on his knees,” said Rachel in mock seriousness. “His tongue trying to find its way is really a feeling that’s quite sensationally femmy!”

Emma giggled at her roomie. Trust Rachel to have tested the new vagina prostheses in ways that Emma would never have thought of. “Doesn’t it seem odd to you, however,” asked Emma, “the way that the girls are feeling? How long did it take us to pine for the guys who were away on holiday?”

“I know,” said Rachel. “My first Christmas, I still looked like Bela Lugosi in drag, I really did.” Emma was laughing at that image in her mind which she knew wasn’t true. Rachel had been cute from the very start. She’d had very little feminization surgically on her face. Most of it was subtle as well, a slight recasting of her eyelids, or the reshaping of her nostrils, things that just made her more beautiful than any girl had the right to be.

“These new girls ...” began Emma.

“Are like all of us were after a year,” said Rachel. “Yes,” she sighed, “there is definitely some to be said for what Trudi was doing, selecting new girls in the way she did. Trust her, though, to do it her way. If she’d only talked to the other guys, to us, she’d probably still be President.”

“Ugh,” said Emma, shaking her *Victoria’s Secret* body, as it appeared, she in just bra and panties. “I like not being hit by my lovers and having his goon squad eliminated!”

“Yes,” agreed Rachel. “Now, for the girls, we’re going to have a draw for who buys the panties and bra sets for each other. Yes, you know that’s what most of the girls are going to think of as the best gifts for Christmas. Hmm, as well as the lingerie gifts, I’m going to declare a ‘Girls on Top’ party for when the boys are back. We’ll give them all leather mini-skirts and riding crops and see who can look like the sexiest dominatrix after Christmas.”

“That will perk everyone up!” said Emma. “And high-heeled boots! The girls need boots as well. Ooo, we’ll make a real dent in the frat’s credit cards this Christmas. That party for the girls is going to be wild!”

“Chase the blues away,” said Rachel with a smile.

“Definitely!” gushed Emma, thinking of the kinky play she could get the other girls involved in, at Rachel’s bright suggestion.

Julia had been out in public several times in a pretty dress and coat. She was used to keeping her eyes up and not looking down as boys did when they met strangers. It was still unnerving, however, to enter the coffee shop by herself, smile at the girl behind the counter and order a latte in her ‘normal’ speaking voice. She took off her gloves and noticed the girl admire Julia’s nails and pink nail polish as Julia took her cup and sashayed through the mostly empty room to a table against the far wall.

Ah, there he was, Harry Barrett, looking much the same as he had when they’d met at Donna’s for the transvestite chapter’s meeting. His searching

eyes passed over her as Julia felt a thrill charge through her. He didn't recognize her at all! Harry sat at an empty table and consulted his watch, a man-nish gesture he did when he was in drag too.

Harry had been as frumpy as she was herself at Donna's, even though Julia had bought the new dress from the window at *Leonora's* for her 'sister'. It hadn't fitted quite right and now Julia knew why. She'd been taught so much by her sisters in the sorority.

Her little, classy earrings moving and chiming at her ears, her blonde hair tossed back over her figure-hugging dress, she picked up her coat and coffee cup and moved towards where Harry was sitting.

"I'm waiting ..." Harry began as she put her coat over one chair and her cup in front of another. Julia smiled and sat gracefully, crossing her legs with a rasp of her lovely stockings, smiling, knowing her lipstick and makeup were perfect. They never had been when she and Harry had been in a meeting before.

"You can't be," gasped Harry, trying to take in what he was seeing. His gaze left her face to take in her lovely figure and her feminine hands and jewelry.

"It's me. It's Julia," she said with a smile, seeing beyond him, in the mirror tiles, the blonde-haired, pretty girl, sitting with the boy she'd just apparently picked up in the coffee bar.

"I can't believe it," gasped Harry Barrett, the hand gripping his cup beginning to shake. "Your voice is so, so ..."

"Girlish," whispered Julia with a smile and a feminine lift of her shoulder. "I know. They made me

practice so hard. I don't think I could talk the way that I used to now, even if I wanted, which I don't!"

"It, it was all true then," said the sandy-haired boy, his hair cut so mannishly. His clothes were rough and manly as well, deflecting any sort of snide comment his slender form might have elicited. He wouldn't be called 'Harriet', which he hated. He'd confided in Julia that other kids in school often called him that on the soccer field as he couldn't kick the ball as hard as so many of them. It didn't help that he avoided heading the ball as well and other kinds of contact in general.

Harry hadn't dared to try out for football or rugby. He didn't want the feminine of his real name stuck on him forever. At least, at college, he'd said to Julia as the two changed back from the dresses they'd worn for the 'meeting', they'd all be starting anew.

That was why Harry wouldn't respond to the on-line character, Lily, a confessed crossdresser, who was trying to get both of them to enroll at State. She'd mentioned something about a rite of passage into one of the fraternities that involved cross-dressing but, more than that, how they really made you into a feminine person, what everyone who had their proclivities really wanted. Or so, Lily had said.

Julia had dithered. Lily had sent her a personal message, urging 'her' to come to State. She'd send more information when Julia was enrolled though she didn't use 'Julia'. That was the name Julia was given in her pledge meeting. She'd loved it right away, being called 'Julia' by everyone. Her sisters Denise, Kendra and Natasha were so nice to her and taught her everything. Harry stared at her in amazement as she now acted entirely like a girl.

“It was all true, and more,” Julia said. “There’s so much I want to tell you. It will really curl your hair when you know what I and a dozen others like me went through. But I couldn’t ever put it in an e-mail. That was the right thing, my sister Rachel told me. That’s what we call one another, all of us who went through the rite of passage. We’re sisters now. We belong to a sorority.”

“You’re in a sorority?” gasped Harry Barrett. A smiling Julia shushed him as a couple of people at their coffees and computers looked up in amusement.

“Yes,” said Julia with a bright smile, aware of the traces of lipstick she was leaving on the hot cup.

“And you, you, you’re dressing full time,” whispered Harry, with a furtive glance about the coffee shop.

“Absolutely,” said Julia in her girlish voice, proud of the way she sounded. She knew that another crossdresser would have loved to have been like her, able to pass so completely in public.

“It was all true,” Harry said, repeating himself, feeling stupid as he did so.

“Not quite,” said Julia, even wrinkling her nose when she frowned very femininely. “There really wasn’t a girl named Lily writing to us. You were right about that. And, yes, there were some ulterior motives involved as you predicted. But it’s been a fascinating ride. Would you like to come over to the sorority? We can talk in more comfort with my sister.”

“These sisters,” asked Harry doubtfully. “Are they real girls or what?”

“What’s the difference?” asked Julia coyly, standing. Harry’s eyes really popped then as he saw her breasts shake and realized what he was looking at. He was blushing bright red as she had him hold her red, shapely coat and help her into it. The silk scarf at her neck was one of the lovely, feminine touches Rachel had made her accommodate herself to, on her first visit with someone outside.

