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FRAT³

HOW NICE GIRLS CAME TO BE

by Gabrielle Johnson

After so many nights of hyper-masculine love-making from the previous Alpha House president, Rachel found Peter Simpson, an absolute joy. Oh, yes, he penetrated her just as the late lamented, now-only-to-be-known-as Trudi, had done; but Peter brought her to a feminine orgasm just as Alan Fox, the best lover she'd ever had, had done to her in every tryst they'd had together.

But Peter wasn't Alan. He wasn't manipulating Rachel to think of herself as a woman. No, to Peter, it seemed, she was a woman. He wanted her to be satisfied by him. He tried to pleasure her in so many

ways, caressing her 'clit' to make her climax so satisfactorily, kissing her romantically, his hands fondling her breasts, her tush, her thighs. He made her show that she was as aroused by him as he was by her.

And, like all Alpha men, he was on his 'meds' to make him a sexual athlete in bed. Rachel had to smile as she was bonked, that wasn't as bad a word as the F word, was it, by a loving man. She wondered what the new debutantes thought about the older men they were with, all of the men, only Alpha alumni could call themselves that, loaded with blue pills to keep the new Rho girls in womanly heaven all night long.

The Alpha men knew that they had the task of fixing in the minds of the debutantes, the 'girls' loaded with female hormones, that they were girls. Yes, the debs would learn to love the gentle, experienced, Alpha men bonking them, telling them how they were such wonderful girls, as all their new, male lovers in the days ahead would confirm.

Rachel heard that from Peter. From the moment that Peter had let Rachel swish into his bedroom, she'd been girlish with him. She'd helped him out of his tux and white shirt as he had been easing the thin straps of her dress over her shoulders. She'd opened the belt of his pants as he'd kissed her while he released her dress and her bra. She was in ecstasy as he'd suckled on her breasts.

No, there wasn't the nipping or fierce grabbing that 'Trudi' had inflicted on Rachel. Peter didn't slap her or insult her. He tried to make her sexual pleasure grow as he engaged in extended foreplay that left him groaning and begging her forgiveness for his

roughness as he penetrated her. He just had to be a man inside her.

Peter obviously hadn't had many Rho girls as his words made Rachel want to cuddle up even more to him. "I, I always had to, to enter all the girls who wanted me, before, before I joined the frat," Peter confessed. "I, I just have to be inside the girl I'm with. It's the only way that she feels real to me."

"That's what girls like me want as well," Rachel whispered to her lover, wriggling her tush into position for him watching his eyes go wide in astonishment as she took him face-to-face.

"I didn't know ..." Peter confessed as Rachel showed him how to lubricate her, initiating her lover on how to fully engage a Rho girl in lovemaking. It wasn't just the act that made Rachel so enjoy her lover. She'd been penetrated enough times by Alpha men, lately by Corman James, the Past President of the fraternity. Corman seemed to think that Rachel should be his by right of inheritance now that Trudi was suffering from the fate that was rarely, but definitely, handed out to those who disgraced the frat.

It was his apologies for his manly desires, he had to have them met, that endeared Peter to Rachel. She felt her orgasm rise within her, after Peter satisfied his initial rush. She was surprised how Peter recognized the needs she had. He gripped her 'clit' firmly and held her, making her desire for him rise to a degree she hadn't experienced since Alan Fox had made her a woman.

Rachel's cathartic release, her explosion of emotion in kissing Peter, and begging him not to ever stop thrusting into her as he was doing so sweetly, was what all the girls had learned early on. It led to

Peter hanging back himself to make her wonderful orgasm last and last until she could stand it no more. She was spent and spasm-ing when she felt him come gloriously again inside her as she wiggled and writhed against him in a way she hadn't done, without some faking, with her recent lovers.

“Lovely, lovely, Rachel,” Peter whispered to her. “I’ve wanted you for so long but could never get close to you. Did I tell you that?”

“You can tell me again and again,” cooed Rachel, enjoying the girlish way she felt. “I really love to hear handsome men say nice things about me.”

“I don’t know how you can be so, so girlie,” Peter whispered to her as Rachel pushed her breasts into his hand as she wiggled against him. He smiled and stroked her again. For the longest of long times then, they couldn’t say much as every part of her feminized, womanish body was open to him as his masculinity was exposed for her entertainment. As well, she pleased him so with her feminine ways. Like a rose, Rachel bloomed in the heat of the sun.

Her orgasm, as she lay in Peter’s arms, her thigh turned so that he could penetrate her and still kiss her, even as he played with her clit and stroked her thighs or breasts, was a wonder to both of them. Her tongue flickered in and out of Peter’s mouth, as he hugged her so tightly into him. His masculine conquest of her was fantastic and complete.

“How did you ever get to be so girlie?” Peter wanted to know, between passionate kisses and caresses. “Were, were you always, I mean as a little boy ...?”

“Good heavens, no,” said Rachel with a giggle.

“You sound so much like a girl,” Peter murmured, his manhood rising between Rachel’s legs, making her wonder what he’d be like if she was in her artificial vagina. “I’ve heard drag queens before who sound so, so ... funny. They have this drawl that says they’re gay men, but you don’t!”

“That’s a compliment, is it?” asked Rachel, opening her legs and letting Peter find his own way inside her. He did sort of jump as he felt her ‘clit’ rising and touching his abdomen as he began to make love to her again.

“I do love your, your lovely, femmy voice,” said Peter, straining to speak as he slid into her wiggly tush.

“We Rho girls practice for hours at a time to talk like this,” murmured Rachel, giggling, recalling how Debbie and others had been enlisted to teach her how to talk, sing and laugh like a girl.

“You don’t sound draggy,” Peter said as he began to buck and drive himself into the Rho girl beneath him, fondling her breasts and kissing her repeatedly as she caressed him femininely.

“Draggy is the worst insult you can pay to a Rho girl,” pouted Rachel when she finally released all over her boy friend, hugging his naked body to hers. “It’s not just our voices we change, but the actions that we make as well. The older girls told us all the time that we’re not drag queens. We’re never to be.”

Well, that wasn’t probably true for every girl who’d graduated from Rho House. “We are girls,” Rachel finished with a smile, saying what she’d said every minute of the day, willingly, for Alan Fox, in her days as a debutante.

They slept fitfully, entwined about one another, Rachel finally awakened by the realization that the penetration she was lovingly dreaming about was actually real. Peter was coming inside her, his desire unabated and his needs as a man paramount.

“I must cut back on the blue pills,” Peter cursed as Rachel wiggled against him and bounced her soft tush on his hard as a rock erection. “I only touched your lovely tush as softly as I could and look what happened to me.”

“Let’s not waste it then,” gasped Rachel, grimacing as she rolled and sat up on an astonished, elated Peter. He seized her hardening nipples as she began to bounce on his erection, her clit flickering over his abdomen.

“Oh yes, Rachel, sweet, sweet Rachel,” Peter moaned as she slowed and pouted coyly at her lover, her long hair falling across her face, and then his. A pillow and then another at his back put them in the perfect position to make love, she over him but as soft and feminine as she could be. No, she didn’t want to do any mannish stuff that the rare lover wanted from her. No, she was the girl. Peter knew that. She was his Rachel; he wanted no other girl but her, he finally told her, sending a thrill of delight through her.

While Rachel was leaving the Alpha ballroom to begin her delightful tryst with Peter Simpson, Olivia, in the Rho House ballroom, was already reaching a state of excitement with a gentle, loving Martin that was making her squeak in pleasure.

A grinning Martin had to put a hand over the cushioned, womanly lips that Dr Jane had given the new girl. "There are others," he whispered to Olivia. A loud, girlish shriek from a neighboring cubicle proved him right. A girl's voice was crying out for her lover not to stop frigging her, she loved it so.

If you stopped and listened, Martin realized, it was the same throughout the converted ballroom. All of the girls were deep in the throes of lovemaking. Male grunts and whispers, and girlish squeals, came from all over the place. The romantic music that wafted from the speakers didn't totally drown them out.

Martin knew he'd lucked out. Olivia wasn't really a debutante, waiting to be 'accepted'. She'd already been accepted into the frat. Now she'd be accepted into the Rho sorority.

Olivia had had a little work done to her face to feminize her. She had boobies, of course, her tush considerably improved over those of most debutantes. 'She' was most definitely a Rho girl already, but now, her feminine convulsions frightened her. She was scared about how she felt making love to a man, such strange reactions triggered in 'her'. Martin had been told that by Emma and Rachel. He had to make Olivia feel, through his compliments, that she really was the girl they'd made of her.

"Oh, Olivia," Martin breathed soft words at her. "Oh, that's it! That's it! Ooo, what a lovely, female orgasm you're having. Yes! Yes! That's right! Use me, my wonderful girl. Let me pleasure your lovely clit and kiss your lovely breasts. Ooo, your nipples are so tense, just like a young girl's!"

Olivia rocked beneath Martin. “Oh no, I can’t ...” she cried. Martin’s mouth closed over hers, gently, not demanding at all, his mistake with Tanya, he realized, as Emma had taught him.

“You catch more flies with honey,” Alan Fox had said to him, too, as they’d discussed Tanya and the possibility that she might embarrass the fraternity. Alan had taken Tanya off before the ceremonies while Martin had been ‘promoted’ to Olivia. He’d thought he’d got the worst of the deal until he used the techniques the older Alpha man suggested to him.

They’d worked. Oh, how they’d worked! Olivia was crying in his arms like a girl, kissing him, caressing him, wiggling her tush for him, as if she was a girl. She accepted his gentle caresses of her boobies as if he was a rock star with his latest groupie. Olivia, of course, had known right away why she’d been dressed as she was, in her strapless, tight, evening gown, the tiara in her hair, and her face so thickly, exquisitely made up.

Olivia had trembled in dismay, or so it seemed, when Shelley and Marisa had brought her to the Debutantes’ Ball. She, in her tiara, had been introduced as ‘Olivia, our newest debutante’. She’d been embarrassed, ashamed perhaps, with the way all the men she danced so girlishly with had caressed her, since some must have known who she’d been before she became a Rho girl. But not a one used her former name, or failed to kiss and caress her, or to give her compliments on the girlish things about her, her breasts being touched and praised by almost every man.

She’d been complimented by men who’d once been Olivia’s male friends, whom she knew, laughed

with and told dirty jokes about Rho girls, of whom she was now one. She knew what would happen to her as Olivia had been at these balls before and had taken part in the revels. She knew what her 'date', Martin Best, would do to her, after he kissed her into a daze, and led her from the dance floor.

Oh yes, Olivia knew what was expected of a debutante. She'd only to glance down at her chest, at her lovely, bouncy breasts to know what was going to happen. So, from the very start, after Martin led her to their bed, applauding her girlie strip and dance for him, before he kissed her trembling body so softly, it appeared she wanted Martin inside her. She was squealing as he took her at first so gently, his caresses softer than any he'd ever given a Rho girl before.

So, this is what made them tick, like real girls, marveled Martin, as Olivia gasped and clung to him. He explained to her, their love play not declining with just that first, glorious penetration, that now, as she was convulsing, Olivia was a real woman, that women had orgasms like this with their lovers, didn't they? She was a woman. She had a lifetime of pleasure in being a woman before her.

Olivia was crying and shaking again as she pressed her naked breasts against Martin's naked, hairy chest. He bent his head and kissed her lovely, erect nipples. She shook some more, clutching him to her. Oh, she wants it again, Martin thought in amusement. Oh, what a lover I am! I'll have to teach her not to be so timid and take what she wants from a man. But not tonight, no, tonight was for making love endlessly. Olivia's frenzied kiss left him in no doubt that she'd totally enjoy being his woman for all of that time.

Tanya screwed up her face, so clear and clean, as she lay in Alan's arms in the bath they shared. Her hair extensions were gone. She didn't like the way she looked, like a flat-chested, skinny girl.

"But I like flat-chested, skinny girls," said Alan Fox with a smile, sweeping more bubbles down the bath so that the thin woman he'd made love to so avidly all night and morning long could hide what made her not look as womanly as she wanted to look.

"I don't," murmured Tanya, trying to sound girlish. She succeeded very well for a girl of such short 'vintage', thought Alan. "I never did." There was an impish smile on her face that made her look like the girl Alan had taken to bed. He had to kiss her. He did so, she edging to him, finding, when Alan drew her against him, that he was already rampant.

"Again?" Tanya asked her lover.

"I'm afraid so," said Alan. "It's that girlie smile, the femmy gestures you make. You don't have to be in a wig or pretty dress to be a girl, Tanya. You really just are, as yourself, the kind of girl any man would want to make love to."

"In here or in bed?" asked Tanya, shivering a little.

"It takes too long to get to the bed," said Alan, drawing her to sit on his erection, turning her body so that he could kiss her as well as fondle her nipples. He'd found she liked that.

Her mouth found his, the longing for him to make her feel like a woman, coming loud and clear

to Alan Fox. Another triumph, he thought sarcastically to himself, another Rachel Porter. Oh, but no, he wasn't going through that again. Alan kissed Tanya with more fire than he had during the night. He was surprised when she responded, edging her body even closer against his, her clit in motion almost right away.

It took a while for her to grow and start to shake, her mouth clinging to his. Tanya allowed him to caress her with his tongue, even though she was writhing, twisting and turning on his manhood so firmly anchored in her. But Alan knew how to take his time. Rachel had taught him that. Such a wonder that girl had been.

Alan had thought he could arrive at the frat and just take Rachel back. It should have been the same as before. But Rachel denied the attraction that their bodies had for one another. Rachel had put her arm under Peter Simpson's, deliberately, provocatively, as the President had stared at Alan in confusion. He'd have given the girl to Alan, they all knew, but Rachel hugged Peter's arm tightly, smiling up at him as she'd once done to Alan Fox, entrancing Alan even as she rejected him.

Rachel suggested Alan help the frat with a debutante, who could embarrass the frat at the ball. It had been a way out of the impasse with Rachel, an unbelievable way out, Alan thought, as he and Tanya consummated the new attraction his body had taken on. Tanya slipped easily now into her orgasm and gyrated passionately against him in female ecstasy.

"I think I love you, Tanya girl," Alan whispered to her.

“Only think,” whispered the girl, unable to suppress the giggle that rose inside her, letting her tongue flicker over his lips as she got the words out.

Alan kissed Tanya firmly, holding her to him, hoping his erection would ease naturally. Or else he would have to bonk her again. Not a bad option, either way, was it?

“How did this all come about?” Tanya asked him then, her arms about his neck, her skinny body attached to his, her clit having subsided when her convulsions ceased.

“All this what?” asked Alan, feeling her moving on his manhood, knowing that Tanya was going to entice him into making love to her again, even though she was quite ‘dry’ herself. His emissions inside her were minimal, too.

“This making boys into girls,” said Tanya frankly, kissing him when Alan turned, startled by the question, to look at her thoughtful, femmy face. Oh yes, the eyebrows, the dark lashes and the earrings couldn’t belong to anyone else but a lovely woman. “How did this ever become something that this fraternity began to do?”

“Oh,” said Alan, thinking back to when he first joined Alpha House. “It was about six years before I joined, I believe, and the first of all was Josie.”

“Josie who?” asked Tanya.

“Josie Bentley,” said Alan, wondering how the other guys would feel about him telling the real story to this lovely girl who was wriggling on him, making his erection pleasure her, kissing the side of his mouth as he talked.

“The way that this all started was a joke,” said Alan, recalling the story told to him by the people involved in it, including Josie, who’d taught him how to make love to a girl like her. She’d taught him so well that he’d been in love with her, puppy love, Josie had called it.

She’d moved on to someone older, an alumnus whom she’d had before. But thanks to Josie, and the girls he’d treated as if they were her, he’d become the man, the one, that all intractable girls were sent to. Rachel had been intractable, of course, until he’d made love to her. What a summer that had been! He should never have let her go.

“A joke?” asked Tanya into the pause that followed what he’d said. “All I am to Alpha House is a joke!”

“No, not you, my darling Tanya,” said Alan, taking time to caress the girl in his arms and kiss her as lovingly as he could. “The first girl, Josie, wanted to be part of the fraternity. It wasn’t intended she should be. You see, all the frats back then were into weird forms of hazing.

“And the President of the time saw this slender, boyish kid reading our literature about being the fraternity that couldn’t and wouldn’t, ever, discriminate. The only entrance was a ‘rite of passage’ which the Pledge Committee set. That year’s was easy. It was to attend a Ball, properly dressed. If you were accepted into a Ball, you were in Alpha Rho Mu.”

“And Josie thought ...” murmured Tanya,

“That she’d have to wear a tux, bow tie and dance all the old-fashioned dances with girls in lovely dresses,” said Alan, easing at last out of his girl friend.

“Where’s the joke?” asked Tanya, relaxing girlishly into her boy friend’s arms as he added more hot water to their bath.

“The joke was that Don Hadley, the President,” said Alan Fox with a bit of a smirk, “told all the pledges they’d have to dress as women and partner an Alpha to some ball in some sorority I don’t remember. But the other guys found out that Don was joking. I guess their friends told them ...”

“And Josie was a loner,” breathed Tanya, between kisses. “She didn’t get the message.”

“Don told Warner Cook,” said Alan, “who told me he sent a ‘Ha-Ha! Gotcha!’ message to all the pledges, telling them to order their tuxes through his, Warner’s family’s, store downtown. They’d be charged to the frat. When Josie didn’t order, the Council thought that she’d decided against joining the frat.”

“But she hadn’t,” said Tanya slowly, loving the slow smooching she was being subjected to between groups of words by her lover.

“No, she hadn’t,” said Alan, lifting his girl up. She squealed as he took her to the bed where the activity they indulged in soon removed all the bathwater from the loving couple.

“You didn’t get the message?” croaked Don Hadley, standing on the steps outside the fraternity house.

“What message?” asked the blonde, bewigged ‘girl’ who’d appeared in front of him as he was leav-

ing the almost empty fraternity building. She was clutching her wrap tightly about her, her skirts shifting in the breeze, showing trim ankles and silver stockings in silvery, open-toed, high heels. But clearly she was no girl. She didn't sound like a girl, either.

"Hey, Don," called Warner, leaning out of Ed Elliott's ambulance, the frat's chief way of getting liquor onto campus. "We got it all!" That was said with a laugh. "The new pledges did a real good job at the gates."

