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FRAT

By Gabrielle Johnson

Brenda Lawrence and Michelle Waters waited for their sorority sister, Rachel Porter, to join them for the morning walk from the Sorority House across the manicured lawns of the State University campus to classes.

“Why is that girl so late this morning?” the pretty blonde, Brenda, asked, standing in front of the mirror, turning and swaying as she used it to look at the hemline of her tight skirt, making sure that the seams of her stockings were straight and that her new, long, black slip didn’t show beneath the line of her skirt.

“Must be a heavy date,” said Michelle, putting down the books she had been carrying in front of her breasts. She leaned forward in the mirror to check her exquisitely made-up eyes, smiling and checking that her lipstick hadn’t smeared her teeth. Her hair ribbon needed to be retied

into a prettier bow which she did easily, before picking up her books again and swishing over to her sorority sister.

“Don’t you just love the rule that we girls have to wear dresses and skirts?” asked Michelle with a little dance step in her high heels. “I don’t think I’d have the nerve any more to wear pants, do you, Brenda girl?”

Brenda nodded in agreement, swishing her flirty dress as she looked back at her sister, her eyes sparkling at whatever she was going to say but she was interrupted by the sound of heavy feet bounding down the circular stairs that led from the girls’ bedrooms.

“Hello, ladies,” said Bryan Fairfax, stopping for a moment to look at the two of them, such attractive young girls, primed and ready for spending another day being ogled at by all the boys at State.

“Hello, Bryan,” said each of the girls, swaying provocatively as the President of Alpha Rho Mu, perhaps the most influential fraternity, stopped and put an arm about each of their slender waists. If they hadn’t behaved all girlishly and coy, they knew that Bryan would have exacted a hard punishment on them for not being what they should be, attractive to men and showing that they knew it.

“Mmm,” said Bryan, squeezing them closer to him. “You girls smell so sweet and fresh in the morning.”

Both girls giggled and swayed on their high heels as Bryan hugged first Brenda to him to sample the softness of her lips in a long, moist kiss. He licked his lips and then drew Michelle against him as he kissed her eager mouth as well, smiling into her lovely eyes as he did so.

“Oh so wonderful,” Bryan said, hugging them to him, letting his hands drop so that he stroked each girl’s rounded tush, before he finally released them, and went rushing out to the door.



“We must have a threesome later this week,” Bryan called even as he was sprinting off, beaming at the two girls as he raced out onto the sunlit walkway, dashing off in the direction of Alpha House, conveniently located as the closest frat to Gamma Rho.

“Well, that was nice,” said Michelle sarcastically, putting down her books and opening her purse to take out her lipstick so that she could repair the damage to her lips that Bryan had done. She could still feel the tingle of his lips on hers which pleased her enough that her breasts seemed to be rising and pushing outward in the lacy bra she’d decided to wear beneath her black top that day.

“He doesn’t mean it,” said Brenda as she did the same as the girl beside her, examining herself more closely, particularly her earrings, adjusting the one that Bryan had almost pulled from her in his savage, passionate assault on her lips. “Rachel will turn his head again ...”

“Hi, girls!” came a light, soprano voice from above them then as a devastatingly pretty, red-haired girl came lightly down the stairs, her high heels clicking however on the wooden, polished steps as she minced daintily over to the two girls waiting for her. “Were you talking about Bryan and me?”

“Of course,” said Brenda. “He just came running down before you and ...”

“And so we’ve had to re-do our lipstick, before we go out,” said Michelle, smiling as she said it so that Rachel couldn’t take her words as being a complaint.

“That’s Bryan,” said Rachel fondly, leading the younger girls out of the sorority. “And before you ask, yes, I did bring him home from the Pub.” The Pub was the drinking bar on campus where the older students, and those who had ID showing them to be over twenty-one years of age, could go. It was the first thing that the Rho sorority and Alpha fraternity did for their members, giving them all authentic identities as young men and young women.

"Is he ...?" began Brenda as she wiggled her tush more quickly to keep up with Rachel who seemed to be in something of a hurry.

"Ooo yes!" laughed Rachel, giving a false smile to the other girls, which they seemed to recognize. "Bryan is a most amazing lover, really an animal if you like that kind of loving. A girl has to feel that she is truly desirable in his strong, manly arms. And his stamina! I didn't think that any man could come that many times inside me as he did! Goddesses, but I am going to be so wiped out in classes today. I'm going to have to smile and make eyes at Gordon or someone like that to get through Bio today."

"So you'll be otherwise engaged for lunch," said Brenda, putting her arm through Rachel's so that the three girls could click and sway their way on the path across the lawns.

"Might not be," said Rachel, laughing, finding too that she had to yawn. "But it wasn't just my lovely body that Bryan wanted to possess last night. He was talking to me about the Rush that's under way now in the Frats."

"Oh no," said Michelle, knowing what was coming.

"Yes, they're going to do the Debutante Ball again this year, fourth year in a row," said Rachel, smiling at the boys who whistled at the lovely girls coming up the steps into the Science block. "And, of course, the Alphas insist and we can't refuse, can we?"

"So we have to get dressed up as well and dance just with Alphas that night," said a pouting Michelle.

"When have we ever done anything differently?" asked Rachel as the girls entered the long, tiled hallway that led to the labs and theaters where their classes had already begun. They would be noticed when they entered, Brenda and Michelle into their second year class, Rachel

into the fourth. But then Gamma Rho girls always made an entrance, no matter the class they were enrolled in.

“Talk to Granger and Will at lunch,” said Rachel as she went to her, nearer class, waving to a bespectacled boy, staring at her as if he was stagestruck. “I’m going to be busy with Gordon. He really likes you, Brenda, and you should try him; you should. He’s very easy to manipulate and eager to please and, like Bryan, he’s got stamina.”

The two younger girls had a lecture that was well under way when they entered and swished their way to their seats.

“Now that the Rho girls are here,” said ‘Andy’ Anderson, the professor who taught them both theory and practical labs in Biology, “let’s all begin the lesson. Ah, yes, Miss Waters, do sit with your legs crossed like that. Does wonders for the class’s biological functions, doesn’t it, to have such girls as you and Miss Lawrence show us that feminine beauty isn’t just for the end of the day.”

Several girls glowered at Brenda and Michelle, but they ignored that, as the attention and the remarks were something that happened to all the Rho girls every day.

Going from the class to the lab, Brenda had to ask Michelle, “What did you mean by asking Rachel if we had to dance with Alpha House boys? That’s what we do, isn’t it? We are their sister sorority.”

“But we don’t see any other boys but them,” said Michelle. “There are lots of nice boys ...”

“You’re an expert on nice boys now?” interrupted Brenda in surprise.

“... in other houses besides Alpha,” said Michelle. “And Mr Anderson is nice, Brenda. He’s always looking

at you. When you hitched your skirt up and had your hair falling all over your face, I think he almost fainted."

"He did not!" said Brenda hotly, her face flushing under the teasing of her class and sorority partner.

"But wouldn't it be so nice," said Michelle dreamily, "to go out with other men than the Alphas? Can't you imagine how it would be like to go to a club downtown with Andy? I bet he wouldn't do anything fancy on a first date. I bet he'd just bring you back to the front door and give you a passionate goodnight kiss."

"And then I have to go up to my room, all dreamy and feeling like a princess," said Brenda, repeating what Rachel had said, "and there would be someone like Shaun in the hallways. And before you know it ..."

"Yeah, we've all had it with Shaun," said Michelle. "He pushed me over the chesterfield at the top of the stairs and did me right there, my skirt over my back, my panties at my ankles and me squealing like a little piglet as he pumped himself dry in me!"

"That's why I try to get someone I like from the downstairs library," said Brenda. The Alpha boys did have points where they were supposed to assemble and then the senior girls, officers like Rachel and Emma, would come to them and place them with the girls who were ready for new, or old, partners that evening.

"Why can't we have non-Alphas as our boy friends?" asked Michelle, returning to a topic that was discussed in hushed tones in probably every girl's room in the Sorority.

"I wouldn't care if it was just one Alpha who'd treat me, just me, as his girl friend! Just one boy alone in my bed would suit me fine, for a while, anyway, just like girls in other sororities. I wouldn't mind just being Roger's girl for a while, or Nate's? They're nice!"

"You know why we can't do that," said Brenda with a sigh.

"It's not fair to the Alpha Rho Mu men who would be left out if we were exclusive to one man," said Michelle, quoting Roger whom she had tried to enlist on the girls' side. "We girls have to spread ourselves around, I know."

"We did agree to that," said Brenda with a smile to the boys who were making signs after them, Alfie, a Sigma, tracing out the shape of a womanly body for his friends, not knowing that Brenda could see him in the office window glass as they passed. "After all, the Alphas do pick up all our bills, don't they, for makeup, clothes, perfume, shoes, jewellery, and, of course, the other things we girls have to have done to make us the prettiest sorority on campus."

Michelle touched her thin, bobbed nose and also reached out to touch Brenda's perky breasts.

"I didn't get these at Dr Nettles'," protested Brenda, blushing and looking around to see who was looking at the pretty girls as they approached the lab. Luckily, the gawkers were all being cleared out by Miss Lennis, the officious helper in the university's main office.

"You weren't like that a year ago," said Michelle with a smile, as they swished and clicked down to the lab room where they could see that Mr Anderson had preceded them.

"I'm just reacting to the pills more quickly than some others," said Brenda.

"The pills?" asked Michelle. "But they were to ..."

"To make us as beautiful and shapely as the other girls," said Brenda with a smile at her naïve sister. "That's why Rachel and the others make us take so many. And they aren't birth control pills, as Sylvia said they were, ei-

ther. They're hormone pills, Michelle, and one day soon, you're going to sprout little titties like me and one day you'll have a figure like Rachel!"

"Ooo, I'd love to be like her!" said Michelle in amazement. "You mean that all the pills we've been taking from the very start ..."

"I thought you didn't know," said the blonde girl, tossing her blonde, wavy hair as she saw that the girls had been noticed from the classroom. There was that sign again of how shapely and attractive she and Michelle were. "When I realized I was sprouting what I thought I never would, I couldn't believe it. I had to talk to Rachel about what I was going to do, what I had to wear, and she was the one who told me frankly what I was taking, the pills, that will make all of us just like the seniors. She said it was their gift to us, the younger girls, and they pass on what they used. Do you believe that?"

"Oh, yes, the older girls are so good to us!" giggled Michelle as a boy named Zeke held out a white coat to her and invited her and her pretty 'sister', the sorority girls were called that, to join his group in doing the lab.

"Just imagine if you were going out with any boy," whispered Brenda as Michelle 'made eyes' at Zeke, "and he didn't know that you were a Rho girl, as the Alphas do. You'd go too far ..."

"I wouldn't!" protested Michelle, deliberately wiggling her tush and smiling at Zeke. "It would be so wonderful, though, wouldn't it, to be kissed by a boy who really did think that you were a girl all the way. It would mean a lot more than the kisses we get from Alpha men. Imagine you and Andy, hand-in-hand, he bringing you home and stopping along the way to steal kisses ..."

"It would be terrifying!" whispered Brenda. "Some day, he'd feel you up ..."

“And I’d have my breasts, my T and A, done by then,” hissed Michelle back to her friend, doing a little, girlish dance, drawing Brenda into joining her, and the other, smiling girl did it.

“You’d let a boy who didn’t know,” murmured Brenda, “touch you and you would go too far, or he wouldn’t stop when you worked him up!” She shuddered in her pretty, swishy dress, loving the feel of it about her legs. “You would be in danger!”

“No,” laughed Michelle, pouting over her shoulder at Zeke, waiting for her to wiggle over and sit with him in class. “I’d never let it go that far! I’d be clever about it. But I would enjoy myself! I really do want to go out with some guy who has no idea who I really am! I do!”

Brenda knew that much of that was Michelle just teasing her. It wasn’t going to be. Rho girls were the most loved and cosseted girls at State, she’d learned from the older girls in the sorority. And some of the girls did find boys who wanted to be their ‘one and only’. Just look at Karen Hudson! What a revelation she had been to all the girls in the house, when she, an alumna, had visited them!

All the girls giggled about the ‘birth control pills’ they had to take, at times, and wonder what would happen if one of the older girls, who seemed to take less than they did, were ever to get pregnant. But, of course, that would never happen, they’d thought, until one day, Karen, a grad from the sorority, married to a former Alpha, naturally, had brought in her new daughter to show everyone. She’d been so motherly, even showing the other girls how she breastfed her lovely Danielle.

Several girls had staggered away from the royal send-off they gave Karen, her daughter in her arms, her husband, Frank, grinning away as he had his arm about

her. He'd taken Karen and Danielle over to the Alpha fraternity to show them off some more.

"I want to be just like her," Melanie, a third year Rho girl had said then. She was so promiscuous, more so than most; but all the girls were, in a way, or they wouldn't have been part of the sorority. "I want a husband, and a daughter. I want to be another Karen, another Mrs Hudson!"

The other girls had all laughed at the way Melanie spoke, teasing her then about her multiple bed partners each night. Melanie tossed her mane of chestnut hair over her thin shoulders and arms and smiled at all the teasing. "Maybe, I'll marry, get divorced, and so on. How many husbands did Elizabeth Taylor or Zsa Zsa Gabor have? I'll beat the pair of them and have four lovely kids along the way!"

"What a horrible dream!" Brenda had said to her friend, Michelle, shuddering as she said it.

"You just want a man to fall in love with you and exclude all others from your bed?" asked Michelle, laughing as they had seen it in all the girls of their group and even in the group ahead of them. They were all daydreamers, dreaming of the good times they thought that they could have since they had joined the sorority as full members. Now they would all be dreaming of the time when they would be mothers with babies now that they'd seen Karen again. "Before or after your career as a dancer in a stage show on Broadway?"

Brenda had laughed good-naturedly as she always did. "That won't ever happen," she said as she always did when Michelle teased her about her secret dream.

Michelle wasn't about to let Brenda know what she wanted out of life. All that she knew was that everything they were doing in school now wasn't going to be of any

help in the future she hoped was waiting for her, if her breasts would only grow and she could stop using the false front that she did.

“Ooo, it’s dissections!” said Brenda, waking the day-dreaming Michelle, and bringing her back , away from her dream of young men, trying to entice girls like the two of them into their beds, or at least to take down their panties for them. Brenda was grimacing and looking even prettier and more feminine as she stared at the dissections set aside for the girls.

“So we let the boys do that part and we squeal a lot,” said Michelle meaningfully. The two girls had to giggle a lot then which only made their lab partners, Zeke and his friend, smile and say that they were acting just like girls, which only made Michelle and Brenda giggle some more.

Granger and Will were upperclassmen, Alphas, of course, who didn’t usually deign to notice that frosh and sophs even existed.

“Rachel asked us to talk to you,” said Brenda sweetly. Michelle loved Brenda’s voice. She could make it sound as if she was a little girl, and when she curled a blonde wave in her fingers, she looked like any of the blonde bombshells that they’d all seen in old movies. Some boys were mistaken into thinking that Brenda was a dumb blonde but she wasn’t at all. Look what she had just revealed to Michelle about the pills they took.

“We both have dates tonight,” said Granger, curling his upper lip.

“About the Debutantes’ Ball,” said Michelle as Brenda had begun to turn away, the tray with just a salad and water on it, wavering in her lovely, manicured hands. “Do you mind if we sit here with you and Will, Granger?” Michelle went on, sitting next to the handsome jock who

was rarely in Gamma Rho House, and only seemed to come to the events that he absolutely had to.

Granger pulled a face while Will looked interested. "Come on, Grange," he said to his friend, waving to the girls to sit down opposite the boys. Michelle noticed that many of the girls and guys present were watching them. Brenda had her head down and was blushing but she didn't have to, thought Michelle smugly. Look at that sea of boys out there, wishing they were Alphas and could talk to and have lunch with girls from Gamma Rho.

Look at all the girls as well, Michelle mused, smiling and crossing her legs in the loose skirt that she'd worn to attract boys' eyes as she flicked it flirtily about her 'nude' stockings as she swished across the courtyards of the university. The girls were looking at her openly, wishing they were as pretty and as well madeup as her. So many wanted to be her, Michelle knew, wondering, perhaps fantasizing, at the idea of being a Gamma Rho like Brenda and her, and attending the fabulous parties at Rho House that the Gamma girls put on for the Alpha males exclusively.

"Bryan said that we have to organize the lesser Rushes," said Will with a smile, watching the girls' every move, the way that they crossed their legs, smoothed their dresses beneath them and smiled so prettily at the Alpha men. "We have to find out who will go all the way and become pledges ..."

"We are not going to make guys who just want to be Alphas go through that degrading spectacle again of a so-called Debutantes' Ball," Granger Aitken, son of one of the trustees of State, said angrily but in a very low tone.

Brenda's fork wavered on its way to her mouth, her hand beginning to shake as she stared at the Alpha male.

"The whole idea of men having to dress up like pretty dolls and prance around a ballroom floor as girls," Granger went on while his friend, Will Merton, son of a billionaire, it was said, shushed at him, "makes my stomach turn."

"Grange," gasped his friend. "You told Bry that ..."

"That I'd challenge the pledges," said Granger Aitken, glowering at his friend as the two girls looked at the two men with ever-widening eyes. "Well, we will. We'll get them out in a half-marathon, see how they are with my father's horses over the jumps, set up some intelligent scavenger hunts and shoot some baskets, maybe. We haven't won the Greek Sports Week, what, in ten years; ever since this thing, making the pledges appear as debutante girls at a ball, began."

"Grange, it's a tradition," whispered Will. "And it's a tradition that the girls of Gamma Rho help us to make sure that the pledges, who'll be the debutantes, look, sound and behave like real debutantes. We want the consultants to the fraternities who always check us to be impressed."

"Hazing is banned," said Granger harshly, his voice rising.

"We're not hazing anyone!" hissed Will, looking around and shaking his head at some of the people who were looking at the Alphas arguing, the silent Gamma girls looking on in clear distress.

"The, the consultants," said Michelle, keeping her voice to the barest of whispers, "aren't supposed to know ..."

"Well, they shall know this year," said Granger forcefully, actually sneering at Michelle, who felt shivers coursing through her body at the look in his eyes. "I intend to let them know just what is going on." He dropped his

voice for the last sentence as he seemed to understand that they were putting on something of a show.

“Ra-Rachel,” began Brenda timidly, opening the outer pocket of her purse, “g-gave us an agenda th-that we sh-should f-follow ...”

Will reached over and took it from her hands, denying Granger’s lunge to take the document from Brenda’s hands.

“Set a definite date for the Debutante’s Ball,” read Will as he unfolded the paper that Brenda had kept deliberately far from Granger Aitken’s hand so that Will would be able to seize it first. “Well, we can do that, Granger, can’t we?” Will said with a jovial smile to reassure those staring at them that all was still well between Alpha and Gamma Rho.

“I don’t want to do anything with this effing Ball,” snapped Granger, “and, if you’re going to follow an agenda laid out by an effing girl like Rachel Porter ...” There was a definite sneer in his voice, making his awful words so much more hurtful to the two girls staring at him.

“Is it your effing objection, Grange,” said the cool, sweet voice that the other girls had heard that morning floating down the stairs to them, “that the effing girl in question is effing some other Alpha male and not effing you at all? You should tell her and set up a date with her if that is what you effing think.”

Granger’s face worked with fury as a red-haired girl leaned forward against him and put a lunch tray on the table between Will and him. He hadn’t seen Rachel, for it was she, and Gordon, the bio science wonk, working their way between the tables to join the little committee sitting a little apart from the crowd for the privacy they would need in talking about pledges.

Without waiting for the young man to invite her, Rachel slipped her rounded hips and tush onto Granger's lap as he pulled back from the table. Her arms went around Granger's neck and her lips caressed his as if she had been longing to do that for a long time, her passion in the kiss seeming to be unforced.