“Thank you,” said Julia, slipping her arm through his, feeling how wooden Harry was as she brushed her long hair against his face. In her high heels, she was actually taller than he was. Oh, she could see that Harry didn’t know how to treat a pretty girl at all.

Julia made him slow to her walk, seeing how he admired her high heels. She didn’t exaggerate her feminine sway, well, not much. She window-shopped, gushing at the lovely dresses in the boutiques they had to stop at so that she could admire what the window-dressers had done to the mannequins.

“You’d look nice in that black dress,” Julia said, pointing with her pretty finger, her gloves stuffed into her pockets.

“Don’t,” said Harry, as if he was in agony. “You, you’re teasing me. Selena used to before she dropped me.”

“She never helped you with your cross-dressing, did she?” asked Julia in sympathy.

Harry Barrett shook and shivered as he strolled towards the university with this lovely girl on his arm. There were a lot of people bustling in and out of the main entrance to the campus buildings be-

yond, the second semester of the year having already begun in earnest.

“Selena never wanted to see me in drag,” Harry admitted to the girl clinging to him, finding it hard to think she was the skinny boy with whom he’d gone to several chapter meetings back home. “She, she, told me what a pervert I must be. There was no way she was ever going to sleep with a guy like me.”

“You’re still pretty straight?” asked Julia gently as she guided him past the teaching buildings to where the fraternities and sororities were located in what everyone called Frat Row.

“You’re not?” asked Harry, shivering again. He shouldn’t be surprised, he thought, at whatever Julia was up to these days. He saw all the admiring glances sent her way by guys, and girls, passing them. She could have any guy that she wanted holding her hand, kissing her, Harry thought, his stomach doing flip-flops as he thought about that.

“I’m a girl,” Julia said to the boy walking with her. “I’m a Rho girl. I belong to the sorority with the prettiest girls on campus. Everyone says so. And we girls of Gamma Rho save ourselves just for the boys of Alpha House. That’s Alpha Rho Mu fraternity. That’s their house right there where we have fantastic parties.

“We just had one that was such a giggle. It was a ‘Girls on Top’ party. We girls had to dress up as dominatrices. The boys had to do everything we told them to. I was in this leather mini-skirt and thigh-high boots. Oh, it was so wonderful to have men doing everything I told them to, well, practically everything.”

“I, I can’t believe what I’m hearing,” gasped Harry Miller, his imagination working overtime. “Is this really you, B- ...?”

“Julia!” Julia insisted before Harry had a chance to say that hateful name. “My name now is Julia, Julia Simmons. The sorority, well the fraternity, I suppose, does that for all of us. It creates new identities for us all. So, in my classes now, my records have been turned into Julia’s records. I’m going to graduate as Julia Simmons in time, but I’m changing the subjects I’m taking.”

“You were going to become a marine biologist,” said Harry Barrett nervously as the girl directed him past Alpha House toward a pathway that led down a tree-lined drive to a more secluded house. Several Alpha boys called out to Julia of course. She smiled and waved back to them. Several pretty girls coming up from Rho House, clutching their materials for classes, greeted her as well. Beside her, she felt Harry tighten at every greeting. She wondered if he’d run away if she didn’t hang on so hard to his arm.

“I’ve switched to nursing,” Julia said seriously. “I might try for pre-med later, if I can study enough. But the boys of Alpha House, as you can see,” the party of girls leaving the Rho pathway was being ambushed by Alpha guys on the way to their classes, “don’t leave us alone to study very often. I just don’t know how Dr Jane managed to get her degree. It could be because she just became Steve’s only girl friend. He made sure she got the time she needed. I may have to do that, if I want to do more than nurse.”

“I’ve got a nurse’s outfit you can borrow,” said Harry thickly. The girl clinging to him giggled most femininely.

“I remember that costume!” Julia said. “You got the frilly panties from a Can-Can dress, didn’t you? That little skirt flared out so much, it made you look like you had a really girlie tush!”

Harry grinned awkwardly, suppressing the feelings surging through him. Oh, this Julia was the crossdresser who’d belonged to the same society he had. She’d correctly told him the very best feature of that short dress.

“What was that little verse you used to sing, to me anyway,” giggled Julia. “The first line was about you arriving to make me feel better and raise my pluck, because you were the nurse who liked to fuck! Oh, isn’t it awful to remember only half the lines and not all!”

“This is where you’re living now?” Harry asked nervously as they went up the steps, her heels clicking, where two pretty girls were holding the doors open for them, smiling at both of them as Julia brought Harry into the sorority.

“Ooo, yes,” said Julia, stopping her clinging to him. “It’s the only place for a girl like me. Though, I’m in Alpha House just as much as I’m in here. That’s the library in there where the gentlemen callers are supposed to wait. They do, if they come alone now. The new President of Alpha makes his brothers follow the rules. We girls who want to be entertained come down and link up with a guy who wants to frolic with us.”

“Frolic with you?” croaked a dry-mouthed Harry.

Julia laughed at him, spreading out her arms to welcome girlishly, with a hug and fake kiss, a smiling, red-haired girl who advanced on them from an office. “And here is one of the two Mistresses of the

House! We don't have things like Presidents here," gushed Julia, taking the woman's hand and squeezing it as if excited to be introducing her to a nobody like Harry Barrett.

"This is Rachel Porter, Mistress of Rho House," said Julia with a smile. "Rachel, this is my cross-dressing friend. I found her on the Internet. We used to go to a transvestite sorority together."

Harry Barrett felt the blood drain from his brain at the introduction he was given by Julia. "No ..." he began hoarsely but Rachel swept over to him. He was engulfed in soft, womanly fragrances and a hug of welcome in which he definitely felt her boobies bouncing against him, her hair, soft and scented, against his cheek.

"So nice to meet you, Linda," said the Mistress of the House with a smile on her lovely face, so close to his.

"I'm ..." began 'Linda' weakly.

"In this house, you're Linda," said Rachel firmly, letting the young man go. "You have to have a name that suits you as Julia vouches you are one of us. So, I don't want to know your outside name at all, Linda. Here, you are Linda. Julia was telling us you were trying to contact her over the 'Net to find out about Lily. I hope she's told you we're very sorry about that, the way the previous President of Alpha was using you girls. But it hasn't worked out too badly in the end, has it?"

Rachel was indicating the gorgeous Julia who was taking off her coat and scarf, swishing her dress about her shapely, stockinged legs and definite, female-shaped body. She smiled at the trembling 'Linda'.

“I thought I’d show Linda what was done for all of us,” said Julia, “if you and Mistress Emma don’t have any objections.”

“Oh, we can do better than that!” said Rachel, taking Linda’s arm. She led the young man she was calling by that name to a long corridor, to the initial meeting room and bathrooms where the debutantes had assembled to begin their transformations. “We can let Linda experience all you have, Julia. Yes, she should enjoy her time here on her visit to you.

