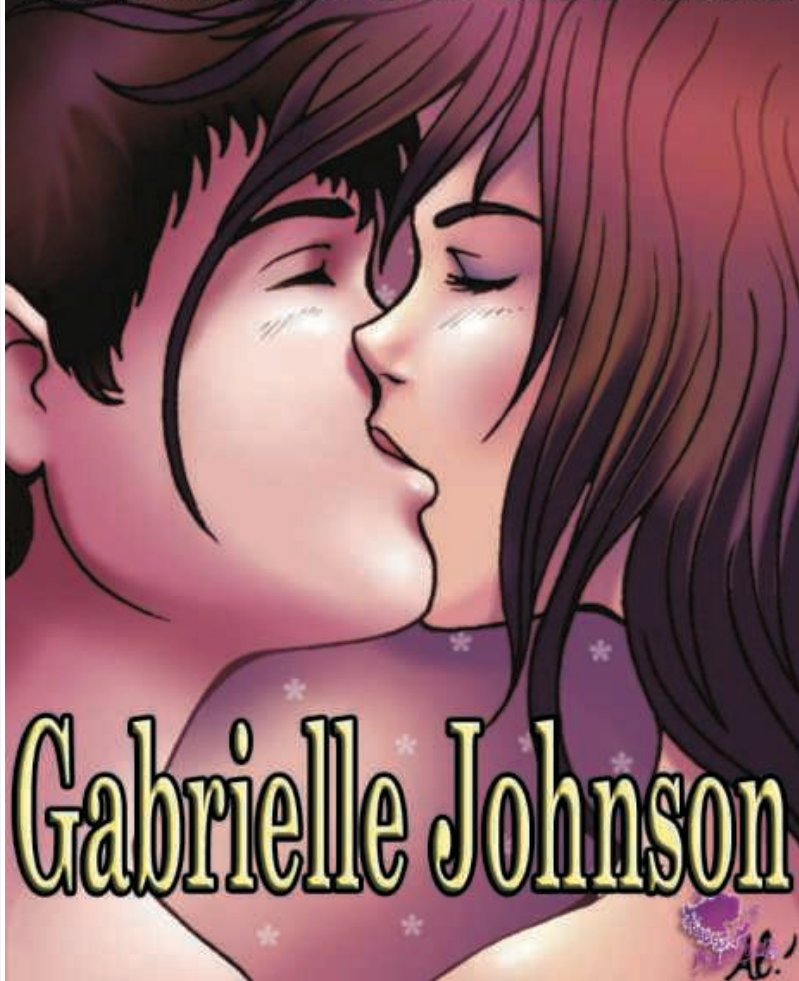


Frat, Too

Be Nice To Our New Girls



Gabrielle Johnson

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Frat, Too

Be Nice To Our New Girls

by Gabrielle Johnson

Will Merton relented and let Brenda wear the vee-string that his girl friend insisted that she had to. She'd smiled when he called her, his girl friend, getting used to it, slowly. He'd have preferred to see his 'girl friend' in a thong bikini but he could see her point. The taping that she would have had to make on herself would have been excruciatingly painful.

"I could never be a Rho girl," Will said, holding Brenda's shapely, almost naked, womanly body against him. He kissed her pink lips and she curved her body against him. Her tush was so shapely as he pressed her against him.

"I wouldn't like that, either," Brenda whispered to him, allowing his hands to wander all over her lovely tush, seeming to be pleased with what he was doing to her. Every one of the guys in the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity loved to look at her when she moved, he knew. They loved to see her standing, her tush so wonderfully female, so feminine. Will knew he would soon see the same sort of looks at his lovely girl friend when he introduced her to his father's crowd.

"I suppose that you didn't have the chance to refuse, did you?" asked Will Merton as her lovely breasts wobbled against him as he caressed her.

"You wouldn't, either," murmured the lovely girl in Will's arms. "Not with Bryan as President, you wouldn't."

Will frowned and thought of the way Bryan Fairfax was running the fraternity. It was becoming more of a dictatorship than it had ever been. He thought of the men whom he'd been friendly with who had 'disappeared'. "Have you seen ...?" he asked.

Brenda shivered as she put her pretty, girlish face against his and stopped his words with a kiss. "Marilyn, Elizabeth and Olivia," she whispered. "I, I'm afraid there'll be more if Bryan has his way!"

Will frowned. "And do Rachel and Emma agree with you?" asked Will gently, hating to see her drawing on the light yellow silk jacket. Yes, it accentuated her long, lovely legs but much of her body was concealed by the wrap.

Brenda tossed her long, blonde hair over her shoulders and checked her makeup in the mirror. "Yes," she breathed.

“I’ll talk to Peter and Albert tonight,” Will said, stopping her for the moment from adding lipstick to her full, girlish lips. They were far too inviting as they were and he had to taste and sample them. She clung to him, co-operating with his caresses as girls had never done before with him. Even the Rho girls Will knew weren’t as sweet and cute in his arms as Brenda was. Maybe she did really love him as she had said.

“We have to pick up our bodyguard before we go,” said Will, ushering her through the suite. “No, leave the bed, the maids will put it all back to perfect order, I assure you.”

Franz was at the elevator door when they emerged finally from what Will had called his suite on the floor. There was the sound of Spanish women’s voices and Brenda turned to see a group of black and white maids, under Maria’s command, sweeping into the suite she had just occupied for so long with Will Merton.

“The car is ready, Mr Merton, Miss Lawrence,” said the tall bodyguard. Brenda flushed as she had to walk by him, her legs so bare, but the bodyguard stood in front of the pair going down and didn’t look at her at all, though she was flushing at her image in the glassed walls of the elevator.

“The car is here, Mr Merton,” said the bodyguard pleasantly. “Ricardo is still the driver. I presume that we shall be heading out to the marina and *Mia Contessa*?”

“How many guests are there aboard?” asked Will, his arm about Brenda’s waist, reassuring her as they arrived so quickly in the foyer of the Solarium and Marina Beach Hotel.

“At least six, unattached young ladies,” said Franz, his presence clearing a path for them easily through the crowded lobby, many of the girls dressed in bikinis, some with wraps, just like Brenda, but clearly they weren’t feeling in any way as flustered as she was as she tried to walk properly, girlishly, with a sway, through the lobby. There were so many men looking at her, some really old, with pretty girls hanging on to their arms. All of them were smiling, or so it seemed to Brenda, at her.

“Thank goodness,” said Will as he opened the back of a darkened limo and Brenda tried to slip in as daintily as she could. “I hate the way they congregate here, the leers and ogling that they do, the old guys, rich beyond what I can imagine, Brenda. You’ll be propositioned for sure, even if I’m with you, now that they’ve seen that we’re staying at the Solarium. We have to get you a ring. That might stop some of them.”

“You’re not going to repeat what you asked me upstairs?” asked Brenda with a squeak in her voice.

“You said that you loved me,” Will went on with a start as he eased her into the back of the long, long car. “You said that you’d marry me!”

“That, that was just pillow talk,” a flustered, flushing blonde said, stretching out her long legs before her, her golden heels strapped to her feet.

“Not for me,” said Will, picking up the inside phone in the car. His arm about Brenda, he talked to Franz. Soon, the car was heading away from the beach road and marina and heading into a shaded, secluded shopping area where the ‘most expensive

jewellery in this area' was sold, or so Will relayed to the lovely, trembling girl beside him.

Will barely got to stroke her long legs a time or two before they were there, at a most secure, barred shop. The manager himself brushed away his black-dressed girls and boys to serve Mr Merton himself.

"Just charge it, and anything else my fiancée wants, to my account," Will said with a smile, as the jeweler had whoever it was who worked in the back, begin to size the ring that Will decided that she must have, the jewels in it enormous. Then, he had to buy her a necklace, bracelets, and several pairs of earrings as well, the girl and boy in the shop looking at her with envy.

"Will, you can't ..." Brenda began but Will shushed her.

"You are going to be my wife," Will said, making her wobble inside as she saw the others looking at her in such interest. "This is only a meager start to all the jewels that you are going to have to wear at all my father's social engagements. We'll both be showering you with earrings and necklaces as they are so easy to give as presents. And that's why we have Franz and Ricardo, as well, for protection. Sorry, darling Brenda, but this is the world I live in and you should be living in it as well, a beautiful girl like you!"

So, Will had to kiss Brenda then, right in front of the people in the shop, in front of Franz, and in front of a customer, smiling at her in her bikini as Brenda's wrap opened just when it shouldn't have.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” laughed Dr Jane Livingstone at Bryan Fairfax’s request. “I’ve got other work at this clinic, you should know, Mr Fairfax, besides doing facials and T and As for your girl friends!”

The fraternity president glowered at the older woman who looked at him with a confidence Bryan wasn’t used to seeing in women. “As President of Alpha Rho Mu,” he snapped, “I shouldn’t have to remind a Rho girl ...”

“That she should fall onto her knees and kiss your pecker as if she really loved to do something like that for a ... Ow!” Jane didn’t get to finish her sentence before she was stung by the open-handed slap that Bryan Fairfax landed on her cheek.

“You were a Rho girl when Steve Pendleton was President!” roared Brian. “That means that you still are a Rho girl and anything an Alpha man wants from a Rho girl, he gets!”

“That, that was in university, you, you peckerhead!” cried Jane Livingstone, pressing on the intercom on her desk.

Bryan Fairfax moved forward and knocked the instrument on the floor.

“Yes, doctor. Hello?” came a girl’s voice from the audio.

Bryan stepped on the intercom and crushed it until the noise stopped. He went quickly to the door, locking it before turning back to the older woman with a smile.

“Oh no,” gasped the older woman, watching him undoing his belt. She put up her soft, girlishly manicured hands to stop him as he advanced on her. “This isn’t university, Bryan!” He made a gesture as if to indicate that they were in fact in the clinic on university grounds and took her outstretched hand, pulling her towards him.

“This isn’t fraternity-sorority stuff,” she pleaded with him, trying to wriggle out of his arms as they closed about her slim waist. Jane Livingstone shrieked as Bryan pushed her down on her examining couch and forced himself down on her. Her tight, black skirt prevented her from kicking as she wanted to. Bryan’s lips were on hers.

There was a knocking on the door as Bryan freed her hair from the clips and bands that held it back from her face when Jane was working as a doctor. “Love your perfume,” said Bryan huskily as he squeezed her breasts. “Don’t scream,” he threatened her, slapping her again, terrifying her, as her nurse, Shelley, was calling to her from outside the door.

Jane tried to push him from her but Bryan put her hairband over her mouth, cutting off her high-pitched squeals. He ripped the front of her blouse, complimenting her on her lovely, lace, stringy bra which he pushed aside enough to reveal her nipples which he soon attached his mouth to.

Jane tried to scratch at him but a smirking Bryan Fairfax, far stronger than her, turned her over. His tie fastened her hands together. He pulled down her skirt and tied her ankles together with that. His hands fondled her tush and then he kissed it as well, telling her that she must give him her panties which he was sliding slowly over her quivering thighs.

“Such an ugly disappointment beneath the pretty panties,” Bryan murmured in her ear as Jane began to weep as he caressed the ‘clit’ and more that he had found there. “I was hoping that a girl as old as you, seven, eight years gone from the sorority, would have done something about your huge clit by now. Ah well, this will be like old times for you, Jane, my darling!”

Jane tried to scream, to tell Bryan that he shouldn’t rape her, but it was no use. Bryan was panting hard as he entered between her soft cheeks. His hands fondled her breasts, her genitals and her legs as he penetrated her forcibly as she cried and cried.

“So much nicer with an older woman,” sneered Bryan as he drove into her again and again, turning her over finally so that he could spread her legs, play with her garter belt and have her sit on his poker-like manhood and bounce up and down on him as if she was enjoying herself the way that she would have been enjoying Steve Pendleton if he was there.

Bryan exploded into her as Jane tried to lift herself and get free of him. But she was pulled down, her hair flowing over his face as he kissed her bouncing breasts and her cheeks, telling her again how he loved blonde girls and how pretty she was.

“I know! Let’s do it all again!” said Bryan Fairfax, his hands on her breasts, arousing her as she was never able to fake with a man inside her, caressing her so gently, making her feel, despite the knowledge that she was being raped, that she was a woman. He touched her clitoris and she gave herself away as he laughed at her. She still tried to fight him but Bryan was so strong. Soon, he was inside

her again, kissing her gagged mouth, caressing her smooth legs with his so rough, hairy man's legs. And her clitoris was letting him know that she was aroused by his alternate roughness and gentility.

"Well, that was an unexpected pleasure," said Bryan as he stroked Jane's hair as he re-dressed himself. He lifted her legs high as she squeaked, undid her wrinkled skirt from her ankles and slowly drew her panties down over her stockings, fondling them softly, making tingles swarm through her body.

Jane tried not to glare in hatred at the man who had raped her.

His strong hand took hold of the pointed jaw that had cost a fortune when she was in the facial feminization phase of her change, wanting everything that was available to make her into a pretty woman.

"You will take the three special girls I send you tomorrow," Bryan said firmly. "Elizabeth, Marilyn and Olivia will have every treatment that you can give them, including the one that you didn't want for yourself."

Jane shook her head in negation. Didn't this clown realize that she wasn't a surgeon who could perform sex re-assignments? Those had to be done in Thailand, or Canada, for some secrecy, or in the two or three clinics in the Far West where she might go if ever she got enough money to afford such a procedure. She shuddered, thinking of Steve and what he had said to her in bed the night before.

Steve liked her having the clit she had, he'd told Jane. It was so nice to be able to recognize that she wasn't faking his love for him. So why didn't they

make their union legal, Steve had asked. Gays were doing it legally, why not them? And Jane would look so beautiful in a white dress and a veil. Her old friends from the sorority would love to be bridesmaids as well, Steve had said with a grin.

"But we won't invite Ashley," Steve had said with another grin. Ashley Robins had been Jane's closest friend in the sorority. She'd gone on to Hollywood where she was making quite a name for herself as a blonde bombshell in what were euphemistically known as 'sexploitation' flicks.

"I'm not afraid that she would seduce you on my wedding night!" Jane had said with a laugh.

"So you admit that you are going to have a wedding night," smirked Steve as he rolled up tight to Jane and began to caress her thighs which she loved him to do.

"So I'll have a wedding night," said Jane airily, loving the feel of her aroused nipples on her boyfriend's hairy chest. "I just don't know whether it will be with you or not!"

"It had better be with me," Steve had warned her, hugging her skinny yet rounded body to him, thrilling her with his caresses, his huge manhood awakening her thighs to the foreplay that always made both of them feel so wonderful. "After five years in bed with you, only you, my darling Jane, I'd kill any other man who ever tried to make love to you!"