"Hey!" whimpered Gordon then, looking like a boy of five or six, who'd just lost his ice cream cone to someone much older and stronger than him.

"Don't blubber, Gordie," snapped Granger, standing and unhanding the smiling, beautiful girl whose breasts were bouncing against him. She managed to kiss his lips or his face several times before he got her hands off him and deposited her in Will's lap. Will put an arm delightfully about Rachel and accepted her kiss with one equally as passionate as the kiss she'd given Granger.

"I'm not going to be part of this any more," hissed Granger across the table, smirking at the clear distress on the younger girls' faces. Even Gordon seemed to be stunned at what he heard from his fellow Alpha. "When my father gets home this weekend, I'm going to tell him ..." he looked meaningfully at all the girls.

Only Rachel seemed unimpressed. She wiggled on Will's lap, murmuring delightedly as Will rocked her tush against his, well, his nether regions. "Oh, yes, Will, yes," she cooed at her latest conquest. "Since Grange doesn't want to have me right here on the cafeteria floor, how about you and I ..."

"Hey!" objected Gordon. "You said, Rachel, that, after lunch, we would do it again ...!" Gordie's voice faded and he went bright red and ducked down as Granger got up and stalked off, his face like thunder.

"I thought he'd never leave," said Rachel brightly as she slid off Will's lap and onto Gordon's. The boy looked

like he was in a trance, a delighted trance, as Rachel took his hands and put them around her while she made a meal of her partner's mouth.

"Look out!" whispered Brenda and Michelle together and Rachel slipped out of Gordon's hands just as Mr Anderson and Miss Williams, another lecturer in Biosciences came into the cafeteria, looking a little askance at the passage Granger was making out through the line of kids still trying to come in.

"Ah, Miss Porter," said the senior lecturer, even though he was only a couple of years older than most of the students in the cafeteria. "Upsetting Mr Aitken by paying attention to two other swains? Not the kind of games students should play at this college, Miss Porter, and," Andy Anderson glanced at Brenda and Michelle, more at Brenda of course, "it isn't the type of conduct that an experienced," he stressed the word, making it sound very spine-tingling to the younger girls, "girl like you should be teaching to the younger girls."

"Oh, those are Gamma Rho girls, Mr Anderson," said the woman with Andy. "Those girls," she made the word sound as if described harlots or whores or something, thought Michelle, as she trembled in excitement to be described that way, "those girls don't have anything to learn from Miss Porter about Alpha House boys. They come out of Pledge Week and they're flat on their backs for that kind of boy."

"Steady on, Caroline," Andy said then as the girls all looked at him with spiked interest, loving the way he defended them. They all knew, after all the reputation the girls of Gamma Rho had in the university and all of it was true. "My apologies, ladies! Enjoy your lunches with your," he grinned at Gordon, "with your boy friends. Oh, and ladies and gentlemen," he was looking at Rachel and

Gordon in particular as he said it, "you should clean your faces of all the lipstick you're all wearing!"

Rachel grinned while the two boys were flushing again as the lecturers went off, Miss Williams still going on about the promiscuous reputation of all girls in Gamma Rho Sorority.

"Whew," gasped Will as the lecturers moved away. "I thought that Granger might, might have told them ..."

"That we are planning the Debutantes' Ball this year," said Rachel quickly as Gordon's eyes were opening wide as she wriggled some more on his rising erection. The poor sap would be ejaculating very soon and would be holding her even more tightly if she didn't stop him.

"You're on our committee, Gordie," Rachel said then, easing off his lap, but still kissing his eager lips. "I think that you should be the chairman, don't you, Will?"

Will looked at her in astonishment. "Well, if Granger doesn't want it," he began and stopped there as Rachel took Gordie's hand and held it between her lovely legs so that he could fondle her dark stockings where no-one could see him.

"You'll be busy with that problem," said Rachel meaningfully. "We have to do something about Granger and about Shaun Bottfeld, whose becoming a real nuisance in the upper halls of Rho House."

"Those are pretty powerful, influential families, Rachel," said Will, with a worried look on his face.

"Propose doing something to Bryan and see what he says," said Rachel with a smile. "When he says that there's nothing Alpha can do, suggest that he leave the problem up to us girls of Gamma Rho. We know how to take care of boys like Shaun and Granger."

“Not Granger,” said Will quickly. “His father will raise bloody murder ...”

“Over a boy who’s given up all his material possessions, renounced the world and gone off to become a Trappist monk, joined an ashram, a colony of beatniks, if one of those still exists,” said Rachel with a smirk as she clamped her lovely legs and short skirt over Gordie’s hand where the only thing that it could do was to reach into her panties.

“They wouldn’t buy that,” said Will, still looking quite worried. Brenda extended her lovely hand to take his and he smiled momentarily. “He’d be the kind to run off to join the army, the navy, the air force.”

“Not all three,” Michelle had to put in. “Ooo, don’t forget Shaun as well. I was telling Brenda how he grabbed me and pushed me face down into the cushions of the chesterfield at the top of the stairs.”

Will shook his head and looked sad at what he heard while Gordie looked like the news about Shaun Bottfeld was actually turning him on.

“He took down my panties and he raped me,” murmured Michelle. As she expected there was a reaction from Rachel right away.

“Ooo, Gordie, look at you!” Rachel said as if in disgust. “You’ve come all over your pants, you silly boy!” She took the sting out of her words as she snuggled against him and kissed him.

The erstwhile Chairman of the Pledge Activities Committee put his arm about the fourth year girl and stroked her bra, making her lovely bosom rise and fall girlishly as he tried to arouse her to a similar climax as he had just had with her.

"Let's get the timeline set up for now, Mr Chairman," said Rachel between wet kisses planted on her with increasing passion by the boy besotted with her. "We need the list of candidates constructed by this weekend, Will, as Brenda was to tell you. We will need to have the pledge candidates in the house for three weeks, at minimum, before the ball."

"Three weeks?" asked Will in surprise. "In my day, the pledges were only taken away for a week."

"We've a lot more to do," said Rachel sweetly over her shoulder to him as Gordon nuzzled lasciviously on her long, lovely, neck.

"But ...?" asked Will with a frown.

"Bryan wants physicals and changes made as soon after the ball as possible," said Rachel. "Older girls like Michelle, who need a little T and A work, will have it done before Pledge Week. Doc Nettles has a new partner, a former Gamma Rho herself, and she's eager to get started on the Debs and any girl we had to pass over for whatever reason."

"Ooo, goody," said Michelle, hardly having to fake the excitement that Rachel would expect from her. "I want titties just like yours, Rachel."

Rachel grinned. "Just because Gordie's getting so hot," she said, "means that these," she touched herself and jiggled her breasts against Gordie, making the poor man begin to hyper-ventilate in his excitement, "are pretty good, natural as well, with the help of you-know-what."

Michelle shivered as Will looked interested. No, she did not want to discuss hormone pills in front of the older student. Let him tell her how large a breast he thought that girls like Brenda and she should have. But if Brenda had sprouted now, as she'd said, shouldn't she just wait a

while? She didn't have to rush in to the permanent augmentation of her chest and tush, did she?

The boys liked her, Michelle, well enough as it was, anyway, even if her 'treasure chest' wasn't real and her body was tugged and pulled in all directions to make her appear to be the woman the boys she knew wanted her to be.

"But some guys like them a lot bigger," smirked Will. "Oh, not me, I assure you girls. I like a girl whose, well, all natural like Rachel and Paulette. It's well worth waiting for, isn't it, Rachel?"

Rachel didn't answer for a few moments as Gordie, having come or not, his pants were black and difficult to tell, still had his hand clamped beneath the older girl's skirt.

"I, I think so," burbled Rachel. "Look, girls and Will, Gordie and I have to go and get a room, probably back in Alpha House. Get the list of pledges that Bry and the boys want us to work on and we'll check them out as well. Ooo, ooo, Gordie, that's wonderful, but we have to stop a moment or two till we get back to ..."

The pair of lovers staggered off, Gordie supporting his amorous girl friend while everyone, across first the cafeteria, and then the courtyards that led to Alpha House, smiled or looked in disgust at the obvious need the lovers showed for getting inside and copulating as man and woman.

"You can't be serious, Rachel," said her best friend, Emma, who shared the bedroom with her. "You can't be expecting girls like us to do what we do to guys who really piss us off."

“Oops!” laughed Rachel. “Such language from the future star of Las Vegas stage shows!”

Emma, a girl with short, black, shiny hair and vivid makeup, stuck out her tongue at the girl who slept beside her on nights when one or another didn’t have a man inside them. That night wouldn’t be one of those, Emma knew. In fact, these days, it was only the rare afternoon nap that caught the girls in the same room and trying to sleep.

“We have to do something about Shaun,” said Rachel, shaking her long, red hair in the mirror, frowning as she began to paint her lovely face with a heavier mascara and eye liner about her eyes to make them as vivid as Emma could do so easily.

“I agree with that,” said Emma. “He grabbed me when Bertie Boy just left me to have a little privacy while he phoned home. I had to scream so bloody loud that it was lucky for Shaun that I didn’t bring the campus police in here. Since he had my panties and gaff off me, I would have had a lot of bloody explaining to do.”

“You’re trying to sound English, aren’t you?” asked Rachel with a giggle. “Oh, yes, Bertie doesn’t want his mistress whoring around the Vegas Strip, does he?”

“I shouldn’t have told you that,” said Emma, snapping her makeup purse shut.

“I’m glad it bothers you,” said Rachel, still finding it hard to hold in her amusement at the refined, girlish accent that her friend had acquired. “You can’t accept a proposal of marriage to a far distant cousin of the English Queen. You can’t be Lady Bertie Boy while all of us other girls have to stay here and swing around, on poles and the like, to get men to even notice we exist.”

“I know one way to make sure that they know you exist,” said Emma, with a chuckle.

There was a tap on the door and it was Penny, as they'd expected it would be, to bring them news that they didn't really want to hear. "I don't know how he got past all the girls I had on lookout," Penny said apologetically. "I checked off all the girls and then it was that we noticed that Alison was missing."

"Is she all right?" asked Rachel anxiously, knowing that the girls who had been 'on duty', laughing and giggling over it, had really been bait, waiting, if only they knew it for Shaun Bottfeld to strike at one of them again.

"She's hurt," said Penny grimly. "Cathy wanted to take the scalpel to him right there in Alison's room. But we can't do that to an Alpha, can we? Think what they'd do to us girls!"

"If they ever found out," said Rachel grimly to the serious-minded, third year girl who was very popular with the 'geeks' of Alpha House. Penny should have been called Pretzel as she could twist her body into incredible shapes around a man. Making love to her was something that several men said they couldn't live without. She'd already been approached for marriage and an expensive wedding but, so far, she hadn't been able to commit to just one man, and the Frat loved her even more for that.

"He's an Alpha!" gasped Penny, her eyes widening in shock.

"Not any more," said Rachel quietly as Emma rose gracefully beside her and nodded her lovely dark hair and the long, long earrings that she wore. "We have a new Gamma Rho girl, a volunteer, 'Elizabeth'!"

"Oh!" gasped Penny, her well-outlined eyes opening wide. "Oh, did the boys let us have him to ourselves?"

"Yes," Emma told Penny with a smile. "The boys agreed that we could do what we liked to 'her'!" The last word was emphasized with a huge smile.

“Oh, goodie, goodie, goodie,” said Penny, laughing and dancing on the spot. “Oh, this is going to be so much fun.”

“Yes,” said Emma smugly, not letting on at all that she hadn’t liked the other decision the Alphas had made. “And Elizabeth is going to have a sister as well and the two of them will be all ours for as long as it takes to make them sisters of Gamma Rho! But one thing, Penny, we are not to talk about this with Alpha men. The frat council wants to keep this quiet for a while.”

“Who’s the other one?” asked Penny eagerly. “Ooo, this is going to be hard on all the girls to keep quiet when we are getting a sister! I heard Rob and Gerry,” they were senior Alphas who had Penny on their frequent visitor list, “say that there going to be at least twelve debutantes this year as well for us to help them with. And there’s Elizabeth and who?”

“However many there are, we’ll run them together,” said Rachel, ignoring Penny’s questions. Rachel checked her makeup for the umpteenth time, a nervous gesture. Oh yes, her leather skirt and tiny top that exposed every curve of her body, along with the overly glitzy makeup she had on, would intrigue the two captives. But Penny didn’t need to know that.

The older debutantes would be calling her Madame Rachel within an hour, she was certain. They’d emulate her in every way that they could, finally, weeks later, before she was finished with them. Oh yes, they’d look in a mirror as Rachel was and they would see a girl like Rachel looking back at them. That would pay them back for not being gentle male lovers which was what all the girls wanted.

“Twelve,” Penny persisted, returning to the subject of debutantes and the girls she had to organize to make

them behave as debs were suppose to. She smiled and shook her head as she looked at her long, dangling earrings in the mirror. "We've never had more than six or seven, before, have we?"

"No," agreed Rachel. Rho was the smallest of all the sororities along Greek Street, and of course, they were the most exclusive. "But you know Gerry and Rob best." She smiled at the blush that came to Penny's face as she said that. So the girl was involved in a threesome with that randy pair. She'd soon learn, the younger girl, that it didn't work well, not with guys as anal as the Alpha guys were, to have too many of them on your string.

"I have to use a lot more men than usual in prepping the debs and Gerry and Rob should really help. I bet," went on Rachel sweetly, linking her arm with her lovely sister, "that when the duds wash out, as they always do, we'll find ourselves with just six debutantes that we have to transform. It isn't going to be so time-consuming that you'll have to cut down on your sessions with Gerry or Rob."

Yes, thought Rachel as she and Penny skipped along the upper hallway to where Elizabeth had been cached, they'd have to poll all the girls again about the Alpha men. Yes, the sorority needed the strongest, the most playful, the gayest, if the truth be known, of their Alpha lovers. No, not to reform them as they sometimes did to boys who didn't live up to their boyish duties and treat the girls as properly as they should. No, they needed the mentally toughest of boys this time for payback.

Yes, Elizabeth and Marilyn, yes, Granger deserved a name like Marilyn. She'd soon be a perfect Marilyn in body once Doc Nettles got his hands on her. Oh, he'd love that so much. He and the new surgeon at the clinic would soon have the exact double of a woman whom everyone loved. Ooo, the men of Alpha House would love her even

more as soon as she learned that she would be an exclusive lay for them.

Rachel could almost hear Marilyn begging to be freed from her torments. How Rachel would laugh as she dominated the pair of new girls and made sure that their lives would be devoted to giving men sexual pleasure with their beautiful, almost all womanly bodies. After all, she and all her sisters had learned that themselves, hadn't they, from the men and women who had come before them.

Many a night Rachel had lain in her bed, weeping and thinking even of suicide as the only way out of the awful predicament she was in. And then it had been Alan Fox, she thought dreamily, who'd entered her bed and drawn her close to him. No, he hadn't made love to her, right away, forcing her face-down in her pillow while he had his way with her, as the other boys did, not caring that she didn't want to be a 'she'.

No, Alan had kissed her and held her and stroked her gently. He'd whispered to her how lovely that she was. He'd kissed her finally so nicely and so gently. He'd moved into his room so that he was there when she woke up. He chose all the dresses she had to wear and the sexiest of female lingerie that she had beneath her swishing dresses. Oh, yes, the memory of the dresses about her legs, the stockings she had to wear and the garter belts, all so awful then but now she couldn't do without them, not after Alan and how he'd made 'her' feel when she wore them for him.

Then, most riveting and awful of all at first, he'd taken her outside the sorority house and had introduced her to other girls as 'Rachel Porter', his, Alan's, new girl friend. Well, how could she not try to be girlish, possibly exactly as he'd planned, as she had to go on shopping trips with

her new girl friends, to parties with Alan and, of course, to bed with him.

Rachel soon spread her legs and let him inside her after a week, he refusing to let her blow his pecker as he wouldn't hers, either. No, he wanted her to be the sweetest girl ever, he said, and he kissed and stroked her tush and thighs all the time that he slowly, gently slid into her.

Rachel was a girl forever after that. Well, a special girl, a Rho girl, and when Alan graduated and she still had two years left to study, she didn't mind at all the summer job that Alan found for her in his 'gentleman's club' as a skimpily dressed cocktail waitress. Only then did she find that the 'girls' who had coaxed her into being such a girlie girl for Alan were all girls like she was, graduate or older members of the sorority in which she was still mired after Alan brought her back.

Oh yes, Rachel had found the Alphas so different when she looked at them from a feminine perspective and made them treat her as their girl friend, making them bring her flowers, chocolates and frilly underwear when they wanted to date 'her'. Now, she enjoyed the rougher, stronger boys and she knew that they loved her, particularly after the changes made in her by Dr Nettles.

Oh, she was still the girl she had always been, only now she had female attributes that all of her lovers wanted to play with so much. She was excited and aroused from morning till night, she was finding. Marilyn and Elizabeth didn't know what they were missing. She was soon going to teach them.

"Unbelievable," said Bryan Fairfax, smirking as he often did, to Will Merton and Gordie Fields, the chairman of

the Pledge Week Activities committee. "I didn't believe that all of them would show up!"

"They don't know what's going to happen to them," said Will Merton, staring over at the second, silent group of six boys who were clearly tense at the prospect of becoming part of the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity. "When we tell them, half of them will stampede for the doors. You watch."

"You're probably right," said Bryan Fairfax with a frown. He was looking at a smaller, fair-haired first year as he said it and the boy almost cried at the way that Bryan looked at him. "Unbelievable!" he muttered again. "Look at her, in tears already!"

The meeting was saved, so to speak, by the entrance of the Gamma Rho girls. They always did make a grand entrance wherever they went in numbers and this was no exception. Rachel led the way, swishing her petticoated dress most femininely as she closed in on Gordon first, to whom she gave a kiss that rattled the chairman, Will Merton could see. He'd be of no use to them any more, the Council member thought, in the state of excitement and bliss that Gordie was in. Then, it was Bryan's turn and the sweetness of Rachel's kiss, never mind the bouncing of her boobies against him, seemed to turn him to mush as well. But who could really tell with Bryan? He was quite a faker in his own way, Will knew from experience.

Will Merton was startled as Brenda swished nervously over to him. She hugged him and he felt her soft cheek on his. "You, you don't mind ..." she whispered softly as the 'pledges' were watching them, open-mouthed in surprise. Of course, Will didn't mind. He did what he had wanted to do at that very first meeting of the so-called Pledge Week committee. No, it wasn't all for show to the pledges that they were trying to impress. But Brenda's mouth was so sweet on his. He felt her thin arm curl around his neck

and, for the longest time, he couldn't have said how long, he was lost in the kiss of the deliciously fragrant blonde girl.

In the meeting with the other group of six new pledges, Will had kissed Emma, who was experienced and knew how to fake it. But, with Brenda, Will felt the excitement rise in him and knew that she, like him, wasn't faking it at all as she kissed him so sweetly, inviting him to possess her mouth so wonderfully.

"Enough, Will," said Bryan, at last, holding on to a giggling Michelle. "We do have a meeting to get through."

"All right, all you darling boys," said Rachel, swaying seductively and pushing a trembling, shaken Gordie back onto his seat, "come up close and we'll tell you all about something that we girls call the Debutantes' Ball."

The pledges moved up eagerly enough, at the invitation, but they seemed to recoil back as Rachel explained precisely what was going to happen to them in Pledge Week. She made it very clear that the highlight of the week would be the presentation of each of those there, those who succeeded, success was not defined for the moment, as female debutantes to the whole Alpha fraternity. And they were all to be passable. The men weren't to know that their partners were also men at the dance where the debutantes would be the belles of the ball.