"The pledges?" squeaked the boy in a dress, clearly that, a boy, to Don Hadley.

"Yeah," said Don, waving to Warner to go on and not pick him up. "You got the message we sent out?" He directed the last in a low voice to the female-dressed pledge in front of him. Gosh, couldn't the kid have come over to the frat in his own clothes and been ready to change there?

He could have gone out on the liquor run, this wannabe pledge, like the others. Some hadn't known what they'd be doing, no way the frat put any part of their liquor operation on paper or in e-mails. They'd too good a thing going since the University had busted other frats.

On the gates, there'd been a snap check of frat brothers; but no-one examined the ambulance where the new pledges were acting the parts of paramedics and doctors, as well as patients, to ferry in all that was needed for the nightly revels of all fraternities and sororities on campus.

"Come in here," said Don Hedley, looking over the pledge who'd fallen for the gag he'd come up with on the spur of the moment. He'd had to say

something to the crowd gathering and asking what it took to get into Alpha. Ed had told him that no-one would be stupid enough to fall for it. Warner later told Don that three guys had said they wouldn't pledge after a crazy idea like that.

"My girl friend wouldn't like it," one said.

"I didn't know this fraternity was gay," another had said.

"I think this falls under the heading of hazing," said the third seriously.

"The last two we can cut," Don had said furiously.

"For what?" Warner asked bluntly.

"Find a reason," Don said loftily. "We don't want barroom lawyers and sneermongers in our frat!"

"Sneermongers?" Warner had said with a straight face. "Is that a real word, Honored Brother President?"

"Tis now," retorted Don Hedley. "We won't have barroom lawyers or sneermongers in this fraternity while I'm President."

Nor gullible fools, Don realized he should have said, as he stared at the young man in a dress in front of him. Gods, his makeup was awful! No girl would wear that much blue eye shadow nor have run an eyebrow pencil through the bushes over each of her eyes. And that wig seemed to be off a little. It had moved, hadn't it?

"Did you come through the university like this?" asked Dan.

“No,” the kid said, his voice clear and masculine, unlike the whisper he’d used before. “There’s that old place behind here that’s empty.”

“It may be empty but it belongs to a sorority, Gamma something,” said Don angrily, not really knowing why he was angry.

“No-one goes in there,” the boy in a girl’s dress assured Don. He couldn’t even remember this kid’s name. Who was it that Mick, the frat’s secretary, said hadn’t responded to the e-mail? Joe, no, Joseph, somebody, or was that the last name, Jones?

“How did you?” asked Don, challenging the kid, taking his arm, man, was it thin, directing the kid towards the empty bathroom on the ground floor of the House. There didn’t seem to be anybody around for the moment.

“I have a key,” said the kid, flushing as Don raised an eyebrow as the kid took it from his purse. “Someone left it in a lock, weeks ago. I took it to keep it safe and, and to keep squatters out. They’ve tried, you know, to break the windows and screens but that place ...”

“Was built to keep guys out and girls in,” said Don, a phrase all the frat knew though it seemed to be new to this kid, whose dress was swishing as he walked. “So, your clothes are just down that pathway. Anyone see you before you came up to me.”

“There were some people in the distance,” said the grotesque caricature of a woman. “No-one said anything!”

They’d probably run off screaming if they’d seen a ‘girl’ like you, thought Don bitterly. He was on the point of telling the kid to get lost and never come near an Alpha again when the door of the bathroom

opened. Daley Masters came walking in. He stopped stock-still when he saw Don.

“Oops!” said Daley, backing away hurriedly. He was out the door before Don could stop him. The ‘girl’ stared at Don in fright.

“He only saw your back,” snapped Don harshly. “He thought you were a girl. Gods, look at you, whoever the heck you are! You can’t walk into the Delta Ees’ Festival looking like that!”

“How, how should I look?” the girlish boy in front of Don wanted to know.

Without meaning to, Don found himself giving another boy lessons in how to be a girl. He’d dated enough, laughed with pretty girls over dresses and makeup. He guessed he knew a lot more than this kid did about girls and women. This boy, who didn’t have a sister, confessed to Don he’d just gone out, bought a dress, a wig and feminine underclothing off the peg. The salesgirls hadn’t seemed to care what he was buying.

“It doesn’t really matter, does it, what I look like,” the boy said fearfully as Don took the purse from his soft hands and emptied it on the side of a wash basin.

“Of course it matters!” thundered Don. “You’ll be telling everyone you’re an Alpha pledge, won’t you? And if people laugh at you, Josie,” there, he’d named ‘her’, “it’d be Alpha they’d be laughing at, too, wouldn’t it?”

Don made Josie take off her wig. The idiot hadn’t even pinned ‘her’ fair hair down, though she had barrettes in her purse. “Did you use these brushes, or the tweezers?” asked Don. “You didn’t use the false eyelashes because they’re still in the box!”

“I, I didn’t know how!” said the boy, looking frightened as Don scowled at him.

“Whisper!” thundered Don Hadley. “If you can’t speak girlie, whisper and pout. Move your shoulder like this and look at me with smouldering eyes!”

Josie looked ridiculous even though she tried to do what Don said. “Just get the muck off your face,” snapped Don. “And let’s try again.”

It was Don who thinned out and curved Josie’s eyebrows, hurting her, which he ignored. She protested in her boy’s voice. Don ignored that as well. She wasn’t going to disgrace his fraternity, he thought sourly. It was Don who put foundation on her face and showed Josie how to apply her eyebrow pencil, her eyeliner, and attach her false eyelashes before she applied eye shadow and thicker eye liner.

Don traced around her lips with a lip gloss brush. He made Josie purse her lips as Don put on her shiny lipstick. He’d been so intent on his work it was only when he looked into her purse to find earrings, she babbling she was too frightened to put them on, that he finally saw what he’d created.

“What, what’s the matter?” the girl asked as she stared at a silent Don Hadley. She went to turn but stayed where she was when he barked at her. He pinned the blonde hair into place, brushed it on her head before he let her turn and look at herself.

“Oh, heavens,” whispered Josie, staring at the pretty girl in the mirror. “That’s not me!”

Josie was reaching for a handful of tissue to wipe her face before Don Hadley stopped her. He took the handful of tissue, though, and reached for the front of her dress. Yes, she’d had the guts to wear a bra.

He could fill it and make it push forward, easing out all the creases and sags in the front of her.

“You can’t!” gasped Josie, staring at the girl in the mirror, as Don raised her dress and underslip and exposed the panties and garter belt she was wearing. She didn’t know what else she was supposed to have done, she whispered, the clip-on, swinging hoops at her ears adding to her femmy look. The towels were shoved into her panties by Don, over her objections again, the re-positioning and tightening of the garter belt also forced on her; then, they looked at her, spun her in front of the mirrors. They both could see that Josie was a girl with a figure, suggestively feminine.

“Look at yourself, Josie,” said Don thickly as he stood behind her, his hands on her shoulders. Gosh, he looked like her boy friend, he thought, the way he was touching her soft, hairless shoulders.

“My eyebrows!” she was whispering at him, her blue eyes gleaming. “Look what you’ve done to them!”

“Yeah,” snarled Don Hadley. “Now, we can go to the Ball, Josie. You won’t let the frat down now. Oh, one thing.”

She squealed as he put perfume on her wrists and sprayed a feminine cologne all over her. “You shouldn’t have bought it, Josie,” he said smugly to her, “if you weren’t going to use it! Come on, my girl. Let’s go to the Ball!”

Don had to drag her from the bathroom. That was when a herd of juniors came running in from some game, undressing themselves as they yelled about being at the Ball in time or all the pretty girls would be gone.

“Wow! Mr President!” said the irrepressible Mike O’Reilly. “What you hiding for yourself, Don? Which sorority are you from, lovely lady?”

“This lovely lady isn’t from any sorority,” said Don stiffly. “Now, you juniors hurry up! You might be allowed one dance with Josie if you’re very good.”

The juniors bolted off. “Oh, she smells so good!” one cretin was singing at the top of his voice.

Josie shivered beside Don as he walked ‘her’ out of the fraternity. He’d intended to take Josie back to where she’d put on the girl’s dress she wore; but there was a ‘Whoopee’ behind them as the first of the juniors came pounding out of the house behind them.

“Hold my hand,” said Don, having to say it again to get Josie to obey. There was nothing he could do as more juniors swept by them, saying that they were going to steal Don’s girl friend when they got to the ball. Don grimaced, holding Josie’s shaking hand tightly so she couldn’t get away. He made her walk in those very feminine, high heels, her dress swishing about her, towards where everyone was going. They approached the Delta house amid deafening noise.

“Stay with me!” yelled Don, wondering for the first time why he was doing this, taking this boy, disguised as a girl, into this dance, the ‘Welcome to One and All Ball’, as the Ees had called it. It was their way of telling everyone they were the prettiest, most confident of their attractiveness, of all the sororities on campus.

Josie’s high heels were clicking, and her dress was swishing, even more noisily, as Don led his ‘date’, he realized people would think, into the bus-

ting sorority house. But no-one paid them special attention. Pretty girls sashayed by them in pretty dresses, just like the one Josie had bought, 'off the rack'. She was quivering fiercely, wearing a woman's lovely gown, all because Don Hadley had made a joke.

"You wanted this," said Don, as they stopped for a second, staring at the huge crowd. He felt her hand quaking again. She was trying to break away, free herself from the awful predicament she'd put herself into. "Join the girls and enjoy yourself!"

"Where are all the other guys like me?" whispered Josie, clinging anxiously to Don as he directed her into the middle of the dance floor. All around them, giggling girls from several sororities were flirting with the boys around them, their partners or not. Josie stood out a little because she wasn't doing that.

"I think I should tell you that there aren't any other girls like you at this dance," said Don Hadley. He'd thought he'd laugh at her when she realized she was the only one to fall for his joke.

"I mean the other guys like me, dressed up as girls," said a quivering Josie. "Aren't we going to be lined up and photographed and cheered at some time?"

Don Hadley suddenly felt like a heel. "No," he snapped. "You were the only one who fell for the joke."

The expression on the madeup, girlish face made Don Hadley feel even worse than a heel if that was

possible. It was an expression that he'd seen only rarely when he'd witnessed someone deceiving someone else terribly in a way they didn't expect. Josie was staring at him, her face stunned, as if her world had just fallen apart.

"A, a joke," Josie breathed softly at him, her beautiful, girlish eyes bright and then a tear fell from one over her makeup. "I'm a joke! I'm a joke to you and the fraternity! You didn't want me to join in the first place! Oh, this is a horrible joke to play on anyone! Let me go! Let me get out of here!"

"Hey, Don," came Daley Masters' voice from beside him. "You're making this pretty girl cry! This lummoX doesn't know how to treat a girl, Miss, er, Miss, um, what's this lovely girl's name, Don?"

"Josie, but she's going ..." began Don Hadley but his hand was torn away from Josie's. She was twirled away, her face looking up in fright and astonishment, at the most highly regarded womanizer in the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity.

Serves her right, fumed Don, stepping back to the sidelines.

"Lost the love of your life by the look on your face, Don," said a familiar voice behind him. Don turned to where Warner Cook was standing with a flushed-face girl drinking from a cup similar to the one Warner had. He offered his to Don who took it while Warner took the one from the girl's hand and told her she'd had enough.

"But it's only juice," the girl pouted, taking it back from Warner, slipping out of his arms to go off to giggle with her friends.

"You've spiked the punch," said Don, taking a deep drink. He really needed it.

“All of them,” said Warner in a low voice, “even the ones that Ed’s been telling the Ees are completely safe. Half the girls on this side of the floor are blotto, like Joan there. Hey, mind if I dance with that girl you brought with you? It’ll be a pleasure to dance with someone sober.”

“Be my guest,” said Don, “but Daley ...”

Warner stepped past him and, before Don could do anything, Warner had his arm about Josie and was sweeping her off down the floor, her eyes wide in fear, thought Don. She looked back at him, pleading with him to come and rescue her as Warner hugged her so tightly.

“That girl ...” said Daley Masters with a grin as he relieved Don of the large cup of doctored juice.

“Isn’t a girl, I know,” said Don Hadley apologetically.

Daley stared at him. “Isn’t,” he began, “a very good dancer, I was going to say. What do you mean, isn’t a girl?”

“She’s an idiot,” said Don grimly. “A pledge who fell for the joke I made about hazing the pledges in girls’ dresses. She thought I meant it and showed up, back at the house, like that. You saw her in the bathroom with me.”

“I thought,” said Daley, glancing around the floor until he found Josie and Warner in the crush by the bandstand, Warner bending his head to kiss her on the cheek, “that she seemed more padded than most girls, in that dress.” He smiled at Don. “What are we doing, calling her ‘she’ when she’s really a ‘he’?”

“The Ees are going to think we’re playing a joke on them, putting them down,” said Don quietly to

his amused frat brother. "Try getting a date here when they find out about Josie."

"Why bring her then?" asked Daley, a touch of anger in his voice.

Don quickly related the events with the juniors, how he couldn't get away from the crowd.

"I don't think Warner's tumbled to the joke," said Daley, still surveying the dancing, crowded floor. "He's keeping her down there deliberately. Oh, good, the band's calling for a rest!"

Warner's hand was about Josie's thin waist. He held her hand as well as he strolled across the floor with her. "Time for Josie to have a drink after all that dancing," Warner said with a smile at the two Alphas waiting for him. "Oh, look, Daley's brought you a drink of juice, Josie!"

Josie gripped the cup in two hands as several girls were doing around them as the volume of noise rose in the ballroom. "Th-thank you," she whispered, Warner's hand still around her shoulder protectively. Daley took the cup back, smiling in bemusement at the lipstick mark on the whitish china.

"Don's going to see Josie home very soon," said Daley easily to Warner, who frowned quickly.

"I thought you were a student here," Warner began as Josie looked at the other two men warily, like a deer in the headlights of a car, Don thought.

"She's Don's date," said Daley. "Look, a second band. You take your girl for a dance, Don. I'll explain it to Warner."

Don put his arm about Josie's thin waist again. He felt her shiver as she put her hands on his

shoulders as all the girls were doing as a very slow waltz began.

“I have to get out of here, out of these clothes,” Josie whispered in Don’s ear.

“Sure,” said Don grimly. “Hold onto me like the rest of the girls. I’ll head for the exit.”

The dance was so slow. It was hard to move. “There,” murmured Don, the fragrance he’d put onto this parody of a girl reaching his nostrils as he led her through the glass doors, thinking they’d walk around the sorority house.

But there was no exit in sight that he could see, only a sheltered garden. Many girls were strolling with their beaux before seating themselves on benches and swings. The most highly amorous soon engaged in the most passionate of kisses and caresses.

“We can’t go down there!” Josie hissed frantically but there was no other way to go. A huge crowd seemed to be following them out of the ballroom.

“Just hold on to me,” said Don Hadley, putting his arm about her shoulder. Josie hesitated, shaking against him.

“Here, kiddos,” said a girl, rising out of a swing, her partner protesting. “Take the best place in the gardens. I want to dance and get more punch. The Alphas have spiked it, you know.”

The girl danced away, her swain following her, grumbling. Don pulled Josie after him and sat on the moving, canopied, swing chair, drawing an awkward, protesting Josie after him.

“Just lay your head on my shoulder and cuddle up to me while we consider how to get out of here,”

said Don. The shaking blonde girl, adjusting her skirts about her as she sat, moved a little closer to him and hid her pretty face against him.

“This is so terrible!” she whispered.

“Not what you thought it would be?” asked Don, absent-mindedly caressing her bare shoulder. He was thinking how soft and smooth her skin was before he suddenly remembered what he was touching.

“Hey, man, if you’re not going to be using that bower,” said a tall guy, passing by, a girl in his arms, the two looking like they were glued to one another.

“We’re using it,” Don growled back, reaching over and lifting Josie’s panic-filled face to him. Her lips were still femininely shaped, as he’d done them, Don saw. It was easy to kiss Josie. Strange feelings he’d felt since he first saw her began to overwhelm him.

Josie knew what she had to do with the other couple watching them. She tried to relax and not scream as she felt like doing. She heard the other couple finally move on as the ‘other’ girl said, “There’s one!” But Don didn’t stop kissing Josie. In fact, his outer arm drew her closer, his mouth moving over hers as if he enjoyed kissing her.

Josie trembled as she twisted her lips free but Don still held her tightly. “There’s a gate down there on the far walkway,” Don whispered into her ear, his breath making her dangling earring dance against her neck. “Another kiss for luck and we’ll stroll over. We’ll have to stop as the other couples are doing. You ready for it?”

Ready to kiss a man again and again? Josie wanted to scream that she couldn't but Don's mouth closed over hers again. She was lost as a girl once more, the drive and passion that Don poured into his kisses making the bra tighten on her padded chest.



Don walked Josie slowly and kissed her passionately when they stopped. She felt panicked, her senses reeling. It must be the spiked drink, she thought, as other girls like her, swaying in their men's arms, surrendered to the kisses the men poured on them, just as she was, to Don's kisses. She almost wanted to stop in one of the bowers again but there was the gate. It wasn't open but Don vaulted over it easily. In terror, Josie thought he was abandoning her but suddenly he opened it from the other side. She was out of the terrible garden.

Josie expected to hurry away but Don closed the gate, leaning her against it. Her dress swished femininely against her as he kissed her again. "Oh," she gasped when he finally released her lips, making her shudder as he kissed her neck, holding her tightly against him.

"If only you were really a girl," said Don Hadley thickly as he kissed her firmly, her senses reeling.

Around the sorority gardens they went, she clinging to his arm. They joined the people outside where Don had to kiss her again, in front of everyone there. His arm was about her as he led her, all of her body in protest at the female tugs and rustles of the clothes she wore, down the short promenade to the Alpha fraternity.

"I can go back from here by myself," said Josie as they reached Alpha House.

"You haven't been inducted yet," said Don tersely. "And you sure have qualified for membership, don't you think?"

"I don't want to be ..." said Josie with a shudder but Don lifted her up, as if she was a shuddering

bride, carrying her into the house, pausing in the doorway to kiss her.

Don handled the alarms, picking her up again over her objections. He took her to a wide, magnificent room overlooking the front of Alpha Rho Mu. "The President's Room, where I work," said Don Hadley, kissing the girl who had to hold onto him or she'd have fallen. "When Daley and Warner get back, we'll make your induction official."