Jane had laughed at him then and thrown her arms about Steve's neck and kissed him with all the strength and attraction that her feminized body allowed her.

"I have a lot of work to do over the Christmas holidays for the sorority," Jane had said seriously

when she was finally sated with the attentions of her masterful boy friend. "Let's talk about it again ..."

"You're going to be a June bride," Steve insisted. "My sister has little girls who are dying to be bridesmaids."

"And Rachel Porter was telling me that all of the sorority hasn't had the chance to be bridesmaids for a few years," Jane had said. "She asked me about the two of us and if we were still interested in threesomes. She wanted to know how many girls we could accommodate. I told her that you were getting too old. A threesome these days would wear you out."

"Gods, that would be the thing," Steve had teased her then. "You, Jane, and Ashley in the morning and Rachel and Karen in the evening."

"Karen Hudson is married to Frank!" Jane had protested. "Maybe it should be you, Granger and me."

"Then Grange Aitken would be a dead man," Steve had gone on. "No man is going to touch you like this," she squealed when she felt his hand where he had put it, "or do this to you with his manhood."

The last was so pleasurable that Jane Livingstone could still recall every moment of the way that they had wiggled and wriggled around and over and into and out of one another.

She could recall every detail of making love with Steve even as the hateful Bryan Fairfax pulled her skirt up around her and closed it about her waist. He took off her gag before she realized what he was

going and kissed her strongly while she wobbled on the high heels he'd forced her feet into.

"You do what you're told," sneered Bryan. "You are the woman, aren't you?"

Oh yes, thought Dr Jane Livingstone, she definitely was the woman, wasn't she? Her hands were tied and the man who had raped her tush was feeling her boobs and then her tush as if he was going to have her again. But he didn't. He slipped the bonds from her aching wrists and left her then, twirling her panties around his finger.

Shelley came rushing in as Jane was trying to get her bra and blouse back into place. "That Bryan just kissed me ...!" Shelley proclaimed as she came clicking into the joint examining room-office that Dr Jane Livingstone operated from. Shelley stopped dead when she saw the mess that the other woman was in.

"He, he didn't ...!" Shelley gasped, darting forward to take Jane in her arms as the blonde doctor began to cry.

"He did," wept Jane, unable to hold her feelings in as she was hugged so gently by another girl just like her.

"I'll phone Steve," said Shelley quickly, turning on the taps in the washbasin and beginning to put soft, warm cloths on Jane's face.

"Let me do that," said Jane, shuddering as she saw herself, almost devoid of makeup in the mirror. "He, he took my p-panties as well, that Bryan did."

"I have some clean ones in my purse," Shelley said, reddening as Jane looked up at her, her eyes still bright with tears.

“Don’t ask,” Shelley went on, blushing. “Let me go and get my purse.”

Jane felt somewhat better to have panties on, even if they were black silk.

“You need new stockings as well,” said Shelley as Jane brushed her hair back and began the task of pinning it again. Shelley helped her to make a sort of chignon for herself but she left Jane to restore her makeup to what it had been.

“You weren’t tucked or taped?” Shelley asked her, having seen, as Jane had had to take down her skirt, just what a mess Bryan had made of Jane.

“I usually don’t need to,” said Dr Jane Livingstone. “Panties are usually good enough for me.”

“Wear a gaff next time at least,” said Shelley sagely. “It will give me time, if that Bryan ever comes back, to break down the door and rescue you.”

Jane smiled as she dampened her eyes and tried again to apply the false eyelashes which were so much part of her lovely look. “Yes, mummy,” she murmured, shivering as Shelley smiled in sympathy at her. What, oh what, could Jane say to Steve Pendleton after what he had said to her in bed just the night before?

Something must be done by the fraternity to end the problem of Bryan Fairfax, its current President, Jane thought bitterly. She’d heard a lot of the girls complaining about Bryan and his friends who acted as he did. She hadn’t thought that it was completely true. She was fairly new to State again, having been away to gain her qualifications as a doctor to do what she could in cosmetic surgery. She loved helping girls like her to become more and more girlish. And the girls seemed to like her as she was one of

them unlike Doctor Greg Nettles, who was currently out, studying more advanced techniques of surgery that he would share with Jane.

But if she went to Steve Pendleton with what had happened to her, and coupled that with what the other girls were telling her, Jane knew that her lover would explode. He'd never been like Bryan when he was President of Alpha. He had been her lover and her friend, if not exclusive in those years.

Jane just didn't want the man she'd promised to marry, oh that sounded so really femmy, doing anything that would put him into a dangerous relationship with the fraternity. There were those others who were Bryans in the making, like that Phil Garcia, who was supposed to be the next President. She worried about what she should do throughout the day.

Jane couldn't let Steve go after Bryan in anger and heat. She must call her friends and their husbands and boy friends in the alumni association. Yes, this needed to be confronted by the men who'd gone along with the idea of the Debutantes and Rho girls. Then, she could still marry her wonderful Steve as he wanted her to. She could become Mrs Pendleton without worrying about other girls being raped as she had been.

Jane Livingstone forced herself to think happy thoughts. She could already envision what it would be like to be a bride, floating down the aisle and into the arms of the man who would declare himself to be her husband. Oh, that was the thought that she needed. It chased away all the horrible events that had just happened to her.

Tanya tumbled out of her bed in fright as she felt Martin's arm about her. She stared up at him in surprise as he grinned at her. He put his hand out to help her rise, pulled her nightie down a little over her panties and helped her back into bed.

The soft purring sound of the alarm was going as Tanya looked around wildly for her 'sister', the girl who was teaching her how to be a debutante at the Debutantes' Ball. Astrid was paying no attention to the alarm. She wasn't out of bed, already dressed, her hair and makeup perfect as she ordinarily was in the morning.

No, there was a creaking and squeaking from the other bed in the room along with heavy breathing and little grunts and squeals. Astrid's blonde head suddenly appeared but her eyes were closed in ecstasy as she was rolled on top of George and then she rolled back and George was on top of her, the bed shaking again as Astrid's legs appeared, high over George's back, wriggling and waving as she and George were making love again.

"No!" Tanya gasped as Martin pulled her into the bed and she felt a man's hands about her tush, panties and nightie.

Martin rolled onto Tanya and spread her legs with his as if he had done it before. A sob came to Tanya's throat as she realized that he had done it to her before, more than once. She gurgled and tried to push herself free as she was kissed so lovingly by another man. She shuddered and tried to draw her legs back from spreading wide for him but it was no use. Martin was just too strong.

Martin kissed her as Tanya knew that she and he had done almost all night long, from the dance floor, and in the alcove near the floor, which the giggling girls had shared with each other and the men that they took there.

"I don't ... I can't ...!" Tanya babbled at this man who pressed down on her phony breasts and began to affectionately kiss her neck. Realization of what she had done during the night with another man flooded shockingly through her mind as Martin's hand touched her panties and tush.

Tanya shivered again as she realized that Martin still wanted her as a woman. He thought that she was going to behave with him as she had all night long. She had kissed him so much, hadn't she, the shame rising inside her as she thought of how they, how she, had kissed. Yes, she had been giggling as she kissed her boy friend so lovingly, so girlishly, just like the other girls on the dance floor. She had been a girl. She knew that she was a girl. Martin had told her that she, Tanya, was the most adorable girl in the world and she had loved him saying it to her. She'd told him that she was and what was he going to do about that.

Somehow, Martin had got Tanya to admit that she was a girl and that she loved him to kiss her as he was. But he'd insisted that she must kiss him, too, if she was a girl as she said that she was and so she had kissed him. How, how, she, the morning after, thought wildly, his lips devouring hers, how had she ever let things come to such a state between them? Panic made her grip tightly on his arms but it didn't seem to affect Martin at all.

All the girls had had too much wine, Martin had said, when she'd tried to refuse more, but she saw

that it was true about the wine. All the girls were laughing and giggling and kissing, bodies tight to the men caressing their tushes and kissing their girls just as Martin was kissing her. She went giggling down the hallway as Martin whispered silly jokes into her ear as he brought her to the room she shared with Astrid.

“It’s so much nicer to kiss a girl when you’re lying side by side,” Martin had said. Tanya had felt herself being tugged onto her boy friend’s body to kiss him some more as she staggered and told him not to be naughty as he lay her on her bed. He’d helped her out of her strappy high heels and then had lain on her as they kissed and kissed.

“I’ll help you to get ready for bed,” Martin had whispered to Tanya, helping her to take off her earrings, helping her to braid her hair and tie the ribbons in place. Oh, she’d felt so funny, so girlish, as he’d done that, kissing him for doing that but knowing that she shouldn’t. Oh, but it was so wonderful to be a girl, to be adored, wasn’t it? He’d helped her out of her dress as she was still so wobbly and that was when his hands had got into places that they shouldn’t.

“But girls love me to touch them like this,” Martin had protested over her whispered objections. “And you are a girl tonight, Tanya. Just let me get this dress off you and your nightie on to you and then I’ll be on my way.”

Tanya ought never to have believed him. She should never have allowed him to take off her stockings. Oh, she trembled even now, not one day later, as she recalled how he’d done it, kissing her soft-skinned thighs eventually as he worked his way to her panties.

Well, she was taped, wasn't she, Tanya? But her bra was freed and her boy friend, Martin, who was calling himself that, was stroking her and telling her what a girl she was and did she know what girls did to relieve the tension on their overheated boy friends?

Astrid and George had come bounding in, from wherever they'd been after the dance. They'd bounced onto Astrid's bed and were soon going at it, really, a boy and girl together. Astrid was squealing in delight and saying that she only wished Tanya could feel as much like a girl as she, Astrid, did. It was so wonderful being a girl with a handsome boy friend.

"You will feel just as she feels," Martin had whispered to Tanya, rolling her about against him while her body was tingling all over. She should never have drunk the wine, the way she was feeling. "You are more of a girl than she is, Tanya, and I can prove it to you."

Oh, how they'd kissed and tangled up against one another, her hair loose and about his face and her bare shoulders. Her treasure chest had wobbled and bounced against her as Martin had forced her legs apart.

"It's nothing," Martin had breathed in her ear, fondling her, as her head spun and Tanya drew closer into this man who was telling her that they would always be friends, no matter how the Debutantes' Ball turned out for her.

"Those are my panties," she'd squeaked at him as he caressed them, making her legs feel like they weren't her own. They were some other girl's, not Tanya's.

Martin was inside her, penetrating her before she scarcely knew what she was doing. "No!" she squealed as she finally realized what he was doing and what she was allowing him to do to her.

"Too late to object now, my darling girl, Tanya," Martin said as he lifted her legs about him and began to bounce her on his manhood, her own flopping loosely around and hardening as well as he complimented her yet again on her femininity.

Tanya was squealing as Martin drove into her while Astrid urged her on drunkenly, telling Martin to make her feel like a girl "all the way!" And Tanya did feel like a girl all the way. That was what the problem was! It was just so incredible to feel Martin caressing her, fondling her, kissing her, stroking her, penetrating her, and arousing the femininity in her that she hadn't know she'd enjoy so much.

"She loves it," Martin had told Astrid. "Now leave us alone to enjoy ourselves!" Oh, how Tanya had loved feeling like a girl, being told that she was a girl and 'this' was what girls felt when a man made love to them. And Martin didn't just want to make love to his pretty girl friend once. He wanted to make love to her again and then she had to make love to him as well. Girls did that all the time. And she'd joined with him, rocked and bounced with him, squealed when he pinched her and didn't sleep any more as she made love to her boy friend.

It was morning now, however, and Tanya stared up wildly at the man cuddling her body to her, his lips seeking hers. Well, he'd done it all night long, hadn't he? And she, Tanya, hadn't refused him at all every taste that he wanted of her feminine beauty. Gosh, what was it that had been in that last drink of wine? She couldn't have done what she had done!

She wasn't a girl! She knew that. And yet, she'd, she'd, oh heavens, what hadn't she done, with a man, as if she was a girl?

"Let me ease it again for you, my lovely Tanya," whispered Martin, leaning over her and taking the lubricating lotion and squirting it onto her tush as Tanya squealed and begged him not to.

Her squeals awoke Astrid and George, who began to make the bed squeak again.

"A-Astrid!" screamed Tanya. "H-Help me!"

"Oh, stop teasing your man, Tanya," Astrid's voice floated across the room. "He only wants what you gave him so sweetly, we heard you both, Georgie and me, didn't we, honeysweet, all night long! We girls always give our men a morning glory. Or, rather, they give it to us! So stop teasing, Tanya. You were a girl last night and you still are today!"

Astrid's voice ended abruptly as she began to cavort all over her bed with George, giggling and begging George to do that again, whatever it was that was exciting the girl in the bed next to Tanya's.

Tanya squealed as the lotion bottle penetrated her tush and filled her with cool liquid. Martin's aroused manhood drove into her as he held Tanya down and leaned over her, caressing her false breasts against her, kissing her, rocking and bouncing her on the bed so that he seemed to be going in and out of her in rhythm.

"S-S-S-Stop!" Tanya called at the man penetrating her so thoroughly. Oh, she had done it like this, rolling over and sitting on Martin's manhood, bouncing up and down as he held her to him and fondled her and kissed her as he was doing tirelessly.

“My woman,” said Martin as he filled her with his manly essence, Tanya beating on him with her fists but it seemed to make no difference to him and the loving caresses and compliments he directed to her.

Astrid finally arose and laughingly assisted Tanya to free herself. “We girls have the bathroom first!” called Astrid, leading the shattered Tanya, on the verge of tears but fighting them back, into the bathroom.

“I hope you liked being a girl all the way, Tanya,” said Astrid as she poured bath salts into the bath that brought floral scents to Tanya’s quivering nose. “I really did. George is much gentler than Martin in bed. We’ll switch tonight and you can see that I’m right.”

Tanya wanted to shriek again as she dropped her nightie on the floor, her panties and then the artificial breasts and the hair extensions that had clung to her hair all through the heavy lovemaking.

“I am not, not ever ...,” Tanya began furiously, black mascara running over her hands as she rubbed her eyes.

“I used to say that,” said Astrid, guiding the shaken girl into the soft bubble bath she’d prepared for them both. She used sponges and a loofah to soak the girl’s hair and her now thin, bustless body. Tanya’s eyebrows were thin and beautifully shaped, Evelyn had done such good work there. She still did look more feminine than masculine as she shivered in shock at what she had participated in overnight.

Astrid slid out of her nightie then and let the other girl look at her real, lovely breasts. She looked up fearfully as Astrid undid her blonde hair, striking

several sexy, feminine poses as she did so, gently wiping her eyes free of the little makeup still there.