"We, we have to dress up as girls?" gasped the one whom Bryan had accused already of being ready to cry.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Rachel with a giggle. She clicked on the slide show from the projector, as Emma had shown the previous, stunned group of six. The Alpha logo disappeared and a string of photos of famous men in dresses followed, most smiling and posing for the camera.

"These are baseball players, football players, even hockey players in dresses in public," Rachel went on with a lovely smile at the pledges' shocked faces. "You must have seen these in the newspapers from time to time. Hideki Matsui of the Yankees looks really sweet, doesn't he, and no-one thinks the worst of him for being a good sport as a rookie on his club."

"It's, it's hazing!" said the smallest guy in the room belligerently. He'd been the first one in, Will had noted. Now, he was shaking his head, clearly disturbed, and about to tell them that he wouldn't do it, not at all.

"It's not a terrible thing to wear a woman's dress," said Rachel, pouting over her shoulder at the half a dozen numbed men in the room. "I do it all the time." She laughed then and the other girls giggled on cue. The male Alphas in the room smiled.

"Now, it normally would be your girl friend who would help you to dress for the Debutantes' Ball," said Will easily, noting that Gordie wasn't able to rouse himself from the chair to do what he should. "Do any of you guys have girl friends at the moment?"

There was a fearful glance then of one guy to the other as they seemed to get the message that the people in front of them weren't joking about the boys dressing up as girls, as 'debutantes'.

"Ah well," said Will Merton, knowing that these boys had already been checked out on that score by other Alphas. 'No current girl friend' had been how these 'pledges' had described themselves and how the Alphas checking them out had found them to be. "Well, that's where these lovely ladies of Gamma Rho come in.

"You may not know this, you college men," he saw several of the youngest nervously straighten up their stances as he said that, "but Gamma Rho girls are pledged

only and ever, while here at State, to date and, well, to do more than that if they are so inclined, but they will date only men of Alpha Rho Mu fraternity."



Will watched the young men look over the three lovely girls who had made such an entrance into the assembly room. Brenda smiled, her lipstick mused by where she and Will had kissed so enthusiastically. It still amazed Will how he had felt when he had kissed her. He reached out and took her soft hand in his. Surprisingly, he felt that she was still trembling just as she had when she had kissed him; as he had been trembling in excitement as well as he kissed her.

“So the girls of Gamma Rho,” Will went on as he saw the awe and jealousy on different faces as he held the lovely girl beside him, “will be your mentors for this ball that you are going to be part of. They will be your girl friends for three weeks and, when they have finished with you, you will all look just like them when you come mincing out onto the dance floor!”

Now don't say I didn't warn you, thought Will Merton, looking at the way the guys in front of him were watching Michelle toss her lovely, shiny, dark hair, lift Gordon to his feet, put his hands around her, on her lovely, lovely tush, and then start to kiss him as if he, the dork of dorks, was the most exciting man on the planet.

“Oh, and one more thing,” said Will easily, as he had said it to the first shuddering, nervous group of pledges that he'd talked to. Gordie had been busy fondling Melanie's tush in his lap as the first display and first group had gone on. “You'll see that this group is only half the size it once was. Yes, we've split you into two so that the girls who specialize in makeup and coaching can work with more than one of you. For a time, this group has the possibility of six debutantes but some will still fall out, you often do, at this stage.

“Now, as you going through this rite of passage,” Will stared hard at the little, belligerent one who seemed about to protest 'hazing' again, “Gamma Rho has its own rite

going on at the same time. Yes, there are other beautiful young ladies who will be debutantes at the same ball as you guys who are working to be new sisters in Gamma Rho. They have a lot of tasks to perform, but they're not much different from those that you will.

"Very likely, they'll know about what you guys are doing, and think you're all such great sports for going through what they are going through in part. They'll be your first dates, if you make it as Alpha men. It is a custom that our pledges and the new Rho girls get together socially for their first, well, let's call them, their first dates!"

Admonished never to talk about what was expected of them, "the ball would be no surprise then," six chastened, nervous men left the meeting room in Alpha House and the 'bloodhounds' were set on their trail as the first group had also had trackers attached to them.

"You got to be the world's biggest liar, man," said a giggling Gordon as Michelle rolled her eyes and pressed her padded body against him.

"Gordie, Gordie," said Will angrily. "I did not say one word of an untruth to either of these groups. "By the time we get to the ball, there will be debutantes, who will be young ladies in dress and deportment, trying out for positions in Gamma Rho Sorority; and yes, those young ladies will have our pledges as their first dates."

"But our real pledges," Gordie had to go on with another of his giggles, "are already being initiated into the charms of the so-called girls of ..."

"Not another word, Gordie," said Bryan angrily, disentangling himself from Rachel's lovely body and the armchair into which he had descended with her.

Gordon Fields stepped back a little, still holding on to Michelle as the more forceful, stronger Alphas bore down

on him, the other girls looking at one another in feminine bemusement in the background.

"I think we made a mistake in letting this dork into our frat," said Bryan, his anger barely contained as he shoved Gordie.

"Hey!" gasped Gordie, tightening his grip on Michelle's slender waist. "I got the whole effing frat through Bio, Chem and ..."

"I think Gordie needs to sample the charms of the girls of the Rho Sisterhood in a more intimate setting, Mr President," said Rachel, rising with feminine, female grace. Being a Rho girl, she wasn't allowed to call Bryan Fairfax 'brother' as the Alpha men could. "It's up to you, Bryan, but we have two new girls, Marilyn and Elizabeth, who've made special application to become Rho sisters. Gordie could help us to entertain and evaluate them for membership in Gamma Rho Sorority. We could see how well they entertain a sensitive, passionate man like Gordie Fields."

"Gordie?" asked Will Merton with a frown, wondering what Rachel was hinting at.

"Yeah," said Bryan Fairfax, with a funny grin. "Gordie should join the party over in Rho House, shouldn't he?"

"I'd like that too," said Michelle with a pout that made Gordie shiver with excitement as he looked at the adorable girl beside him.

"Take him to your room first, darling Michelle," said Rachel, tossing her gleaming red hair so femininely. "We'll find you there."

Bryan raised his eyebrows and looked about to say something about girls getting uppity, ordering Alpha men around. It was a constant theme of his lately.

"This is getting preposterous, Bryan," Rachel began, Michelle trilling gaily as she went off with the Pledge Week Chairman. Rachel opened her purse and re-applied her lipstick watching Will Merton speculatively as she did so. "Gordie is getting impossible."

"That's why we do to him what we're doing to Shaun and Granger," said Bryan Fairfax darkly, even though a shocked Will was frowning at him and shaking his head. "We can't have Gordon popping off in public just as we couldn't have Grange, either."

"But we can't keep on doing this, Bryan," protested Rachel, still studying Will Merton as if waiting to hear him object. "Twelve pledges! Two really tough changes outside the debutante story line! The youngest girls out for months if we let them go through the surgeries and, or, T and As, that you guys want them to have."

Bryan grinned and turned to Brenda, beginning to breathe rapidly as he stared at the blonde's moving chest. "You want to have some work done by Doc Nettles or Doc Jane, don't you, Brenda?"

Brenda stared, her exquisitely madeup eyes, thickly fringed with dark lashes despite her blonde beauty, appearing to be troubled and nervous, as she was addressed by the most powerful, in name at least, Alpha male.

"Yes," Brenda finally murmured, her eyes downcast as she shivered. She continued shivering even as Will put his arm about her and hugged her with genuine affection.

"Gordie is just being Gordie," Will began but Bryan ignored him.

"You have to attend to Gordie," snapped Bryan at Rachel. "Just add another one to the dungeon you've got ..." He paused and waited for Rachel to supply the names.

"Marilyn and Elizabeth," said Rachel with a sigh.

"Marilyn and Elizabeth stashed in," repeated Bryan with a smile. "Add another to those two you've already got there. Olivia will do fine for you, Rachel." He was smiling even more broadly as he said. "I'll get Peter," that was the 'executive secretary' of the fraternity, the one who controlled not just the purse strings but also the record keeping in general, "to prepare the records."

Peter Simpson was the smooth-talking Alpha who would deal with people like the irate Aitken father. The old man was already demanding to talk to all the people who had known his son, Granger, and could tell him why his son had decided so precipitously to go off with his National Guard unit overseas.

"So we are creating another American hero?" asked Rachel ironically. Bryan's hand lashed out at her, catching her with just a glancing blow as she fell back into an armchair.

"Hey! Steady on!" said Will Merton in alarm.

"You will do as I say, Miss Rachel Porter," Bryan Fairfax said fiercely at the beautiful girl who stared up at him with a little fear showing on her lovely face. "What will you do?"

"I will always do what my boy friend tells me I should," the red-haired girl said meekly, a shiver running through her lovely body.

Bryan gestured and she rose, like an awkward, blushing debutante, in a swish of petticoats onto her high heels. Bryan held out an arm and Rachel stepped inside his grip. She fastened her lips to his longingly, yet with a shiver, letting her boy friend, his hands reaching to unbutton the front of her dress, expose her uplifted bra and then the full breasts that her boy friend tweaked, making the girl's nipples stand to attention.

"I have to keep Rachel in line," said Bryan to the frowning Will Merton and anxious Brenda Lawrence, as his girl friend began to undo his shirt. Rachel kissed his neck and then his chest most passionately as he undid her bra and began to slide Rachel's dress from her shapely body.

"She gets to thinking that men and women are really equal," Bryan added in a sneer as Will shook his head and looked as if he was going to say something, "if I don't keep her in her proper place. And where is that, my darling Rachel?"

"Beneath you, my darling Bryan," said the red-haired girl, wiggling and letting her dress and bra fall to the floor, revealing the black panties, stockings and garter belt about her rounded tush.

Even as Will and Brenda, hugging one another intensely, watched in silence, each annoyed at or scared of the tall, Alpha male, Rachel undid her boy friend's pants and began to kiss then, all the way down Bryan's lithe body, all the way to his aroused manhood. Her lipsticked mouth was pressed by Bryan onto his rising male member as Rachel looked up as if in thrall to her 'lord and master'.

"Let's get going," said Will thickly to the soft-skinned girl beside him, who had her teary eyes averted from the display. Rachel began to squeal as she took Bryan's manhood and placed it between her breasts while Bryan, grunting and grinding, moved on top of his lovely girl friend.

"I'm not into porn and peep shows!" Will said loudly as he hugged Brenda against him and a lovely fragrance made him light-headed as she tentatively hugged him as well.

"Stay! In five minutes, we can swap girls, can't we?" panted a grinning Bryan Fairfax, admiring Brenda, even

as Rachel lay out onto a long sofa. She let her boy friend spread her legs, her panties and her gaff sliding down her legs as she wriggled and wriggled as if she was in heat or desire for her boy friend to possess her.

“Oh, lookie, lookie, lookie,” Bryan said with smirk, indicating Rachel’s exposed genital area, “at my girl friend’s lovely cookie! Ever seen a clit that big, William my lad?”

“Gods, you’re awful,” said Will Merton grimly, squeezing the blonde girl’s hand that was violently shaking in his now. A glance back showed him that Bryan was driving his manhood into the red haired girl’s tush while Rachel was squealing and begging him to bury himself inside her, she loved it so-o-o much.

“Come on, Brenda,” said Will, putting Brenda’s arm under his and leading the shaking girl out of the room. Brenda’s high heels clattered on the wood and stone of the hallway and steps as they went out of the meeting room where the ‘Do Not Enter: Meeting in Progress’ sign was still on the easel.

“I should throw that away,” said Will grimly. “But Rachel deserves a little privacy even if Bryan doesn’t!”

“Thank you,” said Brenda meekly, still clinging to Will’s arm.

“So, is it your room or mine?” asked Will then and the girl went stiff against him, her long skirt swishing noisily as she tried to sweep her arm from his. “No, I didn’t mean that as it came out,” Will went on. “I didn’t mean, let’s go somewhere and have sex.”

Brenda seemed to get even stiffer then, even though the flowery earrings dangling at her ears were quivering.

“I just wanted to talk to you about what’s happened here this afternoon and what we’re all going to be doing next,” said Will Merton. “Come with me to my room?”

Brenda hesitated and Will was sure she would run away from him. "All right," she said softly, nervously. "Let's go to your room."

"Can you believe it?" Emma asked Rachel as the sixth young man came nervously into the room. Of course, he stopped like all the others and stared at the six young lovelies whom Rachel had chosen for this particular group of boys.

"I told Bryan but he wouldn't listen," said Rachel as she and Emma smiled at the nervous guy whom Bryan had called the crybaby of the group. He would have cut the nervous kid out of the fraternity pledges right away if Rachel hadn't mentioned to him that the boys he was choosing did fit the criteria that the fraternity really used for its male pledges.

"Twelve debutantes?" said Emma sourly. "And the clinic scheduling all the girls for checkups and new procedures!"

"And three girls that Bryan's made the Council think that we've got squirreled away in a dungeon somewhere," added Rachel with a grin.

"The Alpha boys are getting power mad!" said Emma to her Co-Mistress of Gamma Rho Sorority as the girls called those whom they gave authority to, in Rho House. "You need to talk to them again, Rachel!"

"And get another black eye?" asked Rachel. "No, thanks, Emma!"

"Bryan?" asked Emma in a whisper. Sometimes, there were girls in the house who had bruises on them from encounters with the rougher boys in Alpha. So, Rachel's

black eye hadn't been unusual, save that she was a Mistress and popular with all the leading lights of Alpha House.

"Let's not talk about it," murmured Rachel as she watched Belle, Arabella the long form of her name, slide up to the last boy to enter the Rho House dressing room. The new pledges right then didn't know the name of that room or they might have turned, one or two of them, and run from the ordeal they were going to be passing through.

Belle took the boy's hand in hers and said something that made the boy blush and try to pull his hand away. It was probably very soft and Belle had taken the opportunity to compliment the boy on how lovely and girlish his hand was.

All around the room, the boys were paired off with lovely girls in swishy dresses and ultra-fragrant, feminine perfumes.

"Do you want to do the honors?" whispered Emma in her stilted, English accent.

"I did do the last group," said Rachel, still smiling at all the boys waiting for the dreaded moment to arrive. She crossed her legs in her tight, leather skirt, watching several of the boys in front of her gulp, even as the pretty girls guided the couple standing to chairs and coaxed them into crossing their legs just like all the girls in the room.

A silence then fell on the room. All the girls began to smile and squeeze the hands of the sweating, anxious young men who were staring at the two older girls at the front. Emma rose gracefully, towering over the group. Her figure, like Rachel's, had been augmented in several places and reduced in others.

The poor debutantes, thought Rachel with a smile, knew that they were being addressed by a girl who was close to perfection, and, in one way, they were right, in another, quite wrong. But that didn't matter, really, Rachel knew, for, one way or another, in a relatively short time, every person in this room would soon be as pretty as darling Emma, and love doing all the things for her sorority, just as Emma did.

"Good morning, ladies," said Emma in her lovely, controlled soprano voice.

"Good morning, Mistress Emma," said all the girls in their high-pitched, girlish voices. The girls all nudged the boys they were with and there followed then a deeper-voiced chorus of 'Good morning, M-Mistress Emma,' across the room. Emma had to smile pointedly at the smallest of the debutantes in the room, the one who had called what they were doing, 'hazing'. And yet, there she was; yes, it was right to call her 'she', as soon all the girls who had returned to Gamma Rho House were now a member of a sorority. They just didn't know it, yet.

"Good morning, girls," said Emma, stressing the last word. "Now, the task is known to us all. We have three weeks from Saturday to turn these new girls into the most beautiful of debutantes for the Great Ball in Alpha House. From this point on, as part of the training to make our debutantes beautiful, every person in this room will be recognized and named as a girl by me and by everyone else."

There was agitation on some of the boyish faces and as far as Rachel could see, Becky was holding on to the boy she had been partnered with. He, no, 'she', if she ran away now, wouldn't have got far what with Michelle, Penny and Natasha on 'guard duty' outside the room with Mace and tasers to use as weapons of last resort. They'd definitely come in use in subduing both Elizabeth

and Marilyn. Now, with a stunned Olivia as well, the attic where the new girls were kept was positively a dangerous place.

"Mistress Emma, Mistress Rachel," said Belle, standing first, her figure pert as only a third year girl's could be. She smiled down at the boy squirming beside her. "My name is Arabella, Belle for short, and this sister of mine is to be called Christine by us all."

"Lovely," murmured Emma as one person was smiling and the other of the pair was blushing and shaking her head. "Adorable," was said to Fiona who introduced her shivering sister, Corinne. "Marvelous," greeted Naomi and her sister, Rosemary. "Beautiful," was for Astrid, a statuesque blonde, in charge of the smallest sister, the one accusing them of hazing. She, the small, furious girl, was Tanya now while Denise was introducing a blushing Heidi to them all.

Becky kept her grip on the flailing girl beside her and managed to say that she was her sister, Madeleine, before she needed help. The noise of the scuffle brought in Michelle and her smiling squad. A jab in the arm, a few baritone curses, and then Madeleine was lowered to a sofa where Becky sat beside her and gently caressed the sleeping girl's head and her own, twisted arm. The other 'new girls' stared at 'her' as if wondering if they should have been as brave as 'her'.

"There is always one, at least," said Emma with a shrug and a smile at the stiffly sitting new girls. There'd actually been two in the other group and the squad had had their hands cut out with one who was determined to bolt. "But, once you are in here, you do have to stay." Her voice dripped with sorrowful sincerity, which those already in the sorority knew was false. "We can't have you going to the press and embarrassing all the girls in here with the false stories about this rite of passage.

“So, if you ever read such stories in the future, you will know that they are false. We, members of the Gamma Rho Sorority, will always deny such stories. We want this to be your rite of passage. We want you to enjoy this rite. We never want you, ever, to be embarrassed or harassed, ever, by what we do here this week to make you into debutantes for the Grand Ball.”

A couple of close-cropped heads had dropped at those words they were all hearing. Emma waited until the message had gone home before she gave out the first instructions to the pairs of sisters.

“We always start with the baths,” Emma said, going to one of the bathroom doors and opening it. A frilly, pink robe was on the back of the door. “It’s not because you girls are not clean. We know that. But from now on, debutantes must smell like debutantes.

“So, enjoy the warm baths, girls. Luxuriate in the waters and use the creams that your sister will supply you with. And don’t be shy. The bubbles and foam will hide your dignity and what you wish to keep hidden, if you must. Okay, sisters, you have tasks to do! Becky, we’ll get Natasha to help you with Madeleine, undressing her and perfuming her!”

Of course, some of the ‘girls’ were very reluctant to be undressed, to enter the baths, or to frolic in the warm waters. They didn’t like the creams and foams that they were covered in, the sisters so cheerful and happy as they sang in girlish voices and chatted away to their new, darling ‘sisters’ who became even unhappier, or so it seemed to the Mistresses who supervised what was going on, when body hair began to disappear as the sisters wiped their ‘sisters’ down with beach towels.

“My clothes are gone!” shrieked Tanya, her pink, frilly robe, flaring open and revealing a strange sight. The lack

of hair on her thin, small body made her look like a girl of sixteen, not the twenty-year-old boy that Emma knew that she had been.

"You won't need them, your shoes, your packs, for weeks!" laughed Emma, letting Penny, returning from the garbage dump where all of the boys' clothes and other things had gone, deal with Tanya as she began screaming again when she saw what had happened to her eyebrows and facial hair.

"And so it begins," said Emma to her partner in running Rho House. "When we get past the Ball, we should see about Bryan, as well as the unholy trio upstairs. Bryan shouldn't be beating up girls like us. Peter Simpson and Will Merton will help us, I'm sure. They're always nice to me."