“Natasha!” Rachel called to one of the girls at the door. “May I ask you to come and help Linda as a debutante? Oh, yes, you girls have a most enjoyable time. I’ll send Adele, Evelyn or one of the other cosmeticians to come and help you, Julia and Linda, with hair and makeup. Enjoy your day as a debutante, Linda, as Julia really did!”

“You can’t do this to me!” insisted Trudi.

Big George Lazinsky smiled at the way the girl balled her fist and tried to beat him back, off her. He pressed down as she tried to pull her lips away from him. He reached up from caressing her rounded breast, held Trudi’s head steady and so was able to kiss her resisting lips with strength and passion, enjoying the feminine softness that tried to push him off her.

“I volunteered,” said George Lazinsky, rising from the bed, lifting Trudi’s skirt and running his huge hand down her thigh, over her stocking top and garter belt and down her leg as Trudi cursed him. “Funny, isn’t it, but when we worked out together,

Trudi, my darling girl, I really used to feel the blows when you pounded on me.

“I really was a little afraid of you then. I never knew what a maniac like you would do. You’d fly off the handle at the least little thing. But it was usually the girls you’d beat up, wasn’t it?”

Trudi remained silent as the big man caressed her legs, knowing what he was doing, knowing she could do nothing about it. His beefy hand found her panties at last as his caresses didn’t let up.

“They’ll do this to you, as well, George,” whispered the blonde girl, wishing she could break free of the long, hair-weave. Evelyn and Alison had come in and showed the nurses how to attach it before making Trudi again look like a Hollywood starlet.

George threw back his head and burst out laughing. “A bull like me?” he asked. “Nah, Trudi, my darling girl; isn’t going to happen. And I’ll tell you why. I like girls like you, all soft, compliant and draped about me. I like you loving me and pleasuring me as much as I’m pleasuring you.

“Oh, yes, you’re going to love me touching you here, my girl, and you’re going to love me penetrating you there. That’s it, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle! I love it when you girlies do that. I love it when your clits spray all over me! I know you love me then and being my lovely, little girlie. You can’t fake it, my darling, though you can try.”

Big George Lazinsky kissed the struggling girl again before reaching down and releasing each leg from its tied-down position on the bed. He lifted the girl, loving the way her mass of hair stroked his face, holding her as she wobbled on the strappy high heels that didn’t lift her much past his chin.

Trudi tried to push the big man away but her strength was gone. She almost fell over on her heels. George seized her, ushering her past the hateful posters of 'her' that adorned her clinic room and pulled her into the hallway.

"Enjoy yourself, Trudi," said Marisa bitchily from behind the desk, working with a computer on some program or other.

Shelley came out of another room with a smaller, blonde girl in a candy striper's uniform, the skirt however very short and above mid-thigh, showing off the beginning of the tops of her stockings. "See, Nancy," gushed Shelley femininely. "If you're a really good girl, you may go out to the clubs and be the star of the show as Trudi is going to be. You'd like to be just like her, wouldn't you?"

Trudi stared at the brown-eyed, teenage-looking young girl, wondering who she was. Dr Greg Nettles came out of another office, staring at Trudi who tried to look back defiantly at him. She'd get even with him some day, she wanted to tell him.

"Oh, Nancy," said the doctor. "Such lovely assets! Jane really does such lovely work on you young girls, doesn't she? Come in and let me examine them thoroughly."

The nurses were smirking as Nancy swayed meekly across the office and disappeared after the male doctor. George Lazinsky held Trudi's hand firmly in his as he dragged her through the empty waiting room. He grinned and pointed up at the television set. There were Dr Greg and Nancy rolling about on a lowered bed in the throes of passion, she opening her bra frantically for the man to kiss her breasts.

Trudi tried not to watch the girl take off her panties in a frenzy. Her manhood, these perverts called it her 'clit', was as erect as the doctor's. But Nancy wanted Doc Greg inside her tush and was wriggling her legs about him. That was when Trudi saw the tattoo of the stiletto knife on the back of her ankle.

Trudi felt sick to her stomach as she watched Phil Garcia, Nancy now, being an energetic, passionate woman for Dr Greg. It wasn't any accident that this had happened as Trudi was being taken out to some unknown destination, was it? They'd made Phil into a Nancy girl. The message was clear. They were going to break Trudi as well. Trudi's returning courage wavered as George led her, making her swish prettily in her petticoated dress.

"Smooth your skirt under you, the way that you've been taught, Trudi girl," said Big George as she looked at him in fury. They never missed a trick, did her captors. They made her do so many girlish things. If she ignored them, they'd make the punishment worse. They'd kiss her and fondle her.

She hated Shelley's cool fingers between her legs, slowly arousing her thighs until she saw a sign in Trudi's panties. Then her hand would strike. Ooo, what a bad girl she was, Shelley would complain, even as she excited and aroused Trudi but, never, ever, let her come to any satisfying conclusion.

Trudi sat like a girl, smoothing her skirts at the back of her legs. Her fingers felt the outline of the garter belt she had to wear. She felt her stockings and the rise of unwanted emotions inside her. She could have gone on touching herself, she knew. She'd have been an unholy mess as the nurses sometimes let her be, loving to torment the girl who'd once tormented them.

Big George held Trudi about her shoulders as if she really was his girl friend. The Alpha, Ross Drake, driving the car, looked back in the mirror and smirked at her. Yes, a wimp like that would think it amusing to see an ape like George Lazinsky stroking the former President of the fraternity. Ha, ha, ha, thought a steaming Trudi, adding the name of Ross Drake to the list of those she must get even with some day soon.

“Oh no,” Trudi said as Ross drove the sedan around the entranceway to *George’s Dragons* to the neon sign proclaiming ‘Stage Door’. “You can’t be taking me here!”

Trudi shrieked in distress as she saw the posters, all of her, along the wall in glass cases. She was in the skimpiest dance costumes, and there, one of her in just her panties and tasseled pasties.

“Female impersonator shows daily,” said Big George with a smirk. “They’ve been waiting for your debut, Trudi girl. Here, Ross, some new, lovely pictures of Trudi for the leather boys to enjoy. The one around the pole is priceless!”

Ross Drake went off to the front with the posters, stopping, his eyes popping out of his head at the photo of Trudi, upside down on the pole, naked but for whatever it was the pole was hiding.

George opened Trudi’s seat belt and dragged her roughly from the seat as she pleaded with him not to take her into that club. But George was far too strong for her. She couldn’t run, not in the masts tied to her feet.

“Oh, gods, George, let me go,” Trudi pleaded as he drew her in through the ‘Stage Door’ to where a grinning, dapper man awaited.