"I should do it in my other clothes!" said the girl in his arms, more boyishly than Don liked.

"Whisper," he said to her, holding her so that he could kiss her again and again.

"You, you can't treat me like this!" whispered Josie when she was set down on her high heels, still not quite as tall as this man who had his arms about her waist.

"I'm President of Alpha House," said Don Hadley. "The rule is that you have to obey me completely, Josie, and do what I tell you, or any other member of the Council, got that, pledge?"

"I'm not going to pl- ..." Josie wanted to say but Don kissed her again, whispering to her that her mouth was so feminine and lovely, she should really be a girl.

"And this is my bed," said Don Hadley. Josie's dress flared out about her as she was pressed down.

Don Hadley took off his jacket and tie, staring down at the whimpering girl on his bed. She was an Alpha pledge? What a joke! She kissed him as if she was a girl. Look at her, one bra strap over her shoulder, her dress swishing as she wriggled in distress.

Don hadn't thought he'd do anything but rush Josie down to the old Gamma sorority house and leave her to find her own way from that point on. But her kisses had been so sweet, especially when she put her hands about his neck, her fingers moving with emotion.

Oh, yes, Don Hadley was far too aroused to just let a woman like this go. She'd excited him with her kisses and the sway of her body. It was her fault he felt the way he did. Yes, Josie had done this to him! Josie could relieve him of the awful desires and stress he'd been under all night.

As Don undid her dress, Josie began to realize what was going to happen to her. She tried to fight back. But Don wasn't having any of her screams and punches. He laughed. "You fight like a girl," he taunted her. "I bet you make love like a girl as well."

"I don't want ...!" she squealed as her dress was pulled down. Don pressing on her stockinged legs meant she couldn't kick him. He stroked her silky stockings, telling her what lovely thighs she had. what lovely panties she had chosen.

"I'm a man!" Josie squealed.

Don kissed her, on her nose, and cheeks and mouth, playfully, as she wriggled and tried to get him off her. When Don spread her legs, she felt him levering his pants from himself. Josie shouted and screamed in distress. But there wasn't a sound anywhere in the fraternity house.

Don insisted on kissing her even as he lowered her panties. He lifted her tush, her wagging, gyrating legs about his back. "Let's leave your pretty bra and pretty garter belt on, shall we?" asked Don. "You feel so girlish in them, don't you, lovely Josie?"

They'll make bonking you, the most pleasurable thing in a long, trying day. You'll enjoy yourself! I insist!"

She, twisting and wriggling on Don's bed, only aroused him more and more. Don's manhood soaked her tush. Then he was pushing into her, Josie squealing and begging the man to stop. But he wouldn't. Don kissed her, caressed her and stroked her, giving her all kinds of compliments on her girl-ishness as he penetrated her.

Don lifted her against his body as he 'bonked' her, scaring her with the way he used his tongue inside her mouth, the same way he was using his manhood inside her tush. "My woman," he called her, lifting her as he flooded into her, her girlish crying having no effect on him.

"You can let me go," Josie whispered tearfully to the President of Alpha House whom she'd had to promise to obey completely. He'd thoroughly taken her and emptied himself in her as if she was a woman.

"Not until you enjoy yourself as much as I've enjoyed making love to my woman," said Don Hadley, having no idea where such notions came from. "You, my girl, have to enjoy making love to a man as much as I enjoy making love to a girl!"

"But I'm not ..." Josie began as she'd begun many times before. Don refused to listen. She was a woman. She had to make love as a woman. It was the only way out of his bed.

Josie tried. She tried and tried. She aroused her lover several times which meant he'd taken her again, she bouncing and shaking against him. She kissed and kissed him until, to her distress, she be-

came aroused. He felt her. Oh, how Don kissed her then, how he kissed her, penetrating her tush so firmly. She tried to resist climaxing but Don wanted her to come. She shivered and finally did it.

Don was delighted that Josie, his woman, had reached her orgasm. Now, she could wiggle against him and try to sleep. She kissed him when he told her to and, wonder of wonders, she went to sleep, a woman. She never woke up again after that night, save in her nightie and panties, having to wear them all the time for all the men she serviced.

“This is what I’m supposed to wear to become a member of a fraternity?” asked Tanya, strutting out of the office in her showgirl’s costume. The manager’s office had served as a dressing room.

Alan Fox looked up from the entertainment center of the hotel he’d just bought and smiled, clapping his hands at the lovely girl who sashayed towards him. Her breasts, her tush and rounded thighs were so perfect in the practically nude costume she’d managed to get into.

Beneath her makeup, Tanya was flushing a bright crimson as she showed off her new figure to the man she’d been sleeping with for over two weeks. Yes, Alan had to be looking at her new figure as there wasn’t much in the way of costume. The tiny bikini-like thing barely covered her ‘clit’ as she’d called what she had there, as her boy friend did.

Tanya shivered as she thought the words to herself. She had a boy friend, a lover. To use the words

the nurses used in the clinic, she had ‘tits’ now and a soft, rounded ‘tush’ with rounded upper thighs. The ‘costume’ glittered with sequins and barely covered half of her new, rounded ass while the pasties over her breasts, revealed everything that Dr Jane had done to her.

The long, blonde mane of hair made her shiver as she pirouetted on the little stage where singers had once performed in the hotel. Tanya could see ‘her-self’ in the mirrors, her long, feathered ‘tail’ matching the high headdress she’d put on. The silk sash of ‘Miss America’ and the paste jewels Alan had put across her chest when she’d emerged, naked from her bath, gleamed and sparkled on the glamorous showgirl. But inside, there was a trembling, disbelieving Tanya that such an image could be ‘her’.

Alan bounded from the chair where he’d been working to take Tanya in his arms. With such high heels on her feet, she didn’t have to tilt very far to kiss her lover, his hands almost immediately on her buttocks, caressing the thin, bikini strap about her taped back ‘clit’.

“I couldn’t wear this in front of anyone but you,” Tanya murmured in her softer, more girlish voice she knew was improving as she used it all the time. “The other girls, Rosemary and Christine, will never wear something like this.”

Alan threw back his head, wiping the lipstick from his mouth with a tissue and hugged the beautiful showgirl swaying against him. “I think that you’ll be surprised what your girlie friends will do,” he said, having to kiss her again, loving the scent that arose from her. Her thick necklace and matching earrings enhanced the costume as did the jewel pasted in her navel.

“They won’t wear just jewels and panties,” said Tanya, loving the way her man swirled the feathery skirt attached to her costume about her silk-clad, smooth legs. “Alan, it’s hardly been six weeks since we were taken in to Rho House and had to put on girls’ underwear!”

“Baby, how you’ve changed!” laughed Alan Fox, running his hands over her shapely waist before caressing her pasties, careful to avoid the tender parts of her. She wore a flesh-colored dressing where Jane had made incisions to build up the lovely, wobbly breast that made Tanya so delighted and loving whenever he touched them.

It was no different this time as Tanya put her arms about Alan’s head, her lovely, heavily madeup eyes closing as she gave herself up to the ecstasy she felt in kissing him. She was right, of course, mused Alan, as he kissed and possessed the lovely girl’s mouth, her nipples hardening against him as he stroked her breasts.

Imagine twenty, thirty girls like her, Alan thought, as he drew her down into his lap as he sat back in his chair. Tanya poured kisses on him, caressing him as well as he freed her enough from her panties and panty-hose so that he could penetrate her. By the way she bounced and wiggled on him, that was exactly what she wanted. Alan Fox, his head buried between her breasts, wanted that as well.

“Oh, my darling, darling showgirl!” Alan murmured. Tanya lowered her head and her lips took his. He was lost in loving her, unable to believe she could ever have been thought ‘intractable’ by the girls who’d been training her.

“I couldn’t let other men see me like this,” Tanya murmured with another shudder running through her that excited the man she was allowing to penetrate her. Alan fondled her against him as he penetrated her more deeply. She squealed in pleasure, laughing, knowing there was no-one else in the building but them, a man and a woman, thrills running all through her excited body.

Alan finally came inside Tanya, his kissing of her breasts making her have a mini-orgasm and get just a little wet. She couldn’t come as often as Alan but he had pills to help him. He wouldn’t let her use them. They weren’t for girls, just for men. Oh, how that made her give him such long, languorous kisses. It made the next bout of lovemaking begin right away, stretching almost a whole afternoon long.

“I’ve got some other girls coming in the day after tomorrow,” Alan told Tanya when they were both sated. She was struggling with the usual problem of getting back into her underclothing, in this case, her costume. “They’re showgirls, dance and chorus line leaders and directors in my club in Vegas. They’ll be here to help the girls get ready for Las Vegas Night!”

“Me included?” asked Tanya with a noticeable shudder.

“Only if you want to be,” said Alan with a smile, tracing his hand across her nipples, her quick smile at him making him be the one to start shivering then.

Yes, he’d lost Rachel, hadn’t he? She’d be doing the solo dance he’d taught her and been Rachel’s solo partner for. His only task had been to rise at the end and sweep the girl in her black bra, stock-

ings and panties off the stage, leaving all the lechers who came to see the girls in his club, panting for breath and demanding he bring her back. Yes, it would be Peter Simpson, wouldn't it, who'd be the 'man on a chair' for the next of Rachel's performances.

Alan watched Tanya gather her female fineries and retreat to the office that served as her dressing room for the moment. She kept her clit well covered, looking like any of the female strippers he hired for his club. That was the problem in Vegas, mixing the few Rho girls who wanted 'dancing' careers with real girls. Alan and a few visiting Alphas had been the only men the Rho girls trusted, of course. They could, figuratively speaking, let their hair down with such alumni.

He tried to explain that to Rachel but whatever Alan said was obviously contradicted by the lovelies he had to pleasure. If he hadn't, those special girls could have been in all kinds of trouble, earning him a reputation he didn't need. Now, if all his plans worked out, he'd divide his interests, so to speak. He'd have a special show from time to time in Vegas for specially selected audiences. Watching Tanya's pretty tush wiggle away from him made Alan see that it would work, definitely!

Brenda Lawrence was getting used to being off campus with her fiancé. Will liked to get away from Alpha House at the best of times but recently, he confided in Brenda, he liked to get away as the fra-

ternity was more and more resembling a brothel than a fraternity.

“You should talk to Peter,” Brenda said, pausing as they strolled along, looking in the window of a women’s boutique, the designer dresses quite beautiful on the mannequins in the window.

“Which one is it this time that you think is so pretty?” asked an amused Will Merton.

“That little black dress,” said Brenda, moving friskily against her boy friend. “A girl can’t have too many little black dresses, can she?”

Will smiled as he recognized she was quoting back at him something he’d said when he’d bought her a whole wardrobe of dresses she’d looked so pretty in. “Let’s go in and buy it,” he said. Brenda smiled, shook her lovely blonde curls and danced away a little on her high heels.

“You spoil me,” she said.

“I intend to,” laughed Will, catching the girl he loved, putting his arm about her tiny waist, hugging her to him. People on the street smiled and made way for them as they went towards the café where Will had a reservation.

“Peter Simpson is the worst of all the men,” Will went on, returning to the topic of how the fraternity was changing. “He had a girl occasionally when Br-, when Trudi was President, but now, with Rachel, it’s as if he’s just discovered girls and sex. They’re basically living together as a couple in the President’s room.”

“Just like us in your room,” whispered Brenda, an impish smile on her face.

“Just like us,” agreed Will Merton. “But one thing is different, my love,” Brenda flushed slightly to be addressed like that with people about them to overhear. “As I said to you this morning,” he smiled at the memory. Brenda blushed even more as she thought about what she’d done for the first time for her future husband to make him function as a man should for his woman, “it’s time we went ahead and selected a wedding dress for you and dresses for your bridesmaids. If we don’t do it very soon, my mother will be calling me and telling me about this new, wonderful designer she’s found. She’ll have you looking like the wedding cake swathed in cream. She will!”

“When, when am I going to meet your mother?” Brenda asked nervously, fighting back the instinct to tell Will that this wasn’t going to work. The whole idea of him, a man, marrying her, the girl she was, was too bizarre. She’d said it in different words several times. Will ignored her words, asking her each time what she thought of Karen Hudson and her baby. Then, he’d mention other Alpha boys and Rho girls who were married as men and wives.

“The day before the wedding,” said Will Merton in answer to when his lovely fiancée would meet his mother, “if I have anything to do with it. So, she can’t change anything we do, only criticize it!”

“She, she can’t be that bad,” said Brenda, accepting the kiss that Will dropped on her cheek as they walked along in public, no-one making a fuss around her at all. No-one laughed and pointed at her and said anything about a boy in a dress being kissed by another boy. “Your, your father did marry her!”

“She’s a battleaxe now,” said Will seriously. “She was before they divorced and fought over me. She’s the reason I didn’t stay south in a warm climate. She’d have been visiting me, arranging my rooms, making herself known to all the university authorities, offering endowments and scholarships as bribes for making sure I was at the top of all my classes ...”

“So that’s how you do it,” said Brenda sweetly, thinking how she and the few girls who took sciences were ‘assisted’ by Alpha men who demanded ‘forfeits’ from the girls if they accepted that help.

Will stopped in full flight in another sermon about his mother. “Did you pay your forfeit to David Brent for his help in Physics?” he asked his girl friend, steering her into *Los Angeles on Fourth*, where every table seemed to have one beautiful girl at it.

Brenda shook as she sat gracefully, the maitre d’ holding her chair for her as she made sure that her skirt was smooth and flat. A tingle went through her as her hands brushed her stockings and she felt the tug from her garter belt as she sat.

Oh, yes, it was so nice to be a woman, wasn’t it? She was smiled at and admired, as several men at tables around them were doing. Brenda had a handsome boy friend, who held her hand and ordered for her, making certain that any predatory man present knew that Brenda was engaged to him and off limits to poaching.

“David Brent’s forfeit?” Will reminded her, loving to see the maidenly blush that came to his fiancée’s face when she had to tell him about something she’d done that any girl would have done.

“David’s a nice boy,” whispered Brenda, her color high, her voice a little squeaky as she answered. “He, he knows about you and me getting married; so all he asked me for was a kiss.”

“And where did you kiss him?” asked Will with a bland, innocent smile.

“In the foyer of Alpha House,” said Brenda with the slightest of smiles.

“Phew,” said Will as if he had just survived a great crisis.

“On his lips,” Brenda continued, faking a shiver, raising her shoulders as if she’d been in bliss at the thought. “Oh, it was so, so dreamy!”

“Have you ever dreamed of being made love to on the floor of a restaurant?” asked Will in a low, slow voice. Her lovely, dark-fringed eyes flickered from side to side as if checking out if anyone was listening to them flirt with one another.

“Oh, that is so dreamy, too!” cooed Brenda girlishly. “Almost as good as David’s kiss. But he was real and not just talk, after all.”

Will grinned, loving it when he could induce her into a girlish exchange with him. He loved to see her blush which is why he usually won the flirting. Now, he conceded that she’d won, delighted to see her smile and flush at the same time as she knew she was behaving in the way he wanted her to.

“I can’t wait to see you in a wedding dress, coming down the aisle on my father’s arm,” said Will. That much they’d been able to agree upon since Brenda had been disowned by her parents once they’d an inkling that their son was not the son they’d wanted him to be.

“No gay boy is going to be part of this family,” Brenda had heard her father shouting as her mother had hung up the phone on her, telling her never to call again. That had been one of the worst days of Brenda’s life. Shaun Bottfell had been to blame. He’d answered the phone, saying things like “oh, the gay kid”, to her friends calling. He’d referred to ‘her’, using her old, unlamented name so the people back home knew ‘she’ was ‘out’ at State.

“I think I saw her in the gay bar we have on campus,” Shaun had lied when Brenda’s parents had been trying to contact her. There was no gay bar on campus. Her parents had been calling her to tell Brenda, they called her by her birth name, that they couldn’t afford her fees at State. She’d have to get a job and support herself.

Well, the Sorority had found her a job as a girl ‘administrative assistant’ in the ‘typing pool’. Brenda had survived, even flourished, as a girl. Brenda hadn’t realized that the office manager, Debbie Lang, was a former Rho girl herself and knew all about what Brenda, sitting cross-legged at her desk in her straight skirts, the image of the ‘perfect secretary’, was going through. Debbie had looked out for Brenda, showing her how to tone down her lipstick, how not to sit so provocatively, how to be a ‘natural’ girl and how to keep male sharks at bay.

Now, here Brenda was at lunch with a man whom she’d agreed in a wild, mad moment to marry. She’d be his wife in more than just name! They were even discussing where she’d get her wedding dress. She shuddered at the thought of putting herself into the hands of women who’d think she was a woman like them.

They'd be constantly reminding her of the things she to do, like bridal showers, fittings and getting her girl friends', bridesmaids', measurements. The bride's mother wanted a new outfit as well, Will's mother had already told him on the phone. She'd said she'd fill that role for the dead Lawrences, the imaginary family that Brenda had acquired when she re-registered in State as Brenda Lawrence. The other name she'd never mention again.

"You have to come with me," said Brenda in a panic when Will brought her to the *Parisian Wedding Boutique* with all the mannequins in the windows arranged so fabulously. All the girls in the sorority, those, that is, who would, could walk downtown with their sisters or escorts from the Alpha fraternity, always walked past the shop where regular girls were often clustered ooh-ing and ah-ing at the new designs in the windows.

Now, Brenda had to enter this holy of holies and put herself in the hands of a real woman who would make a real bride out of her, and real bridesmaids out of all of her sisters in the sorority.

"Now, you look beautiful, Brenda," said Will Merton as he took her into his arms and crushed her to him, not caring at all the people smiling as they looked at the blissful pair, kissing on the threshold of the bridal shop. "If anyone gives you any crap, talk to me about it tonight! I already phoned the owner and she expects my future wife to be coming in this afternoon.

"Just remember that I'm not to see the dress until the day itself. If there are changes you think should be made, talk to Rachel. Yes, it would be a good idea to get her involved and that other girl you think of as your best friend, Michelle. She looked

great at the Ball with Joe Taggart, didn't she? Ask them, or Dr Jane, she's getting married herself later this year, about styles and so on. I love you, my darling, and this is how we are going to show the world how we really feel about one another; so spare no expense! Make me want to take you right there in front of everyone! Our friends would all applaud us madly if we did such a thing!"