"You've lost Will Merton," said Rachel with a laugh. "Brenda and he have become an item, hot and heavy. She's over there now in his room."

"Oh no," said an astonished Emma. "Not today!" Behind her, there was feminine laughter and masculine sounds of surprise. There were objections galore, save from the comatose Madeleine, but the removal of body hair, the dressing in girls' panties and underwear was continuing apace.

Soon, all would be in dresses, wigs and makeup, the last chivvied ultimately by their fellow debutantes. Well, the argument would soon be made from some of the newly feminized girls, "We are doing it and we can't get out of here, except as a group, and so you should do just as we all are doing to be accepted into the most prestigious fraternity on campus!"

Yes, most would look ridiculous now at the very start of the transforming process. It would take a few days for the inhibitions to cross-dressing to be overcome. Emma

would supervise the speeding up of that process with the sleeping pills the debutantes would be given; then there'd be shots to awaken the new darlings. They'd be so groggy that they wouldn't object, hardly able to stand and walk in the skirts and high heels properly as the girls would be making them. All of the rest of the procedures would weaken their objections as would the videos of them, smiling when told to do so and clearly loving their transitions into Rho girls.

The prostheses, the false breasts and tushes that most girls wore at first would be introduced when they were all groggy in the mornings. One by one, girls in the makeup room would have wigs or hair weaves applied. Ears would be pierced and the debutantes would never again be without long, dangling earrings nor appear in anything but what they might be thinking of as 'drag'.

Taping, which the most realistic transvestite performers used, would begin and become the norm. Voices would begin to be trained. They'd sleep through lunch and a new 'day' would begin in the afternoon, as there would be another in the middle of the night. Drugs and diets would transform and quiet even Madeleine, who would most likely awaken with girlish tears at what was being done to her.

They'd done it so easily, these routines, in the last few years after having gone through it all themselves. It was just that there were so many new girls. Every girl in the sorority was having to lend a hand at some womanly task. Evelyn was organizing the makeup room, having to find girls of the right cheeriness to make the new changelings feel that it was good what they were doing. Some had become specialists with hair and others with dresses, sewing skills expanding as there just were so many tasks.

But, as Mistress Rachel reassured them all, it wasn't going to last for too long and then they would all have a

large group of new girls to assign the chores no girl liked to do. There were some other girls who were away as well, mostly last year's debutantes, in the clinic, having noses bobbed, chins and jawlines re-shaped, Adam's apple and vocal cords altered, along with brows flattened, and, in some cases, ears pinned back.

Intricate cosmetic surgery was being done now that they had the new doctor, Jane Livingstone, who had been trained in cosmetic surgery and facial feminization procedures.

Some, like Brenda, were on a schedule of their own as they 'only' needed T and A work. Brenda wasn't unconscious even for a day. It was so hard for her to contain her excitement when Dr Nettles, an older man, and Dr Jane, one of the girls like her in the past, she was excited to learn, visited her. She was able to touch her chest and she had augmented, real breasts, womanly breasts. And then Will had come to visit her and she had let him touch her, almost having an orgasm on the spot with just his hand caressing her inflated breast and nipple as they kissed.

The surgeons were spoilsports, of course, not letting Brenda and the three other girls who were with her when she had been a debutante, let their boy friends join them in bed right after their augmentations. Brenda had to stay overnight and dream, shuddering at the memories of the first tender kiss of another man on her lips. Oh, how she wished now that it had been Will. But he was 'out of her league' at that time, even if now, she finally told herself smugly, that Will Merton, so handsome, so male, and so kind to all the girls, most definitely had noticed her. Oh, yes, he had and he wanted her with a passion that matched her own girlish feelings for him.

That first time in Will's room, a first time with Will Merton, had been everything that Brenda had wanted in the short time she had been a woman. She called herself that and thought of herself as a girl even though she hadn't gone through any cosmetic surgeries at all as most of the girls of Gamma Rho had done. As she'd told Michelle, her best friend, and a girl just like she was, the hormone pills had worked on her, on Brenda's figure and especially her breasts. But she'd still loved the 'extra' that the augmentation of her breasts had given her, while her thighs and tush were positively feminine, without padding at all.

After the breast augmentation that she had, Brenda felt unbelievably feminine as her breasts were caressed by the soft bras she had to wear but she felt the movement of her breasts so thrillingly as she moved, much more so than the improvements to her tush and thighs.

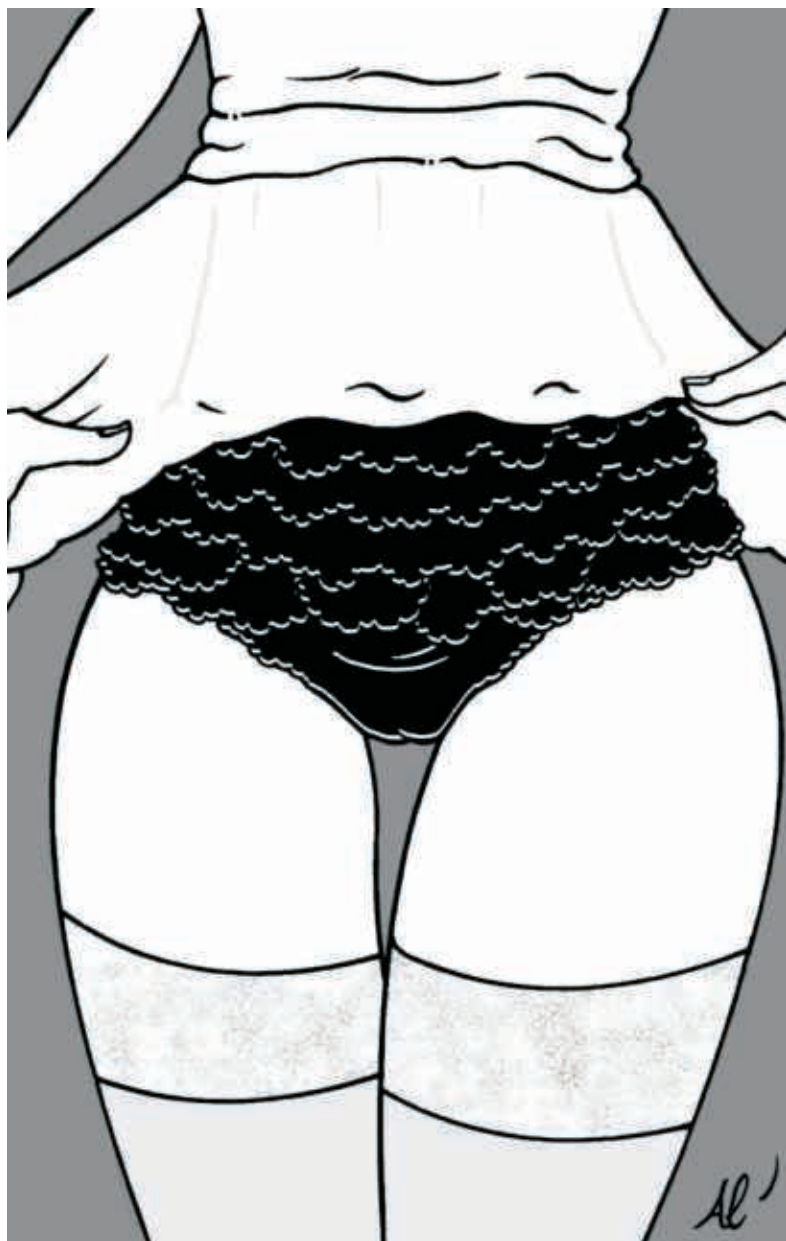
Brenda was dying to try them out on her new boyfriend, Will, but she had to take Michelle's place on the security squad as Michelle had several procedures that she wanted done by the doctors. Brenda wasn't sure that she'd even recognize her sister any more with what an excited Michelle had told her that she was going to have done to her face, as well as to her non-existent breasts and flat tush.

"Before you go off for a little R and R with Will Merton," Rachel said to Brenda, making the blonde girl flush at the casual acceptance that she was another man's girlfriend, "I want you to try this out with him."

'This' was a new artificial vagina that made Brenda shake just to look at.

"I'm wearing one now," said Rachel, lifting her dress and showing off the black, frilly panties she was wearing.

The panties slid down over the tops of her stockings and Brenda had to gasp as it did look as if Rachel had a real vagina, a woman's vagina, in place between her legs.



“The older girls used to have a supply of these,” Rachel said seriously, “when I first started here but they all seem to have disappeared. We ordered a new batch in, of all sorts, from the suppliers at the beginning of term, and it’s taken this long to get this many. Now, we’ll be having a regular, monthly order, so you can experiment with colors, pubic hair, yes and no, and right size fittings for you. Let Evelyn know as she will be the one making up the order.”

“It, it can’t be,” Brenda whispered as Rachel smiled and replaced her pretty panties and swished her dress about herself.

“It isn’t,” said Rachel, taking up the one she had given to Brenda. “See how it works on you like a gaff? You put your clit in here and he puts his pecker there and he can make himself, in fact he can make both of you, come inside there.

“I tried it with Bryan and it’s really quite thrilling. Bryan liked it as well. He likes to make me feel like a girl, and himself feel like a man. Having me from the front like this, without my clit threshing all about on his abdomen, as we’re used to, is really strange, womanly strange. See what you think, Brenda, and be prepared to tell all the other girls exactly what it’s like. Inquiring minds want to know and all that!”

Rachel said the last in imitation of Emma who was off with ‘Bertie Boy’ who was back from some field trip and ‘randy as a bull’, as he’d said to Emma. Rachel was going to bunk in Brenda’s room for the night since, with Michelle in the clinic still, and Emma engaged for at least a day until she and Bertie slaked their thirst for one another, there was an open bed for the red-haired girl.

“Do you need me to be here?” asked Brenda timidly, shaking as she thought of herself in such an undergar-

ment or device. "You are short of girls to supervise, aren't you, with all the night shifts now?"

"Don't worry about it," laughed Rachel. "I have lots of help tonight. Our debutantes are having dancing lessons in their pretty dance dresses and Bryan has sent over a dozen of the frat to help both the parties we're organizing, go along."

"I should stay and help," said Brenda with a shiver at the thought of all the boys roaming all over the house, putting their hands on the girls, especially the debutantes, who really weren't ready for male attention.

"We can handle the boys," said Rachel, taking Brenda by the hand and leading her into the loft that had a view of the dancing floor. Waltz music was coming from the speakers on the wall. Looking down, Brenda could see pairs of girls dancing together, usually one smiling and the other, a golden blonde girl, the debutante in a blonde wig, silent and struggling to move in graceful rhythm. But can you handle all the girls, came to her mind, as a question for Rachel.

Oh, thought Brenda in surprise, watching all the blonde girls in swishing cocktail dresses, all unsmiling, until Melanie, who was leading them, shrieked "Smile, girlies, smile!" at them and then all the debutantes did. What was surprising to Brenda, though, was how much the blonde girls were all trying so hard to sway to the dance music as if they were girls. The Rho girls with each, like Astrid and Fiona, of course, were dancing the male parts, making the debutantes take the girls' role all the time.

"They've come a long way in a short time," Brenda said, amazed at what she was seeing, recalling how long it had taken her to reach a level of wearing a dress, high heels, makeup and earrings, and being able to dance with

another girl, as she had thought of her partners then. These new girls put herself, Michelle and Tasha to shame. And they seemed to be trying so hard which the girls of Brenda's year had never done. They'd been so embarrassed and ashamed of what they were doing.

"I think Bryan was right about the numbers," murmured Rachel. "It's seemed to make a difference. When you're one of a big group, all doing the same thing, well, we don't have any trouble rousing our new young ladies and getting them into their panties and paint in the mornings, even Madeleine as you can see over there, being twirled by Becky. Look, she's even laughing to be twirled as a girl and look at that wiggle when she moves! She's going to be another Melanie, I do declare, darling Brenda."

"But the other group?" asked Brenda. "You need help with them and so ..."

"They're all comatose at present," said Rachel with a grin. "We'll swap them over after a couple of hours with the boys. You know how the boys like variety, don't you?"

Rachel smiled slyly and glanced at the package she'd given the blonde girl, her hair completely her own. She smiled even more at the quiver that went through Brenda and her lovely, flushed face. It was so femmy a habit. Now wonder that Will Merton found the second year girl so adorable.

"And then there'll be the usual reprobates over," Rachel went on leading Brenda back to the outer passage where they overlooked the foyer and the 'library', where a couple of younger Alphas were already waiting, "older guys just wanting to get laid. I know several who'll be asking for you, my girl, and so I'm glad that you won't be here. You've done your time with randy Alphas, looking

for something exotic. It's about time that you found out what it was like to be a real woman with a real man."

"Y-Yes," said Brenda, shivering as she saw the front door open and two more young men staggering in, one having to hold up the other. She shuddered in distaste. Such boys wouldn't be good for anything anyway if they'd drunk too much. And she would have to pretend that they were such good lovers to their faces.

Sometimes, it seemed that all women did was to fake it with their boy friends, at least that was what conclusion she and Michelle had come to. It was no wonder that Rho girls could be taken as female lovers by so many men. They'd all learned to fake their passions just as women did in the 'real' world!

Brenda trembled all over in excitement as she finally called Will Merton. Just hearing him say, "Yes?" on his phone aroused such womanly feelings inside her.

"It-It's me," she managed to whisper but Will seemed to understand her right away.

"You can be free tonight?" he asked, the delight in Will's voice evidence that he wanted to be with her as much as she wanted to be with him.

"Yes," Brenda whispered.

"Wait right there and I'll be over," said Will. He hung up so quickly that Brenda didn't get a chance to tell him that she was sharing her room with Rachel that night.

"Oh my g-goodness!" said Will Merton with a big smile as she opened the door to him. He took her hand in his and made her pirouette for him, his eyes on her cleavage which was so exposed in the low-cut, black, flirty dress that Rachel had insisted that she wear for her first 'date' since she had been augmented.

Brenda twirled, still feeling troubled by the touch of a dress on her legs, but she smiled demurely as Will wanted her to do that, loving the swishing of her dress about her lovely legs. She loved it too as Will drew her into his arms. His lips crushed hers so wonderfully. And it wasn't just that. Her breasts, yes, she could call them that from this day forward, she thought giddily, wobbled as they pressed against Will's strong, masculine chest.

"My, my, my!" whispered Will as he hugged her tightly and kissed her again, Brenda feeling a surge of feminine passion beginning to rise inside her.

"R-Rachel is, is sharing with me," she managed to gasp as Will kissed her perfumed neck in ecstasy, telling her how lovely she was and how adorable her perfume was.

"Ah, we should go over to my place," said Will, swaying with her in his arms, as delight seemed about to overwhelm her. "All right, woman," he went on smugly as she shivered so prettily at his words. "Get your purse and a nightie and panties for tomorrow and let's go off to my bachelor pad."

Brenda had been in his 'pad' the first time when he had told her that he doubted that any of the selected pledges, if they talked it over, would ever come back to be hazed as they were going to be by the older Alphas. He'd plied her with wine, putting on his large television, going through the channels until he found a movie that he'd called a 'chick flick' which he knew she would prefer.

It had been on the tip of Brenda's tongue to tell him that the basketball game was fine with her when he'd guided her to his long sofa, put her wineglass on the coffee table, and then, slowly and deliberately, had drawn her quivering body against his before he'd kissed her. It was just the way it had been downstairs in the meeting

room with the so-called Alpha pledges. She'd felt her heart begin to beat out of control as he kissed her so firmly, as if she was a girl.

Going back with Will again to his pad brought on almost the same experience. He greeted all the boys on the hallway in, as before, those who saw her usually smiling at her blushed cheeks, several staring after her and saying things like "Ni-i-i-ce!" and "Can you deliver her to 304 when you've done with her, Will?"

Will sort of laughed as he held her hand in his. "Sorry, guys," he said firmly all the time as she wiggled and shook beside him at his confident words. "Brenda Lawrence is mine now and for the rest of the term," he announced to everyone as she minced up the hallowed halls of the fraternity clinging to a man's arm, right into Will's bachelor pad.

"Rho girls have to ..." Brenda began nervously.

"Do as they are told," said Will with an infectious grin. "So, my darling Rho maiden, get over to my bed, just as you were in it before and take your clothes off, while I admire what you've had done to yourself."

Will stroked Brenda's arm and went over to his music player and soft, sensual music, like the tunes they had made love to before, came from the speakers, one beside the bed. Will went to his fridge and took out a bottle of white wine, gesturing to Brenda to take off her clothes while he uncorked the wine and got a glass ready for her. He was pouring whiskey for himself, of course.

Brenda shivered as she slipped the straps of her dress over her shoulders, Will's eyes sparkling as her bra was revealed as was the fullness, comparatively, of her new breasts to the 'nubbins' that she'd had before. She had to smile as Will was watching her so intently expose herself to him that he overpoured his whiskey all over his pants

making her giggle as he began to hop around trying to clean himself.

“You made me do that!” mocked Will, laughing as he wiped up the mess he’d made. “You shouldn’t look so feminine and adorable and, and, ready and w-willing!”

Brenda let her dress fall to the floor in a soft swish and stepped out of it, shuddering as she saw her stockings and panties exposed as she wiggled in her high heels.

“Oh my goodness,” said Will again softly as he advanced on her and she stepped back anxiously towards his bed. He didn’t bring the glasses of alcohol with him as he flung his arms about her, caressing her soft skin and kissing her, his passionate mouth possessing hers, as he fondled and stroked her as if she was truly his girl.

He slipped her bra from her and she tried to hide the changes that had been made to her. Will moved Brenda’s hands and kissed her breasts and nipples, making her shiver through and through, even as his hands traced out gently the path of the scalpel that Dr Jane had said would soon fade.

They fell back on the bed just as they had before and Will stroked her more rounded tush with something close to joy. Brenda knew that he wanted to get inside her as he had the first time they’d made love. She’d admitted, shaking like a leaf in her feminine guilt, that that was what she preferred a man to do to her since he was asking her so forcefully if she liked and wanted him to do that..

“You’ve had something done with your tush,” he said, between frenzied fondlings and adorable kisses that aroused the feminine once more in Brenda.

“Oh, yes,” she breathed into his ear as he kissed her long, lovely neck so firmly, rousing her even more.

"I like it," said Will, rolling over and back with her, his pants freed from his body, his shirt and then his under-pants. Brenda clung to him and felt dizzy as he stroked her legs and then reached up to remove her panties. That was when he had the biggest surprise of his life.

"What the ...?" Will almost screamed as he hauled her panties down and stared at the lovely vagina before him. "You went and had the chop! In just a week, they can do this to you now!"

"It's not, not real," Brenda gasped, staring in shock at his face. He seemed so angry to be seeing her as he was seeing her.

Will sat up, his mouth open. Suddenly, he looked down at her and his lovely mouth curved in a smile. He tentatively touched her between her legs, which she could barely feel at first. "It's not real!" he laughed. "Oh, but it is too real, Brenda, it really is. Can I ...?"

"Rachel said that you may," gasped Brenda as Will moved back over her and his strong, male erection touched her shaking thighs. She spread her legs and Will, kissing and fondling her as if she was a woman, entered the vagina as if he was entering a woman's vagina.

"Ooooo!" squealed Brenda as her boy friend rocked inside her and she felt him, felt him as if she was a woman with a man inside her. She couldn't stop kissing her man then, wriggling herself wildly in the passion he aroused in her, feeling herself flooding the vagina as she felt Will, too, driving against her in a way that she had never expected.

Brenda put her legs over his back and jerked Will into her more tightly as his mouth kissed her nipples and then her mouth, his hands lifting her tush and so she was part of another man.