“At last,” said the manager of the club. “The entertainment is here. ‘Trudi, the Pole Queen’! Oh, these boys are going to love a she-male as pretty as you, Trudi. You still have a working pole in your panties, don’t you? Some of the boys will pay a pretty penny to play with yours if you’ll play with theirs. Um, yes, I’ll go first for three hundred!”

“Trudi needs to undress first,” said Big George Lazinsky. “Through here?”

Trudi was crying as she was drawn through a doorway with a chipped, golden star on the front. “Here we are,” said Big George, smirking at the terrified girl in front of him. “Oh yes, you can be making a thousand a night, easy, tax-free, as well as ...”

“George, get me out of here!” screeched the terrified, blonde girl in front of him. She was staring at the emblems and ‘colors’ on the wall. “The bikers here are the Death Maulers!”

“So?” laughed George with a yawn, heading to the couch at the back of the room, where he sat. “Come on, Trudi. Into the g-string. Make ’em pay a hundred at least for each string to be drawn to show off your crown jewels. And it’s a hundred a time for the ones who want to put their manhoods between your breasts and shoot off in your face. Oh, this could be over two thousand a night, I reckon. And for a split, I’ll protect my darling little girl.”

“Your darling little girl has got to get out of here, George,” said Trudi in fright. “Please, George, let me go! Help me out of here!”

George Lazinsky considered for a long moment. “You remember what I said to you when I came for you in the clinic,” said George slowly. “I told you what I wanted in a woman.”

“But you know ...” Trudi whispered.

“That you’re the loveliest girl,” said Big George Lazinsky, “that I’ve had offered to me since I became an Alpha. That’s no bull, Trudi. You’ll be mine, my own womanly slave. You want me to take you out of here. I will, provided you’re my woman, completely, my slave girl.”

“When we get out of here ...” offered the shaking Trudi.

“No deal,” said the big man, lying back on the couch. “You want out of here, Trudi, my darling? Be my woman, here and now, on this couch.”

Trudi stared at him. There was a loud knock on the door. The dapper manager put his head in and grinned at the pair of them. “Bids are up to five hundred for a toss with our new star,” said the man. “If you can last till three in the morning, girl, and your mouth don’t give out, we can make a fortune by the weekend, especially if you’re as good as the kid out here says you are.”

“She’s better than Ross knows,” grunted George from the couch. He got up, went over to the door, closing it and bolting it. “Want me to undress you?” he asked, reaching for the glittering, bejeweled bikini and bra on a dressing rack.

A trembling Trudi hardly knew what she was doing as she crossed the room, reached out with her arms and put them around Big George’s neck. She kissed him, her soft lips finally arousing a response from him, a male response. She felt the tears rising inside her as she pressed her body against his. Oh, stupid! She was crying like a woman!

George’s hands closed around her tiny waist. Her breasts bounced against him as he kissed her with

surprising gentleness. Trudi shuddered as he undid her dress. His own shirt and pants slid to the floor before George lifted her and carried her to the couch.

Trudi wrapped her legs around his waist as she felt him removing his underpants. She almost stopped, shrieking in horror, as his manhood touched between the cheeks of her tush. She felt his moisture on her, readying her for what he was going to do to her next.

“Oh!” Trudi squealed, cutting off the request that she was going to make for him to stop. No, the alternative was much worse than making love to George Lazinsky, wasn’t it?

And it wasn’t just going to be in and out, was it? Trudi’s bra strap slid slowly, erotically along her shoulder. He was kissing her there and, shriek, he was kissing her breast, suckling on her nipple, and she had to like it. She had to be pleased by him and pleasure him in return.

Numbly, Trudi drew her feminized hands over the back of George’s head, drawing him into her, pressing her breasts and her whole body out to him, feeling how hairy he was.

“Such a lovely body,” George whispered. “So smooth, so womanly. Has anyone ever told you how wonderfully you kiss, Trudi, like a real woman? Oh, yes, you’re my woman, Trudi, the woman I’ve always wanted.”

“Ow!” she managed to squeak as her tush was lifted. George was entering her, her bare legs wiggling over his furry shoulders.

George drove into her. Trudi didn’t have to fake her writhing and wriggling. She didn’t have to fake

her squeaks and squeals when he pushed so firmly into her. She was hanging onto him, kissing his lips in her distress when she felt him begin to pump himself back and forth into her tush, clearly loving what he was doing to his woman.



One of George's hands slipped from her breast. She squealed even more, resisting every urge to attack him, to punch and bite him. He was taking her manhood in his hand, calling it her 'clit', smoothing it up and down, and that was when she saw herself in the dusty mirror, half hanging off the couch, her long hair swaying in anguish as she moved. But it was a picture of a man making love to a woman that was in the mirror and Trudi was the woman.

That thought should never have come to her because that was when she came alive in George's hand. Trudi couldn't free herself from his weird embrace. She felt the climax rising inside her as he intensified his kisses and driving into her, his hand jerking her pantie-covered clit.

"Ooooo, nooooo!" Trudi called to the air. She shook all over as she came, having sex with a man again, George erupting inside his woman as well. He kissed and kissed her as she had to kiss him back, hating herself for doing it.

That wasn't enough, of course. George had come too quickly, he said. He rolled over and put her on top of him, her legs along his sides. She had to make love to him, softly and gently, his kisses clinging as he rolled her from side to side. He showed her how to bounce on his erection, piercing her tush. That was when she hardened again in his hands. He kept at her, her soft kisses forced to become more and more demanding until she could feel pleased as she wanted him.

Yes, Trudi felt like a woman in the surge of pleasuring touches. She came, her body on fire, clutching his hand to her breast as she kissed and kissed him, anywhere that he wanted, being the

woman he wanted, being the woman that would get her out of the terrible, gay club.

She only managed to get on her undies and her dress before George picked her up, kissed her some more and carried her down deserted hallways and out to the car.

Trudi didn't dare to look at Ross Drake as the car moved off. She snuggled up to the man who held her gently. She realized he'd never hurt her or driven hard into her, as hard as he could have. George hadn't twisted her, hit her or forced her to do anything she'd done with him. Not as she'd forced so many women in her time. Oh, George, she thought, with an awful sinking feeling. I'm a man, a rotten man. I can't have a thoughtful, sweet, loving boy friend. I just can't.

There were teardrops in her eyes when George carried her again to her bed in the clinic and climbed in after her. How can you do it again to me, Trudi thought in distress, and more than a little wonder. But George could and did. She paid him back with pleasuring and active lovemaking.

Someone had drawn the covering from the mirror over her bed. Trudi saw herself again, her hair flared out, her legs clutching her to her man. She rocked and squealed in pleasure as he took her as a woman. Then, she lay, naked, half on George, kissing him, often tongue to tongue while he, insatiable, did her again and again.

"What a lovely woman you are," George murmured to her as she watched him caress her breasts.

"You're a nice man yourself," Trudi whispered back.

“A man and a woman,” said George as he caressed her body. She couldn’t seem to help herself. She turned to him and pleased him willingly while he took his woman gently but firmly as he had all night long.