"Josie was basically raped more than once," said Tanya flatly as she rested between bouts of love-making in her lover's arms as Alan recounted the story of Josie Bentley as he knew it. "All of this, this sorority," she said angrily, "is based on rape, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't think so," said Alan, relaxing and loving the way she put her head against his on their pillow, her new earrings, flowery studs, gleaming at him. He had to caress them softly which she loved as she loved any way that he touched her lovingly.

"Josie wasn't a woman," said Tanya.

"Well, the future would prove you wrong about that," said Alan comfortably. "She's Mrs Masters now and has two boys and two girls that she's raising in that house across the lake from here. You saw her yesterday with her husband, Daley, building that sand fort with the older boy and girl."

Tanya remembered the woman in the bikini whom she'd studied in the telescope on the first floor deck. The woman had kissed her husband as the kids had played. Their children had demanded,

it seemed, that mummy and daddy help them with the moat they'd made around the fort.

The woman, her shoulder-length, blonde hair blowing in the warmth breeze, had turned and smiled at Tanya and her telescope. Tanya recalled how embarrassed she'd been as the woman pointed out to the others that they were being spied upon. They'd all waved to Tanya. The woman had blown a kiss towards Tanya that had made her put the telescope away.

"You told me that Don Hadley raped her," said Tanya hotly.

"Think about it, Tanya," said Alan lazily. "Josie arrived in a dress and women's underwear, with a purse full of makeup, scent, and so on. She goes to a ball as a woman, dances with several men who don't know till afterwards who they were dancing with, and kisses her date passionately enough to fool everyone around her."

"But she didn't ask to be penetrated!" persisted Tanya.

"No," agreed Alan, kissing his girl on her cheek, her nose and her mouth. "Forcible feminization, have you ever heard of it? It's a game. She pretends she doesn't want anything the male is willing to give her, but of course she does. Josie had ample opportunities to run off, didn't she, particularly outside the frat.

"She didn't take the opportunities presented. She even let a man carry her into his house. She could have run when he opened the security doors. She didn't. She let him pick her up and take her to his room, with his huge double bed that he put her on. No, Josie could have fought her way free several

times but she didn't. Don Hadley was always too strong!

"I've met Don Hadley. He's a dork, Tanya. You could knock him over by blowing on him. You could have laid him down and raped him, if you were so inclined. But if you wanted it the other way, and wanted to claim it wasn't your fault a man had his way with you when he forcibly feminized you, well, Josie had the perfect excuse for her behavior. It wasn't her fault!"

"I don't think you're telling me the truth," said Tanya with a shudder.

"Then let's go over to the Masters' house and meet the happy couple, married over ten years now," said Alan Fox, feeling his girl friend's legs moving restlessly against his. Ah, the story was arousing her, he guessed with a smile. A touch of his hand on her smooth thighs and she was in his arms, burrowing under him so that Alan could take possession of her as his woman, completely. If this affected her so much that she was trembling under his touch as she was, he should tell her a lot more of the history, the real history of the fraternity and its sisterly, feminized sorority.

"So where is she now?" asked Daley Masters as Don Hadley was ordering a whole wardrobe of women's clothing over his computer. He was expediting delivery as well from shoe stores, boutiques and lingerie specialty shops. The total he was running staggered Daley as he was living on a pittance of an allowance.

“She’s in my bed, sleeping off the night she had,” said Don Hadley.

“But she wasn’t that long at the ball,” protested Warner Cook. “She didn’t have that much to sleep off.” Ed Elliott leaned over and whispered something to him that seemed to make Warner’s eyes nearly pop out of his head.

“You popped her all night long?” asked Daley in disgust and disbelief.

“Of course,” said the President of the fraternity. “She practically demanded that I bring her into the fraternity and do her. I don’t get as many opportunities as you, Daley, and ...”

“But she isn’t a girl,” insisted Warner, “or were you guys kidding me so you could make time with her after the ball and cut me out?”

“You want to make time with her, with Josie?” asked Don Hadley, shutting off the computer and hiding what he’d been doing. “Then go right up to my room, Brother Cook, and try her out. She might resist you a little when she sees you’re not me but she won’t resist very hard. She’ll let you have your way with her, any way you want.”

Don picked up a garbage bag from beside his desk where he’d been working.

“What’s in that?” Daley asked grimly.

“Stuff from the left and found,” snorted Don. “She can’t come down here in her soaked panties and the dress she wore last night, can she? When she’s up and bathed, I’m going to give her some of your donations, Daley, to the lost and found. You remember where you got the black panties with the golden stars or the red ones with that white frill

around them? There's plenty more stuff that you guys have been donating to the frat. Now it can all be used!"

Don Hadley left his Council, the men sitting there stunned at what they'd just heard. "That girl you guys were dancing with," said Ed Elliott. "She wasn't a girl?"

"No," said Daley Masters shortly.

"And you didn't tumble to it at all?" asked Ed.

"He did," admitted Warner Cook. "I didn't. I thought she really was a girl. She was pretty and smelled so nice."

"Geez, Warner," said Daley. "Didn't you feel her tits? Or run your hands over her tush? She was padded up like a defensive lineman."

"So that's what it's like to dance with a football player," said Ed Elliott, causing laughter.

"I wonder what our intrepid leader is doing," said Warner, as there was a sound from the room directly above them, a bouncing, creaking sound.

"Getting another round of strange love," said Daley Masters angrily.

"Well, I didn't score last night," said Ed. "And I haven't scored in over two weeks. I don't know about you guys but any love I had now would seem strange!"

"Same with me," said Warner, standing up. "Let's get up there, Ed, and find out if what Don was telling us about is a joke or if it's real."

"Yeah," said Ed Elliott. "I bet he's just jumping up and down on the bed up there, laughing at the way that he's putting us on!"

“He couldn’t have a girl up there,” said Warner, holding the door for the others, Daley looking most doubtful as he followed the two others up the stairs. “A guy like Don Hadley couldn’t score in a room full of hookers! I’ve seen it happen!”

But what they saw in Don’s room, as they quietly entered and stood in entranced silence, was a man, Don Hadley, thrusting himself into a blonde woman, her bare legs over Don’s back, waggling as he pushed himself into her tush. She had her eyes closed, her arms loosely about Don’s neck. She kissed his lips when he pushed them down on her, Don almost going into a frenzy as he was clearly reaching his climax. She hugged him more tightly, her lips moving over his, her mouth opening as she kissed and tongued Don willingly.

“A-a-a-h!” burst from Don’s lips as their bodies stiffened together. He was smiling as he looked down at the girl, who opened her still darkly outlined eyes, squealing when she saw the three guys across the room, looking at the pair on the bed.

Don Hadley cursed when he looked around as well, the girl frantically trying to pull a bedsheet over them.

“Well, I didn’t believe it,” smirked Ed, “but you do have a girl up here, Mr President!”

“That’s the girl I was dancing with!” said Warner indignantly. “I told you she was a girl. Don took her into the gardens to smooch with her out before they disappeared! He’s been lying to us ever since about her! What d’you think, Daley?”

“I think she’s a very lovely girl whom we are tormenting by being here!” said Daley Masters. “Sorry, Josie. We’ll leave you two lovebirds ...”

A naked, spluttering Don Hadley rolled out of his bed then, not trying at all to conceal the erection he still had. Josie clutched the bedsheet, but, as Don pulled himself from her, they were all able to catch a glimpse of what she had between her legs even though she'd allowed Don to penetrate her.

“Get the fuck out!” bellowed Don Hadley, picking up a book from his desk and hurling it at them. It struck a mouth-open Ed Elliott on the head. Don was picking up more as the three fled.

The discussion went on all day as Don Hadley did not put in an appearance. At first, Ed and Warner were as disgusted as Daley about Don sleeping with a drag queen as that was what they supposed Josie was.

But, when Josie came down the stairs at last, the whistling and cheering from the other guys in the frat told the Council what was happening outside. Daley opened the door, shocked by the girl he saw being ushered along by Don Hadley.

“In there,” said Don. The flustered girl, in borrowed clothes, a black skirt and sleeveless top, hurried into the President’s office. Don Hadley took a chair, holding it for her to sit down as if he was squiring a girl.

“You have to get her out of here,” said Warner Cook, staring at the pretty, madeup face that looked in fright about the room.

Don went to the doorway and yelled again at the juniors gathered there to catch another glimpse of the female who’d penetrated the inner sanctum of the fraternity.

“There’ll be some grub pretty soon,” Don said to the frightened girl, going to his small refrigerator

and taking out a beer and a soft drink, passing the soft drink to her.

“She can’t stay,” said Ed Elliott, staring at the mounds at the front of ‘her’ pink blouse. He knew they couldn’t be real. He’d seen ‘her’ naked in bed with Don Hadley. Those couldn’t be real.

“She’s got a right to stay now,” said Don brusquely, “as Josie keeps reminding me. She did what she was supposed to do to pledge our fraternity. She dressed as a girl,” why wasn’t he calling her ‘he’, the guys all thought, but she twisted then in her seat and actually crossed her nylon-clad legs and none of them could call her a ‘he’, either, “She dressed as a girl,” Don repeated. They all had to stop looking at her legs for a moment and listen to him. “She went to the One and All Ball in a gown, danced with Warner, Daley and me and wasn’t exposed by anyone, not even the juniors who razed us on the way into the Ball. So, do we accept this pledge as one of our brothers or do we not?”

“You’ve got to be kidding!” said Warner as the girl flushed and uncrossed her legs.

“She didn’t get your message, Warner,” said Don Hadley. “She kept to the terms of the pledge assignment as she understood it. I say Josie should be declared our newest Alpha Rho Mu pledge!”

“But you’re bonking her!” Ed Elliott protested. “Is this what we’re going to become, a gay fraternity?”

Don Hadley stood up, fists balled. “I’m not gay,” he stormed at his brother. “Fucking Josie when she’s a girl is not being gay! You want to say that again, Ed?”

Ed stared at the irate President. He’d normally have said that he could have taken Don Hadley any-

where, anytime, anyway. But the President looked so much on the edge, so furious, that Ed was sure that it would take more than one guy to contain Don. It didn't look, either, as if he was going to get any help from the others.

"So, Josie Bentley is pledged as an Alpha," said Don to their astonished faces. "How long does it take to make a burger? Stay here, Josie, while I find out what's going on in the kitchen."

"He's gone mad," said Warner as soon as the President left the office. He grinned. "What do you think, Josie Bentley?"

"I think you should get me out of here, quick," said the girl in a whisper. "Get me out! I won't say anything about what's happened here the last two days."

"You really dressed up like a girl to join a men's fraternity?" asked Warner. "You do this all the time?"

"Don did this to me," said the girl, her voice more boyish as she spoke. "He knows more about makeup than I do. I only put on a dress and wig I bought. I, I came here to go to a dance with the other pledges, I thought. I didn't know it was all a big joke." Her freshly painted eyelids looked ready to spill real tears. "I didn't know I was such a joke."

"You're not," said Daley decisively. "You're not gay, either, are you?"

Josie shook her head, curls and earrings moving as she did so. She did look so girlish, all the guys saw that. "If you don't mind forgoing a burnt burger offering, Josie, we'll get you out of here," Daley went on. "Ed, you're the smuggler."

“Yeah,” said Ed, springing up and going to the door. He looked out. “Come on,” he called to Josie. She went immediately with him, her high-heeled shoes clattering as soon as she got into the hallway.



Josie should have expected it. As she lay behind the stacks of beer cartons and empty crates while Don Hadley organized the fraternity to find his 'girl friend', her perfume and makeup turned on the boy who was hiding her. First, Ed just wanted a kiss for hiding her. Soon, he was kissing and caressing her, lifting her skirt and playing with her garter belt while she tried to tell him that she wasn't gay and such foreplay didn't turn 'her' on.

"I saw you with Don," Ed Elliott said thickly, his emotions high, his pulse racing. "I haven't had a girl in an age."

Josie wanted to tell him that, if he had her, he still wouldn't have had a girl in an age. It was incredible but Ed was just as aroused as Don had been after kissing her. He was clearly, as well, much stronger than Don. Ed knew what he wanted and, unless she screamed and screamed, Ed was going to get it.

Did it really matter who was bonking her, Josie thought in resignation. She was going to end up back in Don Hadley's bed anyway. Just maybe, Ed would get her out when he'd had her. He'd clearly seen her with Don because he had her legs in the air in no time and humped her as if she was a woman, demanding loving kisses from her, which she'd learned how to do with Don Hadley.

Warner Cook was in the doorway that Ed said led to freedom. "You got yours?" Warner asked Ed, holding Josie's hand as they eased through the second stockroom she'd been in.

"Yeah," said a grinning Ed Elliott. He turned to the girl holding his hand and pulled her to him, kissing her in front of his brother in the frat. "Sorry,

babe,” he said, passing her on to Warner, caressing her tush, her panties, as she went by him.

“You’re all mad in this fraternity!” said Josie, a quiver in her voice.

“Sex-mad, yes,” said Warner. “I haven’t had a girl in a century, Josie. Or a reasonable facsimile.”

“I’m not ...” began Josie again as Warner found her mouth and began to kiss her.

“Oh, but you are, you are,” said Warner hungrily, leading her to the blankets he’d arranged in the back of the storeroom. Another man was soon in ecstasy in penetrating Josie. He told her what a lovely girl she was. She should always be part of the fraternity, taking care of his manly needs.

“Well, look at you,” marveled Nadine as Tanya, the showgirl, smiled and swayed in the manner that Caroline, the lead dancer in Alan’s strip club, had shown her.

Tanya could feel the shivers coming over her as she sashayed in front of the girls who were just like her. The debutantes, no, the Rho sisters, could see her curvy figure, her long hair, and what had been done to her, a showgirl. Like Nadine, most of the new girls had bandages in place across their faces but there was no doubt when Tanya looked at the girlish figures in their mini-skirts that the other girls would soon be exposed as she was, if not more so.

Some of the older girls, Wendy, Adele, Astrid and Kendra came bursting out of their dressing area,

without the tall head piece that Tanya had had to wear or the feathers and boas that spared Tanya's blushes a little. The figures the girls saw were so completely female that they gasped. Several breathed heavily and were completely red-faced, seeing what they would look like, soon.

For this audience of new girls, in differing states of facial and body transformations, Tanya didn't have to take off her protective feathers but her breasts, tush and thighs were totally exposed to shocked, feminized, bandaged faces. They'd look like her, in body at least, but being the first to parade almost nude in front of 'girls' who knew 'she' was male like them made Tanya flush with embarrassment. She loved, though, what the doctors had done to her body.

"We have to look like you?" asked Rosemary in the tiniest of little girl voices.

"Oh, yes," said Tanya as sweetly as she could in her practiced, female voice. Don't hold anything back, Susan and Caroline had told her. These new girls were going to be showgirls by the end of the day, they said enthusiastically. All of them, Tanya especially, would encourage the new girls to love what was expected of them. "This will be Las Vegas Night. We are the entertainment, showgirls, dancers and strippers!"

The last wasn't strictly true as Wendy had told Tanya. Wendy, Adele, and Astrid had stood in front of Tanya on the day before, their genitals gone, frightening Tanya no end until Wendy had shown her prosthesis to the shaken new 'girl', on the point of running out of the sorority in fright, believing that she was going to be taken and forced into becoming this real sort of woman she saw.

“We fooled her!” laughed Wendy, taking off the artificial vagina that covered her and made her appear to be completely changed into a woman.

Astrid had laughed at her as she divulged that she was in an artificial prosthesis as well. “You should have known, Tanya,” said Astrid with a sultry shake of her long, flowing, blonde hair. “You saw me before. There’s no way that I could have undergone such a fundamental change in the time since I exposed myself to you!”

They’d insisted that Tanya try one on, one they’d had a sheath. Tanya didn’t really understand what they meant until she had it in place and had to flip her skirt. She wasn’t in panties and ‘she’ didn’t need any, unless she wanted to be a modest woman, that is.

Tanya had finally gone back to the hotel as a schoolgirl with her hair in ribbons. As she’d been instructed, she hadn’t told Alan what happened to her in the ‘dancing class’. She didn’t talk about the first part in which she and the older Rho girls had cavorted ‘naked’, giggling, as they watched each other in the mirrors, dancing as girlishly as they knew how to.

Then, the real dancers, Susan, Caroline, Miranda and Tamara, all from one of Alan’s clubs, had arrived. They’d had the debs put on dancing panties, dancing bras and dancing shoes and had freed the girls’ hair to flow about them.

Tanya had gasped in protest that she was a rookie among the girls, but she was given no slack by the Vegas girls. She didn’t know if they were girls like her or not. They did feminine, sexy routines on the poles they erected and had the Rho girls, Tanya

too, in a schoolgirl uniform like the others, swinging her tush and breasts as she'd never before.

Tanya had to do the learned routine before the mirrors while Susan and Miranda moved and pushed on her and told her to smile and 'be sexy'. She was a girl now and she had men to please, men who'd pay her, give her tips, if she made them feel like they were men! So she was a girl, chanted that she was, sang the songs about enjoying being a girl with the other girls, all the time seeing the sexy, blonde girl she'd become.

Tamara showed them how to strip, seductively and femininely, out of the little clothing they wore as schoolgirls and how to tantalize men with the slow way they'd take off their bras. Taking off their panties took an age, Tanya wiggling and shuddering as she was in the middle of perfumed, naked girls. She finished completely naked and smiling, flushing unbelievably, lifting her legs as Miranda made her do, wiggling and twisting and swirling about the pole, the feeling of being a girl among girls overwhelming. Oh, she was a girl. She was a bimbo, as Susan called her, and she must act like one.

No, Tanya couldn't tell Alan all that she'd gone through on the most strenuous, frightening day of her life, now she was a Rho girl. It had taken her some time to accept that she was a girl now. Girls like her did things like this. It would take the other girls a longer time than her to come to terms with the idea that they were never going back, never going to be members of a fraternity or members of the male sex again. But she knew what she was. Alan had made sure that she wanted and desired to be the female she was.

She was thinking that when she was taken back to the hotel, as there were workmen everywhere. They whistled at Tanya in her short dress and high heels, her perky breasts becoming more so as all the men were smiling and shouting to her to come and sit in their laps.