“I, I don’t want another man in bed with me, ever!” said Tanya as Astrid turned and began to take off her panties, clearly going to join Tanya in the roomy bath.

“I said that as well,” said Astrid, her hand over her genital area as she stepped into the bath, as naked as Tanya was. “When I was a debutante two years’ ago, there were only three of us who had pledged, so, of course, we were very much in demand and, girls like me, we can never say, ‘No’. That’s the rule of the sorority!”

“But you’re a real girl,” said Tanya bitterly as Astrid sat across from her, her breasts so lovely, her soft, smooth, hairless legs gently touching against Tanya’s soft, smooth, hairless legs. “You’re supposed to have men inside you, aren’t you? You’re a Rho girl!”

“So are you,” said Astrid with a smile, easing the bubbles aside and allowing Tanya then to see what she had been concealing from her in the time they had been together. “You’re a Rho girl just like all of us Rho girls, Tanya. Welcome to your sorority!”

Little did Tanya realize it but she wasn’t alone in having to face up in the morning to what she had done the night before. None of the reactions of the ‘girls’ was exactly the same. Nadine had to be pried off Leonard in the end as she wanted to stay in bed all day with her boy friend and have him make love to her, without ceasing.

“Leonard can’t keep going, Nadine,” her sister, Kendra had told her.

The dark-haired girl had stretched femininely and smiled at her sister. “How about a sub?” she asked the bemused Kendra. “You girls have been talking a lot about threesomes and stuff in front of us debutantes. So, there must be more boys around who wouldn’t mind making it with me!”

“You’ll have a legion after the Debutantes’ Ball,” Kendra had laughingly reassured her ‘sister’.

“A legion,” breathed Nadine, glowing and wiggling as she sank into her bath. “Oh, that sounds so wonderful!”

“Oh, it is,” laughed Kendra, unable to believe how feminine and girlish her ‘sister’ had become in such a short time.

It was easy to dress Nadine, to show her how to bind her breasts with tape, make cleavage appear and then to use small falsies in her bra as real girls used. Nadine welcomed the padding that Kendra applied in her panties and corset, twirling femininely as she admired her girlish self in the room’s dressing table mirror. Nadine put on her own stockings, practicing all the time to talk in a proper, girlish voice as she had been told to.

Nadine even swished, her tush wiggling like a model’s, into the makeup room where Evelyn and her friends were ready to transform Nadine into a lovely, elegant girl. She squealed like a girl as she was put into lovely, black high heels, exquisite makeup and perfume, her earrings, bracelets and necklace suited to the frilled blouse and tight skirt that the girl was to wear for her first venture out of

the sorority to do what all girls must learn to do, shop.

With some of the other girls, it wasn't as easy. Madeleine was in tears so many times that it was almost impossible to make her mascara and eyeliner not run. She went to join her sisters, hand in hand with Becky as if she was going to an execution. Despite that, she was mincing properly in her tight skirt and blouse, her earrings shivering at her neck, as pretty a picture of womanhood as any of her sisters.

Tanya, though not weeping, was clearly shocked after whatever she had done the night before. Evelyn regarded the little girl with sympathy as she had gone through a traumatic evening herself, several years before, with an older man, Bob Maslow, one of the Council at that time. But Bob had been so nice to her when Evelyn had been distressed. He'd been with her throughout the next week, holding her, admiring her, telling her what a lovely woman she was and hadn't had sex with her until it was she, yes it was she, who had initiated it with Bob, letting his soft caresses develop into love-making that had been such a guilty pleasure for Evelyn, she remembered.

She looked at what Tanya had done to her hair extensions and decided on a blonde wig for Tanya that necessitated completely different makeup and nail polish. She tried chatting girlishly to the stricken girl, but Tanya could barely answer in a whispered "yes" or "no" to the other girl's queries about how she liked the new eyelashes Evelyn tried on her, her softer makeup, and the prettiness of the bright red earrings. They were so delightful with the

soft, platinum blonde wig that made Tanya look so different, so much more womanly.

“She’s taking it differently,” Evelyn said to Astrid, watching the cautious way that Tanya moved down the hallway to join the chattering, high-pitched girls at the assembly before going in to town. The sisters of the new girls were, of course, doing much of the talking as the other girls were staring at the other debutantes who were joining them.

That some of each group recognized the others was clear by their wide-eyed looks at one another and the nervous shifting that the girls made. They all turned and looked, open-mouthed, at Tanya as she swayed into the room, and stopped, herself, staring too, at Nadine and the other girls in her group that she hadn’t seen since the session when all were still in male clothing.

“Tanya was studying Adele and me as if she’d never seen a girl before,” murmured Evelyn to the tall, gorgeous Astrid who sauntered so easily in her split skirt beside her sister of two or three years.

“I showed her that we are both Rho girls now,” said Astrid with a short laugh. “She didn’t believe me that all the Rho girls are girls like her.”

“Oh, it’s too early to tell Tanya that!” objected Evelyn, staring after the slow-moving, quiet girl, quite unlike her usual ebullient self.

“We’ll see,” said Astrid. “But I thought that it was time.”

“Keep a good, close eye on her today,” said a worried Evelyn, accompanying Astrid down the hallway to where the two sets of six girls and their sisters were eyeing one another in shock and surprise. The older sisters, save for Kendra and Astrid, who were

to be leading them all through the shops that they were going to visit, left for 'other' duties, some of which involved rewarding certain Alpha boys for the great work they had done the night before with their 'dates'.

"Today," Emma said to all the new sisters, even if they didn't know it yet, "we bring all of our debutantes together for a day out shopping. Yes, there are twelve of you pledged to be debutantes, not six, as each group thought."

There were blushes and nervous shiftings in front of her them as the girls began to realize just who it was they were being grouped with. Several moved gauchely in their skirts as if realizing what they were wearing and in front of whom; others who they knew were men as they were men themselves.

"I'm Nadine," said one of the pretty girls as Kendra called on her. Her voice was clear and girlish, the intense work that Kendra had done with her paying off well as all of the girls stared at her, some in her own group recalling how she had been the one at the first meeting to object to being dressed in girl's underclothing. Now, you could see her bra straps and the hem of her slip beneath her tight skirt that she swayed in so sexily. This wasn't the Nadine that had been first introduced to them.

Tanya's group knew little of that. They just stared and shivered as this lovely, dark-haired girl introduced her sisters, Gwendolyn, Angelina, Carla, Julia and Ellen to the other debutantes. Then it was Christine's turn to thank her sister, Belle, for all that she had done for her. Her voice was high and squeaky but she managed to get through introducing Corinne, Rosemary, Madeleine, Heidi and Tanya

to those who just stared at persons they had known by completely different appellations.

“I was told,” said Emma, so womanly in every way that they could all see and hear, “that there was only room for six new Alpha pledges to be taken on this year, and so six of you here should be cut loose after the Debutantes’ Ball. Only those who were most acceptable as debts were supposed to be chosen by us. We could even whittle away a few of you if it was clear that you weren’t going to be successful as Rho girls.”

There was a definite gasp as the girls heard that. Emma waited with a smile, but not even Tanya objected as Emma said that they weren’t Rho girls but Alpha pledges. “Rachel and I have gone to bat on your behalf, my lovely sisters,” Emma went on in her lovely, speaking voice, so clearly feminine. “We told the Alphas how unfair they are being to you when you young ladies have worked so hard to pass the rite of passage and be selected into Alpha Rho Mu.”

Several of the girls shivered nervously but none of them asked the obvious question, what would happen to them if they weren’t acceptable to Alpha any more. Would they be pilloried for all the university to see? How could they go back to their classes with all the changes that the Gamma Rho Sorority had already inflicted on all of them? Long hair swirled and earrings swung as more than one girl looked at her rival in the other group of ‘debutantes’ and saw a girl as pretty and shapely as ‘she’ herself was, who would be in competition with ‘her’.

“Who knows yet what will happen?” Emma went on sweetly, aware of Tanya’s intense scrutiny of her. The little girl was clearly having a hard time in be-

lieving what Astrid had told her and shown her. Perhaps she was thinking that it was just Astrid who was different to all the other Rho girls, not the prototype. There were, after all, over forty girls in Rho House now. How could so many be boys, Tanya must be thinking, and not be discovered and exposed as Astrid had exposed herself to her.

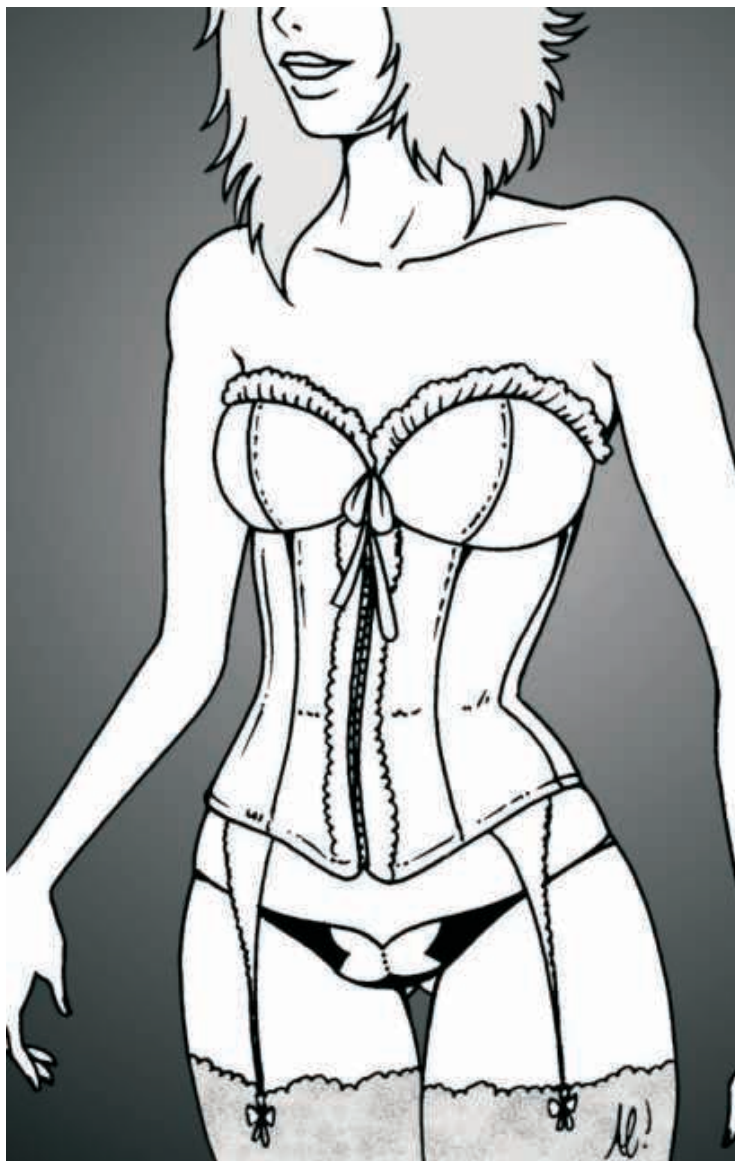
“But today,” Emma went on, “all of you who step out in your lovely high heels and wiggle in front of everyone, with us, are Rho girls. Yes, you are all Rho girls if anyone has the nerve to ask you that. Tell them that and remember that because our sorority will be judged on the way that all of you girls behave.

“If your voices need work, then whisper. The ladies who wait on you will understand this. They know how we of the Rho sorority like to train and change our pledges. As far as anyone knows, today all of you are pledged to be Rho girls. Don’t disappoint us. Don’t get yourselves cut just before the Ball. Enjoy these last few days before all of your dreams come true!”

Rachel Porter entered then in a sweeping, ball gown that showed off her bare shoulders, her awesome, real breasts and her womanly figure. There was a tiara in her beautifully waved red hair that descended over her shoulders.

“This,” said Rachel with a smile as the girls stared at her in awe, “is what you will be shopping for today. You will need a dress like mine and,” she waited while the looks on the girls’ faces went all the way from fright on Tanya’s to desire on Nadine’s, “you will need the fanciest of lingerie to wear beneath your dress.”

Rachel swayed and a smiling Emma went to her and helped her to divest herself of the dress and reveal her frilled, uplifting corset, her tiny panties, her frilled garter belt and her stockings that came just to mid-thigh.



“You each have credit cards for the shops you go in today,” said Rachel, “and a few others in case you see something in a mall window, a bikini perhaps, that you must have. Don’t think of the cost, sister Rho girls, this is a treat that the Alphas work all year to pay for.”

Rachel giggled at that and several of the girls joined in, their voices both squeaky and occasionally deep, which only made them all laugh at themselves in extreme nervousness.

“Let’s go shopping, ladies,” said Emma then. Kendra and Astrid moved forward and made sure that each girl got the correct matching purse and went forward to the outer doors.

As expected, the high-heeled march forward noticeably slowed as the Rho girls went out onto the tree-lined walkway that led towards the university and the parked limos in the distance.

Several older girls were out on the lawns and swings, often with Alpha boys, some of whom the debutantes knew. Martin had his hands about one of the girls who’d done her makeup, Tanya noted with a quiver, feeling her skirt most intensely then about her legs, making her take dainty steps as a girl should. I shouldn’t be doing this, went through her mind, as she shuddered as Martin looked at her. Shock went through her as his gaze went on down the line of girls, assessing them all. He doesn’t recognize me, thought Tanya, her heart beating wildly.

She turned and slipped her arm through Angelina’s wondering if she could ever call her ‘Larry’ as she had done when she was, she was ... Oh, the shivers that came with that one. She was Tanya. Astrid had made that very clear. She could

not retreat from what she was or things would be terrible for her. They had been for Astrid, her sister had told her.

But Astrid had learned to love what she was and, some day, Tanya was going to see Astrid in a movie. No, not a porn movie, Astrid was going to do love scenes with the cutest of guys and get married, like Karen Hudson, and be the girl that she knew that she was now. Soon, Tanya would join her and they could be real sisters together.

“That’s a pretty big step, boy,” said Jay Merton, Will’s silver-haired father. “Marriage?” He smiled as the other girls in bikinis got up from their chaises to admire the ring on the pretty blonde’s finger that Will had put there. “Didn’t what your mother and I put you through teach you anything?”

“It taught me everything,” said Will, seeing the nervous shake that Brenda made as she answered one of the girls’ questions. She turned her lovely head and looked for him. Will picked up the drinks he had made, jerked his head at his father and led him out onto the deck which was packed with feminine pulchritude, the prettiest of the bevy of bikini girls his own Brenda by far.