Back in the main office, Shelley, Marisa and Ross watched the video that was being made of the tryst between a man, George, and a woman, Trudi.

“How much did it cost?” Shelley asked the young man who had his hand up the front of her short nurse’s uniform.

“Five hundred,” said Ross. “Trudi didn’t even notice I’d taken down the posters we’d put over the ones of real performers at the club. I was watching her in Dirk’s office. She really did think that the Death Maulers were going to have her. Dirk said he’ll keep them back in the bottom of his mementoes drawer.”

“And the other video?” asked Marisa.

“I took them before I left,” Ross said confidently. “Dirk wanted a copy for a thousand but I told him I couldn’t do it. But I could give him some others, really just as good, if he wanted, that were shot in Vegas. Alan Fox said I could use them if I absolutely had to. I’m going to wait though till he asks me again.”

“Good boy,” said Marisa approvingly. “Now, you go and play for a while and I’ll watch the action.” She smiled. “Maybe we’ll swap,” she said to her fellow nurse.

“Definitely,” said Shelley, watching the action on the screen. “I don’t think I’ll ever get tired enough of seeing Trudi get what she richly deserves, again and again!”

“I don’t have a hair on my body or my legs!” gasped Linda when the girls playfully let her out of the bath again, completely nude.

“You have that awful hair on the top of your head,” said Natasha.

“And you have really lovely, curved eyebrows,” said a smiling Julia.

“Oh, I can’t go back to my digs with eyebrows like that!” wailed Linda.

“Then you can stay here,” said Natasha, checking her own lipstick in the bathroom mirror. She glanced over at the thin person clutching a towel about herself. Linda was staring at her in terror. “What did I say?” asked Natasha, puzzled.

“Your telling Linda she could stay here,” said a smiling Julia, “probably was interpreted by my friend to mean she could stay over and dress in female clothing today, tomorrow, for as long as she wants.”

Julia noted the fearful look on Linda’s face when she called her, ‘she’. In the chapter meetings, Julia recalled, the ‘women’ were very careful about phrasing what they said so that they wouldn’t have to use words like ‘she’ and ‘her’ in referring to fellow cross-dressers, even the ones in drag.

“You don’t have to stay,” Julia assured the naked Linda, as she dried her. “Now keep that towel about you and let’s go and visit Adele. She’s free this afternoon. I hope you won’t mind, Linda, but she’ll be demonstrating on you how to make a man into a woman to a couple of my friends, Angelina and

Carla. They were just like me before they pledged. They're going to be taking beauty lessons and train in hair styles and cosmetics in the future."

"Oh, I don't want girls seeing me like this," said Linda frantically, looking around as if she was looking for an exit and escape.

Natasha smiled openly at Julia. "If you want to be a girl like us," she said, taking Linda's smooth, hairless arm in hers, "you have to suffer a little for beauty. All of us succumb to the beauty queens at the start. They know so much about makeup and padding. We only think we know by watching programs on the Internet."

A shuddering Linda was drawn into the room where Evelyn and her team had worked so hard to take a dozen men and make them over from the start as women.

"Sit in that chair," said Natasha with a smile, "the one facing away from the mirrors."

No sooner was Linda settled, her towel still about her lower half, than Adele entered the room from the far end, chattering to the two girls she was with. "I prefer to work from the body first," she was saying. "Yes, we could do the makeup and the hair. Girls always like to do that, to see what you're going to become in a little while, but I always find myself catching hair and pulling the wig off, things like that. I had to do Julia's makeup three times in one session, remember that, Julia, when I kept brushing against her as I was trying to fit her into a really tight bodice."

"We're starting further along than you girls did when we were sitting in these chairs," said Angelina, smiling at Linda who was gulping hard as 'she'

stared at the three new lovely girls who'd joined them.

"That's because Linda is an admitted crossdresser," said Adele, stepping behind Linda and opening up the cupboard to take out the treasure chest she was going to apply to the new 'girl'. Julia smiled and patted the girl's arm soothingly as she knew Linda was going to be throwing a fit in just a few moments.

"You have to have breasts," said Adele as Linda did object and try to keep the treasure chest from being placed on her. "These are so natural and just like Lee Pace, the actor, the male actor, wore in *A Soldier's Story* to play a transsexual. Don't we have that on tape, Tasha? Why don't you put it up on the screen? Linda can see a man, yes, a real guy, being transformed just as she is. Oh, it's going to be such fun!"

Linda didn't look like she was having half the fun Lee Pace had been having as she was glued into her breasts. Angelina had to redo the makeup around the edges of the 'treasure chest', making sure that it matched Linda's skin tone.

"Whoa, they bounce!" said Carla excitedly.

"So do the ones Doc Jane gave you," said Adele with a laugh. "Yes, we have found a new chest that's much more real than the ones most of you girls had to put up with until the debutantes' ball was over. With just Linda here by herself, she gets the best of the best of the best."

It was time to ice down the erection Linda was showing. Her clitoris, Adele pointedly called it that, was taped into a sheath artificial vagina, and se-

cured enough so that she could put on panties that were flat at the front.

“I’ll be glad when Linda has visited Doc Jane and had her T and A work,” Adele said to the others. “Yes, we’re going to pad her tush, her hips and her thighs but it’s all going to be individual work. No, we don’t want anything lumpy and difficult for her to sit on. Yes, she is skinny there, Carla. I bet you were before Evelyn worked on you.

“Men are like that at the tops of the legs. I was myself until Doc Greg worked his magic on me. But we’ll work some different magic on Linda today. We’ll pad her and adhere the padding to her to make it look like Linda is rounded and femmy at the top of her thighs, across her hips and, of course, along her tush.”

The new girls worked and talked while Linda sat and squirmed as her legs and hips, like her chest, were given girlish dimensions.

“We had to go through this, too,” Julia told her friend, as Tasha appeared with a black bra and black panties as well as a short, black, silky slip that covered and made the girlish body, that Linda now had, appear to be somewhat real.

Linda looked at her friend in terror as the three makeup artists then went to work on her. The girls seemed to find faults everywhere but Adele had solutions to all problems. False eyelashes were affixed to Linda’s eyelashes as her face, which ‘she’ couldn’t see right away, was transformed by womanly makeup under Adele’s expert direction.

Natasha brought in stockings and a garter belt as well. Julia assisted her in putting them on the emerging girl.

“This hair is so short,” complained Carla, as Angelina put the finishing touches to the girl’s lips, the rest of her face a soft glow, her eyes vivid and feminine like the arch of her eyebrows.

“It will have to be a fitted wig,” said Adele. “We’re going to use adhesive in several places so that it will stay in place naturally. But, my dear, it’s going to be hot and hotter as the day goes on. If it’s too bad, come and see me. I’ll give you a short wig, a bob; but, if I know girls, I know what you really want is a mane of lovely hair right from the start. And you’ll want blonde hair, as well, like Julia and Angelina, of course.”