“Guys! Guys!” a laughing Alan Fox had called as he came down with another grinning idiot to where Tanya had stood, all golden hair and vivid makeup, her skirt just covering her panties as she flushed. She still smiled brilliantly and tried to be the empty-headed blonde bimbo that men, according to Susan, really, really wanted her to be.

“This is my girl friend, Tanya,” Alan had said, smiling as he came to her, swaying her against him flirtatiously before he kissed her. All the men cheered. “Now, be good,” said Alan, her lipstick on his mouth, “and I’ll get Tanya to invite some of her girl friends over for the windup party once we get the stage and dressing rooms set up!”

Daley Masters saw Tanya’s eyes widen in shock when Alan introduced him to her. “Go and enjoy, Alan, Tanya,” he said with a nice, manly smile. He was older than either of them, but seeing him, the ‘husband’ of a girl like her, made Tanya feel thrills running through her body again as they had so often that day.

Tanya didn’t tell Alan what the girls had made her wear as they went to bed. “No wonder you’re excited! You had quite a day with the girls from the club, dancing and learning how to be a showgirl,” said Alan with a laugh. “You came out of the car, into the hotel, like a Hollywood starlet on the red carpet! Daley said I’d better get you in bed right away or one of his crew would be on you!”

“They, they’re not Alpha,” whispered Tanya as he undressed her, pausing to kiss her breasts and legs as he freed her from panty-hose and bra.

“What the ...” Alan began as he eased her panties finally from her, his erection massive compared to anything Tanya could do. Then he began to laugh and didn’t take off her sheath artificial vagina. No, he had her in it, the feelings in her seething mind so new and so different. She was a woman but it was all too strange at first.

Of course, by the time she was ready to take it off, Tanya had had two orgasms and Alan had filled her three and more times, still going strong as he lifted her legs about his waist and finally penetrated her tush as she begged him to fuck her. Yes, she used the ‘f’ word again and again and poor Alan did his best to please his woman. Oh, and she did her best to satisfy and pleasure him with her vagina and her tush, as his woman. By the way he possessed and kissed her, she was indeed completely his woman.

“Where’s that pretty girl I always see you with lately, Don?” asked Dr Greg Nettles with a smile. “You should get her to come in and see me about antibiotics as she’ll likely catch what you have.”

“I probably will,” said Don Hadley. He’d met Greg, an alumnus of Alpha Rho Mu, in a downtown bar at first to check him out. The other never attended any alumni functions but then very few did. Don wouldn’t have known Greg’s background but for looking through the alumni records for someone

with a medical background that he might be able to trust. And who better than another Alpha man.

“Hey, Greg,” said Don, as he accepted the samples that Greg gave him. “It’s nice to have an Alpha guy at the campus clinic. I guess you get all sorts of interesting cases in a place like this with so many young people.”

The older man eyed the President of his old fraternity suspiciously, Don thought. “No,” Greg finally said. “The nursing school and the teaching hospital over there,” he vaguely indicated the rest of the university, “take all of the interesting cases, I can assure you, Don. Here it’s just antibiotics at best and aspirin at worst. The girls don’t even come here for their birth control prescriptions!”

“So, you don’t do any female examinations here?” asked Don and Greg immediately looked at him with annoyance. “I mean, if a girl came with you and asked you to do something for her, which might involve a small, surgical procedure, you wouldn’t do it here.”

“No, I don’t do abortions, Don,” stated Greg firmly. “Yes, I am bored out of my skull here in this clinic. I’m looking around for another post and there’s no point me jeopardizing my chance at a new position by prescribing Viagra for teenaged and twenty year old men, either.”

“I wouldn’t ask you for anything like that,” protested Don Hadley. “I wouldn’t ask you to do anything illegal. I wouldn’t and you can take my word as President of your old fraternity about that!”

“Good,” said Greg Nettles.

“This job is really boring?” asked Don as the doctor was escorting him through the empty waiting room, not even a nurse on duty, to the outer door.

“Believe it,” said Greg Nettles with a sigh.

“The girl you’ve seen me with,” said Don, hesitating as he reached the door. “She’s got a problem and I promised I would pay to help her get it fixed.”

“Oh?” said the cautious doctor.

“Perhaps you could recommend someone for her to see,” said Don more swiftly before Greg Nettles could tell him to get lost. “You see, she doesn’t have any titties at all and she’s really shy about it, paranoid actually. I told her I’d check with you, while I’m here, about finding her a plastic surgeon. That’s what she needs, doesn’t she?”

“Cosmetic surgeon,” said Greg, staring at Don. Greg didn’t know that Don Hadley had researched him very well. He knew that Greg had wanted to be a plastic, a cosmetic, surgeon. He wanted to be rich. He’d said so in his bio, writing he wanted to make women look absolutely beautiful and stunning. He’d interned and then the records had become a little murky.

The man who’d supervised Greg’s internship had paid out some huge amount of money for a surgery that had gone wrong. Greg had lost his internship and hospital position. Somehow, he’d managed to switch to family practice. That was how he’d got a spot back in the university clinic. It wasn’t teaching or exotic in any way. For a previous high flier like Greg Nettles, it must have been quite a comedown.

“She wants a breast augmentation,” said Greg Nettles. “You know that costs a lot of money.”

Don smiled. "You know I wouldn't be in Alpha fraternity if I didn't have money," he said.

Greg Nettles seemed to relax. "Did you know my internship, well, the first internship I started, was in what you'd call plastic surgery?"

"No!" lied Don Hadley. "Did you ever do?"

"All the time," said Dr Greg Nettles. "The surgeons we interns worked for would only come in at the end, when we were waking the girls up, and tell them that everything went well. Saving themselves for the more difficult cases." The last was added in a most gloomy, almost angry voice.

"Would it take long to set up for Josie?" asked Don Hadley.

"I'd have to get the right nurse," said Greg with a frown. "I'd have to order supplies and prostheses that we don't keep here."

"I'll pay for it all," said Don with a smile. "It'll be a pre-Valentine's Day present for my girl. She'll be really grateful. It'll be so worth it for me!"

Greg looked slightly dazed at the fifteen thousand dollar cheque Don pressed into his hand. "You know," Greg said thoughtfully. "Girls didn't come to the hospital I was trained in just for breasts, you know. They usually came for the complete T and A, tits and ass, as they called it. Most of them were dancers, strippers, I used to think. Does Josie have a nice tush?"

"It could use a little work," Don admitted.

"Her thighs all skinny?" asked Greg. Don was the one to look at him then in suspicion. "I only ask because sometimes we'd get a girl. We'd do her breasts, and the rest of her was out of proportion, or

so she'd think. She'd come back again and again. We got to doing it all at once. Saved the girls a lot of time as they'd leave us with all the main girlie things in place."

"They'd want other things done?" asked Don, amazed at what he was learning.

"Nose bobs," said Greg, miming doing it with his own. "And lips, injections of collagen, of course."

"Of course," murmured Don Hadley.

"We'd shorten and lengthen jawbones, set hair-lines back, face lifts, you know," Greg went on, lost in a reverie for a moment. "Once a girl starts to give herself a new face, the money just flowed to our bosses; the girls changed so much I couldn't recognize them any more."

"But you don't do that here and now?" asked Don. "You aren't qualified, are you, or, or, why would you be here?"

"No," said Dr Greg Nettles angrily. "I'm not quite qualified to work on the face, but nips and tucks on the body I can do in my sleep. And yes, Don, I'm here, aren't I, as you're one of the few to notice."

"I'll talk to Josie," said Don easily. "I don't think I gave you enough. You'll have to pay nurses, anesthetists and so on, won't you? Still, I'll meet your costs and price for the procedure, Greg, when I get Josie to agree to what she wants. I'm sure it's going to be a complete T and A, Greg. But let me talk to her first."

"Where's Josie?" Don asked as soon as he was back in the fraternity.

"Not in your bed?" asked Ed innocently.

"Where's Warner?" Don asked next of all.

“You went out, he went in,” laughed Ed which caused Don to run up the stairs and check out his room. Josie wasn’t there but her perfume lingered, infuriating him even more.

“She’s not in my room, or Warner’s, or yours,” Don accused Ed when he stormed back into his office.

“Did you check Daley’s room?” Ed asked. The two of them looked over at where Daley was reading and answering e-mails on the President’s computer.

“Don’t draw me into your endless bickering over that person,” said Daley Masters as he flipped the screen to a screensaver. “I’ve got problems enough, brother Don, thanks to you and your bedmate.”

“What problems?” asked Don Hadley, thinking he should raid the storerooms again. Warner liked to take Josie into very secluded places where he wouldn’t be disturbed with the girl Don had created.

“The word is out about Josie in the frat,” stated Daley Masters forcefully.

“I’d have heard,” snapped Don.

“We’d all be calling him gay boy and worse,” laughed Ed Elliott, who spent as much time as Warner with Josie, getting his wick taken care of, he said.

Daley turned on the screen and punched up several e-mails. “They know,” he said. “Clark, Morgan and that group have been talking to one another. Matt O’Reilly, and what one O’Reilly knows, the others do as well. They know about Ed and Warner sneaking Josie off and having her. You two don’t keep your excitement down, you know.”

Don was white-faced. He stood up and stared at the messages that Daley had assembled onto one file. "They want my head," he said, trembling as he realized how he would be embarrassed and shamed by what he'd done for so long with Josie, his bed-mate and girl friend.

"That's the funny thing," said Daley, shaking his head. "The guys in here don't want to kick you out, Don. They just want their share of time with Josie."

The other two stared at him in deep surprise.

"So, what I'm trying to do is to limit the damage, before it gets out into the university proper and we become the laughingstock of the whole state," said Daley Masters. "Look, I'm President next year, Don ..."

"I'll take Josie out of here," said Don thickly. "No-one will see her again."

"She stays," said Daley. "I need a breathing space to stop anyone ratting us out. I presume that the rest of you won't be doing that, will you? And I need more girls, like Josie, in the frat, to service the guys in the know. You can't expect Josie to do it alone."

"You can't be serious," said Ed Elliott, his jaw dropping in shock.

"I floated the idea with Clark and he went for it," said Daley, his manner persuasive as it always was in difficult meetings. "We invite in some new members, smaller guys, those overlooked in the pledge games we all play. We tell them that they are going to the Valentine's Ball, over at Delta, but we don't say that they'll be going as girls. Not until later on."

"Clark got really excited when I told him how you did it, Don. He wants me to invite in about a dozen

losers we can transform. I told him that there's going to be a huge cost to this, making more Josies, but you know Clark. He put fifty thousand into his account to use on dresses and girlie stuff. He did say he hasn't been laid this year. The Valentine's Day Ball is the last chance for this frat to get him laid, one way or the other, or he's going to quit and take his friends with him."

"One way or the other?" asked Ed with a frown.

"We could buy hookers for the guys," said Don thoughtfully.

"Get one on campus," said Daley with little animation in his voice. "How did that work when you tried it, Ed? No, we all know security turns a blind eye to our booze violations but women in the ambulances? They know all the tricks we could pull. No, it's Operation Josie. New members of the frat, if they dare to wear dresses and girlie underwear."

"Not operations on Josie," said Don with a scowl. "I don't like the sound of that." He told the others about what he'd contracted with Greg Nettles to do to Josie.

"She's not going to do it," said Ed Elliott. "See how she scratched me with her long nails when I started squeezing her clit."

"She hates that," said Don while Daley looked at the others in disgust.

"You're going to give your girl friend breasts and a tush and the doc's not going to notice anything different about your girl, Josie?" asked Daley skeptically.

"I'm going to have the medical forms done before," said Don with a wicked smile. "When we take

her in, I'll have told Greg she's so scared. Josie's agreed to be put out before she's done. Oh, none of us are to mention what she's having done to her or she'll run. We'll take her in for a test. She'll have signed the letter we'll give Greg saying she knows and wants what she's signed for. We'll say it's the only way she can accept being in hospital."

"It'll never work," said Daley Masters. But it did.

Tanya couldn't tell Alan about the new girls, an Elizabeth, an Olivia, and a Marilyn, who'd been crying through all of the things that they, just like Tanya and her girl friends, endured. They kept protesting, in hoarse voices, that they shouldn't be there but the older girls were merciless with them, being especially hard on the girl they called Elizabeth.

She, Elizabeth, was still bandaged about the face, like the girls who'd been in the clinic for rhinoplasty and other work on their faces. The red-haired Rosemary had breathlessly told Tanya with a giggle that she wouldn't recognize Rosemary when her swellings were gone. She'd be beautiful, she'd said coyly, practicing her new, lilting feminine voice, so different to the Rosemary Tanya had first met. Well, she, Tanya, was very different as well, wasn't she?

Elizabeth finally had to have a time out, as she was trying to protest the sexy stripping that Caroline insisted she do to the younger men watching the girls rehearse, smiling and encouraging them all. And yes, it helped to be admired and applauded

by men, as several of the girls were more sexily feminine than Tanya had ever seen them.

Elizabeth hated being a woman. That was clear to Tanya. She hated taking off her bra and panties, forced to smile as she swirled on a pole, showing off her phony vagina, the guys knowing what they were looking at but still applauding her.

One of the older men, an alumnus, Tanya thought, came for the naked girl who needed a time out. Elizabeth's voice was in shreds, after her screaming. She tried to keep the tall, determined man from kissing her. He finally picked her up and stalked away with her babbling in his arms that he couldn't do it to her again. He knew who she was, she was saying, as she passed Tanya. Tanya felt chilled all over as she watched the couple disappear towards the stairs and the bedrooms above.

Elizabeth was still whimpering and moaning, her eyes bright with tears, her makeup clearly refreshed, when Corman brought her back in black panties and tiny tartan skirt, like the ones Tanya and the others wore, schoolgirls' skirts. Now, Elizabeth had to wear it as well, just like the other girls.

Corman, the much older man, insisted that she kiss him properly, affectionately, as a girl should before he left. Elizabeth did as she was told, her bandaged nose, throat and face hurting her obviously as she went up on tiptoes in her high heels, shuddering as the man caressed her tush, revealing the black panties she wore like the other girls, too. She was led by Susan into the dance and shown how to act like a sexy, dancing girl, stripping once more like a girl as the others were learning to do. It was surprising how well she did it even over her hoarse protests that she couldn't.

Elizabeth was wearing the sheath she'd worn before. She hadn't wanted to, cavorting naked like the other girls, she'd screamed. As soon as the big man, 'Corman', however, came back and stayed, standing, watching her, Elizabeth's protests died away. Susan made sure the artificial vagina was affixed correctly about the wriggly girl; Elizabeth put new, frilly panties on, and her dance skirt, before being kissed and hugged by Susan and by 'Corman'.

"You're going to make such a wonderful show-girl," Corman said, pulling her body against his, Elizabeth's new boobies clearly bouncing against him. Elizabeth, tragic-faced, went through the motions of the new dances she'd learned with a host of new, older girls, all bouncing boobies and full figured. The Vegas girls, older, all seemed to have been nude dancing girls before. They showed the girls how to do it so well that some of the new girls were taking part perfectly by the end of the session.

The men, those who'd been watching from the doorway, and Alphas arriving from the university, were invited all the way in by Susan, classes over. The older girls from Rho House really picked up in their flirting and posing, as the guys urged them to show them what they'd been doing.

Marilyn, like Elizabeth, had begged them all, not to punish her any more. She'd never do anything to harm the fraternity, she'd said in her hoarse, cracked voice, but the boys and older girls only stared stonily at her. Susan made her wiggle in front of the group and show them the dance Marilyn had learned. She had to show the men how she'd play with her naked breasts to entice them to kiss her and put money between them after they'd kissed her nipples just so.

It was chastening for the new girls to see what was being done to Elizabeth, Marilyn and the really co-operative, if deadly frightened, girl named Olivia. It was clear that these girls had done something to harm the fraternity. That was why they'd become girls.

"They'll never be allowed to be anything but what they are," Kendra told a white-faced Christine, who'd asked her something in a whisper. "If you want to help Elizabeth, Olivia or Marilyn, you teach them to be girlie girls and love their boy friends just like you girlies do."

Every girl had a boy friend, some more than one. The girls from Vegas seemed to know many of the older men and went with them, even as they were making dates for later trysts with another.

"These girls are going to do well," said Caroline, leading Tanya out of the rehearsal room, now infused with giggling and flirting, the noise getting louder and louder. "The chauffeur of Alan's car is looking for you and we don't want a non-Alpha man stealing away with any of our girls, do we?"

"You should know," said Tanya, having seen Leno, the chauffeur, sliding off with Michelle Waters earlier, that girl all over her man, placing her hands about her where she wanted them to be. Tanya had been jealous as she knew she wasn't as natural and as sexy a girl as Michelle was. Michelle seemed to spend her whole time in the bonking rooms, even while the other girls were practicing as she was probably supposed be doing as well. But Michelle danced well, femininely, whenever she was called upon.

“Now that you’re satisfied at last,” said Alan, cutting in on all the thinking Tanya had been doing about her afternoon and what it was doing to the way she felt about herself and the other girls. “We’ve been invited over to Daley’s house for dinner tonight. Why don’t you slip into a cocktail dress, Tanya, and we’ll go over and meet some people that you should get to know.”

“Going out?” squealed Tanya. “I can’t go out with my hair looking like this!” Then, she blushed to her new, blonde roots as she realized how girlish she must sound. But she couldn’t just get out of bed and put on a dress and go. No, she had to bathe, she had to re-do her hair, re-do her makeup, and put on new, lovely panties. She shivered as Alan helped her into the brocade body shaper. He kissed her several times, as he assisted her with her stockings, her dress, and her jewellery.

“Beautiful,” he murmured, stealing another kiss while Tanya was having an anxious ‘male moment’ as her dress swirled about her, her breasts held so tightly in front of her. How could she think that this was delightful, she asked herself as she had so often, but the dress swirled again as Alan made her move in a few dancing steps. “You’ll be the belle of the party, my darling.”

“Party?” asked Tanya, knowing she still had to put on her perfume and re-do the lipstick that her boy friend, that made her shiver all over again, had spoiled with his constant kisses on her lips.

“A talking party,” said Alan with a smile. “You’ve been asking me all about Josie. Now you can meet her and ask her all the questions that you’ve put to me. She knows how she got together with Daley, why she married him, and where her babies came

from. I daresay Brenda Lawrence, Will Merton's fiancée, is going to want to ask Josie the same questions."