"My woman," she heard Will breathe in her ear as he went into a frenzy of loving her and she reciprocated. She was a woman and her man inside her was releasing inside her. Brenda went into a spasm that she couldn't control, squealing in joy at the way that her man was making her feel, she completely a woman, having what Will assured her later was a female orgasm.

Brenda didn't believe him at all. But what had happened was an ecstatic moment that was definitely feminizing to her. She wanted to feel it again but Will seemed to realize how he had soaked the vagina that she was wearing and so he released her from it. She didn't feel the same awful pain that she had when she had been taped before.

"I really liked that," said Will, still over her, keeping her legs spread. "But I liked it so much the way that you liked it the first time. Can we do it that way as well, darling Brenda, my girl?"

Peggy had been Mistress of the Rho Girls when Brenda had been initiated at the Debutantes' Ball the year before. Her words had been imprinted on Brenda, Michelle, Natasha and Rebecca, the frightened girls who were being welcomed into the sorority.

"A Rho girl never says 'No,'" Peggy had told them all. "No matter what an Alpha Rho Mu male wants from us, he gets from us. Yes, he will want to kiss us all the time and he will want us to kiss his wick. He'll want to put his wick inside us and we will accept it with love as we are Rho girls, now and always. Rachel and Emma will instruct all of you on how to enjoy everything a man can do to us girls and, most importantly, you will learn to love, to enjoy and to wish for everything that a man wants to do to beautiful girls like us!"

A trembling Brenda had been taking men sexually for over a year and now she realized what Peggy had been telling the frightened Rho Gamma Pledges. Oh yes, thought Brenda, as she snuggled up to the man kissing her breasts and driving his aroused manhood into her lovely, rounded tush, it was so wonderful to be a girl. How could she ever have thought that she was anything else!

"Please, Mr Aitken!" called Peter Simpson. "You can't go in there!"

John Aitken waved his warrant in the air as the irate ranking officer of the current fraternity chased him up the central staircase.

"Please don't interfere with him, Mr Simpson," said the cop who'd stormed into the fraternity, flashing his badge and the warrant all over the place. "This is a perfectly legal search, sir, and you could help by revealing where the young Mr Aitken is hiding himself."

"I've told you twice now and Grange's father a hundred times," raged Peter Simpson. "Granger Aitken isn't here. He hasn't been here in weeks. He said he was taking some time off. He didn't see why all the members of his platoon in the National Guard should be heading out overseas to fight and he was staying here, hiding behind his registration in university."

"Granger!" John Aitken was thundering as he began to go down the upper hall on the second floor where the senior men of Alpha had their rooms. Aitken was trying the doors of each room as he went along but, luckily, most of them were locked.

Inevitably, one room's door was open. "Will Merton!" read John Aitken loudly, banging on the door, opening it, as Peter Simpson and two of the security men Aitken had brought with him raced after him.

"Are you in here, Will?" Granger Aitken's father called. "I'm having this whole place searched. Oh, good gracious me! Whatever are you doing, Will? Good grief, since when have young ladies been allowed inside the bedrooms of Alpha House?"

Brenda was squealing for a moment but not because she was frightened as the irate, older man burst in on the loving pair. She was squealing in delight as, right at that moment, Will had aroused her again into such a state of bliss that she was writhing and threshing out of control beneath her lover, begging him not to stop what he was doing to her.

Will was at that moment, too, going through one of the greatest pleasures that a man can have when he and the woman he is making love to are together and united as one mated pair.

"Get out!" Will spat as he couldn't stop driving into the womanly softness beneath him. He felt Brenda quiver and draw him down on her as if to hide herself even as she wiggled and gyrated in pleasure of her own.

John Aitken stood in the doorway, spouting off something about the rules definitely forbidding women in the fraternity rooms. Will's father was going to hear about this deplorable violation of fraternity rules. He, John Aitken, would make sure of that!

While there was such a kerfuffle in the entrance to his room, Will reached back and drew the bedsheet over Brenda and himself before resuming what he had been doing with even more fervor than before.

"Now don't you dare giggle about what's going on out there," whispered Will to the wide-eyed girl he was making love to in his bed. He caressed her lovely, naked body again, ignoring her enlarged clit that was dancing across his abdomen as it had before. As it seeped its wetness over Will, he had no doubt then that she was as aroused as he was. She could not fake her desire for him, not as so many women had done with him before. No, it was there and he loved the evidence of her true desire for him.

It was a very nervous giggle that came from her mouth as Will kissed Brenda's lovely, full breasts once more and then lifted the vee-string, as she laughingly told him that it was called. That had been between the third and fourth time that they had reached such thrilling climaxes using the womanly prosthesis.

"I don't think that I can get this on," whispered Brenda, frantically trying to lessen the arousal of her 'clitoris', as Will lovingly called what she really had between her legs. She just had to get her vee-string back about her before the men in the doorway pulled Will out of his bed for then she would be exposed to them for what she was, a Gamma Rho girl!

"Ice?" suggested Will, shivering with her softness writhing beneath him in her anxiety not to shame him or her sorority. He reached for his cold drink at the side of the bed.

"Ooo!" whispered the girl beside him as the silly arguments about girls not being allowed in a boy's, or a man's, room, raged on at the door by men who could have looked down on her nakedness but were now missing their chance. It made Brenda want to giggle; but Will had said not to, and she must obey him.

The coldness at her thighs and between her legs made her gasp as it was working. It made her cling to him, however, as her wonderful, male lover smiled and kissed her and then she felt him helping her to bring the cords about her tush, tying them off more tightly than she could.

"I tossed your clothes over there," murmured Will, kissing her again and again. "I'll go and get your panties."

"And I'll get your pants," said Brenda, shivering as she listened to the men scream and yell about the missing Granger Aitken and the law of the land and the fraternity laws that were being broken.

"Don't ...!" began Will as he felt his girl slipping out of the bed. She was completely naked, Will thought in a panic, and then he saw the lovely Brenda, oh yes, in all her feminine loveliness, skipping nude across the room to pick up his and her clothing.

The men in the doorway stopped their arguing and stared at the gorgeous, perfect, naked girl. Her breasts danced as she bent to pick up Will's shirt and toss it to him. She found her panties and his underpants and giggled as she held them against her to cover her nakedness. But her femaleness was indisputable, Will could see, as she wiggled, looking over her shoulder coyly at him, back into her black, lacy panties before picking up her bra.

"Show's over, gentlemen!" Will called to those goggling at his so beautiful girl friend. "Put your eyes back in their sockets and we'll be out to talk to you in just a few minutes."

Peter, staring at Will in disbelief, gulped before he reached over and closed the door.

Brenda wiggled over to Will who lifted his arms and gave her a smile of triumph and delight as she came back into his arms, shivering with consternation finally over what she had done. She was shaking with emotion as she

leaned against him to kiss him as passionately as she had all evening long.

“Whatever did you do that for, my darling?” asked Will, kissing and fondling her as gently as he could again and again, as she shook in his arms, the ordeal of having men look at her as they had, now overwhelming her. “For me and my reputation?”

“It seemed like a good idea at the time,” Brenda said, her girlish tones quivering with repressed anxiety. Her boy friend immediately kissed her lovely, flushing face and caressed her slender, wiggling body and shapely breasts that made her look so much like a little girl.

Will threw back the bedsheet and drew her in against his rough body, loving the way she cuddled up beside him before she even thought about what she was doing. When she did think, Brenda looked up at him in some surprise.

“Don’t think I can come again?” Will asked, stroking her soft, feminine body as she shuddered with nervous pleasure.

“You won’t,” giggled Brenda, in the lovely girlish voice she had trained herself to use. She did however spread her legs again most eagerly as Will rose over her.

“Then I’ll die trying,” said Will, fondling the lovely breasts she didn’t try to keep him from touching. He kissed her face and her hair, her shoulders and her lovely scented skin and he was erect again, thrusting into his delectable Gamma Rho girl.

“Ooooo!” Brenda shrieked, the men outside surely hearing her and knowing what she was allowing her boy friend to do to her. Will kissed her with more force and passion, his desire for her growing with the thought of the men waiting for them to finish and for him to join them eventually in the outer passage.

His ardor made Brenda cling even more tightly and lovingly to him as he entered her sheath again. The danger past was making her so grateful to him for not surrendering her to those who would have insulted her so badly if they had known what her boy friend did. So, it was ecstasy for both of them as they struggled to please the other before inevitably their passion gave way to its inevitable climax, and then the equally inevitable release of all tensions.

But this time, it was going to take them a while to copulate as a man and a woman should, thought Will, as each slowed nervously and deliberately, prolonging the outpouring of love that seemed to be growing between the man and his Rho girl. Oh, but that was such a marvelous thought. He wanted to make love to Brenda for the rest of the night and morning if she would let him, perhaps even longer than that.

“Alpha House is being raided!” exclaimed Teresa, as she tugged her Alpha lover after her. Phil Garcia had been walking his pretty date along the shaded lane, the many trees providing perfect places for an Alpha man to stop and take his Rho girl into some privacy for a moment as he slaked his thirst for her lips or for caressing the rounded parts of her shapely body.

Phil Garcia buried his mouth onto Tess’s perfect lips and opened his eyes just as the sound of arguing voices reached him. Stunned at the sight of a police car and a policeman entering the house, he took his lips from Tess’s eager response to him and swung her body tight to his as he led her towards the main door.

"We can't get in," shouted Ray Baker, stepping out from another arbor, as the boys called them. As one had to expect, he had a girl on his arm. She was tossing her long, loose, blonde hair over her bare shoulders as she minced into the light of the path.

"Rho House seems to be all right," said Tess into Phil's ear.

All the way down the path between kisses and caresses, there had been a sort of running argument between the two about where to spend the night together. Tess had nervously been trying to have Phil come back to her bed, even though she didn't know where her roommate, Melanie, was, or who she was with. But Phil, as usual, kept going all macho on her.

"I'll decide where it is I'm going to fuck you," Phil had said, making her shudder at his use of the 'f' word. Tess hated that, even if it was true. She wanted him to say "where I'm going to make love to you, my darling girl." But Phil wasn't like that. He thought that he really was a big shot alpha male now, now that he was in Alpha House and could always have a Rho girl whenever he wanted her.

Phil had known that his roommate, Gordie Fields, wasn't going to be in his bed that night, the twin to his, as Alphas shared bedrooms as Rho girls did. He didn't know what Gordie had done that had pissed off Bryan Fairfax so badly but the word had been passed in no uncertain terms that Gordon Fields wasn't going to be back in Alpha House again.

"Head to Rho House!" shouted Ray Baker as the girl with him wiggled and turned her back a little to Ray as she re-arranged her bra and showed off her superb 'rack' to Phil as he would have described her shapely breasts.

“So you get your wish, darling Tess,” said Phil with a superior grin that made his date tremble and pleased him as it always did. He knew she liked to be called ‘Teresa’ most of all as well but she was Tess, he’d noted, to all her girlie friends.

“The Debutantes are being trained for the ball!” gasped Tess, pulling on her boy friend’s arm as more boys and girls came swishing or chattering out from behind trees of the arbors preserved for romantic trysts along the ‘lover’s lane’ that connected the fraternity to the sorority.

“Fine time to think of that, isn’t it?” snarled Phil. “We can’t have any of our girls being arrested anyway, can we?”

Phil tightened his hand and arm about Teresa’s slim waist and wide, rounded hips. He couldn’t stop himself then from caressing her lovely tush. He was rewarded then by the lovely smile on his date’s face and by the way she hugged him in return and lifted her pouty lips to his for an earth-shaking kiss once more. Oh, it was amazing how Rho girls loved to be dominated by men, Phil thought grandly, as he marched into Rho House.

The girl who acted as Mistress of Rho House stood there in its entranceway and shushed all the couples and the odd threesome who burst into the curtained, feminine entranceway to Rho House itself. Everyone knew Rachel Porter and knew that she was Bryan’s number one girl. So, when she whispered “Shush” to them all, the boys, even Phil, obeyed her as the girls did.

“Off with your high heels and carry them,” ordered Rachel in a stage whisper that carried to all of the boys and girls crowding in and demanding to know what was going on, over in Alpha House.

In stockinged feet, the girls led the boys in their socked feet up the main staircase where Phil could hear the

strains of waltz music, probably coming from the small ballroom on the lower floor.

"I want to know what's going on!" Phil called out belligerently and the line of boys and girls slowed along the staircase, several looking at him nervously, boys and girls.

Rachel came swishing up the stairs then, rustling right up to Phil, nearly as tall as him without her five or six inch heels. She stared at the boy, holding Teresa most possessively, while the girl with red hair like Rachel's, anxiously ran her tongue over her messed, deep pink lipstick.

"Phil Garcia, isn't it?" asked Rachel with a smile, her voice carrying all over the silent hallway. "I've talked to Bryan, who doesn't know what is going on, and is over at Alpha now, with Peter, and Will Merton, and Bertie, along with their dates for tonight, trying to figure what is going on. It is Granger Aitken's father over there, that much we do know, as he's shouting so much. He's got college security and a policeman with him, Adele just told me. They're yelling something about some kind of warrants they have to search Alpha House for Granger Aitken."

Rachel smiled and leaned forward showing off her very feminine cleavage while Phil Garcia started to lean forward as if to take her but then he thought better of it, as she pouted, as Rho girls do, at him.

"Emma is over there," said Rachel. "And Brenda, for sure, as I sent her over with Will Merton. I hope that all of you boys have nothing in your desks or lockers or on your computers that are going to be very embarrassing to you. You can't get over and tidy up now. You must all stay here till this thing with the police is finished. I'm just repeating what Bryan, through Adele, has relayed to me." She paused, smiled at Phil, and let that sink into his belligerent, male brain.

"We don't have Rho girls," sneered Phil Garcia, stressing the words, "give us men orders. We'll go back to Alpha House any time we want!"

"Of course you will," said Rachel sweetly, keeping her voice very low. Her smile was fixed as she looked at Phil and saw what Will Merton had said was missing in him, this boy so proud of himself that he thought he could lord it over girls like Teresa and Rachel. Rachel smiled at Teresa, Tess, and the other redhead shuddered as she pressed her soft breasts against the angry Alpha. "I'm sure you'll tell Bryan that when you see him. Are you going there right away? How many others are going with you?"

No-one indicated that they were going to do anything but what Bryan wanted them to. "Come on, Phil," said Ray Baker, squeezing Dolly, Dorothy by her long name, very hard. "Let's just have some fun and get laid this evening and leave the troubles up to the big shots."

Phil Garcia looked about to bristle at that. He really does think he is one of the big shots, thought Rachel in amusement.

"Girls," said Rachel, keeping her voice neutral and fairly quiet so as not to disturb the debutante girls, "the boys who are helping with the dancing classes have just reached the tipping point with some of the debs. We're about to practice last waltzes and all of us girls know what that means."

"So do us guys," snapped Phil Garcia. It was as if he couldn't keep his mouth from flapping.

"Of course, some of the debs have already had first kisses," said Rachel sweetly, partly ignoring him. "We've let the boys be very forward this year. Your selections for the debutantes' class, this year, I must say, Alpha boys,

have been quite inspired. Some of our new debs are already well into their roles.”

Rachel didn't mention the sleep deprivations or frequent sessions that made the new girls think that they had been six or seven days already preparing to be debutantes. The girls from the sorority had shown the way with the affectionate way they kissed their partners in the dance sessions. Now, in the 'seventh day sessions', the new girls were following their 'sisters' beautifully, dancing, cuddling, and now kissing their male partners as if they were real debutantes; which, if they had only known it, they were.

Astrid, tall and blonde, had been a revelation in Martin's arms as his girl friend. Poor Tanya, the smallest of the new debs, hadn't had a chance, not with Astrid urging Martin on to do to her what he had just done 'so rudely' to her. She'd then taught Tanya how to flirt with another man and stolen George from Naomi so that the two 'girls', Astrid and Tanya, could dance with men at the same time, flirting and changing partners at will, the boys grinning and co-operating, giving Tanya the time of her life as a girl, a lesson Rachel felt sure she'd regret, if they ever gave the little girl a chance to do so.

The shortened sleep and waking sessions had worked so well that Rachel was already planning to introduce that into the next dancing sessions. Even Madeleine, in one group, and Angelina in the other, the most reluctant ones, were resigned to their new roles as debutantes. If they weren't yet giving passionate kisses with their lip to lip contacts, they weren't pulling away any more from kisses, on the lips or on their cheeks. They gave the boys feminine hugs with their bouncy, prosthetic breasts just as all the girls, debutantes or not, did.

Tanya's group would get their prosthetics after their next sleep. And then, after the dancing in the short, flirty

dresses, the boys would be left to their own devices to see if they could lure the girls into some heavy petting. The girls in Angelina's group had resisted and then given in.

Nadine, one who'd wanted out, entangled herself so much with her boy friend that she couldn't rise and go to bed on her own. Luckily, Ben was strong and had carried her off. He'd stayed with the suddenly weeping Nadine, cuddling her and she was hanging on to him and kissing him voraciously despite her tears. Whatever she and Ben were whispering about, that was making her so excited, was soon hidden as her sister, Kendra, had closed the door on the loving pair.

"So, girls, not too much squealing in the bedrooms tonight," said Rachel to the older girls entering the sorority house. Their boy friends turned to the now demure girls they were with and began to smile. "Keep the noise down and, as soon as Bryan gets here, we'll have a proper meeting in the large ballroom, all of you present in night-dresses, braids, light makeup and high heels, of course.

"Oh, and Phil Garcia, Bryan left a message earlier to ask you, Tess darling, to bring Phil to my office where I have some other most pleasant tasks for him to accomplish tonight. I do think, however, with the kerfuffle that's going on over in Alpha House, we can let you two enjoy one another for a little while until I hear again from, from our lord and master." She eyed Phil Garcia demurely then. "If you don't mind, Mr Garcia, a suggestion from a mere slip of a girl like me, to get on and fuck your girl friend before another of your friends claim her."

"I say," said Lord Albert Conway, his urges barely under control as Emma in her short night dress, sat in his lap

and wrapped her thin arms about his neck, her mouth passionately kissing his neck, his mouth, his cheek, his chin and his ear.

The policeman downloading the files from Bertie's computer to his own seemed to be more intent on Emma's lovely bare legs and the tiny panties that she wore that peeped through the hem of her short nightie. Then there were her breasts, her nipples so rampant as they tented the low-cut, female babydoll pajama top she was wearing.

"I say," repeated 'Bertie', in his most upper-class, English accent. "Those files that you've just confiscated are my correspondence with our embassy in Washington. I don't think that they're covered by whatever warrant you have."

"Hey," said the detective pleasantly. "I'm only doing what I was told. I don't know what's being downloaded. Just tell me, if you know, what's happened to this Aitken kid and we can all get out of here!"

The cop grinned and clearly was in no hurry to leave as he studied Emma's long, womanly legs and watched her caress her English lord with her soft-skinned, barely dressed, feminine body.

"Well, you've looked under the bed," said Lord Albert Conway sarcastically, "and behind the window curtains and he wasn't there. Why don't you go elsewhere and continue your important searches? Surely, by now, he's down in the dungeons of this building somewhere!"

"Basements," whispered Emma before she ran her mouth over her boy friend's and took his hand to place it back on her breasts where it belonged.

"Oh yes," said Lord Bertie in his most arrogant and silly upper-class twit of a voice to the policeman, staring goggle-eyed at his lovely girl friend. "You call your dungeons, 'basements', out here in the Colonies, don't you?"

The policeman was shaking his head as he left, the sound of furious knocking on other bedrooms along the passage.

"Let's ..." began Lord Albert as Emma swung her long, shapely legs down and put her fingers to her lips.

"Oh, darling, do that again!" she moaned as if the two of them were in the throes of passion. She reached over to the computer and removed a button that was magnetically held to the base of the machine.

"O-o-oh!" said a smiling Bertie boy.