“Anything,” said Linda and they all squealed at the way she sounded.

“Whisper if you have to say anything,” said Adele.

“Pretend you’re British and speak upper class,” advised Julia.

“Just smile, Linda, and don’t say anything at all,” said Tasha as Carla fitted a blonde wig to the girl’s head and there she was. She really was a Linda. She really was a girl. It was time for her to stand in her high heels and look at herself.

“Oh, my gosh!” the new girl said in her horrible voice as she stared at the lovely girl in the mirror, trying to flick long blonde strands of hair over her shoulders. She dropped her voice to a whisper at all the squeals from the other girls. “That’s not me. I, I’ve never looked like that before!”

“Well, she does need a dress, some perfume, and jewellery, which we’ll provide,” said Adele. “And she does need to work on her voice, Julia. I leave that to you to get her into lessons. The next time I get to

work on you, Linda, I want to hear you lilting away like Julia!”

“I can’t believe this is me,” whispered Linda, swishing the petticoated dress that Adele had deliberately chosen for her. It made Linda feel very girlish. ‘She’ was in a woman’s dress that moved about her. Linda shook her head as her gold bands, she had pierced ears which she hadn’t dared to do before, shook at her neck.

“Take the girl out for a walk,” Adele ordered Julia. “Let her get some male attention. Nothing helps a girl to improve as a woman than oodles of male attention.”

“It’s too cold,” said Julia with a smile as Linda kept turning and looking at herself, at her so-red lips and lovely eyelashes in the mirror.

Adele shook her head and took the lovely girl by the hand, one she’d helped to create so femininely. She showed the girl how to walk more femininely as she led her down the hall to the main foyer and into the little library that was off to the side. Julia scampered after Adele and Linda.

Linda was frozen in the doorway as Adele introduced her as the newest girl in the sorority to the two young men in there who’d come over to get laid. “Yesterday, Linda was a crossdresser, indistinguishable from you Business Ed students,” Adele was saying. “But, today, she’s a girl. She’s all dressed up and ready to go out. Would you like to take her, Max? If you play your cards right, Mr Wagner, you might be this girl’s first everything! You know how thrilling that is for a new girl.”

“I’d love to take you out, Linda,” said Max Wagner with the charming smile that he could turn on in a second.

“N-No,” squeaked Linda, looking back to Julia for help.

“That’s settled,” said Adele. “And here’s Tasha with a going-out coat and gloves for our first-time girl. Brandon, do you want to tag along? Take Julia with you. She needs a good fuck. Don’t let her talk Linda out of doing what Linda really wants to do.”

“This isn’t what I planned,” Julia said hurriedly to her friend. “Adele shouldn’t have done all this arranging. Let’s just walk the boys down the path and send them back to find real girl friends for the rest of the day.”

“Max said he wants to take me dancing,” whispered Linda, quivering. “A boy wants to take me dancing!” Her painted, feminine face seemed to show that ‘she’ was in seventh heaven. “He wants to take me out as a girl!”

“And bring you back here,” said Julia dubiously. “Are you ready for that, Linda, for the end of the dancing kisses and hugs and so on.”

“I, I think so,” muttered a blushing Linda. “You said you were doing that and more in a few days at the start of you being a girl.”

“So you’re a girl now,” said Julia in surprise.

“I’d like to be,” said the red-faced girl, looking up and smiling as Max and Brandon stepped away from the computer where they’d recorded which girls they were taking out, to where, and whether or not they were staying the night with them.

Max Wagner put his arm about Linda. She tottered with him to the doorway. He stopped and kissed her, surprising the girl and Julia, her friend. Linda reeled a little and blushed furiously. She touched her lips with one of her newly manicured and femininely tipped fingernails, staring at the boy who winked at her, gave her a little hug and a knowing smile.

“Start as you mean to go on,” said Max. “That’s what I always say. Linda, you’re so lovely. It would be great if, at the end of the night, you’d consider me your boy friend for a while.”

Oh, no, thought Julia, wondering how she could warn her friend. By the end of the night, Linda was going to be bonked by Max Wagner. Linda was staring at Max, but not pulling back from him. She was shaking, her dress swishing against her legs, the dress she’d told Julia made her feel so wonderfully feminine. She leaned into Max as he hugged Linda again, whispering some compliment about her femininity, Julia was sure, into the new girl’s bejeweled ear. He’d practically promised her he was going to have her as his girl friend. Linda was smiling as if she wanted him to do that to her.

“We have to bring the wedding day forward,” Will Merton explained slowly to the girl he was going to marry. “My mother called me and she’s going into hospital on the second of March for serious heart surgery.”

“We could always put the date back ...” began Brenda, feeling a little relief as the pressure of the

arrangements she and Will were going through with their wedding planner was beginning to get to her.

“No,” said Will firmly, hugging her to him and kissing her sweet lips with masculine firmness that she loved him to do. He held his body against hers and kissed Brenda fiercely, admiring the exquisite way she’d made up her eyes and how lovely and womanly they appeared.

“We promised the girls a wedding and I’ve talked to Alan and Kelly,” Will went on, stroking her silky dress, the feel of her bra beneath her dress making him want to take her right away to her bedroom.

Brenda wasn’t really sure who or what Kelly was. Brenda had been introduced to the lovely, dark-haired girl by Alan Fox. She’d been told Kelly was going to help them in planning the ‘wedding of the century’, Alan’s teasing grin taking the sting from that.

“Jane and Steve will have that and Alan and Tanya,” Brenda had said. Alan and Kelly had laughed at her in delight.

“I’m going to be very busy this summer then,” the willowy, dark-haired girl had said, shaking her long mass of hair over her shoulders. The hair was definitely genuine. It must have taken years to grow it to that length, Brenda thought in admiration. This Kelly had to be a girl.

“We’ll call you my Assistant Manager, Kelly, until we have the *Paradise* ready to open,” Alan said. “You can decide if you want to go on with planning weddings or become General Manager here or in Vegas.”

“You know me, Alan,” Kelly had lilted with a smile. Yes, she was an older woman, Brenda had

decided. She was probably in her late twenties but it was so hard to tell. "I'll go where the action is."

Alan had grinned. "I told you, Kelly. You have to count me out from now on," he'd said, not surprising Brenda but surprising the lissome Kelly, it seemed. "I'm a one-woman man from now on and my woman is my wonderful Tanya. I promised Brenda and Will they'd have the first wedding here, which is what I want you to plan, everything they want and everything they haven't thought of. Then, I promised Jane she and Steve could be next before it's Tanya's turn with me!"

"Who's your wedding dress designer?" Kelly had asked Brenda, smiling at Alan over her shoulder as if stating that she'd believe the latter when she saw it.

"Heather Portillo," said Brenda with a shiver. "The boutique in town ..."