“This is Pops, my father,” said Will as the blushing blonde anxiously eased over to him, taking the white wine that he had poured for her.

“Oh, please, it’s Jay,” said the older man with a smile. His chest hair was silvery-white but his body looked tanned and fit. “Brenda Lawrence, I am so pleased to meet you. I’ve been introducing my son to

girls of all shapes and sizes for years. I was beginning to think that he was gay or something. But then he brings you home and he's already put a ring on your finger!"

Brenda flushed again as Will put his arm about her waist and drew her against him. The other girls, real girls, she thought with a nervous twitter inside her, were watching her, assessing her, wondering how she had attracted such a rich man to want to marry her, she was sure. Well, it surely wasn't my idea, she wanted to tell them all.

"Five girls and just you, Pops?" Will asked his father.

"Raymond," Jay said then, "my business manager and friend, is somewhere outside the harbor with the lawyers and toadies. I was supposed to be fishing as well but, you know me, son, I had better things to do when I woke up this morning."

All the girls laughed and stretched out on the chaises, black sunglasses in place again, as they said the most ribald things about 'Jay', stories that made Brenda flush even more than she had before. She eventually lay out in the sun as well, shivering despite the heat as she revealed herself in her black bikini to the striking women lying out in the sun, women just like her.

Will, of course, insisted that she have protection from the sun and brought her suntanning and protective oils than he had to be the one to apply to her body, of course. And when the other women removed their bra tops, naturally Brenda had to as well, grateful finally when a boat came beside the yacht, and, instead of hooting as all the others had

done at the women sunbathing, the men standing in the rear had yelled to come aboard.

Brenda was able then to put on her bra and light jacket but she had to be hugged and kissed by several beery men who had spent a day on the water. They were so pleased with what they had caught, some of the fish seeming enormous to Brenda's eyes. When one of them finally noticed her ring and heard Will claim her as his 'fiancée', she had to be hugged all over again, her breasts shivering against all the rough male chests that she had to endure.

"So when's the wedding?" asked Raymond Briggs, the business manager to Jay, Will's father.

"When school's out, April or May next," said Will firmly, releasing his beautiful fiancée from the moving hands of the burly man.

"And your mother knows all about this?" asked Raymond Briggs. "And she approves?"

There was a note in his voice that made Brenda shiver. "Not yet, Ray," said Will Merton, glancing up at his father, up on the command deck, or whatever it was called. "I thought I would keep that pleasure for later on this week."

"Your, your mother?" asked Brenda nervously as Will escorted her inside the yacht's galley where it was cooler.

"Long divorced from my father," said Will, his hand indicating all the laughing women, one who was now attached to Jay's arm, Brenda noticed. "Hence all this." The blonde girl flipped her hair naturally in a manner that had taken Brenda weeks to learn. The other blonde kissed Will's father and

acted as if she was in heaven as Jay kissed her back.

“Don’t take lessons from Pops’ popsies, as Mum calls them,” said Will, squeezing Brenda’s waist and drawing her around so that he could kiss her as he wanted to. “I came north to State to get away from all of this. Just a nice, quiet college career in work that I wanted to do. I’d forgotten how wild this place gets from time to time. It reminds me of Rho House on an event night.”

Brenda shivered as she put her arms around her fiancé’s neck and cuddled her almost naked body against his as Will wanted her to. “I love you,” she found herself whispering to him, her nerves beginning to jingle as he clinched her more tightly to him.

“I love you,” Will whispered back. “Oh, how long I’ve been waiting for you to say that to me without me having to force it out of you. Look, we’re heading back to the hotel, now that you’ve met my father’s friends. “I have to have you, my darling. I really do.”

“So where is Bryan right now?” asked Peter Simpson icily as Steve Pendleton fumed, barely in control, beside the table where Albert Conway sat. On the computer screen in front of him, Will Merton, half a continent away, was pictured; the Rho girl he was with, Brenda Lawrence, was sent off to the bathroom to ‘powder her nose’.

“He’s with Wendy in her room in Rho House,” said Rachel Porter, glancing around at the men in the meeting she had been summoned to attend. Bob Maslow smiled at her and pulled a wry face as if he

realized the incongruity of having a Rho House Mistress in a meeting of the Alpha Fraternity Council.

"He should be here," said Lord Albert in protest. "He is the President."

"I'll kill him if he walks in that door," said Steve Pendleton flatly. "And Frank Hudson, Mike O'Reilly, and Alan Fox will help me."

"You called up the Alumni Council?" asked Will in surprise from the screen.

"Why not?" thundered Steve Pendleton. "You guys are running the frat like a whore house or bordello, we've heard! And this, this so-called President you helped to elect, raped Jane Livingstone, who's going to be my wife! Bryan Fairfax is going to pay for that!"

"And so he should," snapped Peter Simpson. He didn't glance at Rachel or ask her what happened to Alphas who raped Rho girls. He didn't refer to or tell the others about 'Elizabeth' and her ongoing punishment for the same crime that had outraged Steve Pembleton so much. No, Peter tried to remain stony-faced as he looked back at the computer screen. "Will, this is an awful time for you to be gone. Can you get back here right away?"

"You need a unanimous vote to remove Bryan?" asked Will, moving some of the female undergarments to a new pile on the bed where he was resting. "You got mine for sure, Pete, Bertie. I'll be there as soon as I can."

After a few more exchanges with the Council, Will then withdrew to get on with the job of arranging his departure from Florida.

“What’s he doing down in Florida anyway?” growled Steve Pendleton.

“Introducing his girl friend to his parents,” said Pete Simpson levelly. “He’s planning to marry Brenda Lawrence, the blonde in bed with him. You might have seen, at the start of our connection, that she was wearing a huge ring on her finger. But they haven’t been an item very long, have they, Rachel?”

Rachel smiled as all the men gave her their undivided attention. “It’s been there for a while, the attraction between the two of them. But you Alpha guys,” she purred, shifting her long, stockinged legs in her rustly dress that made more than one man there smile at her, “and we Rho girls did a good job of keeping them circling each other for a very long time. It was the Pledge Committee that finally brought them together. Will moved in on her and so I sent her down to Jane for some T and A work. He visited her in there and they were an item as soon as she came back, exclusive to him.”

“Enough of the slushy romance,” snapped Steve Pendleton. “I want that prick, Bryan Fairfax! I want him hurt, bad!”

“We’ve got that arranged,” insisted Peter Simpson. “With Will’s vote, which you all heard, Bertie and I can remove Bryan from Council right now.”

Lord Albert Conway frowned at Peter’s glare and looked around the other manly faces, and the one feminine, elegantly madeup face, staring at him. “All right, he’s gone,” he said. “Is that enough for you, Steve?”

“Not by a long shot!” snarled Steve Pendleton. “He raped my woman!”

The men stared at him. Rachel smiled as she thought about the consequences that Steve Pendleton seemed to be hinting at.

“Bryan hits Rachel as well,” put in Bertie Conway suddenly. He shrugged as the others looked at him and at Rachel. “Emma has told me all about it. She says that Rachel is a true Rho girl and won’t complain about it.”

“Rachel?” gasped Bob Maslow. “Are, aren’t you Bryan Fairfax’s ...” He searched for the right word to describe what she was to Bryan.

“I’m just available,” said Rachel lightly. “The President orders us girls ...”

“Orders?” snapped Steve Pembleton. “We never ordered girls around in my day!”

“No, seduction was so much more pleasant and effective, wasn’t it?” asked Bob Maslow, smiling at Rachel. “It seems that the fraternity has become a lot more direct in how it handles the girls these days. I was just with a girl ...”

“Wendy,” said Peter Simpson who had arranged the tryst.

“... who was out and out scared of me and what I would do to her,” said Bob Maslow with a frown. “And she’s the one with Bryan Fairfax right now?”

“He asked for her and went into her room,” said Rachel, shivering slightly.

“Let’s get over there and attend to Mr Fairfax,” said Bob Maslow, rising to his feet.

“Wait a moment,” said Lord Bertie, dashing out of the room for a moment.

“What’s that for?” asked Steve Pembleton. “And we could wait for the alumni party that the O’Reilly brothers are hunting up.”

“Bryan’s a very strong man,” said Peter. “Forceful, in speech and in using his fists, he’s saved many an Alpha from being beaten on by other frats and non-Greeks alike.”

Bert Conway entered with several baseball bats, and a cricket bat, which he kept for himself. “Phil Garcia is over in Rho House as well, isn’t he?” he asked Rachel who nodded mutely. “We’re going to need these to get those two charmers to toe the line.”

“Lead the way,” said Peter Simpson to Rachel.

Rachel swished ahead of the little parade, knowing that the men behind her would be looking at the way she swayed her hips, admiring her tush, she hoped, and her lovely, stockinged legs. She tossed her long hair several times even though she didn’t need to. It didn’t hurt to entertain a captive audience, she’d joked with Emma, as they crossed the campus.

It was only a short walk but there were Rho girls out with Alpha boys along the shady walk. “What’s up?” Ray Baker, Teresa inevitably on his arm, smiling up at him in simulated bliss. At least, Rachel had always thought that Tess was putting it on with that quiet, intense boy. Maybe, she wasn’t.

“Going to get a little game of co-ed baseball going, old boy,” said Lord Albert Conway with a faked, jaunty smile. “Need a few more girls, what?”

“We could play, couldn’t we, Tess?” said Ray, hugging the girl to him. Tess was quicker on the up-

take about what the little party might be really about.

“I, I don’t like b-baseball,” she said in her high-pitched, little girl’s voice.

Ray stared at Teresa and his mouth dropped open. He gulped and swung her around, kissing her most lovingly, before disappearing into the bushes and secluded walks and benches.

“A friend of Phil Garcia’s,” said Peter to Rachel, striding up beside her.

“Actually, no, I think,” said Rachel. “He doesn’t like to raise a fuss. Ray has wonderful manners. All the girls like that about him. Teresa is in seventh heaven lately as he’s been paying her so much attention. She hid when Phil came in looking for her the other day and so I sent her over to Ray’s with a note from me.”

“To tell Ray what?” persisted Peter.

“To make love to her,” said Rachel directly, looking back at the grim-faced men following her.

Rachel’s heels clicked on the marble floor and the wooden steps as she led the Alphas past the waiting room, where a couple of guys were “chatting up” Naomi and Denise who had spent so much time with the debutantes that they deserved a little recreation of their own, Rachel thought.

She led the men up to the second floor. “Emma and I share this room,” she said with a smile at Steve and Bob, who might not have realized how crowded the house had become with all the girls they had taken in of late.

“Hey!” snarled Steve as he leaned towards the door, the smile disappearing from his face. Bertie

turned sharply towards him and put his hand on the door, locked as it should be when one of the girls was ‘entertaining’.

There was a muffled scream from inside Rachel and Emma’s room and Rachel stepped over and reached up to slide back the bolt as you could do from the outside if you knew where to look. She opened the door with her key then.

“What the f—-!” roared Phil Garcia, looking up from where he had pinned Emma face down on her bed as he was driving down on her tush. “Get the f—- out of here, you effing girl! When I get through with this bitch, am I ever going to give ...!”

Rachel stepped aside with an assist from Lord Albert Conway. The Englishman was swinging his bat even as Phil’s snarling voice changed.

“Bryan told me to have her!” Phil squealed, looking absurd as he sat up, his pecker exposed. He fell back across Emma as the cricket bat connected with his shoulders and the back of his head. Emma was screaming and crying as she pushed her attacker from her.

Bertie-Boy showed what a good cricketer he was by pounding the unlucky Garcia into unconsciousness. He dropped the bat then, some blood dripping from the blade part, and Rachel picked it up. Bertie wouldn’t need it for a while as he was consoling the weeping Emma with kisses and soft words, the only way that a man can comfort a woman in such distress.

“This is Wendy’s room,” said Rachel, opening that room in the same way as she had the one she shared with Emma. “Wendy shares with Adele, and

Dolly, sometimes. Those girls move around a lot. They share clothes as they're all the same size."

The men didn't want to hear about the female clothing that Rachel and the other Rho girls wore. They entered the room as the couple was rising from the bed in response to the noise of the door opening.

"What the f---!" screamed Bryan in what seemed to be the greeting of the day. He was quite naked, his muscular body quite spectacular as he drew the open-mouthed, surprised girl after him from the bed.

"What are you guys doing ...?" Bryan began and that was when Steve Pembleton charged him. Bryan was strong enough to fling off Steve but that left him open to the baseball bat swung by Bob Maslow. Bryan shrieked and grabbed his arm which had taken the brunt of the blow.

Rachel grabbed Wendy's hand and pulled her away from the melee as Steve was returning to the fray, his roundhouse haymaker stunning Bryan into an inarticulate groaning as he sank beside Wendy's bed, her pink nightie falling over his head.

Rachel pulled the naked Wendy out into the hallway. Penny peered out of her room, her hair all tousled as she held a nightie to her breasts.

"Take Wendy for the moment," said Rachel quickly.

"But I've Rob," began Penny and then her thickly madeup eyes widened as she looked at the bat Rachel held and the blood dripping from it.

"Get dressed," said Rachel with a smile, "and lend Wendy some panties at least. She shouldn't be walking around with her clit swinging in the air."

Penny stared at the Mistress of the House. "I thought," she whispered, looking at the distraught Wendy, "that Wendy was with Bryan."

"She was," said Rachel. "Look at the red marks on her face. The alumni and the Council are sorting it all out. Seems like our President raped Doc Jane yesterday. And you know what happens to those who rape Rho girls."

"Doc Jane is a Rho girl?" asked Wendy fearfully.

"Who was raped," said Rachel forcefully. "That's not going to be happening again. Bertie is taking care of Phil Garcia and Emma but the outcome is up to the Council. I may need you, Penny, you, Paulette, Melanie and Natasha."

"The debutantes," gasped Penny, ushering Wendy into her room.

"Hey, a threesome," a male voice called. "Girl, come and cuddle me. I'm so lonely ..."

"Another boy friend lost to a blonde," laughed Penny. "Oh well, there's always Gerry. Um, is that blood ...?"

"It is," said Rachel brightly. "Phil's. I took the bat from Bertie before he could damage him some more. Get ready for some more third floor babysitting, Penny, my girl. I think we'll be having two extras soon after the Council meets with the alumni."

The first person that Brenda met at Rho House was another blonde girl who came squealing out of the house, her arms outstretched, her high heels

clattering on the stone as she rushed to greet Brenda Lawrence with a huge hug.

“Michelle?” gasped Brenda, staring into a female face that she barely recognized, not with the honey-gold blonde hair that cascaded around Michelle Waters’ neck and shoulders.