"How, how many people ...?" Tanya asked nervously, imagining how difficult it was going to be if there were real couples there, women who were real as she still knew 'she' wasn't.

"About ten, I think Daley said," said Alan Fox.

"And I'll be the newest ..." said Tanya with a shiver.

"I think so," said Alan, taking a fur coat out of the wardrobe that was full of clothes for her to wear, most of which she'd only seen. "So let's go, darling," he slapped her on her derriere, and led her out of their bedroom and down the stairs.

Leno, the chauffeur, stood up from where he'd been reading a magazine, his eyebrows lifting, a smile coming to his face as he looked at her, Alan Fox's lovely girl friend.

"This way, miss," said Leno, smiling again, holding the door of the hotel open while Alan played with the security system, finally getting it to work.

"We could have walked around the lake," said Tanya nervously, trying to keep her voice lilting and feminine as Leno could hear her. She'd hate to see a startled look on his face as he realized that she, dressed as femininely as she was, wasn't at all what she appeared to be, at first.

"It gets cold at night with winter round the corner," said Alan with a smile. "Daley texted me that the kids were going to bed in fifteen minutes or so and were dieing to meet you before the party, you and Brenda, that is."

“Why?” asked Tanya with a nervous shiver as she saw Leno, checking her out, the way she sat, her heels and legs, in his rear view mirror. He was smiling again as he let the couple out. Tanya was a-quiver at doing such mundane, ordinary, women’s things as leaving from a car and entering a house where a family, father, mother and children awaited her and her boy friend.

“It’s the lady who was looking at us in the telescope,” Andrew Masters, surprisingly the image of his father, announced from the door he’d opened.

“Oh, Andrew!” said the blonde woman, in a lovely, blue cocktail dress, as expensive and designer-made, Tanya was sure, as hers was. She smiled at Tanya so naturally, making her son move to let her guests in, ruffling his hair as a mother would. Tanya felt so strange as she stared at the woman, wondering how she could possibly be a woman like her, like Tanya.

“That’s why he wanted to meet you,” said Alan into Tanya’s ear as he took her fur coat from her, dumping it over the head of the grinning ten-year old. “And this is our hostess, Tanya, Josie Masters.”

“On the sofa, neatly, in the study,” Josie instructed her son, as he staggered off, pretending it weighed much more than it did. “Tanya, I’m so delighted to meet you, our newest,” she glanced at the flushing girl with a sly smile, “neighbor. Come on in and meet Brenda and Karen who’ve been trapped by my daughters, while Jane is on the deck with Braden, looking out at the hotel through our telescope!”

All the adults arose as a nervous Tanya, her heart pounding, with a smiling Alan entered a large,

comfortable 'family' room. Tanya's nose was assailed by wonderful, female scents as Josie had to hug her and so did all of the other women, Jane, the doctor who'd made her breasts appear so feminine, there to bounce her own off Tanya and confirm with a smile how nice it was to meet another girl like herself, socially.

"The extra little girl is Karen's," said Josie as the woman came forward, smiling, the baby in her arms. "And her husband, Frank." It was time for all the men, Frank, Daley, Steve Pembleton, and Will Merton, to hug Tanya as well.

"I should put Denise down," said Karen with a smile. "Do you girls want to come with me and help me?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the older Masters girl, Joanne, checking with Josie to see if it was all right.

"Are you going to breastfeed her again?" asked Alice, about five years' old, Tanya thought.

"I think that she's ready to sleep now," said Karen with a quick glance and smile at Tanya and Brenda, both of whom were flushing. "Let's tiptoe into the nursery and put her down. Then, it's time for you girls to go to bed."

"Mummy said we can stay up a little later," said Alice, her hand in Karen's as they retreated. "She still has to feed Braden. He won't go down unless he does, even though he doesn't need it, Mummy says."

"You'll hear that all the time around here," said Daley Masters, handing Tanya a glass of white wine while the beer, naturally, went to Alan Fox. "It's always, 'Mummy says we can,' and 'Mummy says don't do that'. It's never what Daddy says."

“He’s so picked on, the poor man,” said Josie, smiling at her husband, who immediately put an arm about her waist and kissed her. She responded to the kiss just as Tanya would now have responded to a kiss from Alan. Then, she was called away by Andrew, who said that he wouldn’t mind coming to the party instead.

“I’ve raised another chauvinist like his father,” laughed Josie, directing her son to say goodnight to all the gathering. Like his father, perhaps, Andrew wanted to hug all the women in the open, family room.

“Just like his father,” said Daley. “In love with pretty girls!”

“You’re my favorite,” whispered Andrew to a shaking, blushing Tanya. “You’re the one I’d like to be married to when I grow up!”

Josie took her son away with her, smiling and rustling his hair with her long, brightly colored fingernails. “He said he’s going to be dreaming of you all,” said Josie to the girls who were still sort of together in the family room.

“He’s got good taste,” said Daley, opening his arms for his wife to join him and kiss him passionately. “Like his father,” he added.

“We must have all you girls over more often,” said Josie, swaying in her husband’s arms. “Andrew is getting too fresh, too sassy, these days. We girls should put him in his place as Karen and I have done with our husbands.”

“Oh, we’re so tame, aren’t we, Frank,” said Daley with a laugh. “Come on, wimp; let’s look at the cooking that these lovely women have got us doing.”

The domestic bliss was disturbing Tanya more than a little. She was glad to sit, the anxiety she felt, making her breathe more quickly than normally. It was so sublime to watch the other 'women' interact with their men as if they were wives, even though only Karen and Josie were in fact married. Alan had said that she was a girl like Tanya but she couldn't believe it, not with what she'd heard and seen.

"Jane and Steve are getting married as well," Will announced to his fiancée, who sported a huge ring on her finger. Tanya knew that Brenda was a Rho girl, like her, as she'd seen her in the house. She knew that Will Merton was an Alpha man as well. The way he smiled at Brenda, his love for her clear in the way he looked, made Tanya shudder and wish that she could control her emotions more closely. She couldn't think of what Brenda would look like as a bride.

"Before you lovebirds, Will, Brenda?" asked Alan easily.

"We said we'd get married in the hotel," said Will, indicating across the lake. "That is, if you can accommodate all the wedding party and guests in April. Brenda is going to be a spring bride. I've promised her that."

Brenda blushed demurely as she held onto Will's hands while he expounded on some of the things he expected to be part of their wedding.

"If Alan and Daley don't get on with the renovations to that monstrosity Alan's bought," said Steve Pembleton gruffly, "none of us will be getting married over there this year. And we aren't going to wait, either, Jane and me, are we, darling?" Jane smiled and kissed her fiancé lovingly on his lips,

murmuring that it didn't matter at all to her when or if they were ever married.

Steve lectured a smiling Alan again. "All the changes you're making, Alan," he said, "can't be completed until the end of the year, maybe next summer, according to Daley."

"And we must have our ceremony here," said Jane, joining them, with a young boy clinging to her stockinged legs. "Then we could involve the children as well as all the girls who want to come and see Steve finally hitched and locked away safely from them all."

"You still can have it over at the club," said Alan Fox, in the general laughter. "We have some staff in. Some rooms will be ready in a couple of weeks. Yes, we'll be changing a lot about the place but the main floor will be ready as a ballroom for a banquet and a wedding ball. We'll do Will and Brenda's wedding as our first major event and show everyone the changes that we're going to make and the night club we are going to have. The Honeymoon Suite will surprise you, Tanya can attest to that, can't you, my darling?"

Tanya's blushes let them all know that she'd definitely tried out the attractive room with Alan Fox.

"Alan!" said Josie, scolding the man who'd reached for Tanya's lovely, manicured hand to caress it lovingly. "That isn't the way it's going to be here tonight. No more sexual teasing, please!"

"Mummy says," said Daley Masters.

"Yes," said a smiling Josie. "Oh, Jane, let me have Braden, will you? I'll get him down. Daley, you get the men to help you with supper and I'll show

the girls what being married to a man like you is going to mean to them for the rest of their lives.”

The ‘girls’ took their drinks with them as they followed Josie, holding a yawning Braden in her arms, past the nursery where her daughters and Karen came tiptoeing out, the toddler in a crib, light music playing and plastic birds circling overhead.

“It’s such a pleasure to visit here,” said Karen Hudson as they went up the stairs and a nanny, an older woman, swept up the girls and took them off their rooms. “A nursery and a nanny on call is what I call luxury!”

“I call it a necessity!” said Josie. “Well, here’s Braden’s room. I don’t suppose that you girls will have seen this,” she smiled at Brenda and Tanya, “but I’m just going to sit with Braden in that rocking chair for a while and get him ready for bed.”

It was a little more than changing the young boy. Josie sat and opened the front of her dress and then Braden was in bliss as he suckled from his mother.

“Not much,” Josie said as Jane asked about how much milk he was getting from her. “We are trying to wean him from me. And it should be over by the end of the year.”

“Until you have another one,” said Karen, smiling at the older woman with the boy suckling so noisily from her.

“Not for a long while, if at all,” said Josie with a smile. “Daley forgot how lactation drugs affect me. He wants the woman he married back once more. He wants me to prove I’m still as much in love with him as I was when we were first married!”

“You’ve breastfed all of your children,” said Jane with a frown.

“But this one’s the longest to want to stay attached to me,” said Josie, affectionately stroking her son’s head. His demands had shrunk to sudden spurts of gurgling at the teat of his mother’s breast. “I don’t blame Daley for wanting his share of me as well. I want to be his wife again fully!”

“That’s something Frank has had to learn,” laughed Karen. “He thought my desire for him had diminished at first until I told him. It hasn’t but I can’t keep coming in the same way he does, not unless he wants to share his pills with me and that’s something no man wants to do. So, he just has to have all I can give him. Besides, as I tell him all the time, I love however he makes love to me. I’m having my orgasms inside even if he doesn’t get to see or feel them.”

“Oh,” said Brenda then breathlessly. “This conversation is being aimed at me, isn’t it?”

“Well, you are going to marry Will, aren’t you?” said Jane. “And you know what that means, in time. He’s going to want to carry on his line, be a real man and have a real wife and all that.”

“I don’t think he’s thinking that,” said Brenda, glancing at Tanya, whose color was as high as hers.

“He said that he doesn’t care about that,” said Josie, with a laugh, cuddling Braden and moving him naturally to her other breast, which he suckled for just a few moments before appearing to sleep. “He just wants to make love to you forever and wants you to be his wife so that the whole world will treat you as a couple.”

Josie detached her sleeping son from her breast, lifted him up, kissed him and then placed him into the bed that was ready for him. She smiled at Brenda and then at Tanya. "But we girls," she went on candidly, "we'll know that something is wrong with the life we've chosen. Our husband isn't perfectly happy and we'll blame ourselves but the answer soon becomes obvious. If you have a wonderful mother-in-law as I did, she'll tell you what's wrong with her son. So you have to find a way of becoming pregnant."

"That, that's impossible!" Brenda said without thinking further about it.

"Adoption isn't impossible," said Jane Livingstone.

"Or surrogacy," said Karen, looking at the newer girls with interest. "Why didn't you ask me, Brenda, where I got my wonderful baby from when I came to visit Rachel and the girls I knew in Rho House? You were standing right there. You could have asked me how Denise had been conceived. I'd have told you."

"Mummy! Mummy!" came the calls then from the hallway and so Josie had to leave them to attend to her elder son and daughters, going into the room the girls shared. Even Andrew cuddled up with his mummy and his sisters in one of the big beds, filled with dolls as the two girls cuddled up closer to Mummy to listen to the story she was reading them.

"I think I was invited here tonight," whispered Brenda to Tanya, "by someone with an ulterior motive in mind."

"You, you think so?" asked Tanya with a shiver. Their dresses swished and rustled noisily as they

descended the stairs and their men came to greet them with kisses and caresses.

“You look very uncomfortable,” Alan whispered to Tanya, his arm about her waist, hugging her and making her dress swish even more than it had before. “Josie and her children make you feel that way.”

“N-No,” said Tanya, watching Will hug Brenda to him and follow her outside where they began what was clearly an intense conversation, punctuated by frequent kisses as intense as whatever words they were exchanging.

Alan followed Tanya’s eyes and watched what she was, in silence, for a few minutes. “Oh, it’s about how Josie got her children,” he said suddenly, knowing he was right with the way his girl friend stiffened against him, her hair brushing his face as she leant back against him. “Which way do you favor becoming a mother, by adoption, surrogacy, or what?”

“I, I’m never going to be a mother,” whispered Tanya, watching a laughing Karen being caressed by her husband as she assisted him at the barbecue, showing how he should be turning the meat that was sizzling there.

“You will be,” murmured Alan Fox in Tanya’s ear. “I guarantee it, Miss Langton. You will make a wonderful mother. I won’t complain about you breastfeeding Alan, junior, like Daley does about Josie still feeding Braden. I love you, my darling, and I hope some day that you’ll make me the happiest man in the world by marrying me and breastfeeding Alan, junior, and all his sisters.”

Tanya felt as if she was choking as Alan turned her to face him and began to kiss her, each totally oblivious. for a short time, of what was going on all around them.

“I think she’s saying ‘Yes’, Alan,” Daley Masters called in through the open door to the couple who seemed determined to become one in his family room, so closely were they intertwined. “So take your hands off that girl or you’re going to have all the rest of the girls teary-eyed and quaking and demanding all of us men forget this great barbecue and retire to the bedrooms we’ve set aside for one specific purpose!”

“I can’t believe what you’ve had me doing in the clinic for you and your friends,” a furious Dr Greg Nettles thundered, pushing his way past Daley and Ed to confront Don Hadley himself. “I just did a T and A on a guy! That Kelly you sent me to operate on is a boy!”

Greg looked around at the men in the office and the way that they accepted the news he’d just given them. “But you all knew that, didn’t you?” he gasped after a little pause. “Is, is this other one, Sharon, a boy as well?”

“I think you should sit down and have a drink, Greg,” said Don Hadley as pleasantly as he could under the circumstances.

Greg Nettles let loose with a series of expletives, refusing to sit or to take the drink a frowning Daley Masters brought him. “The effing Josie Bentley!” raged the doctor-surgeon. “She wasn’t afraid of hav-

ing her breasts augmented, was she? You had her put to sleep so I couldn't question her. She wouldn't be able to tell me that she didn't want to be made to look like a woman!"

"Greg," said the President of the other's former fraternity. "You did an absolutely wonderful job on Josie. Her nose is perfect as is the rest of her. Now, Kelly ..."

"I'm going to pull the implants right out of her!" shouted Greg Nettles angrily. Don nodded to Ed Elliott then, the nearest one to the door. He shut it.

"You think you can keep me in here against my will?" Greg sneered at the President. He knocked the drink away, spattering the carpet with red and dark brown stains of whatever whiskey Daley had been trying to give him. "Boy, are you guys in trouble right now!"

"Us?" asked Don Hadley slowly. "Greg, Greg, Greg. Us in trouble? Let me see. Did you not perform surgeries on Josie that you are not technically licensed to do? As I said before, your excellent work on Josie led us, naturally, to bring Kelly and Sharon to you. Oh, are the surgeries you performed on them, the T and A procedures you called them, are they illegal as well?"

"I haven't done anything to Sharon," said Greg thickly. "And I'm going to reverse what I've done to that boy you brought me, that Kelly."

"Going to pay us back the money that we've laid out to you, Greg?" asked Don Hadley which stilled Greg Nettles. "And you want to turn down the extra moneys for your work on Sharon and on Kelly's nose and facial features, twenty thousand for each procedure. That's a lot of money to turn down, Greg."

“I didn’t know,” Greg said, taking the second drink that Daley handed to him impassively. “You said I was doing for Kelly what I’d done for your girl friend. You said she was Ed’s girl friend.”

“Sometimes, she is,” said Don Hadley while Ed grinned widely.

“But she’s not a girl,” insisted Greg.

“She is,” said Don Hadley. “She came to us in a pretty dress and wig for the Valentine’s Day Ball. We like her. She wants to be more a girl than she was then. We’re just trying to help her. This is why we’re paying for what she wants and needs to be successful as a girl. We’re willing to go on paying for Kelly, for Sharon and for any successors they might have that need your skills as their doctor.”

Greg Nettles struggled with what he was hearing. “What’s going on here?” he asked hoarsely in the end. “What have you guys got me into?”

“Tell him,” said Daley Masters to the President of the fraternity. “Tell him the whole truth and let him decide what he wants to do, help us or not.”

Don Hadley stared at the brother who was going to succeed him as the head of the fraternity. “You’ll need Greg next year, when there are more girls than two to be inducted,” Don said. Opposite him, Greg Nettles looked from one to the other as if he was looking at mass murderers or something.

“All right,” said Don Hedley. “It all began as a joke ...” The story of the fraternity’s failure to score with women sounded pathetic to all of them but it was true. The senior guys were getting laid now pretty regularly by Josie, Kelly and Sharon, all out-fitted in the most sexy of girl’s costumes that the

wealthy members of the senior class, which meant all of them, could provide.

The girls' hair styles, colors, and makeup changed constantly as the girls found that a suggestion from one of the Alpha men was in fact an order that had to be obeyed. Their protests that this wasn't what they'd signed up for as pledges soon dried up as the Alpha men, eager to be laid by someone who felt, looked and smelled like a girl, showered them with gifts, feminine presents like earrings and necklaces, and compliments on how pretty they were.

"So they don't know what's going to happen to them when they come into my clinic," said Greg Nettles after listening in horrified disgust to what was being said to him.

"It doesn't take them long to love what you've done to them, if Josie is anything to go by," said Don Hadley decisively. "She loves her breasts and tush while her bobbed nose makes her look even cuter than she was when she was a beginning woman. Take a good look at her at the end-of-term dance, Greg. We can allot one of her trysts that evening to you if you want."

Greg Nettles recoiled in horror from his chair. He was on his feet and headed out, pushing Ed aside when Warner laughed and asked him, "Do we take that as a 'No' and get out money back?" Warner called out to Greg.

The doctor stopped and looked back at the intent faces watching him. "I'm going to think about it all," he said. "I've got a patient back in my surgery I need to talk to."