"Has the most excellent of taste!" Kelly had bubbled, turning her full attention to the blonde girl. "Heather is so fantastic! Has she sent you her ideas for you? Has she met you? Oh, we'll have to have a weekend in New York, Will, on your bill! Your future wife will absolutely dazzle you on your wedding day in whatever Heather chooses to have produced for her! Ooo, and the bridesmaids as well! We mustn't forget those! If I'm planning this, I need a new dress as well, Will Merton. Tell Daddy to sell a bunch of shares, my man! We girls are going to do our best to bankrupt you with the most gorgeous wedding this neck of the woods has ever seen!"

So, discussing changes to their wedding time, Brenda shivered before she kissed her future hus-

band and felt the pressure returning to her. “Kelly isn’t going to be pleased ...”

“She wasn’t,” said Will, having to kiss his nervous wife-to-be several times before she relaxed a little in his arms, her lovely flower-blossom fragrance making him want to explore where that was coming from.

“But she talked to Daley, and Alan, and got them to agree to concentrate on just one section of the hotel,” said Will. “Yes, my father will have a penthouse and my mother another. Kelly was on the phone to Heather in New York, too. You and she, and Michelle at least, have the plane for the weekend to arrange dresses and so on.

“You should have heard Kelly talking to suppliers. Some she outright seduced, others she coaxed and others she just bullied. She seems to have every florist, caterer and cake-maker in town working for her. And she doesn’t care about me being bankrupt when this is over.

“But, I don’t care, my darling Brenda, as it’s all going to be worth it!”

“I can’t go to New York this week!” said Brenda with a flush.

“Why not?” asked Will, baffled. “It’s just a girls’ night out, so to speak, but for several days.”

“I have so many other things I have to do. Invitations,” said the blushing bride-to-be, not telling him the most important reason Kelly had told her about Kelly’s plans for Brenda’s wedding day.

Brenda had blushed all through Kelly’s questions about sex and how many times Will and she were ‘doing it’.

“You have to stop before the wedding,” Kelly had said firmly. “A month is the shortest period of time you need for complete celibacy, six months is better. He’s bonking you several times in one night, every time, I take it!”

Brenda had flushed, trembled and nervously re-crossed her stockinged legs in the severe skirt she’d worn to meet Kelly and ‘go over some details about the wedding you may not have thought of.’

“You should say, Ooo, yes, and I love it so-o-o much!” said Kelly, smiling even though her womanly voice pretended disgust. “But the problem is that what we want the audience at the wedding to see a virginal bride! We want to see you coming down the aisle in your gorgeous dress, shaking like a leaf at what awaits you in marrying this man.

“And nothing sharpens that mood in both of you like abstinence! And in your case, Brenda Lawrence, I think six weeks is absolutely necessary. You have to be out of his bed and he out of yours for at least that long. Then, when Will sees you coming down the aisle, his tongue will hang out. He’s going to fall in love with you all over again.

“You can ask Josie, Karen, Nicole, Sharon, Debbie or any of the girls whose weddings I’ve had a hand in planning. A virgin bride is what makes the occasion. It makes your wedding night into an absolutely glorious affair as well. Karen Hudson told me it was then she really knew what a woman she really was. She had to be a mother for her wonderful husband!”

Brenda had tried to explain that she wasn’t going to do what Josie and Karen, the only girls she knew in the list Kelly was talking about, had done for

their husbands. "He'll see you in the distance, of course," Kelly had gone on, "but I'll arrange it so that the rehearsals don't have both of you next to one another. I'll fill in for you, and his best man, Peter Simpson, isn't it, stands in for him when you rehearse what you have to do before the judge."

"Six weeks!" Brenda had whispered in protest. "I, I can't go six weeks ..." She had meant to say, 'without seeing Will and holding him or without a quick kiss here and there,' but Kelly took it the wrong way.

"You have to give up sex for six weeks," Kelly had laughed at the red-faced, shaking girl. "Don't worry, Brenda. I'll let him know. I'll be the one to tell him you'll be indisposed for a while. He'll be just as angry with me as you are. But it will work and start your marriage off so wonderfully with a wedding of love and desire that neither of you is going to forget!"

No, Brenda couldn't go with Kelly, Michelle, and whoever else to New York to meet a dress designer. She couldn't as Kelly's deadline for her not having sex with Will fell within that time. Brenda only had a day before she wouldn't be loved by her boy friend for an age!

She tried to tell Will but all he wanted to do with her lips was kiss them. For every problem, he had that answer. Brenda was going to meet his mother in New York; Kelly would be there to serve as a buffer if she was needed.

"She'll see right through me," said a shaking Brenda as Will decided to miss the meeting he was supposed to be at. He steered her to his bedroom where she had several items of female clothing she

could dress in, as soon as she'd satisfied him and he'd satisfied her, his woman.

Brenda realized what he was going to do as soon as Will ushered her into his room and pulled the bolt across the outer door. "I need to talk to you about the amount of sex we're having," she whispered to him as he was stripping her of her woman's clothing, making her feel so pretty and feminine. His whispered compliments excited her as well. Ooo, how she, Brenda wanted to be a woman for her husband-to-be!

Will eased Brenda from her bra as she wriggled beneath him, taking down her panties as he kissed her erect, yearning nipples; and then they were man and woman, united in lust for one another. Oh, she was insatiable, arousing and exciting him all through the evening as if she was loving him for the last time.

Only after Brenda was gone to New York did Will find out it had indeed been for the last time until the wedding. His curses and threats bounced off Kelly on the other end of the phone. Alan Fox only laughed at him as did Josie and Karen who said that they'd endured a gap without access to their men.

"Oh, but it was so worth it," said a laughing Josie. "You can ask Daley. It made our wedding day so special, knowing that everything I'd been missing was going to come back to me. Oh gods, I wanted him so badly! I wouldn't have minded if he'd taken me right there on the sidewalk in front of everyone. Ask Daley how he felt!"

"I was in a panic," said Daley when an angry Will Merton called him. "Just like you're going to be,

Will. Then, this vision of a woman in a white dress and veil came floating down the aisle in the room we'd hired for our wedding. The organ was playing and all the bridesmaids, Kelly was one, had fluttered in, all in yellow with flowers in their hair.

"My bride held my hand. She, Josie, was shaking. I had to lift her veil. She quivered as if she was in an earthquake when I kissed her. The bridesmaids and my best man, Warner Cook, had to pry us apart. I don't know how I got through it, or the reception. All I wanted was to make love to her. Finally, they let us go to the honeymoon suite

"It was so glorious to make love to my bride. I wouldn't let Josie out of that fantastic gown she wore as I had her, she wanting me, as well. We were locked together for the night and almost a whole day. Gods, I was so sore but she never complained. She just kept me going and going and enjoyed me as much as I enjoyed her. When we look at our wedding photos now, we always get turned on. It'll be the same for you, Will my lad, you'll have a day at the start of your marriage you and your wife will never forget."