“Yes, it’s me,” said the other girl with a lovely smile. Her nose was so thin and bobbed. Brenda couldn’t believe it was her friend as the shape of her face seemed to have been altered, the slight puffiness of Michelle’s jawline gone.

“Oh, you are so gorgeous,” Brenda thrilled, hugging her friend back, immediately feeling the bounce of genuine breasts against her. “And your face isn’t all that you’ve had changed!”

“Well, you knew about that,” said Michelle as she twirled for her friend and showed her all the improvements made to Michelle’s girlish body. “You do like my new face, though, don’t you? Roger and Nate have been telling me that I’m an impostor and I’ve had to prove to both of them each of the last three days that I am still Michelle Waters.”

“The blonde Michelle Waters!” said Brenda, as excited for her friend as Michelle was to show off the changes in herself.

“And you’ve made changes, too!” squealed the new, blonde girl, tossing her long, honey-blond waves over her shoulder. “What is that thing on your finger?”

“Will,” said the platinum blonde Brenda, turning to the man who was smiling indulgently at her, her cases of clothes, a whole new wardrobe to share with Michelle, piled up beside him, “asked me to marry him and I said, ‘Yes!’”

Michelle's red-painted mouth opened in unfeigned surprise. "Married!" she squealed again, seizing her friend for another round of girlish hugs and kisses, each leaving lipstick marks on the other's cheek.

"You're going to be a bride!" squeaked Michelle, jumping in her high heels in excitement for her friend.

"For real, yes!" agreed Brenda. "And you're the first girl that I'm asking. Michelle, will you be my chief bridesmaid at my wedding!"

"Oh, I'd love to!" sang Michelle. "Oh! Oh! Do, do you have any idea who the best man will be?"

Brenda turned to her husband-to-be then who had borne her neglect of him with amusement. But as she took a step towards him, Will did the same. She was in his arms and kissing him, abandoning all pretence that she was just kissing another Alpha man like any other. She didn't care if the whole world saw her and recognized that she was in love with Will Merton. She was and it was the most wonderful feeling in the whole world.

"It will probably be Peter Simpson," said Will, between kisses, as Michelle watched the pair of them laughingly.

"Oh goodie," said Michelle, clapping her manicured hands delightedly. "I love him fucking me. He's so nice and gentle, a real gentleman!"

"I'm so glad you approve the best man," said Will, caressing his wife-to-be about her slim waist. "Should I produce a list of the ushers for your approval, Michelle?"

“If they’re all Alpha men and Brenda’s bridesmaids are Rho girls, it shouldn’t be any problem,” said Michelle, allowing Will to link her arm to his so that he was escorting the prettiest two girls in the sorority, he thought, into their rooms where Brenda would reward him. They could leave the drudgery of unpacking to Michelle and what other friends she could rope in.

“What would you have done, Michelle, if I had a brother who had to be best man?” asked Will as the girls’ dresses swung so enticingly against his shorts and bare, lower legs.

“He’d have made love to me,” said Michelle confidently, “but he would have had to be careful of my period. I’d have shown him a few ways, though, that he could pleasure me. It’s a pity you don’t have a brother, Will. I wouldn’t have minded the challenge of a non-Alpha man.”

“We have to introduce Michelle to my father,” Will whispered to Brenda as soon as they were alone. Brenda began to giggle at the thought as she kissed her fiancé as fiercely as he kissed her. “He always says that he loves girls with something new to do to him. Keeps romance fresh and new. My mother hates him when he says things like that at a party they both have to go to. Oh, the public spats and rows they’ve had over the years.”

Brenda shivered as she cuddled close up to her husband-to-be. “She didn’t seem to like me,” she whispered to Will.

“She’s hated every girl I’ve ever introduced her to,” said Will with a laugh. “She thinks I am betraying her love for me, a love I’ve seen, what, once, in the whole of my life!”

Michelle left the lovebirds for long enough to satisfy their romantic impulses. Brenda was in the bathroom when she gave Will the message that she'd been told to give him the moment he arrived at the house from the airport.

"I have to be at a Council meeting," said Will, taking the note from the hand of his fiancée's girl friend. He frowned at the date and times mentioned in the note. "The meeting began over an hour ago," he pointed out to the honey-blond girl, flipping her hair this way and that as she tested what look she liked best in the room's mirror.

"Then, you'd better hurry, Will darling, hadn't you?" said Michelle sweetly, discerning a mark in her lipstick and opening her purse to select the right color and to begin to repair the mark.

"Tell Brenda ..." began Will urgently.

"That you love her forever," said Michelle with a smile. "Lucky girl."

"You will be, too, one day, Michelle," promised Will and scooted away before Michelle did something to entice him into doing something he would regret.

The Council meeting was in full flight when he arrived. There were several older men in there who nodded to him. They seemed to know Will Merton but he only recalled seeing one or two, such as Bob Maslow and Alan Fox, before.

"I'm the President," Bryan Fairfax was saying as Will walked in, "and look what they did to me and to my sergeant-at-arms, Philip Garcia. We're the ones who have been sinned against. They attacked us with baseball bats!"

“In my case,” cut in the very English voice of Lord Albert Conway, “it was a cricket bat that I used on the head and hide of the bounder who was raping my mistress right before my eyes!”

“You said I’d have the floor to state my case without interruption,” whined the man Will would have called the President of the fraternity.

“Yes,” agreed Corman James, the Past President of Alpha Rho Mu fraternity. “The current Vice-President of the fraternity will refrain from interrupting the former President of fraternity while he asks for forgiveness and clemency from the ...”

“I’m not asking for forgiveness for anything I’ve done!” yelled Bryan Fairfax as Will stared at him, realizing then that Bryan’s right side and right hand weren’t moving because he was handcuffed to the heavy chair on which he sat. And what had Corman James said, the ‘former’ President of the fraternity. Will shuddered as he watched and listened to Bryan’s tirade about the indignities, the coup, that had been inflicted upon him illegally.

When the tirade finally left Bryan spent, glowering at all the stiff faces around him, Corman asked him quietly if he was quite finished.

“Get on with it,” sneered Bryan. “Throw Phil and me out! We were only doing what we Alphas have always done to Rho girls ...”

“Not in my time as President,” said one of the older men in the assembly angrily.

“Mr O’Reilly, Mike,” said Corman James. “Let’s allow the former president of this fraternity finish his plea to this assembly.”

“It’s a kangaroo court!” yelled Bryan. “You guys can’t do anything to me. I’ll have the police arrest all of you! And when they find out ...!”

Bryan’s tirade broke off then as he looked at the suddenly alert faces staring at him. “Go on, Mr Fairfax,” said Corman James in that precise way of his that had irritated Bryan so much when he had been the man’s Vice-President. He could never think of Corman as a ‘brother’, no matter what the Absolute Rules of the Fraternity said.

“Are you going to tell them how you raped my Jane?” asked Steve Pembleton, the pent-up fury exploding from him.

Bryan stared at the grim faces opposite him. “I, I didn’t know she was yours,” he said, pulling on the chain that held him fast to the heavy chair. “Now, now I know, I’d never ...”

“But you will continue to discipline the girls you choose to tryst with,” said Bob Maslow smoothly, his voice deceptively calm. “The last girl we found you with, Wendy Ashton, had a puffy face from the attention of your fists. What had she done, my brother Fairfax, to deserve such an attack?”

“You can ask her,” sneered Bryan, trying to pull the handcuff and chain free again.

“We have,” said Maslow. “Wendy says that it was standard in your lovemaking techniques to hit your woman. You wanted her to be more inventive, to please you with some bizarre sexual practice, and if she, Wendy, in this case, didn’t know that you didn’t want to be kissed on a certain part of your anatomy, she would be punched and kicked by you. Sound about right?”

"A whore like her will say anything," snarled Bryan Fairfax. "You know what those Rho girls are like. They'll tell a man anything that he wants to hear."

"And they have to obey an Alpha man precisely, don't they?" asked Bob Maslow as if he was speaking to himself. "You and Phil Garcia saw to that."

"You had to do it as well when you were the Presidents and Council members," flared Bryan Fairfax. "How did you get uppity girls to be girls? Rachel thought she was man enough to be ordering us real guys around!"

"In my day," cut in Alan Fox with a conspiratorial smile at the former president of the fraternity, "we always preferred seductions to force. I found it worked well on Rachel Porter. A delicious lay, if the brothers don't mind me saying so." There were frowns all around Alan at his interruption. "I just have one question to ask you, though, Bryan. Where on earth did you find a dozen lovely girls like those who will be debutantes this year? They couldn't just have walked up to the pledge booth and signed up on Greek Day, could they?"

"Some did," said Bryan defiantly. There was a silence as many considered his answer and what it meant.

"You recruited some of these girls, didn't you?" asked Alan with what seemed to be an approving smile at the former President. "Did you do this on the Internet? Did you tell them what they could become if they came to this university and applied to this fraternity?"

"Of course not!" said Bryan angrily, seeing the intense looks that he was being given. "I'm not dumb.

I, I, just wanted to speed up the process a bit. I mean, each year, we recruit a few debutantes, and force them into women's clothing and being women ...”

“No, Mr Fairfax,” said Corman James grimly. “We did not force any who wished to pledge the fraternity to become Rho girls, as you should know. Those who refused to take part in the rites of passage were always released and didn't take part ...”

“So most of the present girls, the dozen debutantes,” cut in Alan Fox again, “were contacted by you, Bryan,” he smiled again in encouragement to the ‘defrocked’ President, “over the Internet. Where did you find them? On transgendered sites? You must have seduced them to come here?”

“They were all eager to come,” said Bryan defiantly. “I just sent them pictures of some of the before and after pictures of some of our girls and said I'd make sure that my frat, I didn't tell them which one, would recruit them if they came here. I didn't say who we actually were ...”

“How many did you actually contact?” asked Alan then. “Twenty? Thirty?”

“A-About that,” admitted Bryan nervously. “I've got all the names and computer IDs in the office ...”

“The police have that computer,” said Bob Maslow and the intensity and anger in the room could be felt palpably, especially by Bryan Fairfax.

“I've told you everything,” he yelled out at the glaring faces. “Let me go or you're all going to regret this.”

“Oh, not as much as you will, Trudi,” said Corman James firmly. “Nor as much as Nancy will,

for imitating what you did so faithfully with the girls.”

“Ooh!” moaned Rosemary breathily. “I don’t think that I can do this!”

Tanya took the hand of the young limo driver, smiling at her as he helped her out onto the sidewalk in front of *The Feminine Mystique Boutique and Spa*. Other girls whom she barely knew, Angelina and Ellen, were swishing into the store, where a uniformed doorman was bowing as he ushered the high-heeled girls inside.

Rosemary had to leave or she would have been left with the young chauffeur. She came out of the limo, her dress flowing about her, and her long hair a wind-blown mess.

“Come on,” breathed Tanya in the whisper that she had to use and so the last two girls crossed in front of several shoppers who stared at them and smiled as they entered the rich boutique.

“They, they read us!” said Rosemary in something of a panic as they entered a woman’s store where a smiling, slender, young girl was coming forward to serve them. All around them were racks of women’s finery, from bras and underwear sets to the sexiest of corsets and stocking sets on mannequins.

“I, I’m supposed to wear something like that!” whispered Rosemary into Tanya’s jeweled ear, voicing the very thoughts that poured through Tanya’s mind.

“We have to!” Tanya whispered back.

The slender girl moved up to them and asked them their names. “I’m Tanya,” Tanya said, “and this is Rosemary,” she glanced at the girl’s name tag, “and you are Tiffany.”

“Yes,” said the girl. “And all of you girls are from Rho House, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” said Tanya, trying to pitch her voice as highly as she could.

Tiffany stopped them in front of one of the long mirrors and twirled herself around and smiled at herself in her tight skirt and high heels. “I love doing this,” Tiffany said, leading the beautiful girls behind her to do the same but so self-consciously. “I love working here where I can see myself every ten minutes of the day and see what I look like. All of us girls love this, don’t we?”

“Yes,” admitted Tanya, the swirl of her dress sending chilling thoughts throughout her. Was this the way that she was supposed to feel, as if she was indeed a ‘she’? Rosemary was swirling and shaking her hair into place, smiling and giggling with Tiffany as the girl made some joke about men being excluded from the store except for special occasions.

All around them, other women were touching and smiling at the lovely lingerie they were running through manicured hands. Some were in their mid-thirties and forties, laughing like schoolgirls at what they were touching. This store was open to the public, Tanya thought, tingles going through her as the older woman looked at Rosemary and Tanya, smiling at the pair of them as Tiffany was talking about a black, boned corset that she said was ‘per-

fect' for the figure when wearing a long, evening gown.

"Kendra told me that you girls need a dozen pairs of panties each and the same with bras and slips," said Tiffany gaily as she lifted up a pair of transparent panties for each girl. "You can't try these on," Tiffany went on as she led the girls to the bras on display where Ellen and Carla were getting a selling job on the advantages of underwiring in a bra from another enthusiastic salesgirl.

Carla gave Tanya a tremulous smile, reaching forward to test the lining of a red-silk bra with fingernails the same color as the silk. The older woman thought that the bra was lovely and wanted a touch as well, pushing in and asking the salesgirls all kinds of questions that the Rho girls could never have thought to ask.

"My daughter needs a new bra," said one of the older woman, enlisting the aid of the salesgirl who had been with Carla and Ellen to begin with. Tiffany led them on to slips and underslips that she said that the girls needed badly, according to Kendra, whom Tiffany seemed to know well.

"Oh, she always shops here," said Tiffany with a smile. "All of you Rho girls do, off and on. And we love you all coming in, so many debutantes this year, aren't there? And you all have those wonderful debit cards from your sorority! That's why you girls are always so welcome here! Now, Kendra said that you all need new nightdresses, babydolls as well as minis. They're right over here!"

And so it went on. Tiffany finally had to step over and deal with other women and leave the girls to decide for themselves which panties they should put

into the baskets they all now possessed that were rapidly filling up with all kinds of women's underwear.

"Isn't this just so scrumptious?" squeaked Carla, her platinum blonde, short wig and heavily madeup, black outlined eyes giving her a really modern look, like one of the girls in the huge picture posters on the wall.

"Scrumptious?" asked Tanya, watching the other girl in the mirrored walls, standing before Tanya, both of them so femininely figured, their breasts prominent in the bare-armed, thin-strapped summery dresses they were wearing.

"Isn't it a lovely word for a girl to use?" said Carla, her madeup face lit up, her pink, lipsticked mouth pouting as the girls had been taught to do in a lesson earlier in the week.