"Ooooo!" shrieked Emma as she reached for the phone, her babydolls revealing her tiny panties that barely covered the dark-haired, bush above her artificial vagina. There was a device on the set, on the desk on which it sat, and on the phone itself. "Oh, darling, watch out!" Emma squealed as she cut the phone cord and smashed the listening devices on the desktop, that the policeman had left, before tossing the pieces into the fireplace.

"Let's go back to bed," said Bertie Boy then, frowning at the picture on his wall which wasn't quite straight. "Then we can light the fire to keep us warm."

"Oh, darling, darling, darling," murmured Emma, jumping onto the bed, its springs protesting. Her lover, still not sated from all the time he had missed being away from her lovely body, did his part. It wasn't all posturing for the bugs and devices. There were some times when they forgot about listeners entirely and just enjoyed one another's bodies, mouths and the wonderful way that the male body fitted into that of a Rho girl.

"You must come home with me this summer and meet my mother," whispered Lord Bertie, as he bounced and bounced on his lovely, willing, feminine partner.

"If I survive this," Emma said with her adorable feminine giggle, pushing him over and sitting then on his still erect manhood. It slipped into her easily and she let him bounce her, squealing at the ecstasy and thrills that ran through her whenever it was Bertie Boy making love to her.

"Thanks, Teresa," said Rachel, smiling at the girl and at the strutting young man who insisted on kissing Tess on her way out, fondling her breasts and nipples before finally letting the red-haired girl go.

"So what is it that I can do for you, Rachel?" asked the rough, macho Phil Garcia smugly. The leer on his face told Rachel all that she wanted to know. The Alpha male apparently thought that he was irresistible to all females, especially Rho girls, Rachel surmised. His act certainly wouldn't have got him anything at all anywhere else but in Rho House where it had been inculcated into the girls to never say 'no' to an Alpha male.

"Bryan wishes me to introduce you to some girls," said Rachel, a smile on her lovely face.

Phil Garcia leered at her openly then, studying Rachel's shapely, womanly figure as she stood up so gracefully from her desk, turned off her computer and picked up a bunch of keys that would have served the keeper of a workhouse or prison.

"So what have these girls done?" asked Phil, leaving the Mistress of Rho House's little room to pass by him to lead him out of the office. He ran a hand over her lovely breasts as she eased by him and caressed her tush as she pouted over her shoulder.

"Such a naughty boy," cooed Rachel, turning and taking his tie and then leading him after her, his tongue hanging out of his mouth as he played the game, too, of panting after her.

"You'll enjoy these girls," said Rachel sweetly as she swirled again and led her new swain to the doorway that led up to the third floor.

Phil, of course, had to trap her against the doorpost and take her lips with his. Poor Teresa, Rachel thought, as Phil tried to surround her mouth with his and force his tongue into her.

"Oh, I do love a man who knows what to do with his tongue," Rachel quipped as she eased from the man's arms and began to climb the fairly steep stairs to the level above. "Do be a darling and close that door," she said with a smile at him as his hand fondled her legs and stockings. "We don't want to be disturbed, do we, as you accomplish what Bryan wishes you to do with these girls."

"I'd rather have you," growled Phil, slamming the door, and scampering up the stairs after her.

Rachel giggled as she danced around the stairwells and brought Phil to the upper doorway where he trapped her again as she had another door to unlock. Phil mauled her face as she out her free hand about his neck and pushed him into the little walkway with three small rooms leading off it.

"I wish it could be, handsome Phil," Rachel murmured to him. "But Bryan is on his way back from Alpha House and he wants me, his prim, perfect secretary girl for a little extra-curricular activity this evening. He said that he was panting after it with all the hassle he's been put through this evening."

"I'll catch you when Bryan's done with you tonight," Phil Garcia said thickly.

In your dreams, thought Rachel, taking his mouth in her hand then and holding it so that Phil was forced to kiss her properly, like a real man would have.

Phil, or course, didn't like a woman doing something to him that was only instructing him on how to behave toward her in a mannerly fashion. He pulled his head free from her and then plunged against her as Rachel leaned back against the door frame and let him think that he was arousing her passion for him.

"Oh, darling," she whispered. "The girls in these three rooms are going to be so lucky to have a man like you as their first."

That stopped Phil Garcia. "Virgins?" he asked, his upper lip twisting in a sneer. "What is this? Bryan's fucking with me, is he?"

"Ooo, shshsh," whispered Rachel then. "No, it's nothing like that at all, Phil. Only, you're someone he trusts, you know. He thinks you are going to succeed him as President of Alpha Rho Mu, and you know what that means."

As Rachel expected, Phil went right to the nuts and bolts of the matter as far as he was concerned. "That means I can have any Rho girl any time I want, any way I want her," the would-be President gloated over one of the most attractive, sweetest of all the Rho girls.

"Of course," whispered Rachel, moving her body as sexily as she could against that of the rutting man before her, not reminding him that she would be graduating at the end of the year and so not available to the frat, unless she really wanted to..

"In this first room," Rachel went on, opening the first door to a dimly lit interior, "is the lovely Elizabeth. She is going to be far prettier when Doctor Jane is able to slot her into her schedule next week. When she has satisfied you, handsome Phil, you can pass on through that connecting door where you will meet Marilyn who desperately needs your guidance on how to please a man."

"I can do that," said Phil Garcia smugly. "And you're the third girl, the reward, I take it."

"No, silly," said Rachel, draping her arms again about the man's neck and kissing him firmly as a girl would have done. At the same time, she used her breasts on his chest and her abdomen wiggling against his to rouse him satisfactorily for his job ahead. "Olivia is in the third room, bursting with desire for you, as I am. Be really nice to her, Phil, as she really deserves the best after all she has done for the fraternity."

"But she's still a virgin?" asked Phil in puzzlement as Rachel began to push him into the dimly lit interior of the first room.

"You'll see why when she lifts her skirts for you," purred Rachel as she drew the door closed behind Phil and locked him into the room.

"Hey!" Rachel heard his muffled voice calling out to her. She felt Phil then pushing against the inner door. She smiled and twirled on her high heels that had made her look down on the rude boy. She'd made sure that he had the right cellphone in his pocket, one that would keep playing the message that he had to call Bryan Fairfax first before any other call could be put through.

Rachel was pleased with herself as she went back onto the second floor and locked the door to the upper level. She almost jumped a foot in the air as strong hands went about her waist and she was spun around into Bryan's

body, Bryan hugging her and leaning over to kiss her before she could say a word.

“Oh, Bryan,” Rachel cooed with faked delight that Bryan hadn’t cottoned on to as yet. “I thought you weren’t coming over tonight. Adele said ...”



"She's a great-looking girl," said Bryan Fairfax, between kisses and hugs, "but she isn't as wriggly as you are, my darling Rachel. And I found out that I was missing that. I was missing all the little things that you do in bed to amuse me and keep me going and going. I missed my darling Rachel. I think you should be teaching Adele all that you know about me before I take her out again."

"Of course I will, darling Bryan," said Rachel, swirling her lovely, soft, red hair against his face and over her shoulders.

"Mmm, you smell so good," murmured Bryan, crushing her breasts against him. "Now, despite the brouhaha over at Alpha House this evening, I think we have to do something right away with Marilyn, and the other two girls you have upstairs. I think that Peter will want to make a deal with Marilyn but you know how that girl is. You can't trust her an inch. We have to change her and quickly."

"Of course, darling," murmured Rachel, leading her lover into the room she was going to share with Brenda, if that girl ever came home that night.

"This is new," said Bryan, looking around at the dolls and statuettes that Michelle and Brenda collected. The nudes on the wall were similar to those in the boys' shared rooms in Alpha House. Alpha artists like Frank Hudson in the past had been expert on putting Rho girls heads onto the bodies of women known only to the most famous of artists.

"That's Brenda's bed and this is Michelle's," said Rachel as she slinkily slid her dress all the way down her body as Bryan loved her to do. He loved his women to do a striptease and Rachel was finding that she loved doing it for his admiring eyes as well as it helped her to get into a

feminine mood and desire for the man whom she was forced to bed almost every night.

“Marilyn isn’t still in your room?” Bryan asked quickly as he plucked his own clothes off without any finesse.

“She’s being prettified by Doc Jane. Our problem is that we have the three new girls you want to be transformed, upstairs, darling,” whispered Rachel as she swayed and wiggled as if she was a model showing off her darling black slip. She let it slip to the floor as Bryan smiled at her delightful, girlish body, the equal of Wendy’s, Rachel knew for sure. “And Phil Garcia is with them, to prepare them for future good times as Rho girls.”

“Phil Garcia?” asked Bryan with a frown. “But he’s as bad as Shaun Bottfell, by reputation, or so Will was telling me. Did I approve him as one to work with the new girls?”

“Not the debutantes,” whispered Rachel, squirming in her panties and garter belt as she spread her bra straps over first one shoulder and then the other.

Bryan could stand the temptation no longer and was on her softness, as she giggled and guided his hand to her panties. “What, what the heck is this?” asked Bryan as he began to play with her panties and the surprising soft cavity she had where she had not had one before.

“Peggy bought vee-strings for all of us girls, years ago,” giggled Rachel. “But they all seem to have disappeared, gone with the girl grads. I ordered a whole bunch and finally, they’ve all arrived. I guess I ordered too many for one load and that’s why they’ve been back-ordered for so long. But it’s something new for you to play with.”

Rachel couldn’t say anything more, about Phil Garcia, Marilyn, or anybody, as Bryan Fairfax became so enraptured with his girl friend’s body that he had to have her

completely. It took some time as he had, after all, been with another girl, whom he had laid twice at least, by his own admission, earlier that evening.

"I can see your point of view, John," Alpha Rho Mu's lawyer, a graduate of State and an alumni of the Alpha fraternity, said soothingly to the irate, older man. "And, yes, I can see why Judge Thurston would give you this warrant to find out all you could about Granger's disappearance. But I can tell you that these boys, sorry, Bryan, Peter, Will, Lord Albert, these men, would be just as shocked as you if they had known that Granger had deliberately faked his disappearance from this university and his fraternity."

"He did not go overseas with his National Guard unit, as these, these degenerates," blustered the old man, "said that Granger did!"

"I can see that," said J. Robert Maslow, Alpha alumni and lawyer. "You have documentary evidence that ..."

"And that one," raged John Aitken, the old man, "had a naked girl in his bed, right in front of us."

Will Merton grimaced as Maslow looked at him, trying to hide the ironic smile on his lips that he couldn't quite manage.

"In my day," Aitken began, winding up clearly in what would be a long tirade about the morality of frat members.

"You had stricter rules than those adhered to today," said Maslow smoothly. "Which is why the policemen here had no reason to arrest Mr Merton here as you demanded. After all, the young lady was properly signed in

to the fraternity and what happens in a private room, and the gentleman's bedroom is considered the most private of rooms, was not at that point, yours to enter. What went on in that room, as well, has surely nothing to do with the disappearance of your son."

"It was disgraceful!" Aitken went on.

"But since you overstepped the mark, John," said the younger man with a practiced smile, "and saw Miss Lawrence in all her naked loveliness as this policeman describes it," now it was the turn of the fraternity men to hide their smiles in hands and by turning away, "I do believe that I would be within the rights of my clients in refusing you admission to the fraternity any further and asking you to return any papers or computer tapes that you have taken from this building."

Aitken's face was as red as a lobster being boiled in a pot.

"But we won't do that," said Maslow, the smile appearing again. "We shall, in fact, co-operate with you in any way," he turned to look up at the fraternity 'brass' standing behind him at the reception desk, "to help find out what has happened to our brother, Granger. We want to find out why he lied to us, his brothers, about whatever he is doing and why he has abandoned his studies."

"My son has never ..." blustered the old man, waving a finger at the lawyer.

"That is very much appreciated," said the plain-clothes detective sergeant hastily, nodding to Bob Maslow. He'd accompanied the search warrant, with uniformed cops, to the fraternity, on what he thought was a routine matter.

"I would, though, John," said Maslow with a frown, "ask you to be discreet when you speak of young ladies in the fraternity. It has been permitted for some time. If you

look at the register, John, I think you will find that your son entertained a long series of young ladies here over the last three years. I think there might be as many as twenty young ladies whose names are entered in the register."

"There are always balls and socials," Aitken fumed, reaching over to take the register but Maslow placed it in front of the detective where both could look at it.

"Ah, but balls and socials do not list who the young ladies are who attend," said Maslow, turning the register and indicating where the last social, a Prohibition-Style nightclub and entertainment, had taken place. "I see that Granger was on the organizing committee for that one. Worth asking about," he finished, nodding to the policeman acting as a bailiff. The man hadn't said anything about who he was, or which department he worked for, to anyone.

While the policeman called and checked in with some higher up, John Aitken was escorted to his waiting limo where a crowd had gathered, and where more university security was arriving by the minute.

"Thank you very much, Bob," said Peter Simpson to the thirty-year-old man who stood beside him in the entrance way, watching the father of the missing frat brother drive away.

"A naked girl in the bedroom of a member of the fraternity board?" asked Bob Maslow with a broad smile. "It seems that the frat has changed a lot since my day."

"I, I don't think so," said Peter Simpson. "But I didn't believe it myself when I saw this blonde beauty get out of Will's bed, totally naked. I thought that I was going to die. She wasn't swinging anything in the wind, so to speak."

"She'd been snipped?" asked an amused Bob Maslow, "or she was a real woman? Your friend there," he indicated Will Merton who was relating something to an

amused Conway and a frowning Bryan Fairfax, "is starting a new trend in girl friends?"

"I don't think so," said Peter Simpson, staring at Will, who seemed to sense the eyes on him and who turned and gave the two of them a knowing smirk.

"You know, out in the real world," said Maslow then, "life is not as daring or as entertaining as life is here in the fraternity. What did you have at the Prohibition night club, flappers?"

"Oh, yes, and dancing girls," said Peter with a smile. "We always have dancing girls at our entertainments. But you have lots of real women out there ..."

"None so willing and none so perverse," said Maslow, taking Peter by the arm. "You couldn't arrange, for old times' sake ..."

"With the debutantes being taught," Peter mused, "there aren't many girls available, unless ... Wait a minute, Bob." He stepped over and spoke quickly to Bryan Fairfax, who frowned some more and then suggested something to Peter who nodded and returned to the fraternity's lawyer.

"I should show you the rooms that John Aitken went into, even though I was trying to stop him," said Peter, leading the smiling man up the stairs to the second floor. "This room is Bryan's and, yes," a blonde girl, her eyes vividly made up, sat up in the bed in her thin nightdress, gasping at the new men entering the room, "this is Wendy, Bob, who was one of Bryan's dates while all the commotion was going on.

"Wendy, this is Bob, an alumnus of the Alpha fraternity. Bryan has to go over to Rho House and explain what was going on here and so he asked Bob to come up and entertain you for a while. He is both an alumnus and an Alpha." Peter stressed the word. "You will be nice to him,

won't you, as Bryan isn't going to be back tonight, he says."

"Oh," said Wendy, giving the man who entered the room with Peter a tremulous smile.

"Let me handle it from here, Pete," said Bob Maslow, stepping forward and heading to the wineglasses on the side table. "I know I should have brought a bottle of champagne," he said with a smile at the girl staring at him, biting her lower lip so cutely. "So, let's raid Bryan's private stock. He must keep some chilled wine somewhere."

Wendy had to get out of the bed to show him the small refrigerator, Pete saw with a grin. So she revealed to the lawyer that her breasts were real and that she had lovely long legs while the panties she had on beneath the thin nightie were black and lacy. And Peter knew what it meant when a girl wore black panties out on a date. He closed the door on the soon to be very happy couple, he was sure.

There was a heavy breath taken by the occupant of the bed, Phil heard, as he stood, letting his eyes adjust to the dimness of the room into which that bitch, Rachel, had locked him. When he got out of here, he thought grimly and then he heard the catch of breath again and so he moved towards the bed.

The girl laid face down on the bed, squirming as he sat on the edge and patted her tush that was partly elevated as she was struggling to free her legs from the bonds that held them to the lower bedposts.

"Oh, yes," said Phil sardonically. "You've been a bad girl, haven't you?" What had Rachel called this one? Eliz-

abeth, yes, that was the name. "Bad girl, Elizabeth," he repeated as he ran his hand over her smooth, hairless legs. The girl began to grunt wildly and thresh about, the chains clinking a little. He saw now that her hands were manacled as well to the top bedposts.

Slowly, Phil raised the hem of the nightie that the girl had been dressed in and fondled her bare thighs while the girl began to breathe and object, he interpreted her movements as that, as he wiggled his fingers between her legs and hooked her panties so that he could pull them down.

Yes, she was loaded as Rho girls were. She made a noise as if she was screaming as he took hold of what the boys of Alpha laughingly called a Rho girl's clitoris and played with it. It took him a while to gently caress it enough, to make it start to harden. The girl was threshing from side to side as if to try to stop him but she couldn't do much as she was held so securely.

Phil took down his pants and climbed onto the bed, yanking her panties down to her knees. There was lubrication, he noted, beside the bed. He used it liberally on her tush as she gyrated and hissed at him through the gag that she was wearing.

"Rachel told me that you were a sweet, little virgin, Elizabeth," Phil gloated over his victim. "Mmm," he put his face down and licked her sweet, soft tush and she jerked and jerked as if she could break her way free.

"You smell so sweet, as a girlie should," murmured Phil as he pushed the nightie up her back to the tight bra she was wearing. He played with the thin bra straps as his manhood rose majestically against her jiggling tush. She clearly didn't want him to enter her but that was going to happen whether she liked it or not.

Phil kissed her shoulder, his hand inside her bra, finding the falsies there and then the nipple which he tweaked

violently as he entered her clenched buttocks. "Relax, darling Elizabeth," he said as he tugged on her bra and breathed into her ear. Her long earring swung at him and nearly scratched him but he backed off and kissed her long, scented hair.

"Ah, it's not all yours, the hair or the breast," Phil teased the girl beneath him, thrusting his manhood into her after another insertion of the bottle of lubricant. Oh, how she threshed at that one. Soon, she'd be threshing even worse when he was inside her well-muscled buttocks. Must be some athlete, this girl, Phil thought, but smirked as that was the way he liked his girls.

"Okay," Phil slapped Elizabeth's thighs then. "Giddy up, little pony. See if you can throw Daddy off your cute, little, girlie tush."

The insult worked best as the girl began to thresh and strain herself in her efforts to expel him from her but, the moment she relaxed, after working so hard, and Phil drove into her even more deeply. She tried to lie still then and so he lifted her and rode her like a little horsey though he said to her, "This is what we call doggie-style, Elizabeth. Get used to it as you're going to love it in time."

Phil took hold of her clitoris then and stroked and stroked it as he rode her. She was blubbering, he was sure of it, when he finally came inside her, filling her before he slid down. He pulled her clit back and took it with his mouth, stroking her legs and body until she finally came, shaking and wobbling, screaming, as he eased himself from the body, leaning back to kiss her tush and tease her about her lovely vagina which he was going to visit again very soon.

Almost as an afterthought, he took the girl's head and twisted it towards him. She'd messed up her lovely

makeup with her crying, particularly around her thick lashes, false, Phil could see. Her mouth was clamped shut but her lips still had some lipstick on them. Elizabeth's eyebrows were thin and shaped as Phil reached behind her head and pushed her face into his relaxed manhood, wiping it over her face.

Elizabeth looked about to throw up, lifting her head then away from him and a shaft of light from the door reached them and he was able to see her clearly.

"Bottfeld," Phil gasped, sitting down beside the painted face squirming in rage at him. He'd seen that expression everywhere in the university as he had been engaged competitively with Shaun Bottfeld in all kinds of sports and other contests.