“So, Marilyn,” said Bob Maslow, with the charming smile that he used all the time with his clients. “This is the second letter to your father that we’ve written for you. You’ve seen the first, haven’t you?”

“You, you made me sound like an empty-headed bimbo,” whispered Marilyn Grantham, like all Rho girls having to use a different surname so that none of the Alpha boys would ever know who she’d been before.

“I thought that we made you sound like what you are, a loving daughter,” said Bob Maslow, more than a little discomfited by the pretty girl sitting opposite him. Several of her bandages had already been removed, the changes in her being traced out easily by the experienced eye. She was going to be a very beautiful girl, one worthy of the name, Marilyn.

“I’d never write such a girlie letter,” said Marilyn. “And it lied about me. It said that I’d had a sex change operation, which I haven’t.”

“Is that what’s making you so angry?” asked Maslow, watching the rise of the blonde girl’s breasts as she shifted nervously, uncrossing her legs. Seeing him watching her do it, she crossed them again in a rustle of petticoats. A summer dress, mainly in white, did make her legs look so beautiful, there was that word again, but Bob Maslow couldn’t help thinking of Marilyn in that way.

“Would you like to have a sex change?” Maslow asked with a smile. “We could get that done for you before you meet your father again.” He projected all the warmth and good feeling that he could towards

the girl, whom he had once known quite well in her other form.

“No!” squealed the girl, interesting Bob that she had spoken in such a high voice in her anxiety. She didn’t seem to notice she’d done it, either. “You, you can’t do that to me! It’s illegal!”

“I can assure you, Miss Grantham,” said Bob in his most lawyerly of voices, “that it is not illegal in this day and age for a young woman such as yourself to find it necessary to be on the inside, as well as the outside, what she thinks herself to be. Yes, you can be operated on ...”

“I’m not a young woman!” squealed the distressed young woman, pulling tissues from the box on the desk. She shivered and her breasts moved again, even her nipples showing through the bra and shaped dress that fitted her figure so well. “And you, Bob Maslow,” she hissed. “You know it very well.”

“I do know that the confrontation you provoked with the pledge committee of this year was due to your jealousy, wasn’t it?” said Bob easily, watching her lovely hands with their polished, pink fingernails holding her dress against herself. She rocked anxiously, hating the interrogation she was being put through.

“All those new girls this year, and not one of them was you,” Bob went on, pleased to see the flush coming to Marilyn’s face. He liked girls with a little color, or rouge on their cheeks. “You’d seen so many girls, like Rachel and Emma, and then Michelle and Brenda, looking so beautiful and having so many men as lovers; and no one even tried to coerce you into being a beautiful girl. You should

have told us about your desires, Marilyn. We'd have accommodated you as we have many girls in the past."



Not strictly true, Bob Maslow knew, but not untrue. There'd been half a dozen girls who'd been found to actually want to be what the fraternity had inflicted on others, wanting to be girls. Some others didn't know that they wanted to be girls until someone noticed and suggested they had a 'girl' in the fraternity. They were the quickest in the past to be absorbed into the Gamma Rho sorority.

"I didn't want to be a girl," Marilyn said with a shudder.

"A lie," said Bob Maslow easily. "You love being Marilyn. You'd be heartbroken if we dragged you back to the clinic and had Dr Jane reverse all the procedures that make you feel so wonderful."

"I don't feel wonderful!" screeched the blonde girl.

Bob Maslow shook his head and kept smiling at Marilyn. His refusal to see her as anything but a girl clearly vexed her.

"No, no," said the blonde, bandaged girl. "You, you're wrong. I never wanted ..."

"When the bandages come off," said Bob, watching her uncrossing her legs and the agitation that she went through her as her soft, hairless arms brushed against her breasts. She looked up at him, pushing back a strand of hair girlishly, as despair crossed her face.

"When the bandages come off," Bob repeated slowly, smiling as much as he could, "you are going to be a beautiful woman, Marilyn, quite unrecognizable from the person you used to be."

Marilyn stared at him, her elbows tucking in where her lovely corset must be pulling on her now thin waist.

“Yes,” Bob went on in his most confidential lawyerly fashion, making his case to the toughest ‘jury’ that he’d ever faced. “You’ll be Marilyn, a girl. No-one you’ve ever known here at State is going to know you, save for girls like you, who’ve nursed you or helped you to be this lovely girl you are.

“The boys won’t know anything about you, save that you’re Marilyn. That’s why you’ve this new last name, Grantham. The boys from Alpha House will swarm you, even those you knew well. But they won’t know you unless you tell them who you used to be. I’m sure you won’t. No, don’t torture yourself, lovely Marilyn, about anyone knowing you and finding out about you.”

The girl began to shiver in front of him, her arms folded now under her breasts, her vivid, blue eyes on him, staring at him, he telling her a story she had to listen to.

“Do what girls like Evelyn show you to do,” Bob went on, smiling away at her, this beautiful girl-to-be, even if she didn’t look like that at this particular moment. “Listen to Rachel and follow Susan in everything she does. You’ll be a girl like any of them. I guarantee it!”

For once, Marilyn didn’t say anything. She just stared at him, her lovely mouth moving as she moistened it with her pink tongue. No words flowed from her at all. I’m a pretty good lawyer, Bob Maslow thought to himself. Ah, but it was easy to talk to a girl who was already convinced, in her heart of hearts, that she wanted to be exactly the person whom Bob was telling her she was.

Well, he should strike while the iron was hot, shouldn’t he, thinking of the other thing he, Bob

Maslow, had promised the Council that he'd get her to do.

"Your father, through his policeman friend," said Maslow slowly, "has found that everything in your first letter is true."

Marilyn squeaked at that, her face showing intense distress, as Bob Maslow had expected. "All that was in that wonderful letter you sent him, he believes," he went on. "His policeman friend, this Ted Moore, has been making inquiries about you everywhere, here and in other places that deal with girls like you. He thinks that there are girls like you here who've been helping you. He wants us to help find you. We think that we should."

"NO!" The squeal was loud, heartfelt and anguished. "I can't ever, ever let my father see me like this!" screamed Marilyn, standing up in her very high heels. Bob stood up as well, partly to block her from running to the door. But how she could have run anywhere in shoes like those was beyond him. But girls did do some incredible things. He had personal experience of that.

"He won't," Bob said in as calm and reassuring a voice as he could. Mmm, she smelled so wonderfully fresh and flowery. He felt himself reacting as he always did to a pretty girl, though her bandages hid her looks from all but the most discerning of men, men with experience of such girls, like Bob Maslow.

"It's your father's investigator," said Bob softly. "After the Las Vegas show, in a month's time, yes, we've moved it back so that all of you new and old girls will be out of bandages by then, we'll set something up. We men of Alpha, alumni and current brothers, are going to be overwhelmed by the show

I've seen being rehearsed. We're not going to ask you to do anything until after that show. It's going to be really big, a milestone in the history of Alpha Rho Mu!"

"I, I'm not a brother any more!" whispered Marilyn, tears coming to her eyes.

"But, when you were in the audiences before," said Bob with a smile, "didn't you want to be part of the show, a girl, receiving applause as all the girls you used to admire, received theirs? You'd be thinking, if only I could have been one of them. Well, this time, at the great event, you will be."

The blonde girl shuddered against him as he held her gently away from him. Marilyn stared up at him as if expecting him to do something to her, which Bob would have loved to have done. But the knock on the door saved the girl from being ravished against her will, or so the look of relief on her face seemed to signal to Bob.

"I need Marilyn," said Susan, smiling as she put her face, painted in stage makeup, around the doorframe. "She's going to be my partner in the ballet section we'll be able to add to the program now we've more time to rehearse. Oh, you're just going to love being in a tutu, Marilyn! But we have lots of work to do, starting with today's evening rehearsal!"

Josie wearily stepped into the arms of the man in a tuxedo and leaned her head against his cheek, lifting her gown with one hand so that it would swirl about them, its rustle hidden in the noise from all

the other girls' dresses who were dancing with their beaux around her.

"I think we've kept you on those spindly high heels far too long, Josie," said a voice she barely recognized.

She was surprised to look up and find that it was Daley Masters who was dancing with Josie. "I love stiletto heels," Josie said automatically in the voice that all the men she went with, and there were so many of them now, wanted to hear from someone who looked as girlish as she was.

"I think we should sit this one out and let you relax for a moment," said Daley Masters with the slightest of smiles.

"I have to dance," said Josie, her heavily madeup eyes sweeping over the array of men in dark tuxes. Even though there were now three of them trapped as girls in the fraternity, the men seemed more eager to dance with one of them, to tryst with one of the changed girls, where, at first, it had been her breasts that had been the attraction that kept her hopping from one man's bed to another's from one morning to the next. Now, Kelly and Sharon were over their tears and protests and were 'loving' the attention of their boy friends and the way that they were being treated by the seniors of Alpha.

"I'm the President for next year," said Daley. "And I say that it is all right if you do not dance for a while, Josie. Let's get some punch and retire into the atrium, out of this cacophony, shall we?"

Josie meekly put her hand in Daley's and followed the man through the crowd, past many Alphas, who smiled and wanted to take her back onto the floor, but Daley said, "No, she's with me

now,” and the other Alphas all looked at him in surprise.

“Here,” said Daley, capturing a glass of champagne for her, putting his arm about her, slowing so that she could mince along slowly, her feet hurting her as only Daley among all the Alphas seemed to appreciate.

“I don’t see why those guys keep trying to take you from me,” said Daley with a scowl.

“It’s because they know you don’t like girls like Kelly, Sharon and me,” said Josie as they stepped out of the fevered dance room of the university’s Brock Hall, where the dance was taking place, and into the cooler, quieter atrium. As if they’d been waiting for them, a couple in a swing opposite a display of butterflies went back to the dancing.

Daley took hold of the swing, fending off others who’d turned that way. He protected it so that Josie could sit gracefully in the swing. She smoothed her dress and crossed her legs, feeling the silkiness of her gown against her stockings, shivering a little as she glanced down and, yes, there they were, the mounds on her chest, held in so tightly by the corset she wore.

“I don’t approve of girls like you,” said Daley Masters as he put an arm about Josie, making her shiver. “I think it’s wrong what the fraternity is doing with girls like you. Once you were one, weren’t you, and now you are three.”

“And we’ll be more next year,” said Josie, feeling his hand touch and caress her long hair for a moment, “when you are President.”

“I understand from Don that you changed into your gown for the Ees’ ball at some abandoned

building on campus,” said Daley, not looking at the lovely girl beside him but at the butterflies, stirred up by something, possibly one of the attendants.

“Yes,” agreed Josie with a shiver. “I left my clothes and other stuff in that old sorority house behind the frat.”

“I take over as President at mid-summer,” said Daley in a clipped voice. “How about you and I take a walk that way on the day I’m President? I’ll let you go and be the boy you’re supposed to be.”

A chill went through Josie as she heard the words she’d never thought to hear again. Yes, she was a boy. Daley acknowledged that about her, no matter how she was dressed, no matter how she was shaped.

“You’d let me go?” Josie gasped.

“Yes,” said Daley Masters, turning to look her in the face, surprised by what he saw, how lovely she really was, her nose so perfectly bobbed as Don had said. “If you want to stay here as a girl, I’d let you do that as well. But if the pledge committee does what Don’s asking them to do next year, we’ll have six girls or more about the house and we have to do something about that.”

“I’ll need to have these, these things,” Josie whispered to Daley, “taken away from me. Dr Nettles told Kelly she only had to say the word and he’d take them away from her, but you’ve seen Kelly. I think she really does love being a girl.”

“And you still don’t,” said Daley, looking at the thin eyebrows furrow as she thought about what he’d said.

“That’s right,” Josie murmured, shivering as she realized what she’d admitted to an Alpha man. He could have her locked in her room and new men visiting her every hour of the day if he wanted.

“We’ll have to work a little subterfuge on my council friends or I’ll never get you out of here,” said Daley. “I’ll dance with you, Josie, and walk with you like this, at a ball. I’ll say nice things about you, about your lovely perfume, and the way you look now, how graceful and feminine you are. So, when we go off together, no-one is going to think the worst and come spying on us, not if we’ve been together a few times in the next couple of months.”

“Subterfuge,” said Josie, shaking in her long, strapless evening gown.

“Yes,” said Daley, astounded as Josie leaned into him, her long, red fingernails grasping his jacket. His mouth was suddenly covered in the sweetest kiss he’d had in an age.

“Hey, Daley,” came a well-known voice over his shoulder. “What are you trying to do with my girl?” Don Hadley slid onto the swing on the other side of Josie, who was clearly trembling as Daley let her go, her kiss seeming to have surprised her as much as it had surprised him.

“As I recall, Don, this is Ed’s trysting time with Josie right now,” said Daley easily, holding Josie’s hand in his. “I bought it from him. I have Josie for another hour and a half, I do believe. You can check it out with Warner. He’s got the girls’ schedules in his pocket.”

Don Hadley smiled and stood up suddenly, setting the swing in motion so much that Josie had to

cling to Daley to prevent herself from being dumped onto the pathway in her lovely gown.

“You be nice to that man there, my pretty,” said Don with a funny sort of smile. “You can convert him to our side of the frat council, if any girl can.”

Josie was shivering as she saw Don stride away. “Come on,” said Daley Masters, his arm about her, supporting her as she rose. “Let’s find some place quiet where we can make some plans for next year.”

But, of course, plans for the upcoming year took a back seat to the kiss that had shocked each of them. They tried it again. It was just as shocking and upsetting as it had been before. Daley didn’t want to be attracted to a girl like Josie; and Josie didn’t want to be attracted and become all submissive and girlish with any man at all.

But Josie’s perfume was in the air and her body was so soft and feminine. It was her fault that she kissed him so girlishly, Daley would argue later. It was his fault, she would counter, that he kissed her so gently and made her want to be kissed like that for the rest of her life.

She’d been the one to start to take off his clothes, Daley had claimed. No, it was he, Josie had replied sweetly. He’d said it was an accident that he’d undone her dress and caressed her lovely corset, setting off her breasts in an eruption of desire and agony. Yes, she’d submitted to him as he had wanted her to.

Daley had loved to peel off each layer of her feminine lingerie only to find another layer beneath. Josie had shown him how she liked to be taken, her legs soon around his where his touches on her stockings excited her beyond her understanding.

She'd become his loving woman as he'd been her loving man.

When he erupted inside her after a long and delightful penetration, she went into a convulsion that lifted her beyond ecstasy as she knew Daley had made love to her as a woman. Yes, she was a woman to him. Women had orgasms just as she had that very first time they made love.

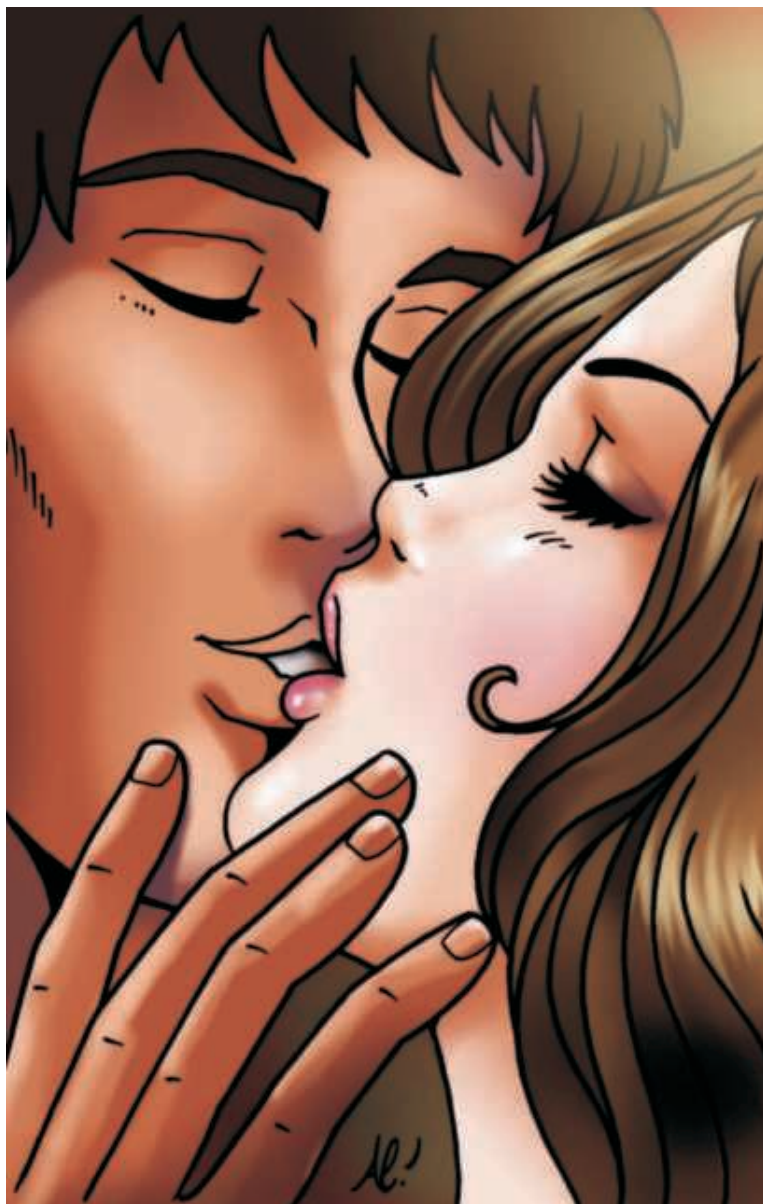
And, of course, there had to be a second and then a third time as Josie was loved as she'd never been loved before. She slept in the arms of a man who had repeatedly said he'd never make love to a girl like her. She awoke to his soft, tender kisses and caresses and eagerly snuggled beneath him, kissing his adorable face in the light of the morning, able to see and feel him as they made love again.

She, yes, Josie was a she in her mind from that time on, lifted her legs about her boy friend's waist and encouraged him to penetrate her. Oh, how she wriggled and bounced as he whispered to her that he loved the way she was pleasuring him. She poured more and more kisses on Daley as their bodies were so tightly entwined, despite all the caresses that they were sharing. She couldn't say anything as the climax she wanted rose between them. She was in constant movement as she was overwhelmed again by her orgasm.

Josie wanted to tell Daley all that was happening inside her but he seemed to know. He held her gently until her shaking stopped.