Like all the girls, Tanya had lost track of time completely. She just did as she was told of late, dressed as she was told, danced with whom she was told and kissed whom she was told. Life was so much simpler when she just accepted that she was a girl, Tanya, and let others dress her, train her and make love to her.

The last thought brought a shudder to her as Carla was squeaking away, swirling as she spoke, and telling Tanya how one of the salesgirls in the store had used 'scrumptious', to describe the lovely new designs they had in, for girls like Carla and Ellen.

"Sounds like something delicious to eat," murmured Tanya and that set Carla off in giggles.

"We have to go and try on our dresses for the ball," said Ellen in the soft whisper she used that

made her sound like Tanya was trying to sound. If her voice was the same as Ellen's, then it was no wonder that Tiffany thought that Tanya was a girl. Ellen definitely sounded girlish and had shopped like a girl as well.

"Oh, I can't decide," she'd gushed to Tiffany. "Everything is so beautiful! I want to buy everything in the store!"

"Over the next few years, you probably will!" Tiffany had responded and the two girls had giggled and hugged one another, while beside them, the third girl in the group, Tanya, had looked pained until she saw herself in the mirrors, as much a stylish girl as everyone else around them. She put on the smile that all Rho girls had to use, and shivered as she went on shopping like a girl.

There were girls they all knew at the checkouts. "Oh, I love this!" one of the checkout girls said to Christine, making the girl blush. "My boy friend wants me to wear a body shaper like this for him! It's so pretty but we don't have my size yet in black!"

"Oh, what lovely panties you've chosen!" And so on and so on came the praises and compliments for all the girls as they all got shopping bags with *Feminine Mystique* written on the sides so that they could walk through the mall and promote the boutique as they did so.

There were ladies' shoe stores that they had to visit. Tanya was served by a young guy who touched her stockinged legs gently as he tried different high heels on her. She felt her breast pads perk up and stick out more as she modeled her new shoes. Oh, how smooth her legs were and how womanly they

looked with the hem of her skirts swirling about her, her open-toed shoes sparkling as she moved.

Of course, each of them had to end up at the dress boutique. Tanya and Rosemary stood aghast as they watched Nadine and Corinne emerge from the women's dressing gowns to the 'Ooos' of the other girls, many their sisters, like Kendra and Fiona, who served as consultants to the dressmakers and alterers who swarmed around the blushing girls.

"Our turn soon," squeaked Rosemary and Tanya nodded with a shudder, clutching her boutique bags to her.

"When is all this ever going to end?" Tanya asked, thinking she was talking to herself.

"Never," said Astrid gaily, coming up behind her and slipping between the awe-struck girls.

"After the ball," Tanya gasped, staring at the statuesque blonde 'sister', whom she now knew could never be a sister at all to anyone.

"You have to try on some of the darling dresses they have here, as well as your evening gowns," said Astrid enthusiastically. "Oh, look at the cocktail dress that Madeleine is wearing! Isn't that so pretty with all the sequins gleaming like that against the dark blue? We should see if they have it in red, Tanya? That would be the perfect color for you."

Angelina and Heidi swished out of the changing rooms, their hair pinned up, the blue and greens of their dangling earrings matching the strapless gowns each was wearing. Heidi was laughing as Angelina twirled her in the long dress. An Alpha boy, whose name Tanya didn't know, got up from a chair and did the same for Angelina, giving her a

kiss at the end. He was roundly scolded by the women checking the dresses then for 'spoiling the pretty girl's makeup'! To Tanya's eyes, the pretty girl, Angelina, had been more than willing to kiss and hold onto the young man who clearly admired her.

Ellen looked around and whispered, "Rosemary!" and so Tanya was left with Astrid as the girl who had been her partner went swaying off excitedly with another girl like her to try on a gown for the Ball whenever that great occasion was to take place.

"Let's look at some dresses while we wait for your name to be called," said Astrid, her voice so feminine and high-pitched. She sounded so naturally female that Tanya couldn't believe that she had seen and felt what she had in the bathtub with Astrid.

"But, after the Ball," said Tanya thickly, "we are all going to be Alpha men, aren't we, those of us who pass the rites?"

"If you want to be," said Astrid easily with a lovely, girlish smile. "I passed the rites, you know, and this is what I chose to be. The Gamma Rho girls said I had passed their rites of passage as well as I made love to my first man after the ball. I've been making love to Alpha men ever since. You, Tanya, will be just like me. Everyone expects it, you know."

"I know," said Tanya with a shudder and then heard Kendra calling her name and Carla's. It was time to put on a woman's evening gown and see how she would look for the Debutante's Ball.

John Aitken didn't expect anything more than the usual raft of business letters as he stopped the car by the mail box and emptied it onto the front seat before him. When he got out and strode into his house, he stopped, astonished, as he recognized the handwriting on the large envelope, addressed to him.

"Sir?" began his housekeeper, coming forward anxiously as John Aitken stood staring at the envelope.

"It's a letter from Granger," the old man said. "I'll be in my study when the policeman arrives."

John Aitken opened the envelope quickly, the letter in Granger's handwriting opening in front of him, the second package labeled 'Photographs' falling on his desk.

Glasses finally in place, John Aitken began to read, his mouth mumbling the words as he often did when he wanted to make sure that he understood what he was reading.

"Dear Daddy," the letter began. John grimaced at the babyish opening. He didn't recall Granger ever calling him that since he was a small child and had had a 'Mummy' as well.

"Dear Daddy," he began to read and recite again. "Unfortunately, I've heard that my excuse for leaving university has fallen through more quickly than I thought it would, and you realize by now that I am not in school or with the Guard. Please sit down now, Daddy, because what I am going to tell you now is going to strike you very hard."

“Oh, Daddy, Daddy, I do love you so much!” John Aitken’s eyes almost popped out of his head as he read those words and the uneven way they were written across the page, as if a child had written them.

“I know that you love me,” the letter went on, “and I hope that you still will, Daddy, when I tell you where I really am and what I am having done to myself. You can sit down now, Daddy, you really should, before you turn over the page!!!

“I’m in a clinic, Daddy, a surgical clinic. It’s a clinic that carries out sexual reassignments, Daddy.

“Yes, when you see me again, if you ever will, Daddy, I won’t be Granger, your son, any more. I will be Marilyn, your daughter.”

John Aitken sat down, his outstretched hands sweeping the coffee cup and wine glasses from his desk. The loud crash when they hit the wall brought his housekeeper on the run.

“No, do that later!” he thundered at Mrs Harris. “I want to read this alone!”

The housekeeper, used to John Aitken’s ways, picked up the tray at least and the largest broken glass shards and skittered away to the kitchen to complain as usual to her husband-gardener.

John Aitken’s mouth was agape in shock as he read the incredible line again and again in disbelief. “I won’t be Granger, your son, any more,” Granger, his son, had written. “I will be Marilyn, your daughter.”

After the third reading, John Aitken screwed up the awful letter in his hands and threw it across the room. He got up and staggered to his drinks cabinet,

brushing the wines out of the way, not caring where they landed, as he sought a heavier, harder drink, the bourbon just raw enough to burn his throat, and awaken his mind.

The letter was handwritten and so it suffered from the way that he had torn and creased it but, finally, John Aitken was able to sit down and start to read again, wondering why Granger knew that he was causing his father a heart attack over such a stupid, practical joke.

“Yes, Daddy,” the letter went on from the point that John Aitken had thrown it away. “I am going to become what I have always known that I was inside. I am going to be a girl, Daddy!” Granger had printed that again and again across the page in capital letters. “I AM A GIRL! I AM A GIRL! I AM A GIRL, DADDY!”

“Yes, that’s why I have to call you Daddy now,” the writer of the letter had gone on. “It wouldn’t be right for me to call you ‘Father’ as I have been doing so stiffly of late. I really do want to hug you, Daddy,” John Aitken had to take a deep draft of his bourbon then to calm his shuddering down, “as a loving daughter should.

“But I know that may be too hard for you, Daddy, or for you to call me, Marilyn, as you should. Yes, I’ve begun my transition to womanhood, Daddy. I’m wearing women’s clothing all the time. Oh, I can’t tell you how wonderful it feels to have my skirts swirling around me and to wear a bra and panties!

“My hair is growing but it is still a wig that I’m wearing in the pictures of me that I’ve sent you. Oh, Daddy, be happy for me. I am ecstatically happy at the choice I have finally made. I was so unhappy at

university! I wonder if you ever noticed. My best friend, Lily, a girl in transition like me, tells me that I am the best actress she has ever seen. She didn't know I was such a girl as I am until I took her out on a date and she let me try on all her clothes when I took her home. She took most of the photos of me.

"There's a picture of Lily and me, that I blurred of her, as you might recognize her as one of my friends. The boys with us, yes, they are our boy friends for a time but, as I said to her, when I get everything done that I want to have done to make me the perfect Marilyn, I am definitely going to upgrade in boy friends. I will have men friends then!

"Did you throw down or rip up this letter at that point, Daddy? I hope you didn't. This is not a joke, Daddy. I am going to be a woman completely by the next time we meet. My voice will be so changed when I am able to speak again that you won't know me on the phone.

"I'll send you a video of me when it's all done, my nose and face altered to be a lot more feminine, things like that, and, yes, I will have boobies, as you always used to call them to Mummy's disgust. I won't mind if you use that word about mine, Daddy.

"Oh, I wish I could have you write back or e-mail me, but you can't, Daddy. That part I have hidden better than I did the Guard call-up that I didn't get, anyway. I do love you, Daddy. I do, I do, I do, love you, Daddy, and I want to hug you as you wouldn't let your son. Hugging isn't so manly, isn't it, Daddy? But hugging will be all right for your daughter, won't it? I have years of hugging and kissing to make up with you, Daddy. And I will if you let me.

"Your affectionate, loving daughter, Marilyn."

The signature scrawled all across the page and the 'I' was dotted, not with a period, but with a heart. There were a number of 'Xs' and 'Os' across the bottom of the page to represent 'kisses and hugs' John Aitken saw, his whole body shaking as he stared at the sealed package of photos.

A light tap on the door startled him. "I want to be alone," John Aitken thundered as Mrs Harris' head appeared.

"Detective Moore is here," she said, her eyes opening in surprise at the wine bottles and glass on the floor. "Shall I ...?"

"No, send him in," said John Aitken gruffly.

The detective who had accompanied John Aitken to the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity in search of information on the disappearance entered the library and, primed by Mrs Harris, paid no attention to the wine and the pool of coffee and wine still on the hardwood floor.

"You can stop looking for my son," snapped John Aitken to the policeman. "I've heard from him. He's alive, apparently, and, and, living out some crisis of his own, nothing to do with police or the law."

"Ah," said the policeman, seeing the creased letter of several pages in front of the old man at the desk. A reek of alcohol reached him. "I should return all the files and computers we took from Alpha House to them, should I?"

"Yes," said a grey-faced John Aitken, reaching for his bourbon bottle and pouring himself another glass.

"I will," said Ted Moore, who had served as a bailiff on this file as a favor to his brother, a judge.

“There wasn’t anything anywhere that would serve as a lead to where your son is, Mr Aitken. But I do have to have a word with the Alpha fraternity council. The President of that group has a most unhealthy interest in other men of a certain type, I should tell them.”

“Men of a certain type?” croaked John Aitken. “What type?”

“Men who like to dress as women,” said Ted Moore candidly. “He seems to have been making attempts to meet with many of them but the vast majority were too reserved or too wary to make a real contact.”

John Aitken froze for a moment, the glass close to his mouth.

“Men who dress as women,” said Aitken thickly, putting his glass down.

“Yes, Mr Aitken,” said Ted Moore, staring at the older man. “That couldn’t have anything to do with the disappearance of your son, though, could it?”

The fifth ambulance trip brought the last of the patients to the clinic’s receiving area. The nurses, led by Shelley, moved quickly to have each of the patients removed to the surgical area of the clinic.

“Ugh!” said Marisa, a graduate nurse like Shelley. “This one hasn’t had any transitioning at all, has she?”

“No,” agreed Shelley. “Nancy and Trudi have been sent here directly on orders of the Alumni Council.”

Marisa's pretty mouth made a perfect 'O' of surprise. "Which was the one who gave Jane her black eyes?"

"She did a lot more than that to Jane," said Shelley, indicating the quiet body on the other trolley where the sedated Trudi awaited their attentions.

"And we're going to do a lot to these girls in return," said Marisa, studying all the procedures outlined for the 'girls' on the pallets.

"New rules," said Shelley with a smile. "Rapists end up here, like this." She gestured to the open door where there were three other girls being prepped for their surgeries. Marilyn was going to be the first to undergo facial feminization and the others would follow in later days. The nurses and Dr Jane Livingstone were going to be very busy.

"Why isn't Dr Nettles helping out with these patients?" asked Marisa, glancing at her own image in the mirror. She was going to have to put her curly mass of chestnut brown hair into a bun as usual for surgery. She pouted at her image, thinking how wonderful the surgery had been that had given her such womanish looks. She wrinkled her thin, pretty nose as she looked at Trudi and Nancy, thinking that the surgery was really going to be wasted on them, when Jane got around to it.

"Greg's been out on some courses," Shelley said with a smile. "Jane said that they didn't expect there to be any big rush of patients here. When Greg's back from Thailand," she stressed the name and Marisa looked at her with sudden interest, "we'll be able to offer some interesting new surgeries, Jane was telling me, some that we'll have to use on Trudi and Nancy for starters."

Marisa stared at her fellow nurse who was lathering Nancy's hairy chest, abdomen and legs. "We can't do that here!" said Marisa, feeling a sensation in her panties as she thought about what sort of new operations Greg Nettles might be qualified to perform. "We'd be publicized, wouldn't we, and people would look at all the girls we treat here much more closely!"

"We'll see," said Shelley. "You know how things are around here. I had the impression that we're still going to be a private clinic, whatever Greg and Jane are doing. Will you prep Trudi for her T and A, like Nancy here? I should check out Marilyn and see if Vanessa has arrived yet."

Vanessa was the anesthetist, a Rho girl in her time, who also worked in the university city's main hospital as well as with her friend, Jane. The 'private' clinic serviced the university with a staff of former Rho girls, as nurses, technicians and receptionists. Most serious work on non-Alpha men or non-Rho girls, of course, was transferred to one of the specialized hospitals in town.

"Panties and nighties?" asked Marisa with a smile as she regarded the girls sleeping fitfully on their pallets.

"Yes," said Shelley, checking her makeup before leaving the room. "Start as we mean to go on, right? And you can cut off the shirts so that you don't have to take off the cuffs. Watch out for Trudi in particular. She's very strong for a girl, something that we'll have to attend to, Jane says."