"But I miss her now!" whimpered Will Merton.

"She's suffering just as much as you," Josie told him as she'd been listening in on the conversation.

"I'll bet you won't be," Will grumbled, "as soon as I put this phone down."

"We're going to have a wedding night all over again, Will," said Daley Masters, "as soon as you stop complaining and let Kelly get on with what she's doing. She really does understand us weak-minded men, that girl."

“What am I going to do with myself for six weeks?” complained Will Merton. But all he heard on the phone was a woman laughing and saying something about it being like her wedding night since she wasn’t breastfeeding at last.

Rachel wore her leather dress and high-heeled, thigh-high boots into the library, swishing her long, red hair, freshly dyed and styled by Evelyn. She had a choker about her neck and thick, dangling, clumpy earrings, her makeup basic black and Gothic.

“Girls are still on top,” she announced to the younger Alpha guys who’d wandered in on a weekend night to see if they could get a date. Or, in their words to one another, Rachel was sure, get laid by a Rho girl.

The guy standing, reading the artist’s name on the landscape, smiled as he turned around, the younger guys looking up nervously at him.

“Interesting,” said Ted Moore, advancing towards the very pretty girl, dressed so kinkily. He actually put out a hand and shook Rachel’s in his. She looked at him, astounded.

“Who are you?” asked Rachel as the older man looked her up and down, admiring the lovely girl he saw. A parent of one of the guys was her first thought.

“Ted Moore,” said the man, smiling again. “I worked for John Aitken in the search for his son.”

“The policeman,” said Rachel.

“He’s asking us questions about Bryan,” said David Brent, one of the boys there for a date. Luckily, Nadine came in, swinging her tush, her clothing almost identical to Rachel’s.

“Ooo, David,” pouted Nadine to the scientific genius. “You want a girl to be on top, tonight? I’ll take him, Rachel, girls’ choice, isn’t it, when we’re on top!”

Not for long, thought Rachel as she saw the way that David was smiling as Nadine went off with him. It didn’t take her long to call other girls from the beauty parlor for the men in the little library. Ted Moore watched the transactions with fascination.

“So, Mr Moore,” she said to the detective, “what kind of girl do you like, a blonde?”

“I like Marilyn,” said the older man, making Rachel’s blood begin to run cold. “I like girls as pretty as you, Miss Rachel Porter. I’d like it if you called me Ted.”

“I think you should be up at Alpha House,” began Rachel nervously, stopping as Ted Moore shook his head.

“I like girls with intelligence,” the policeman said, smiling at Rachel. “I’ve been looking for Bryan Fairfax. If you’re Rachel Porter, I know you know all about him. He was interested in transvestites, men who dress in women’s clothing, university-aged.”

“He was an Alpha,” Rachel said, a chill running up her backbone. She put the clipboard with the list of girls she could call on that night if she needed them, back in the safe outside the door. “Alpha Council know all about Bryan ...”

“I’ve been told up there,” Ted nodded his head in the direction of the men’s fraternity, “your boy friend isn’t coming back here. Funny, though, he doesn’t appear to have gone anywhere. His aged parents ...”

“I don’t know where he is,” Rachel said sharply, shaking her long hair, seeing how the man staring at her smiled at her feminine gesture as if he liked it. “He just took off. And I’m glad he’s gone!”

“He used to beat you,” said Ted sympathetically, studying the beautiful feminine figure in front of him. She did wonders for that skirt she was in, he thought, beginning to feel really aroused by a college girl, too young for him. “I heard that from the guys up there.” Again, he nodded behind him. “But that doesn’t add up.”

“Oh?” asked Rachel guardedly, wishing she’d asked Nadine, or one of the other girls to find Maslow or Peter, anyone, to come and help her.

“Transvestites aren’t usually violent,” said Ted, “and then there’s Harold Barrett.”

“Who?” asked Rachel, shocked by the use of Linda’s real name. Ted smiled at her some more, his eye approving of the dominatrix dress she wore, obviously. He also seemed to be able to read her expression as well. Or was he just guessing she knew Linda?

“Another missing transvestite,” said Ted Moore with a knowing smile. “You do talk to the new President of Alpha, Peter Simpson, don’t you? You are his girl friend.”

“We, we do have an open relationship,” said Rachel, flushing at the way the guy looked at her with sharpened interest. Whatever had made her say

that, even though it was true, to this guy she didn't know at all?

"Harry Barrett is a tranny, um, a transvestite, one of those whom Lily, Fairfax's online identity, was trying to get to come here along with some of his friends," said Ted Moore, that smile on his face telling Rachel that he knew he was telling her what she already knew. "And that's when I thought I was looking in the wrong place for all these boys who wanted to be girls. I was looking in the fraternity when I should have been looking in the sorority, shouldn't I?"

"I think we'd know if we had men ..." here dressed as women, Rachel had meant to add to what she said so haughtily. Ted Moore laughed openly at her.

"I saw Marilyn Aitken coming in, fawning all over Bob Maslow," Moore said. "And since I was working for her father, I know all about her. I think you know about her as well, lovely Rachel."

Rachel was unable to keep the shocked expression off her heavily madeup face. This evening wasn't going the way that it was supposed to be going. She was just going to take a nice guy back to her room, someone like David Brent, that was all, and teach him how to make love to a girl like her. Now, she felt as if she was on the edge of a precipice about to push the whole sorority, and the Alpha fraternity, into a chasm.

"It's something like a bordello here, isn't it," Ted Moore was going on, a smile still on his thoughtful, intelligent face. "All the Alphas you girls let in, you arrange dates for, you or someone else on your Council, I take it. I'm noting that none of the guys

who went out of here with girls have left Rho House. You girls have quite the reputation, you know, for what you do to make the geeks and geniuses of Alpha really happy.”

“You’re accusing us of running ...” Rachel began, trying to be furious with the man who worked for Marilyn’s father. No, he was a policeman. He was tracking down a Missing Person. She needed to keep him away from the Sorority completely.

“A brothel has all kinds of customers,” said Ted Moore intently. “Some guys like to make love in women’s clothing. Is that what Bryan was like? Some like other men to make love to them. I took a quick photo or two and compared them on computer to this Harry kid who’s gone missing and, lo and behold ...”

He took out photos of Linda and Max Wagner, she so pretty and girlish, holding onto Max and kissing him, looking like she was in love with her first boy friend. “The computer says this is Harry,” said Ted, smiling at a stunned Rachel. “Now, before I call in campus security and drop a building on you, Miss Porter, can we talk about Harry, Bryan and half a dozen others who seem to be missing just like them?”

“There’s an easy explanation,” said a panicked Rachel.

“Let’s go over to the University Campus bar and you can tell it to me,” said Ted Moore, taking Rachel by the arm. “No, don’t change. I love a girl in leather. You can tell me what you had in mind for the rest of your evening, dressed like that.”

*****end of part four*****