"We have to go back," Daley whispered to the trembling girl in his arms. No wonder his frat brothers were becoming so enamored of the girls he'd said he'd have nothing to do with.

“Don is going to claim me,” whispered Josie with a shiver. “And Ed, and Clark, and Warner, and Hank, and their friends, and, and I can’t refuse an Alpha man. Don made that a rule.”



“I’ll change that,” said Daley thickly. “I’ll get you out of here, Josie, I will. You deserve to choose what you want to do with your life and who with.”

And I choose you, thought Josie. I’d be content to be your woman for the rest of my life. But she couldn’t say that as she let the man in her bed dress her as a woman again, holding her compact mirror so that she could apply just a little makeup to her face.

“You should come to my bathroom and bathe with me,” said Daley as he watched the pretty girl fluff out her blonde curls as girls do. She rose from the couch bed they’d shared in the cleaners’ office and smiled at him as she stood on tiptoe in her stockings and panties to kiss him.

“You know what’s going to happen once we set foot in the hallway,” Josie whispered. “Ed and all the other boys I should have trusted with last night are going to be all over us, telling you what a rat you are for not giving me up when you should have.”

“I, I don’t want to have you making love to other boys,” said Daley shakily, surprising himself that he actually meant it.

“Some time, maybe we can get together again,” Josie said timidly, being taken up in Daley’s arms and kissed so wonderfully. She felt girlie all over, not the way she felt after Don or Ed had her, after all the things they made her do for them.

“When I’m President, this is going to change, I promise you,” said Daley Masters, opening the door and sure enough, there was Hank Burton, waiting for them.

“I told Warner you’d be in there,” Hank accused Daley, trying to take Josie from him. “Didn’t you

hear us thumping on the door? We should have broken it down.”

“Go away, Hank,” said Daley. “I’m taking Josie up to my room so that she can bathe ...”

“She can bathe with me!” exclaimed the lanky boy. “She’s really girly, isn’t she, Daley? Let me have her, please! It’s not fair that you council guys get to have the girls whenever you like while we regular brothers get trampled just as we are in campus bars!”

“Poor Hank,” said Daley, keeping himself between Josie and her intended lover. “Haven’t you got classes today? I think there’s something in the rules,” Hank had been proclaiming rules about girls that Daley hadn’t heard before, “about Alpha Rho Mu brothers never missing classes.”

“I’ll see you tonight,” said Josie, blowing a kiss to the bemused Hank while Daley glared at her. “I have to do this,” she whispered as she swished through the hallways to Daley’s room that had several notes attached to its door. “Or you might not get to be President next year if everyone’s angry with you.”

They were engaged in a lengthy kiss inside when there was a furious knocking and shouting on the door of Daley’s room. “Don and Warner,” said Daley with a sigh. He could have gone on kissing and holding the lovely Josie all day long. “You lock the bathroom door and have a long soak in the bath while I face the music with the current powers-that-be.”

Marilyn and the rest of the girls finally were girly enough in their 'free' dance, wiggling and swirling, throwing their long hair about as she had seen female cheerleaders do so often. She shuddered as she was told to do more of that and so she did, her little skirt also flaring out as she shimmied and twirled and smiled, just like all the other girls.

"Fine," said Susan at last. "Practice tomorrow at ten. Have a wonderful night, girls, and yes, the performance is put back two weeks. Something about the machines not being free until then, and, yes, there will be three days of performances this year, one for the squares," that meant men, and women, who weren't Alphas, "as well as one for alumni and one for the fraternity."

"We have to bed squares?" asked Melanie, stretching, and showing off her lovely breasts, finishing like a model, pouting at Susan.

Susan laughed while many of the other girls, like Marilyn, looked at her with some kind of anxiety. "We'll talk about that later," said Susan, "but you'll have two days of practice with your boy friends and the alumni before you take on the varsity. And remember, most squares and alumni will be here with their wives, anyway, so there's only a few that you'll have to be careful of. We'll have a system in place to let you girls know how far you can go with which men. It'll be fun! Sweet dreams to you all!"

Emma and Rachel checked the names of each girl at the rehearsal on their lists. Each girl went smiling into a man's arms, a man waiting for them either in the large entrance hall of the sorority

house or in the 'library' where men waited for a girl who wasn't available right away.

Heidi went dancing into the arms of David Brent, who looked like he'd won the lottery when such a pretty girl, she was free of bandages now, threw her arms about his neck.

"Marilyn Grantham," said Rachel with a smile for her 'sister'. Marilyn waited for her to rub it in, to laugh at Marilyn and what had happened to her. But Rachel only leaned forward and gave her a girlish hug and brushed her soft cheek against Marilyn's. "You know where Bob Maslow's room is over in the frat, don't you? Oh, and here he is!"

"Susan finally let you girls out," said Bob Maslow, looking so much more a man than the other 'men', boys really, who were claiming girls as they came from the rehearsal room, most looking as exhausted as Marilyn felt.

"Marilyn did very well in the solos and double acts," said Rachel with a smile to the lawyer. "She could be a Vegas act for real by the time you see the whole show. So, you be very nice to her, Bob!"

"I intend to be," said Bob Maslow, taking Marilyn by the hand. She felt people staring at her, particularly when she had to walk through a cluster of boys, most of whom she knew. She had to walk along the treed pathway, a man's arm about her, he slowing to allow her to wobble in her high heels back to the familiar entrance where other smiling girls in tiny, dancing dresses like the one she wore, were turning in. Those girls looked up eagerly at their boy friends or dates, kissing them as was the tradition for all girls, Rho or not, who entered the Alpha fraternity.

“The bandages still disguise you,” murmured Bob Maslow as the girl beside him shook nervously as they passed under the ‘gateway’, as the frat called it. He stopped Marilyn and lowered his lips onto hers. She could feel the other boys around looking at her with interest as she kissed a man again, his kiss gentle and warm, if not long as some of the other men who’d taken her from Rho to Alpha tried to make it.

Marilyn passed the room she’d had for her own and entered the bedroom-office reserved for alumni. All along the hallway, she’d heard giggles and babbling of girlish voices as if there were parties in every room. She supposed that there were, now Peter was President. But it wouldn’t have mattered that, that Trudi, yes, she had to use that name, wasn’t President any more. She wouldn’t have been invited to any party in the frat. She never had been, she thought bitterly.

“The bathroom,” said Bob with a smile. “Well, I don’t suppose I have to show you where to go, do I?”

Marilyn shook her short, blonde hair, the extensions swirling along her neck. In the bathroom a nightie was set out and panties as well as a chair and table, covered with the lotions she needed to remove her makeup. There was even a casket for her earrings, bracelets, ring, and necklace.

Marilyn took her time, expecting at any moment that Bob would come for her, tell her he’d had enough and carry her, naked, to his bed, where he’d rape her as the men of the frat seemed to take delight in doing to her.

Finally, clean, face clear, no perfume on her at all as far as she could tell, Marilyn, panties in place,

the thin nightie about her, turned off the bathroom light, and stole into the dim bedroom. Bob Maslow was working at his desk, highlighting some lines in a contract of some sort, eliminating a line, and then re-filling it with another.

Bob actually sniffed the air before he turned and smiled at the blonde girl. "What a lovely fragrance," he said. She wanted to call him a blockhead. He indicated the bed where the covers were drawn back. "I do have some work to do still, Marilyn. So, you should be asleep before I turn this light off. I'll try not to wake you."

Shivering, Marilyn went around to the far side of the bed, sliding in, finding that there were pillows down the center of the bed.

Bob looked over at her. "This is not Trudi's frat any more," Bob Maslow said to her as she felt her hair in the tiny pigtails on each side of her neck. She'd been trained by Shelley and Marisa, the nurses, to wear her hair that way at night, in bed, with a man. "I won't be forcing you into doing anything you don't want to do as the lovely girl you are," Bob added. "I think Peter and Rachel really are determined to make the fraternity and sorority into an enjoyable place to live. The parties," he smiled as they could hear the music and shrieks from other parts of the house, "are testimony to a lot of dorks, loners and geeks getting just what they want."

"We weren't all like that," snapped Marilyn, blushing as Bob's eyes glanced down for a moment and she, looking there, could see that her breasts were out of the halter in the nightie that should hold them.

“Neither were the girls before they became girls,” said Bob. “I apologize if I was saying what others always said about Alpha when I became a member. I could never get a girl on a Saturday night, you know. I spent my time in the library, sometimes alone, just me.”

“You want me to be sorry for you?” asked Marilyn as she eased the nightie over her breasts, pulling up a bedsheet. “Poor you.”

Bob Maslow smiled at the lovely girl in the bed assigned to him. “Well, I met a girl like you, her name was Kelly, and my nights became more interesting. And others, seeing me with her, began to see me differently,” he said. “But that was then, this is now! Excuse me, Marilyn, while I finish the work here I have to do!”

Marilyn lay stiffly in bed. She knew what was going to happen to her. She’d participated in these trysts before. She’d been the male and the ‘girl’ he found himself with, Melanie, Penny, Wendy, Evelyn or whoever, might not have liked the Alpha male that Marilyn had been then, that she tried so hard to be, but ‘he’ had always succeeded in the task he’d had to carry out.

Oh, Bob had been so right to taunt her with his knowledge of what she was like when she was a man. She had so envied the ‘girls’ whom she’d bonked, inventing all the time different positions from which to take ‘girl friends’, really only coming fully, ‘he’ knew, when he imagined himself in the place that Melanie and Penny so willingly took beneath him.

Marilyn expected, at any moment, she would be assaulted, raped, demeaned, shamed and otherwise

denigrated by an arrogant, uncaring male, the real Bob Maslow. That was the way it had been for her, hadn't it? She'd been just that kind of man, the conflict inside her leading to all of this.

Marilyn was now, she had to admit it privately, what she'd always wanted to be but she couldn't acknowledge. She was rich, she had an autocratic father, she had position, she was going to be married to a gorgeous, talented woman and she didn't want any of that. But she didn't want this either, being at the beck and call of any Alpha male who wanted to stick his penis inside her. She shivered in her long, silk nightdress and thought how to bring this ordeal to an end. She must.

The youngsters, the new Alpha men, they'd be the ones Marilyn could manipulate. She had a body no-one as naïve as the new frat brothers would ever reject. She just had to get past this prolonged tryst with another man. She'd blanked out her mind as the unspeakable Phil had had his way with her, making her feel like a mare out in the paddock being mounted by the stallion. She'd had to tolerate Phil, and Martin, men younger than her in the frat. Yes, they'd get theirs in the future when she got out of the houses, out of the university and had access to all the money in the world again.

Marilyn was dozing, dreams of men she'd draw to her breasts and have crushed beneath her shapely, high-heeled feet, when she realized that the light had gone out. She gasped as she realized that there was a light breathing on the other side of the bed from her.

"Sorry," whispered the man who'd been working for so long. "I didn't mean to wake you. You look so pretty while you're sleeping, Marilyn."

“Not true,” Marilyn said with a shiver. She knew how she looked with the bandages on her face. She knew how swollen and black and blue she was. It would be hard, even with makeup some time applied to her, as it was so expertly to other girls by Evelyn and Adele, to imagine she’d look like anything else but a swollen, horrible fool.

“True,” whispered the voice of Bob Maslow.

“I’ve seen what you did to me, what an ugly mess you’ve made of my face,” Marilyn said crossly. “And what you’ve done to my body. It’s all a hideous joke on me, isn’t it?”

“No,” came the whisper from the darkness. “You’ll be a beautiful girl, Marilyn. Believe it.”

“A beautiful girl?” Marilyn sneered. “So beautiful that I’m in your bed and you don’t even lay a hand on me. Can’t stand the sight of me ...”

There was the faintest creak of the bed and a hand suddenly touched her shoulder in the darkness, frightening her. Here it comes, you stupid fool, she said to herself. This time you’ll deserve this, venting at this man who’s ignored you for a while, just as you’ve wished others wouldn’t.

A dim light went on. Suddenly, she saw Bob Maslow only inches from her. His hand caressed her shoulder, catching the thin strap of her nightie and drawing it over her smooth skin. “I love the sight of you here with me, Marilyn,” Bob Maslow said softly. He lifted his head as his hand went behind her neck to hold her head in place. Then, his lips came down on hers, ignoring the rough bandages on her face.

Marilyn tried to speak but his mouth covered hers. She felt his tongue, gently caressing her lips, and a shiver went through her. “A shiver of plea-

sure, I hope,” the dimly lit man said to her, smiling. “I felt it all the way through me, Marilyn. That was what my shiver was. I hope yours was the same. May I try that again with you without my hand holding your head in place?”

Bob Maslow gently kissed the girl beside him, she lying there, stunned as he stroked her warm skin. “Mmm, you smell so nice,” Bob went on. “That cologne they put in the water and on the towels is so fantastic, isn’t it? I love a girl who reminds me of a bed of flowers. I could lie down on her and Well, I should stop this rambling and let you sleep, shouldn’t I?”

Maslow clicked off the light but his arm and hand were still on her unmoving body as he kissed her again in the dark. Shudders went through Marilyn, shudders she knew what they were. They were shudders of pleasure, just as Bob had identified them.

Marilyn gripped Bob’s bare shoulder to hold him at bay. Yes, the men who’d bonked her before had all liked her to push back a little. They got real pleasure, or so it seemed, in forcing themselves on her, making her act as if she was a woman. But Bob Maslow didn’t do that. He relaxed and took his mouth and head away and the pressure on the pillows between them eased.

“What are you doing?” Marilyn whispered, fearing the worst, a blow out of the dark, not knowing where it would come from. Phil had loved doing that to her. She wondered what he was doing now. No, who he was doing and beating up on now.

“I told you,” came the soft whisper back. “It’s a new President, a new Council, and back to the old way of treating beautiful Rho girls.”

“I’m not a Rho girl,” Marilyn said, choking and quaking, as she wished in her heart it could really be true.

“But you are beautiful,” said an amused Bob Maslow.

“You’re trying to trick me,” Marilyn said, feeling the strangest of urges growing in her. No, she mustn’t think of all the things the other girls had been saying about men and what they wished that their men would do to them. She wasn’t a girl ...

“Trick you into doing what?” Bob Maslow asked, sounding very puzzled.

“Trick me into letting you make love to me,” said an exasperated Marilyn.

“I don’t have to do that,” said Bob Maslow, and a small laugh followed. “I could just do this,” he lifted a pillow that was between them, and tossed it somewhere, “and you wouldn’t resist me, would you?”

“It wouldn’t do me any good,” said Marilyn, clasping Bob’s hand as he took hold of another pillow.

“It would do me the world of good,” said Bob, appearing to be beside her again. His lips locked to hers, and she felt the tingling all through her, a tingling that intensified as his other hand touched her breast and nipple. It was as if she had been struck by a lightning bolt.

Marilyn’s lips tightened against Bob Maslow’s. He tried to draw back but she kept her lips locked to his, even moving across what Bob had considered a

line down the bed which would have divided it into his half and hers.

“I’m sorry ...” Bob began to murmur, removing his hand, pulling down the front of her nightie as he did so. Then, the weirdest of things happened. Marilyn pressed his other hand, the one she’d clasped and tried to push him away, to her other breast and opened her mouth to his tongue, kissing him with an intensity that excited and aroused Bob Maslow from the nice guy he’d intended to be, to an ex-brother in the frat.

Marilyn wanted to shriek in dismay as this gentle man kissed her with growing passion and she responded to him. His hands slid over her breasts and then the nightie was sliding down her soft-skinned, bare body. She wanted to cry out that she didn’t want any man to take her like this, but, wonder of wonders, it wasn’t he who was forcing himself on her.

Marilyn ran her fingers over Bob’s sinewy, male chest, the hair tickling her and making the clitoris in her panties begin to move. He was naked, of course, and it was obvious what his intentions were towards her. But, he wasn’t doing what she’d thought he would do. No, he was sliding back away from her. It was she who’d moved across the bed, kicking away the useless pillows, her silky night-dress, and then she could kiss him while she lay against him, her breasts so aroused and so hard against him, his hands caressing her tush.

“Marilyn,” Bob began, meaning to tell her that she didn’t have to do this with him, not if she didn’t want to.

“We were going to do it, weren’t we?” Marilyn said hoarsely into his ear. “You were going to have me like this, weren’t you? Well, why not go ahead? I’m full of all the hormones you call vitamins that you’ve been pumping into me. They’re making me weird for you. You probably want to tell everyone you seduced me. I used to say that about the girls I had.”

“Marilyn!” gasped Bob Maslow, as that was exactly what he was doing, seducing her. He felt her panties against him and the active clitoris that pressed against him. She knew exactly where the lubrication was and assisted him in prepping her tush for his penetration.

“Ooooo! Ow, ow, ow!” Marilyn squealed as she pressed herself against Bob Maslow, and he, gentleman that he was, accommodated her in just the way that she wanted to be bonked by a man. He kept her bouncing and gyrating in the bed on top of him while his mouth made a meal of her breasts.

Marilyn came as she had never come before, with any man or woman. The intense feelings of pleasure were so wonderful to her as passion swept over her, every part of her body on fire. She had to be caressed by this man who finally pushed her down, lifted her legs over his shoulders and penetrated her deeply again and again. Her squeals joined those of other girls whom she could hear from nearby, reaching ecstasy just as she had, going on like her, making love to a man again and again.

“I didn’t intend that for tonight,” said Bob Maslow, as they lay side by side, each of them quivering in the intensity of emotions that they’d shared for so long. “You are such a woman, darling Marilyn. May I tell you that I love you? I love you, my woman, I love you.”

Beneath him, Marilyn was shaking and crying. Bob bent to kiss her and she clung to him, kissing him with a fervor that no woman had given to him in a very long time. Ah, she knows now that she's a woman forever, thought Bob, while at the same time, Marilyn was coming to the realization of what she was and always would be. She was a woman. She wanted a gentle man like Bob Maslow to love her again, to arouse all the womanly feelings she'd had at each of his touches.

Of course, Bob Maslow didn't just love her once. He had her in any way she wanted. He called her 'my woman'. She stopped all the silly things she'd been thinking. She trembled as she admitted it all to herself, yes, herself. That she was Marilyn Grant-ham. She was Bob Maslow's woman and feminine lover for as long as he wanted her to be.

*****end of part three*****