"Gods, Shaun," said Phil, standing up and looking for his underpants. "What kind of sick game is this that you're playing with these girls? You don't want to be one just like them, do you?" He added that with a smirk as the 'girl' looked up at him in fear as he reached once more for the lubricant.

"But I don't have any other clothes but what I came over here in," Brenda protested to her loving boy friend.

Will Merton laughed. "My father is a billionaire," he said, kissing the lovely blonde girl in his arms again. "So you can guess what sort of allowance I have as a student. We'll stop in New York. Everything's open there and buy you a whole new wardrobe."

"I, I can't go with you to meet your parents," Brenda Lawrence said with a delicious tremble running through her as she tried to break away from the kisses her amorous boy friend was showering her with.

"I've already cleared it with Emma," said Will. Then, he snapped his fingers. "You know all the things you'll need for a week in the sun, don't you? You know your sizes in shoes, panties and dresses, don't you? I'll e-mail ahead to one of the people who works for us in New York and get them to have suitcases and clothing ready for you in New York when we land there. Come on, darling. The jet is being fueled, and the flight plan is filed! Don't stand here dithering like the sweet little girl that you are!"

Brenda had a hundred other objections to going away with Will Merton on the spur of the moment but none of them could she say as Will kissed and kissed her and a great, black limousine drew up in front of Alpha Rho Mu. She found herself being ushered into the limo and then drawn beside Will as he wanted to kiss and cuddle her again and again as the car sped away.

"Oh, Will," Brenda Lawrence said in a panic as the car cleared the boundary of the university. "I, I've never been off the grounds before as, as, as a girl! I mean, being by myself among a whole group and, and not a Rho girl with me!"

"Then it's about time that you did find out what life is like as a girl outside State," said Will confidently, kissing her yet again. Brenda trembled beneath him, not refusing his kisses and caresses, however, no matter how much she told him that she couldn't go with him. "It's about time that the whole world got to know who the beautiful Brenda Lawrence is!"

"Come on, sleepy head," said Astrid Norberg, to her roommate, Tanya Langton. "Time to rise and shine and meet our boy friends again."

Tanya turned over and sat up, checking out her nightdress, her bra and her hair as she had done each 'morning' that she had been awakened, Astrid saw. Yes, you're still a girl, Tanya, thought Astrid, just like me. You're going to wake up every morning in the future and you're going to be in a nightie and panties; and most likely, you'll have a man beside you as I just had George in that bed there right beside you.

"What ...?" Tanya began and Astrid shushed her immediately and made her drink her throat moisturizer and swallow her vitamin pill as all the girls in this set would be doing right now, as Penny had signaled them to bring the girls down, after their baths, for makeup and dressing lessons.

"The British accent, remember, Tanya," said Astrid as the girl shuddered and stroked her bare shoulders as she fought to wake up. She watched the girl, yes, Astrid must always think of Tanya as a girl, despite the guttural return to Tanya's normal voice when she awakened.

Tanya swallowed the pills that Astrid placed in her mouth and downed the solution that would lightly coat her throat and make speaking in the girlish tones, that all the girls were improving in, a little easier.

"I, I didn't know where I was," squeaked Tanya as she moved the covers back, staring at her long, red fingernails that she had been wearing since the lessons of the day before. Her toenails, too, were of the same red color.

"Into the bath tub," said Astrid, feeling like a maid as she took the girl's hand, squeezed it and led the proto-girl to the scented bath. Tanya shivered even more as she took off her nightie while Astrid released the catch at her bra and eased the thin straps down over the girl's arms.

Tanya shivered again as the padded device was removed from her and then she had to take off her panties

and gasped as she saw her toenails. Almost reflexively, she stroked her legs as if to check again that they were as hairless and as soft and smooth as the lotions she had had to put on them were making them.

“Stop admiring yourself and go on in,” laughed Astrid, her voice so naturally female and seductive.

“Stop admiring yourself and go on in,” said Tanya, imitating everything that Astrid had just said as she was supposed to do. No, she didn’t check between her legs as she plunged into the scented bubbles, Astrid saw. She made a mental note to add that to Tanya’s record.

She was really coming along very well, Astrid thought, recalling Michelle Waters the year before and what a headache that girl had been. But look at Michelle now! Well, it was going to be strange to look at the new Michelle who returned from the clinic, once her bandages were taken from her. She would probably only be a little recognizable as the pretty girl who was still something of a rebel. That was the problem with some girls, thought Astrid, as Tanya washed her face and hair with the soft sponges that Astrid had had to make ready for her morning bath.

“Did you ever expect, in your wildest dreams, to be doing this some morning, and dressing completely as a woman?” asked Astrid as the girl admired her fingernails as she squeezed the sponges over her hairless chest.

“Oh, no! How could I?” gasped Tanya fearfully in a really girlish voice to Astrid’s astonishment. “I never imagined that getting into a fraternity would be like this, dressing up like a woman.”

“Can you imagine now being a woman?” asked the blonde, feminine, Rho girl as she held up the soft bath towel for the smallish ‘girl’ to step into, once out of her bath.

“Oh yes,” said the girl shakily, hugging the soft towel about her. “After that last dance, when Martin kissed me and wouldn’t stop ...” ‘She’ shuddered. “You were kissing George. I, I thought you would rescue me ...”

“From the last dance kiss?” asked Astrid with a laugh. She frowned at the look on the small girl’s face, the fear there, fear of what, liking being kissed by another boy, she thought with an inner smirk. Oh, yes, we’ve got you now, Tanya. Astrid picked up the tight gaff and the white, frilled panties that the girl must put on before Astrid took her to the dressing rooms and the tender ministrations of Evelyn and her girl friends.

“You knew before you were selected as a debutante that something like this was going to happen to you?” asked Astrid, knowing that this girl could not actually have expected, or possibly wanted, all of this to happen to her. Astrid sure hadn’t when it had happened to her. She knew that Michelle hadn’t wanted to be a girl. It had taken lessons galore and the help of some really cute boys to make both Astrid and Michelle succumb to the life style of the Rho girl which neither of them now regretted at all. Regret seemed to be some part of Tanya’s feelings, too.

“I suppose so,” said Tanya, frowning at her face and hair in the mirror, hugging the feminine robe about her, covering up her flowery panties. “It’s not what the recruiters told us would happen to us if we came to State this year.”

“Recruiters?” asked Astrid. “Who were they?”

“She, it was just one person with me, was on the Internet,” said Tanya with a shiver. “She recruited J-, um, Rosemary and, and, Heidi, and me, in this group as well and Larry, who was with us in that first meeting. I guess he didn’t come back, did he? We were told that Alpha House was the best and that they were really great in re-

cruiting all kinds of pledges. But they had this rite of passage that we would love to go through, given the web site we were all talking on.

“So, I really knew all about what the Alphas were going to do to us, I thought. But when I was talking to Larry and the others, we thought it was all a joke and we were going to be dumped but now we have this chance ... Oh, ooo! Are we really going to be accepted, Astrid, as they said that we would be in that meeting with the fraternity brass?”

“Accepted as girls, oh yes, that’s going to happen. It’s going to be fantastic,” said Astrid with a smile, “but let me tell you everything. There’ll be some of you girls here who love this so much that you won’t want to be accepted as Alpha boys, after all this, at all.”

“No,” said Tanya feebly, as she held Astrid’s hand and wobbled with short steps down the hallway to the makeup room.

“Yes,” said Astrid. “But we don’t care in the Rho Sorority. We always take on one or two of the girls who don’t want to go back to being men. There are several in the house right now. You’ve met them and you didn’t know that they were girls like you on the inside. We push on more quickly once we know what you girls really want.”

“But, if someone doesn’t know ...” said Tanya in a panicked voice as Astrid adjusted the hair band around Tanya’s hair and led her to the doorway that two other girls were swishing towards. It was the makeup room, and the girls were laughingly holding on to their sisters’ hands and chattering to them in high voices.

“Oh, they’ve started to know,” said Astrid lightly with a smile as Tanya looked up with a shudder at the blonde woman beside her. “If you like being kissed by your

dancing partner, not me, by the way, that's a big tip-off. Oh, don't worry. Don't look at me like that. So, you kissed Marty last night on the dance floor and all along here and into our room. He's really nice and he likes you a lot."

"He said that he did and that Neil and Hugh ..." said Tanya, looking up anxiously as they reached the beauty room. "Oh!" she squeaked in her highest tones yet.

Madeleine was in the first chair and was naked, save for her panties. But that wasn't what was making Tanya squeal. It was the breasts that protruded from Madeleine's chest.

Vera was combing long, reddish-brown hair about Madeleine's face, while Evelyn was putting on the final touches of eye makeup to the obvious girl in the chair.

"You'll be next, Tanya," said Evelyn, looking so fresh and womanly herself as she caressed Madeleine's shoulder and turned her to a mirror so that the girl - and with her breast prosthesis, Madeleine did look like she was a girl - could see what she looked like and what was shocking little Tanya. Madeleine stared at herself, her lipsticked mouth in a huge 'O', squealing as she looked at herself and saw the woman she had become.

"Smile, Madeleine," said Evelyn happily to the frightened, pretty girl whose red-tipped acrylic fingernails gripped the chair fiercely. "Rebecca! Rebecca! Your sister is ready for her bra and underclothes. Take her, Vera, Sylvia, next door. And Tanya, my darling, jump up in the chair and let us see how we can transform you into the real beauty that you are!"

"Hi, Phil, what's up?" asked Bryan as the ringing cellphone in his jacket pocket was insistent that he answer

it. Rachel rolled over and began to wrap her lovely legs around Bryan, her hands caressing his sides as her panties brushed over Bryan's resting manhood.

"Bryan," gasped the anxious voice of Phil Garcia. "Bryan, did you really mean for me to do this?"

"Do what?" asked Bryan, stroking Rachel's lovely, bare hip and tugging at the panties the sleepy girl had put on after the last time she had made love to him. "Here, talk to Rachel, will you? She knows all about this, doesn't she?"

"Who is this?" said Rachel in her sultriest tone as she took the phone and yet still writhed over the awakening male body beside her.

"Phil Garcia," said the voice on the phone. "You, you locked me in these rooms with, with Marilyn, I guess, and Elizabeth and Olivia. Ask Bryan if he does know who these girls really are."

"Of course he knows, Phil," said Rachel lightly. She smiled down at Bryan. "He's got three new girls to initiate to womanhood and he's balking at doing them."

"Great," said Bryan Fairfax with a sigh taking the phone roughly from Rachel and letting her body descend onto his, arousing him as no other woman seemed able to do. "So what's wrong, Phil? We've all done what we're asking you do. You are doing what you ought to be doing, aren't you?"

"You, you, really want me to ...!" asked the strained voice of Phil Garcia.

"It's just a job that has to be done if you want to amount to anything in this frat, my brother. Someone's got to do it first," said Bryan, gasping as Rachel began to work his manhood, easing her legs over him to sit astride

him, what she was about to do abundantly clear. "Go to it, Phil boy. The whole fraternity is going to thank you!"

"But these aren't ..." pleaded Phil over the phone.

"They're all new girls," said Bryan, looking to Rachel for confirmation and she nodded, her long hair falling so seductively about Bryan's face. "Here! Rachel! Speak to this clown!"

"Yes, Bryan," whispered Rachel, kissing him most tenderly while Phil screamed in her ear about Gordie and Granger. "Bryan tells me to tell you that it's that time in their training to learn just what Rho girls do for you Alpha boys. So go to it, Phil. It's a punishment for disobedience. You wouldn't want to disobey Bryan, would you?"

Bryan laughed as Rachel hung up and threw the phone across the room. "That's my girl," he said. "You sounded like me there at the end."

"Oh, I wanted to sound like a girl," whispered Rachel as she began to bounce on her boy friend's now fully aroused manhood. It slid past her panties and into her tush and she began to thresh about as she knew that Bryan liked in all his girl friends. She didn't have to fake much of her passion, either, as Bryan became fully aroused and actually gave her more pleasure than she had had from him in the previous week.

The bewigged, blonde girl regarded Phil with terror in her eyes as he frowned and closed off the cellphone. Marilyn lay face up on the bed but was manacled in just the same way that Shaun Bottfell, um, Elizabeth, had been. That was what he would have to say if the council decided to question him on what he had done.

It had just been another girl that he'd had, he told himself, a quiver at the bottom of his stomach, as he'd had so many before. It was going to be exactly the same with this blonde Marilyn, who was begging him, with her, lovely makeup eyes, not to do her as he had Elizabeth.

Phil took the lubrication from beside the bed and leaned over the blonde girl whom he knew so well. He'd never dreamed that he'd ever been doing this to her, to someone who had once been directing him, calling him 'stupid' at times. Oh, how the mighty had fallen, hadn't they?

"Well, Marilyn," said Phil, with a sneer. "So you need a real man to teach you how to be a woman, do you?"

The blonde-wigged woman's makeup face contorted beneath Phil. He kissed her over and about the gag in her mouth, tracing down her quivering body with his strong mouth, glorying and laughing as he remembered and paid her back for all the things that she had said about him.

But he could do more than just run his mouth down the thin nightie that she wore, couldn't he? Phil almost cackled as he let his fingers walk over her soft-skinned, smooth thighs, just like Elizabeth's in the next room.

"Oh, Marilyn," he crooned. "We are going to have so much fun!"

Marilyn, of course, was terrified, just the way that Phil liked all his women. She tried to keep her legs together so that he couldn't get to her tush. Phil slapped her buttocks hard for that as he pulled her panties down just a little way.

"Black, lacy panties, you stupid girl," Phil told the terrified, gorgeously scented girl beneath him, "tell me that you came here tonight expecting to have sex with a man. No, no, Marilyn, don't do that!" The girl was straining at

her bonds in terror as he gently flipped her 'clitoris' with his fingers.

"I'm not going to hold it against you, Marilyn," Phil went on, easing his hands over the stocking tops and corset that this girl wore. It had thrilled him at first and made him want to take her. Seeing who she really was, was making his appetite for another woman on the night grow and grow. "Oh, yes, Marilyn, I am ready for a bitch like you. That's what you are now, isn't it? You're my bitch, Marilyn.

"What's your last name, bitch? Oh I know. Let's call you Marilyn Granger." Phil gloated at the fear on the girl's madeup face as she trembled and shook, knowing that he knew exactly who she was. No, all those belittling statements when Phil had to ask again for something he should have recalled like some of the others. "Oh, are you stupid?" Phil asked her, imitating Granger's upper-class, New England way of talking. "You just lie there, sugar, while I say it again. You are such a stupid bitch, Marilyn, and it is my job on behalf of the frat to introduce you to the rest of your life!"

Phil moved quickly then, twisting her stockinged legs slightly over, enough to give him room to drive the lubricator between the twin cushions of her tush while Marilyn tried to scream, it coming out like the grunts of a steam locomotive as he soaked her thoroughly.

Phil ripped the nightie down the front and rolled over on top of 'her'. She fought but Phil could strike her at will and he did. He divided her legs as she was crying like a girl that she was, he saw with pride. He stroked her garters and her tush, his fingers finding and opening up the only orifice he could use.

Phil kissed and then began to suck at Marilyn's awakening clit. She grunted negatives at him but couldn't seem

to resist the softness with which he roused her, using his hands on her long, thin legs while he roused her as she must have roused many a Rho girl in the past.

Holding her clit, Phil lifted her then and inserted his manhood into her wiggling tush. No, the wiggling wasn't going to stop him from what he wanted. He rose over her and kissed the top of her breasts that showed over her shaping corset. He caressed the corset and kissed the lips where the gag didn't completely cover her mouth. Marilyn tried to turn her head and so he held her, kissing her, thrusting into her.

Phil caressed his Marilyn for an hour, blowing in her ear, kissing her face, kissing her clit and genitals again, making her come to her utter dismay. He spread her cum all over her face and entered her again, making her roll back and forth with him, his hands touching her lovely hair, earrings, necklace and tugging on her garter belt until she finally tried to clench him hard. Little did she know how much he liked that. He surprised her then, he was certain, by the way he ground himself into her tush.

"Oh, that's so sweet, my darling girl," Phil told Marilyn as he had told Tess earlier that evening. He whispered all the compliments he could think of as he filled her, her clit floating around most delightfully against him until he took it again and his caresses made her come, to his surprise, as much as to her utter humiliation.

"We'll do it again like that, darling Marilyn," he told the trembling, shrieking girl on the bed in front of him. "We'll do it often. You know the drill." Marilyn looked up at him, terror in her dark-fringed eyes. She must have been wearing more than one pair of the false lashes, Phil decided. "But first, I have to take care on another girl like you, don't I? What's her name, um, oh yes, Olivia. Will she be as sweet as you, Marilyn? Well, if she isn't, it's early in the night, isn't it? I could be back very soon, my

lovely, and have you for the rest of the night, eight hours and more of bliss. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my bitch. Well, I might be back!"

Olivia had only the lightest of gags in her mouth. She could form words, and not just 'Yes' and 'No'. She was in a petticoated skirt. Her face makeup made it appear that she was wearing a female mask. But nothing anyone had done to 'her' could disguise the fact that this was Phil's long time roommate, his hands tied to just one bedpost while his high-heeled feet were manacled to the furthest corner bedpost.

"Oh, thank goodness it's you!" burst out Gordie as Phil pulled the loose-fitting cloth from his roommate's mouth. "Get me out of here, Phil! Please! You can have my whole sound system, but get me out of here!"

Definitely needs to work on the voice, thought Phil as he sat beside his roomie in his absurd wig. The long hair flowed over Gordie's shoulders and it was probably glued to him in some ways that the girls had so that their hair never came loose. It looked like the sound system was all his anyway, thought Phil, with an amused look at the quivering Olivia, so femininely arrayed for him.

Olivia's makeup was thick, her eyelashes thick and false, like Marilyn's. The little top she wore tented her chest with whatever falsies she was wearing, Phil thought, as he curled her top back a little and looked at the black bra and bra straps. The short, petticoated and pleated skirt contorted about her as Olivia, his former roomie, Phil saw, wishing he didn't have to look at her face as then he wouldn't have been able to see her as a girl that he was going to make love to.

"What are you doing?" gasped the girl on the bed as Phil straddled her. "This is me, Phil!" she screamed in rising panic. "What do you think you're going to do?"

Phil pressed the girl's head down on the pillow and forced himself to kiss her. Oh, why was she kicking and fighting him? He was the one who was finding this so awful. She ought to be pleased. She was kissing a real man, wasn't she? Only she wasn't until Phil slapped her. He had to do that a few times, spinning her over and whacking her ample tush as well until she began to scream and call at him to stop.

"You're a girl," said Phil after he stopped slapping and kissed her perfumed cheek again. "You're Olivia and you're going to be my woman for the rest of the night!"

"Oh, I can't, Phil," began Olivia in her normal, manish voice until Phil slapped her several times and she whispered then as Phil told her that she had to do.

She was whimpering, just as Phil had seen his roomie do a dozen times after fights and knockabouts. He sat across her and spun her body a few times until she was lying face down and then he lubricated her, smacking her tush hard and viciously until she lay still and quivering. It was nothing then to enter Olivia and make her do what he wanted her to do.

She whimpered and squealed all through his attack on her slack, bouncy tush. Olivia cried when he made her kiss him, showed her how she must move her lips as he held onto and caressed her clit. She was beside herself in distress when Phil made her arouse him again and then entered her once more, not really expending any of his manjuice on her as he had come too many times for one night.

But she was co-operative, so afraid of him, as Phil could twist her and hurt her as he chose. He told her and she nodded in fear, believing him, doing again all that Phil wanted her to do, crying most pitiably as he used her fake breasts as cushions for his pecker, making her press

forward to kiss Phil's manhood. She whispered what she was told to by Phil.