“You’re looking unbelievably beautiful, Rachel,” said Alan Fox, giving her his most charming smile as he approached the little group of girls that had been summoned to the Council meeting.

Rachel smiled nervously, remembering how she had become a woman in the hands of this man whom she had actually cried over when he let her go back to the sorority. The other girls, Emma, Melanie and Penny were smiling as well, approving the man’s moving in on Rachel, she was sure, as they edged away to give the man some space to link his arms about the red-haired girl’s narrow waist.

“Nice to see you again, Alan,” Rachel murmured in the lovely voice she had developed for him, thinking that that was what had made him drop her. She put her hand on his chest as he put his arm about her shoulder most familiarly. “Still as charming as ever, aren’t you, my love?” she added as Alan caressed her back, finding her bra easily and making it tighten about her as he always could.

“My darling Rachel,” said the nightclub operator, “still don’t trust men like me?”

“You only want to get into my panties,” said Rachel in a low voice, feeling herself being turned on by Alan Fox’s touch, just as she always was. “I should give you some and you should try wearing them.”

Alan Fox’s laughter seemed genuine. His eyes crinkled with amusement as he swayed Rachel to him in a hug. “I can’t do that,” he whispered, kissing her ear, making her dangling, golden earring twist against her neck. “One of us has to be the man in

our bed and you'd be terrible as a man, my darling girl."

"I, I don't think so," said Rachel, aware that her companions were watching her with different amounts of amusement as well. How typical of Alan to single her out, make her feel special, and so very girly, as he ushered her towards the familiar offices of the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity.

Thinking about that made Rachel recall the first time she and Emma had been in here. It must have been the same for Penny and Melanie. They'd all have been thinking, as she had, that they were going to be Alpha fraternity members some day. Well, if Gamma Rho sorority was a wholly owned subsidiary of Alpha House, then, in a way, she was a frat member, wasn't she, like all of her sisters.

"Ah, ladies," said Corman James formally. Rachel gaped at the man who had been President in the previous two years. There were chairs brought forward by Ray Baker and some of the younger men in the council room. But it wasn't those that surprised Rachel as she sat, smoothing her dress beneath her skirt before crossing her stockinged legs. The surprise was that there were so many older, smiling men, admiring and assessing the girls as they tucked in their arms, crossed their legs and sat in ladylike fashion, in their pretty dresses, in front of the Council and so many alumni of the Alpha fraternity.

"We have a bit of a crisis in the fraternity," said Corman James, Past President, as the other members of the Council, Peter, Bertie and Will, didn't say anything right away, just staring at the girls, at Rachel in particular. She felt as if she was being

stroked romantically the way the men were looking at her. She liked the feeling.

“I’d like to thank you, Rachel and Emma, the Mistresses of Rho House,” Corman went on giving all the girls his white, perfect teeth smile, “for all that you’ve done to help us through this bad time.”

Rachel shivered as she wondered what that could be. Was he referring to Marilyn, Elizabeth and Olivia, now on their way to the clinic, and Jane’s tender mercies, or was there something else he wanted, such as a special arrangement for trysts for all of these eager men?

“Rachel, the letter that you wrote has had the desired effect,” Corman went on, surprising her that he mentioned it in front of the Council. She had thought that only Peter would have known what she had done at his suggestion. “But, something you girls should know, is that because of what was on the computer of the former President – it was something that the searchers, brought here legally by John Aitken, confiscated - we have another problem that will involve you girls this year and next and possibly for years to come.”

“Have you not found something different about our debutantes as a whole this year?” asked Peter Simpson directly of the girls there.

Rachel stared at him. “What do you mean?” she asked guardedly, the other girls shifting nervously. She could hear their dresses rustling and their stockings scraping one over the other as they adjusted how they were sitting.

“It appears that, that, Trudi,” said Peter, referring to the girl that Rachel had been so happy to hear about but hadn’t yet seen in her ‘debutante’ apparel,

“recruited a special kind of girl for Rho House this year. She did it over the Internet, looking for those pre-disposed to be Rho girls. I would have thought that you girls would have noticed how accommodating the new girls are this year to what should have been a new role for them. For some of them, it apparently wasn’t true.”

“We have noticed some things,” said Rachel quickly, glancing at the other girls who were looking at her in shock. “We did make changes this year, as we were shocked at having so many debutantes offered to us, but, as you say, we noticed the speed with which some have accepted their roles. The journey to womanhood has been outstandingly quick for all of them. We were putting part of it down to the high number ...”

“It’s more than that,” put in Bertie. “Our former President was deliberately filling our ranks with transvestites ...”

Corman immediately stopped Bertie. “We don’t use that word for our girls, Lord Albert. After all, a girl is a girl is a girl. A girl with long hair, a scintillatingly female shape,” Corman smiled at Rachel, making her feel quite warm as his eyes drifted down her figure to her long, lovely legs, “a girl who wants a man to make love to her, and is skilled in doing that, we must call her what she is, a girl.”

There was a pause then as several of the older men were nodding in agreement. Only Ray Baker looked startled by what he was hearing. Probably he’d never considered what the girls of Rho House really were, thought Rachel, catching his glance at her. She smiled at him. He was the one to flush and look away.

“With the letter that Marilyn has sent to her father,” Will began as Bertie glared at the girls as if it was their fault that Trudi, they all had difficulty right then in remembering that name, and using it for ‘her’, the former President of the fraternity, “and what was on Trudi’s computer, we have admitted to Mr Aitken that there seems to have been a transvestite link, sorry, but we have to use the word, in the investigation that is being conducted into the link between Marilyn and Trudi.”

“We’ll deal with that,” said Peter firmly. “We’ve had these family enquiries before, though not so persistent or so authoritative. At least, we’ll be getting Trudi’s computer back and so we’ll find out all that she was doing and how we are going to protect all the new Rho girls.”

“As well as ourselves,” Will put in sharply.

“As well as ourselves,” Peter agreed. “One change that we are going to make to the Council, Rachel, Emma, this year’s Mistresses, and Melanie and Penelope, next year’s,” he was one of the few to use her name in full, causing the girl to give him a bright smile, “is that we are now going to include Rho girls in the council.”

“You’ll have a say in running the sorority and the fraternity,” said Will earnestly.

“We should have done this, years ago,” Corman chimed in as well, looking around at the other alumni. “Then we wouldn’t have this fiasco with Trudi and Marilyn that we seem to be having. Still, matters are in hand there, with Peter now as President, Bertie as Secretary in Peter’s place and Rachel and Emma reporting on all things female and feminine.”

“Tell us about the new girls,” said one of the alumni, an O’Reilly, Emma thought.

“We’re not going to have any kind of scene at the Ball, are we? We do have a lot of caterers, musicians, servers and such around the place. Will the new girls be ready for all of the attention that will be showered on them this year? We are going to have a lot of alumni and alumna,” he smiled at the girls as he let them know that former Rho girls would be at the Debutantes’ Ball, which was a little unusual, “in attendance this year. We reckon on a crowd in excess of a hundred.”

All of the girls gasped at that number. “Yes,” rumbled Corman. He loved the feminine hands, the long, painted nails that were put up to the lovely full-lipped mouths of Rho girls. He loved the glossy lipsticks that they all wore. “Actually, it’s over one hundred and thirty, Bill, at present. Lord Albert, you need to check your supplies list. This is going to be an event like the Homecoming Ball or the Gala Ball, only this time we will have the neophyte girls and four new Alpha men to welcome in.”

“W-Where are we going to put everyone?” asked a nervous Emma, finally speaking up in front of all the men and worrying about it. She half expected to be told off and shouted down for asking a question in a gathering of men.

“We’re going to use the Alpha ballroom for this Ball,” said Peter decisively. “The ballrooms and teaching rooms in Rho House will be partitioned and all the furniture you need, beds, lamps, dressing tables, and the like, will be supplied by teams of Alpha men with help from some alumni. Some men can bunk in here at first, but soon, with all the pairing off, we won’t have many new men over here, either.”

“I wanted to ask about the new girls and the pairing off,” Bill O’Reilly started in doggedly again. “Are they all ready for the after-ball parties, the new girls?”



“Yes,” said Rachel, re-tucking her dress about her lovely legs, her bracelets jangling as she moved her thin, feminine arms and hands. “You know how it normally is. We have usually, in my four years here, presented virgins as debts on Ball Night. I can tell you that there isn’t one of the twelve debutantes who will be presented at the ball this year who will be a virgin.”

The men stared at the girls, their eyes widening in skepticism. “Not one,” said Rachel with a toss of her long, red hair and an impish, womanly smile at the stunned faces about her in the room. “I can’t say the same, though, about the new Alpha men. Have you had them initiated yet? I haven’t heard from any of the girls that you’ve done that up to now?”

“B-Trudi was supposed to organize that,” said Bertie.

“I’ll take care of that, now that I’m back,” volunteered Will and the others were happy to leave that task up to him. That was sometimes where the fireworks were ignited as the new Alpha men learned what their rite of passage to full membership in the fraternity entailed.

“There must be some problem children,” said Alan Fox with a charming smile at all of the girls. If he asked any girl to entertain him that night, thought Rachel sourly, they would all swoon with pleasure at being asked by such a handsome, gently-spoken man. And making love to him would be everything that all the girls wished for in a man, if they did but know it, as she did.

“Tanya will probably be the biggest problem, though she’s the smallest girl,” said Emma. “Martin Best was a little too hard on her. I think he forced a

morning tryst on her while she was still trying to come to grips with what she'd allowed a man to do to her. She's gone through with all the shopping trips and mall walks, of course, but some of the comments she's made, about how glad she'll be when the Ball is over and that she doesn't know if this is all worth it to be a member of Alpha House, tell us that she hasn't really accepted what she is just yet."

"Leave that one to me then," said Alan Fox with another of his charming smiles.

"You really do think that your God's gift to women, don't you?" asked Steve Pembleton sarcastically, trying to grumble but the words came out with all the amusement that he really felt.

"Well, in my year," Alan said with a laugh and the mood in the room seemed to lighten right away, the girls all smiling and moving slightly, coyly, demurely, in their lovely dresses as they studied him, "there were only four girls and they wouldn't even come to the ball in a dress until I visited them all and promised to dance with them and take them through the ceremonies."

"Which I did!" Alan protested as the men in the group began jeering and laughing at him and his supposed accomplishments. "You haven't lived," Alan insisted, smiling at Rachel who was so glad that he hadn't used her as an example of his prowess. She could have confirmed that Alan's skill with a woman like her was all that he said that it was, "until you've had four women in your bed all trying to be the woman of your dreams. I still remember all their names, Annette, Shelley, Erica and Beatrice. Ask any of them! It's a true story!"

“You have something else to ask of the girls on the Council, Brother Fox,” said Corman James then formally as he continued to run the meeting.

“Oh, yes,” said Alan Fox. “Since you have so many girls and some may not be as committed to sorority life by the way Trudi has recruited them, I would like to suggest that we have a Las Vegas night in a month’s time.”

“Why?” asked one of the other O’Reillys in the group.

“I’m thinking of starting another club,” said Alan Fox earnestly. “A club for alumni who would like to meet Rho girls once more and, if we can screen the right men, those who will really like a Vegas show, complete with adorable showgirls, for their manly entertainment.”

“But don’t you have ...” began Steve Pembleton with a frown.

“Yes, I do have some Rho girls working for me,” said Alan Fox. “Rachel has worked in one of my clubs as a cocktail waitress.”

Rachel blushed as several of the men looked at her in interest.

“I love using that word, cocktail,” said Alan mischievously as Rachel flushed some more and several men smiled more openly at her, the invitation in their mannerisms quite clear to a girl like her.

“But the thing is that some of the girls we’ve had from here, notably Jennifer Graham, if you’ve seen her lately in *The Bridal Game*, with Cam Watford,” said Alan, “have slipped away and been snipped and then they’ve disappeared, married as women, or

gone on the streets, found careers, and we lose them.

“Now, some of the girls I employ as dancers are frustrated because, of course, the guys who admire them and want to bed them really don’t want a Rho girl. They’re in danger if they think they can take a man to the ends of the earth without telling him who is taking them that far.

“I’ve done my best,” said Alan modestly. “I really have. Anyway, with all the girls I’ve trained to be coaches and trainers as well, I think I can make a club go with just Rho girls. And that’s why I want to get in touch with these new girls, who may not be thinking of motherhood! Sorry, Frank Hudson, Steve, and anyone else who’s exclusive to one girl.

“But I want to get the new girls who like men, who like variety and spice, to work for me and not go off to some female impersonators’ club as Donna Wilson has. She says she has nowhere else to work in Vegas. You guys just don’t come often enough and visit her for long enough. Actually, most of you go to Vegas with your wives, don’t you; Donna said that and told me how lonely she really is.”

“And where is this club going to be? In Vegas?” asked Matt O’Reilly doubtfully.

“I think right here, in state,” said Alan Fox as several men sat up and seemed ready to ask a lot more questions of him. “Yes, I’ll accept investors, if you want to do that, but what I’m really looking for is customers and, if my checking is right, since we started doing this fifteen years ago, we’ve had nearly three hundred alumni graduate from here ...”

“But not that many girls,” cut in Bob Maslow, from his couch. “Sometimes, when I used to come

over when I first left here, I could never get a date since all the girls were promised to frat brothers for the evening. It's been an eye opener that there are so many girls, so many pretty girls, over here in Rho, and soon, we grads will have access to them all!"

"The new girls are going to tie up the clinic for a while with T and A work," said Rachel then before everyone got too enthusiastic about the showgirls they would be seducing in a few weeks' time. "And some need new nose jobs and other improvements ... you know what you guys like in a girl."

"Oh, we do that," said Bob Maslow from his chair and there was general laughter from all around the room.

The girls soon found that the men were adamantly in favor of Alan Fox's ideas as well. No matter how far along the new girls were in their transitions, there was going to be a Las Vegas night very soon. All the girls were going to be recruited to work for Alan Fox. He smiled at Rachel most pleasantly as he told her that he was moving back to the campus for a while to reawaken old relationships as well as start new ones with the girls who now made up a significant part of the Gamma Rho sorority.

"Can you help me with this taping?" asked Tanya as Astrid was giggling and showing Rosemary how she had to tape her breasts for the Ball that night. All around Tanya were girls. There were girls like her, all in a state of excitement and nervousness, now that the big day had finally arrived. The Debu-

tainantes' Ball was to be that very evening. There were beautiful girls of all types and ages arriving and moving into the new rooms that the men had made in Rho House.