She said that she was Olivia and loved to have a man inside her tush. She began to seriously weep as he made her say how much she wanted to give her man a blow job and how she loved her dresses and panties and wouldn't Phil take her again.

Having her surrender so completely to him brought on another awakening of Phil's pecker and so he rewarded Olivia then with a little more 'doggie-style' penetrations which she had to whisper that she loved her man doing to her, and wouldn't he please do it again and again to her as she loved it so.

"I can't do this all day," said a sore Phil Garcia, as he reached for the phone that Rachel had given him. "I've two other girls to service, you greedy, little bitch. Now, kiss my manhood good night, yes, sweetly like that, Olivia, and you can go to sleep as well, if you can.

"You have my permission to dream of me as your lover, Olivia. If you dream of something new and fresh that you'd like me to do to you, tell me tomorrow when I start with you again. Yes, I am going to be your lover for a while, Olivia. When you're a little prettier and trimmed down, your breasts made real, I might even take you back to 310, and we can be roomies all over again!"

Olivia began to weep and shudder as Phil fondled her as if she was a woman. She didn't dare to move away from him and succumbed to all the things that he did to humiliate her, his old roomie. Yes, that was what was so sweet. He, Phil Garcia, was doing things he had never thought he could to those who had belittled him or been his rivals in the past. Oh yes, when he was President, let anyone oppose him in any way and this is what would happen to them. They'd become girls. Yes, as soon as the

medics could take over, they'd be just like all the other beautiful Rho girls, adoring the man who was President of Alpha House.

"I can't go in there!" said Brenda in a panic as the limo from the private airport delivered her lover and her into a resort that seemed to be wall-to-wall beautiful girls, real girls, in bikinis.

The door of the limo was opened by a grinning, uniformed bellman but a smiling Will Merton slid out first and turned to help the trembling girl he'd tried to comfort all the way in from the airport to join him in the shaded, leafy alcove before the clearly expensive, luxurious hotel.

Will handed off a large bill to the man who was smiling at the shapely, lovely, blonde girl who emerged from the limo. She was immediately taken possessively by Will, his arm about her, as he leaned into her and kissed her soft, pink lips that she had just repaired after his attentions all the way in from the airport.

"Everything to the Merton suite," said Will, drawing Brenda into the crowd of people that were sauntering in and out of the Solarium Beach and Marina Hotel. "Let's go and sign in, darling." The last made the girl beside him shiver, despite the heat, her eyes, Will noted in amusement, seemingly riveted on all the girls in their bikinis who wafted in and out of the hotel, the men they were with often much older than they were.

"We'll have to go up and meet my father," said Will, clutching Brenda around her waist. She didn't seem to mind that at all, even cuddling to him, as he shortened his stride to her female movement across the marble flooring.

Brenda felt the jarring of her high heels on the floor as well as hear the sexy click of her thin, staccato heels. She could also feel and hear the swish of her dress. Normally, she enjoyed such sensations so much but here, with half-naked women all about her, laughing and flirting with obviously wealthy men, Brenda felt as odd as she had when she had first been dressed in women's underwear by the girls who had told her how lucky she was. She would soon be in the Alpha fraternity when she proved herself, they'd said, laughing at 'her'. She shuddered as she thought about how she was in the frat in a way, all of the Rho girls like herself were, even the debutantes, if they only knew.

"Of course, Pops is probably on the yacht, half a dozen fashion models draped all over him, drinking Cuba Libres if he's still favoring that," said Will Merton easily. He should have known, he thought regretfully, how much this life style wouldn't be to Brenda's liking. He was so used to it. He had wanted to show Brenda off to his father, show him what a real girl was like, not one of the bimbos that his father always thought was in love with him.

"We can get dressed," said Will with a smile, taking the key the manager handed to him, not stopping her as he led her to the private elevator to the suite that his father kept available for himself and for his son all year round. "Then, we can go down and join him."

"Get dressed or undressed," murmured Brenda as Will led her forward into the vacant elevator with just one button to press.

Will knew he was on camera but he couldn't resist the moment that he was finally alone with his girl. She was trembling again and trying to release him but Will took her hands and put them about his neck.

"My makeup," Brenda murmured but didn't say anything more as he held her body tightly against his. She closed her eyes and kissed him back as thoroughly as he kissed her.

"Well, maybe we won't go down to the boat right away," whispered Will as he felt the jiggle of her breasts against him and sensed that she was tensing as much as he was as she pressed against him.

"With what we did on the plane ..." murmured Brenda, shivering again but not in discomfort that time. Will's hands were on her tush, outlining her panties as he drew her against the mound in his pants that she knew would be there.

"That was hours ago," whined Will in mock complaint.

"You said you liked me wearing a dress," whispered Brenda as the elevator came to a quiet stop. The door opened and an unbelievably luxurious suite opened out in front of her. A tall man in a dark suit stepped into view.

"Hello, Franz," said Will lightly. "The front desk called you?"

"Of course, Mr Merton," said the hefty man, glancing at the pretty girl on Will's arm. "The guest rooms ..."

Were probably full with Daddy's new playmates, thought Will. "Brenda will be in my suite with me," said Will firmly, looking at the security man who had doubtlessly been assigned to him while he was in the Keys. "All of our luggage ... ah!"

The luggage, pink cases for her, with Brenda knew not what in them, began to arrive as he spoke, along with a small, older woman who announced that she would put away all of the master's and mistress's clothes. Being de-

scribed as a mistress made goose bumps break out on Brenda's skin.

"Can you do the other rooms first, Maria?" asked Will of the older woman, holding his girl's hand tightly.

"We're very tired from our long trip," Brenda couldn't help blushing then as she knew it wasn't the trip that would have tired Will out, "and we'll probably lie down for a little while. Maybe in an hour or two, we'll go down to meet my father wherever he is by then."

Neither the security man nor the older maid gave a hint in their expressions that they knew what Will would be up to when he was lying down with his girl friend. Brenda was the only one who seemed to be blushing at the words Will was using. She shook as he led her into his 'suite' and then into the bedroom beyond.

"I, I should unpack," Brenda whispered uncertainly. "I, I don't know what there is in those suitcases you had put aboard for me ..."

"Just bikinis and high heels, lots of makeup and perfume, Chanel, as you like it," said Will. Brenda shivered as she had changed her perfume to Chanel as it was Will who liked it on her. He should have taken out Michelle, Brenda thought with a quiver, as she was the one who'd sprayed Brenda with her Chanel and that was before she'd danced with Will, at the Opening Night Ball, just as she danced with so many Alpha boys, but then, for the first time, he'd shown a real interest in her.

She'd regretted that 'Crazy' George Lazinsky had horned in on Will then, claiming that Brenda was committed to him for the evening. Brenda had wished that the rules of interrupting Alpha men hadn't had to be obeyed. But she was a good Rho girl and so she had gone with George and dreamed of Will all the time that she lay, head

in her pillow, and let George have his way between her widespread legs.

“They know what we are going to do,” Brenda murmured, turning her attention to the real Will Merton with her. She looked out, with a shiver, over the view of sea and marina, from the glass door that led out onto a deck complete with hot tub and pool.

“Let’s not disappoint them,” said Will then, stripping off his shirt and then taking the straps of her dress and easing them over her shoulders as she kissed him. Of course, he wanted her breasts again and Brenda was getting used to that. He’d loved her little sprouts before she’d let Dr Jane work her magic and, yes, it was so fantastic to have a man caress her titties, as she’d used to call them.

“Into bed, woman,” ordered Will in mock severity as his pants hit the floor. Brenda flushed again as a naked man with a strong desire for her stood in front of her, lifting her over the dress that fell to her ankles, twirling her in a little dance, unsnapping her bra and garter belt as she came within reach of his hands.

She was in his bed before she knew it and Will was slaking his thirst for her, driving lustily into her as she met his thrusts and penetration with gyrations of her own.

“Oh, man,” whispered Will, not realizing the word he had chosen, she supposed. “That is so good, Brenda, so good. Oh, do that thing with your legs again. I got to have you, babe. I just got to have you all the time. I love it so. I love you, my darling Brenda.”

Brenda went still as she heard what he said. That was a word that the girls and boys of the sorority and fraternity avoided using, save for describing what they did together as ‘making love’. But Will wasn’t supposed to say

what he just had, Brenda knew, trembling now in shock. He was breaking the rules. He was encouraging her to break the rules as well as he stroked her and clearly was waiting for her to say it to him as well. And the terrible thing was that she did love him, too.

"It's why I brought you down here, Brenda," said Will, her lovely hair brushing his face as he drove into his wriggling woman. "It's not just you that I am going to tell that to, that I love you. I am going to tell my father as well. I am going to tell him that you are going to be my wife as soon as I graduate."

Brenda's squeal as her man began to release inside her turned into a shriek as she was overcome with emotion. No, he couldn't do that to her, not if he loved her! The fraternity would never allow her to be his exclusively, Brenda thought in despair. Bryan had already told her that she was his as soon as the week was up with Will Merton. That was as long as this wonderful bliss could last for her. It was why she had agreed to come away with him, to be completely his woman for a little while.

"It's not allowed!" Brenda finally screamed as Will bounced and bounced her against him.

"What isn't allowed?" asked Will in confusion as the girl beneath him began to cry even though she still wiggled and writhed beneath him, her breasts so firm with the passion and pleasure he thought that she was feeling.

"You can't tell me you love me," Brenda wept as she kissed her lover's face, "and you only have me for the week! You can't marry me! You know what sort of girl I am! How can I marry a, a m-man like you, even if ..."

"Even if you do love me," whispered Will, knowing what objection she was trying to make and deliberately misunderstanding her. He hugged Brenda's almost naked body to his and caressed her everywhere he could reach.

She was shivering in some kind of fit as her lovely lips clung to his. Her body gyrated against his, pleasing him in so many ways.

“Say it to me,” said Will then. “Tell me that you love me.”

Brenda shuddered. She couldn't do that. Then she remembered that she was a Rho girl and there were rules. “I, I love you, Will,” she muttered, her arms about her man's neck, twisting her hips as she felt him caressing them, making her pleasure increase, as well as his own..

“Well, that was convincing,” murmured a smiling Will. “But wherever did you get the idea that you can't tell me you love me, or that you can't marry me?”

“Bryan said,” whispered the teary girl beneath Will, moving femininely to accommodate him again, “and it's obvious as well, isn't it?”

“Oh, Bryan's making new rules again, is he?” chuckled Will, kissing her lovingly. “I love you, Brenda, and, yes, you can say it as well. It isn't against the rules and I, as an Alpha male, and on Frat Council, tell you that what I am saying is true. I love you and, as for the other thing, there have been weddings all the time at Rho House, up until about three years ago. You saw Frank and Karen Hudson and their baby, didn't you?”

“I did,” breathed the shaking girl into Will's ear. Finally, he figured out how distressed she was and tried to roll from her but she held onto him, cuddling into him, her lips kissing his frantically.

“That is going to be us,” said Will, into his girl friend's ear, rocking her against him, feeling her clit growing against him. “That is, if you want it as well as me. You do want to be my wife, don't you? You know it means that you will only have one man in your life, darling Brenda, whom you can make love to any more. That will be me. I

will be your husband and you will be my wife. I love you, Brenda. I love you. I love you. Will you please marry me?"

Shock poured over Brenda as the man, who wanted to be a husband to her, kissed and kissed her, his hands and fingers stroking her breasts, her sides, her hips and her rounded, feminine tush against him.

"But, b-but why ...?" Brenda began as ecstasy rose inside her as her lover began again to penetrate her so lovingly.

"Because I love you," whispered Will between kisses, using that word again that both made her cringe and filled her with such a terrible longing. "Do you love me?"

"Yes," Brenda answered before she could stop herself and then there was no stopping the kisses and the love-making that Will subjected her to.

Brenda squeezed her legs about his waist as she felt him becoming so firm inside her and then it was if they were one, her breasts crushed against him as his mouth seemed to be devouring hers. Her climax, for once, arrived with his and so she was squirming and convulsing beneath him just as he was writhing and bucking so deeply into her, his mouth tenderly reminding her that he loved her as a woman, every part of her.

"I, I love you, Will," she finally managed to say between kisses as he had buried his head on her breast, his tongue arousing her nipple to even greater desire for his kiss.

"And will you marry me?" Will persisted. "I will never share you with any other man, ever again."

Brenda couldn't help the great shudder that went through her as she rocked her body against the man who was holding her down and caressing every part of her

that he could touch. "I, I will marry you, my darling," she managed to say. Somehow, she didn't know how, Will actually hardened inside her, and she went into bliss again as the man who would be her husband made love to her furiously, causing every nerve in her so shapely, feminized body, to scream with joy.

"This, this isn't me!" whispered Tanya, as she was assisted from the makeup chair by Astrid and Evelyn.

She had to mince over to the long mirror and see the new Tanya in all her glory.

"Which part of you, isn't you?" asked Evelyn with a laugh, packing the purse, the strap of which she would put over the girl's bare shoulder.

Tanya stared in fright at the girl with the long, curled red hair in the mirror. "She isn't me!" she said and pointed at the girl with a long, painted fingernail as the beautiful girl spoke and pointed back at her as well.

"I love these short, dance dresses," said the blonde Astrid, coming beside the lovely redheaded girl. "I wish I could be in black, like you are, Tanya. It really suits you, doesn't it, that dress, and the shoes and stockings to match."

Astrid swirled Tanya around, making the dress caress the girl's stockings, increasing, Astrid knew from experience, the feeling of femininity in the other girl. Tanya wasn't really staring at her dress, however. She was staring at the breasts that she appeared to have and that the strapless, low-cut dress revealed so startlingly.

"Oh, your earrings are so darling as well, aren't they, Tanya?" asked Astrid, touching one and making it move

against Tanya's long, thin neck. Tanya shivered and shook her head but that only made the sensations of femininity increase in her as the long hair whirled around her bare shoulders.

"This is ..." she began but was immediately shushed by Evelyn and Astrid who insisted that whatever she say, Tanya say it in her highest of voices, no matter how silly it sounded to her.

"Ooo, that necklace and those bracelets match so well, don't they, Tanya?" Astrid went on. "You are such a fabulous girl, darling Tanya. You're going to be taken into the Frat, for sure!"

"Hey! Hey!" said Martin, leading his friend, George, into the dressing room. "What are you whispering to my girl friend, Astrid? If you want to whisper sweet nothings to someone, why don't you whisper to George? Hey, Tanya, you look so sweet. I just have to kiss you, my darling!"

Which Martin proceeded to do, the lovely girl looking terrified as he put his arms about her and had his mouth on her lipsticked lips before she could shout out the protest that she wanted to.

Evelyn scolded Martin, of course, for mussing up Tanya's lipstick. She made a special point of putting an extra tube in the purse that she put on the shivering girl's bare arm.

"Off you go and enjoy the dance," said Evelyn, closing the door after them. Tanya felt so weird, the heavy breasts on her chest bouncing as her high heels ricocheted off the floor.

"Feeling a little weird?" asked Martin sympathetically, slowing and holding her more tightly about her waist.

Tanya could only shudder and nod as they headed towards the mirrored wall at the end of the hallway, the last couple, or so Evelyn had said, to be headed to the dance floor. Astrid and George waved and smiled at themselves in the mirrored wall and Tanya gasped when she saw 'herself', this cute, red-haired girl, clinging to Martin's arm so that she could walk in the high heels that wobbled on her feet. Her dress swished about her as she followed Astrid to where her fellow pledges, and Tanya, were being taught to dance like girls.

"You've every right to," murmured Martin, guiding her down the same passageway, after Astrid. "The games that the frat makes you girls play ..."

He stopped then and held Tanya back. Both Martin's arms went about her thin waist and then she was pushed back against the wall. She did get off a squawk of protest but it wasn't enough. Martin's mouth closed over hers.

"Mmm, umm," was all she could get out as Martin kissed Tanya firmly, pressing his body against hers, against her phony breasts, her dress swishing as he held her tightly and she couldn't get away from him with the frame behind her, trapping her head.

"Now, you, pretty girl," Martin insisted. "You kiss me."

"I don't ..." Tanya began with a shudder, her breathing coming so heavily, her front, her breasts, her so-called treasure chest, bouncing as if they were real. His lips closed on hers again, and moved over hers, his tongue making her gasp but he wouldn't stop as he swirled her dress about her soft stockings, sensations she realized that were feminine, if not female, rising through her wriggling body.

"Kiss me," Martin told her and she tried to turn away but then he kissed her anyway, again and again, his

tongue entering her mouth as he crushed her boobs into his chest and fondled her tush and panties through her swishing dress. Oh, but she did feel so girlish, she knew, as she swayed into the boy kissing her, caressing her bare arms.

Tanya finally realized that Martin wasn't going to stop, his arms and hands so powerful against hers, giving her no chance to get free. She had to kiss him and so she finally did. She put her arms about his neck as he told her she had to do as she was the girl and she was kissing her date.

So Tanya was kissing Martin. He laughed as he smiled down at her and she had to smile and tell him, as he'd ordered her to do before, that she enjoyed kissing a boy like him. And inside, she knew that she did. It was so funny really as Martin really did think she was a girl, didn't he? Yes, she was the one leading the kissing when Mistress Emma came down the hallway with her male friend and caught them at it.

"The whole class is waiting for you, miss," said Emma, smiling as the girl flushed so much that her makeup couldn't cover it up.

"Now," said Emma, as she led the last couple into the large dancing room. "In the center of the floor, Martin and Tanya." Tanya tried to hold back in fright but Martin easily drew her into the middle of the floor, the whole group of couples, boys and girls, surrounding them.

"Show us why we had to wait for you lovebirds," said Emma, smiling as she saw the appalled look on the redhaired girl's face. Martin immediately put his hands on Tanya's hips and held her to him, kissing her cheek when she tried to lift her face away from him.

"No, no," said Emma, advancing on the couple again. "That isn't what I saw. What I saw was a girl kissing her

man. She had her arms like this," she draped Tanya's shivering arms and hands about Martin's neck, "and she was the one initiating the kissing, like this."

Tanya was propelled into Martin's embrace, her dress was made to swirl, and, there, before the class, she had to kiss Martin, as if she was a girl, not once, but half a dozen times, in front of everyone, demonstrating all the different techniques that she might have used.

Emma stopped after the seventh kiss. "Why are you guys and girls grinning?" she asked angrily. "You should all be practicing this! Ben, let Madeleine show you and us what she's just learned. No point wasting the figures the girls have today. Time for all you girls to learn how to enchant your Alpha dates so that they will vote you into the fraternity! Go to it, all of you!"

It took some time but soon the girls were all practicing with their boy friends, as Emma called them. The sisters led the way, of course, with the extra boys who had been assigned to them. The new couples kissed easily, the girls demonstrating to the debutantes what they had to do. Emma watched and saw how Tanya was engrossed in kissing Martin, the two swaying and locking their lips just as if they were a man and a woman together. The other new girls were still very tentative about kissing other men.

"Very nice," said Emma. "Now, change partners, girls, for the first dance, and all you sisters, too. Kiss your partners nicely, that's it, sisters, and now, you debutantes, throw your arms about your new partner. Make him feel that you girls have been waiting only to kiss him. Oh, very nice, Heidi. Excellent, Tanya, but you've had so much practice, haven't you?"

Yes, they'd be as good as the first group by the end of the 'day', thought Emma, as Tanya kissed George gently

and the boy held back as he was supposed to. Yes, the six debutantes in the first group were all bedded down with a boy friend. Not even Nadine had thrown any kind of fit. She'd taken Duncan, her assigned boy friend, to bed and Suzie had whispered to Emma that, unbelievably, Nadine had been the first to let her boy friend penetrate her. That was one, for sure, that the sorority could enroll before the Ball was even proclaimed.

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