In the small ballroom, all the girls were clustered about the beds. The curtains for partitions were drawn back. Everywhere, anxious girls were in different states of undress as they readied themselves for the Ball. It was difficult to ask for help with all the noise, so many new, inflected, affected, feminine voices being tried out for effect by the babbling girls, so busy feminizing everything about them.

"Let me show you again," laughed Astrid, using a knee to force closed the corset that Rosemary had to wear. Tanya shivered as she looked at her friend, her cleavage so evident as she powdered her shoulders lightly to make her newly tanned skin glow with female attractiveness.

The taping over Tanya's chest took almost no time at all. "It's best to apply some makeup here and here," Astrid said, almost yelling in her so real, feminine voice, as she showed her sister how to make her cleavage deeper and womanlike. Then, it was Tanya's turn to struggle with her body shaper and the paddings that she had to tape in place that made her figure appear to be like a woman's.

Heidi slipped by her to use Tanya's mirror to check her makeup, her sister, Denise, following her, looking so unbelievably sexy in her black panties and corset. She had shoulder straps as she wasn't a debutante. Denise's stockings were black like her high heels. She sat beside her sister so gracefully and helped Heidi to touch up her face powder and fragrance, while the two girls giggled, like, like girls going out on a date, of course.

“Oh, you’re so gorgeous!” Nadine had to tell Tanya, reaching out to caress the lovely curls that clustered about Tanya’s face. They were making her shudder so, each time she looked at the girls pictured in all the mirrors. In some, she hadn’t realized that it was herself, Tanya, in the white garter belt and stockings, her panties hiding everything about her that would be so revealing. She really didn’t seem to have anything between her legs, Tanya could see, and neither did any of the girls who were still in their panties like her.

“So are you, Nadine,” Tanya said, making a moue with her lips as if she was going to kiss Nadine as she held the other girl and hugged her.

“We do have to watch for accidents with our makeup, don’t we?” giggled Nadine, the diamond pendants she was wearing swinging wildly from her ears. She moved on to congratulate and false kiss Rosemary and Denise as well, swirling her split slip against the other girls.

“It’s like a hospital ward in here,” said Angelina, as she swayed up to Tanya and hugged her, the scent of flowers, as it had been with Nadine, overpowering the little blonde debutante.

There was a girlish shriek then from the doorway that announced the arrival of the dresses. All together, those on the first rack looked so incredible, a riot of colors, from pink to black, astounding Tanya’s heavily madeup eyes.

“Oh, there’s mine, the green sparkly one,” squealed Angelina. “And my shoes! Oh, where’s my sister? Where’s Natalie? She promised to help me!”

There was chaos and panic for a while as some girls had to adjust hair pieces, full wigs not being al-

lowed at a 'grand ball', as the Debutante's Ball seemed to classify as. Others were like Tanya, late in getting into their so tight body shapers. Some were asking if they should put on all the jewellery supplied to them before they put on their dresses or not.

Astrid grabbed Tanya's hand and led her into the melee, claiming the shocking pink dress for Tanya and a sequined black dress for herself. "I, I need my slip, and my shoes!" Tanya gasped.

"We've got them," said Astrid, putting shopping bags with boxes in Tanya's hands. Tanya felt the scrape of her nails on the bag, a shudder passing through her as she thought of the colorful nails that she didn't want to look at. She felt so feminine when she looked at her lovely, femininely shaped nails and her newly tanned, smooth, hairless arms as well. Now the bracelets she had to wear jingled there, along with the golden bangle that Alan Fox had given her with the ring she had to wear, a golden band. The gifts from him weren't unique as all the debutantes had been provided with older, graduated Alpha fraternity men as 'dates' for the dance. And all the men had sent jewellery to the girls they were going to 'squire' for the night.

"You're so lucky," Gwendolyn had told her. "My sister says that Alan Fox is the one whom all the older girls wanted for their date. And you get him, Tanya. I hope you know what to do with a man like that! All of us girls want the story of your date tomorrow if any of us make breakfast!"

Oh, how Gwen had giggled while Tanya had shivered inside. She had mentioned to Astrid that she could change men with her, as Astrid had Martin for a 'beginning companion', her sister had said.

“No, we can’t do that,” said Astrid with an amused smile. “You’ll dance with all the men of course but you have to go back to your date at the end of all the sets. He’ll be the one to give you permission to dance with the men he chooses, his friends usually.”

“That was how it was for you?” Tanya had asked Astrid, her hand stopping in mid-air, poised to brush the lip gloss on her pouting lips, as several of the girls, the late dressers, were doing.

“It was different at the Debutante’s Ball when I was inducted into the sorority,” said Astrid dreamily. “There were only the four of us, Rachel, Emma, and Paulette. There weren’t any alumni or alumna here for the dances. That came first in the Gala Ball, when all the alums try to be here. Oh, I must have been with ten guys or more over that first weekend. They all wanted me. I think that it’s only going to be a little like that this time. But we’ve never had so many girls inducted before.”

“But twelve men isn’t uncommon,” Tanya had said.

“No,” agreed Astrid with a smile at the other as if she knew what the girl wanted to ask. “There are eight new men being put up for the frat this year.”

“Twelve,” said Tanya, pointing around the room where they were practicing dance moves when called forward by the instructors.

“Oh, you silly girl,” Astrid had said with a laugh. “You aren’t still thinking that you want to be an Alpha like George or Martin.”

“It’s what I signed up for,” said Tanya, unable to keep the nervousness out of her new voice.

“You should read the fine print,” said Astrid with a smile and a giggle as she applauded Madeleine who’d just done a whole series of twirls with the male instructor, Mr Kenneth, who’d only appeared in the last two days to put the finishing touches on what the girls were doing. He was actually very helpful about dancing in high, high heels and in tight dresses. He’d made the girls dance with their legs in small hoops for a while and he was right. It had helped them all to dance more like girls.

“I thought he was gay,” Tanya had said with a tremble as Mr Kenneth kissed Madeleine on completion of her dance with him, telling her he wished he could be there to dance with her, as she was sure to be the prettiest girl at the Ball.

Madeleine had been blushing and nervous. She didn’t refuse the second kiss that Mr Kenneth gave her, though, totally unlike the girl who had had to be held down by Becky and made to wear a dress for the first time, just three weeks before.

“Beautiful dancing,” Astrid had enthused. “Such a pretty girl you are, Madeleine!”

“Ooo, thank you, thank you, Astrid!” said Madeleine as a smiling Becky came to claim her and take her off to her date in the spa with the beauticians. They’d all spent two days in heaven, as Astrid had called it, while Tanya shivered and shuddered. In the midst of so many women of both sexes, she worried about what was going to happen to her, Tanya, as soon as the ordeal of training was completed at the Debutantes’ Ball.

More racks of dresses were brought in by older girls, the room erupting in activity all about Tanya.

Almost reverently, Astrid took the wrappings off the lovely dress that Tanya had to wear.

“Oh, you are going to be so lovely!” Astrid whispered in awe as she held the dress against herself. “Your heels on first, Tanya! This is a dress that we draw up and mold to your lovely body, my girl.”

The open-toed, pink high heels matched her dress in color as well as in rhinestone patterns. Tanya felt so weird as she put them on and felt all the feminine underclothing that gripped her. She had to step into a slip, pink of course, to step into her dress, yes, her dress, and have Astrid and a smiling Denise shape it to her. They made her twirl and swirl in it, making her feel again how it fitted to her, restricting how she could move. Tanya looked down fearfully and there, she looked as if she was a woman with real breasts. Wildly, she looked around for a long mirror and, when an ecstatic Julia moved away, doing the same twirls and swirls as Tanya had done, the little girl gasped as she saw herself.

“My hair!” she said to Astrid in consternation, as the length and volume of the hair piece attached to the back of her freshly permed and dyed strawberry blonde hair was revealed. And that wasn’t all. Oh, her chest ached as she felt herself thrusting forward into the dress. She looked as if she really was real!

“Help me be a beautiful girl, too!” said Astrid, making Tanya shiver more as she helped Astrid to zip herself into her lovely, black, glinting, evening gown. All she could think of for a moment was that neither she nor Astrid was real. They were men in lovely women’s clothing but they looked so real, as women that is.

“My hair!” said Tanya again, remembering her protests at having to have her hair dyed blonde, the same color as the wig that she had been given to wear. “How will I ever get it back to what it was for classes!”

“Don’t go!” laughed Astrid, changing her earrings for even longer dangles than she had had on before. “Ooo, look, Tanya, the men have arrived!”

“Just as soon as you girls are really ready,” said Emma loudly, and the noise faded so that everyone could hear her, “the debutantes can go out into the hallway and let their dates find them. They will have a wrap for each of you girls in your color for the ball. The other girls will meet their dates in here and organize this room for privacy and noise reduction.

“There’ll be hangers and stands for the clothes you wear at the ball and fresh packages on the stands for you new girls after you bathe. Night-dresses and fresh panties go on the pillows in the room, so there is a lot of work to be done, all you old girls! Get the men to help you. Repair your makeup. Everyone, remember to take a purse and use the perfume we’ve spent a fortune on. Okay, get a move on, everyone, the band is playing and it is time for the Debutantes’ Ball.”

“Noise reduction?” asked a squeaky-voiced Corinne as she came by in her flowing, strapless burgundy dress.

“Some men are terrible snorers,” said a dulcet-toned Nadine, clearly loving the way that her emerald-colored dress fitted her.

The rustle of dresses all around made it hard to hear clearly. So does Corinne understand, a dry-throated Tanya thought, what Nadine expects to

be going on in this supposedly all-girl sleeping quarter overnight? And if all of us girls have the one bathing area to share in the morning, where are the men going to be bathing? That thought made Tanya shudder even more and make her even more determined to be the only future Alpha fraternity member who was going to be sleeping alone that night, no matter the 'rites of passage' expected of 'her'.

"Who, who's there?" whispered 'Marilyn' to whoever had opened the door to her room and was standing there, looking at her.

"Me, Michelle Waters," said a lilting, girlish voice.

"Who the heck?" began Marilyn, straining at the restraints on her arms and legs. "Oh, the girl Rachel sent to the Pledge Committee with Brenda Lawrence! So what is this, Michelle?" Marilyn taunted the girl she knew wasn't the girl she looked or sounded like. "Come to gloat over me?"

"Of course not, Marilyn darling," purred the pretty girl, moving so that the girl in the bed could see her.

"You-You're not Michelle Waters," burst out Marilyn. "I know that girl!"

"Oh, Marilyn," said the blonde girl, leaning over the patient in the bed and letting her long, blonde hair brush against the other girl's cheek. "You did know me, didn't you? And I loved the passionate, lesbian affair that we had. But look at me, Marilyn. It is really me, Michelle, isn't it?"

“Yes, I was lying here in this clinic just a day after you went storming off from that meeting where we listened to you ranting about us girls. But it was all a façade, wasn’t it, dear Marilyn? You really wanted to be in my panties all the time we were making love, didn’t you? You wanted to be a girl like me.”

“No! Never!” screamed Marilyn, writhing in emotion as she tried in vain to free herself.

“Oh, look!” said Michelle in a teasing tone. “Look what I spy, Marilyn. Your lovely clitoris is rising in your panties. See, it’s getting harder as I talk about the way you are dressed, Marilyn. You’re going to make one really lovely woman, you know. Your father is going to be so proud of his lovely daughter. He’ll want to get you married. He’ll get to give you away as the bride you’ve always wanted to be!”

“Shut up!” screamed Marilyn, her voice not her own at all, the bandages at her throat telling her something had been done to her there, as well as all over her face and body.

“Will Merton is, I’m afraid,” Michelle went on, tracing her lovely new nose with a finger, “not going to be a choice for you. He’s marrying Brenda Lawrence in May, June or July next year. It will be a huge party and I’m going to be a bridesmaid. If you’re really sweet, Marilyn, I could ask Brenda to let you be a bridesmaid as well. You should see the lovely pink dresses that Will wants us all to wear. Oh, and Alpha will provide the best man and all the ushers for the wedding; so every bridesmaid will have a male partner to accommodate all of a girl’s needs on such a wonderful day!”

“You’re perverted!” Marilyn said hoarsely, her throat barely able to get any words out as it seemed now to be on fire.



“Oh my, girl!” teased Michelle again. “Is all that growth in your clitoris for me? You really are a lesbian, aren’t you? Wow, Marilyn, that makes you guilty of a perversion, doesn’t it, according to the rules made for our sorority by Alpha House! You, girl, are the perverted one, not a girl like me who accepts with delight what she is!”

“You’re no girl!” rasped Marilyn. “You’re not even Michelle Waters!”

“Oh, but I am,” said the girl with honey-blond hair. She put her hands on Marilyn’s new breasts and jiggled them on the new girl’s chest, making tears come to Marilyn’s eyes as she thought fearfully what she must look like.

“Dr Jane did my nose as she’s done yours, Marilyn,” Michelle went on softly. “And that’s not gloating, my dear girl, because she did a marvelous job. You don’t look at all like you did at that meeting where you were so snotty to Brenda, Rachel and me. No, you see how Jane Livingstone has improved me? See how my brows don’t jut out any more. My chin is so small and cute, isn’t it? And my jaw was thinned as well.

“Like you, I’ve had my larynx made prettier so I can speak like the girl I am. My neck is so pretty now, isn’t it, without the thing that used to bob around there. Yours has been done the same as mine, Marilyn. Ah, girl, it’s all right to cry. Don’t hold it back. You’re a girl now and it’s all right to cry and get emotional if you’re a girl, isn’t it!

“Where was I? Oh, yes, my face. I didn’t have to have any work done to my eyes and ears as you did. Honestly, you are pretending that you don’t recognize me, Marilyn, but I don’t really recognize you, ei-

ther, save for those moles that you have on your buttocks. I used to drive my fingernails into them, didn't I, when you were putting your clit into me.

"It's hard to find them now, Marilyn, as Jane has given you such a pretty tush and filled out your skinny legs as well. And, of course, you've had the T as well to complete the simple T and A surgery all of you five new girls have had."

"Five?" asked Marilyn. "But Bryan said there'd be nearly a dozen ..."

"Ah, so you did know what Trudi was planning," said Michelle pleasantly, leaning right over the new girl then and touching Marilyn's breasts with hers, Marilyn convulsing as if she was about to have a girlish orgasm. "You should have talked to the Council about that, shouldn't you, Marilyn? Maybe this wouldn't be happening to you, my darling lesbian! Oh, but you wanted it too, so much, didn't you? Yes, cry on, girl. I'm afraid you're getting mascara and eyeliner all over your pillow.

"Shelley or Marisa will be in soon to change your pretty nightie and that lovely perfume you're wearing. *Intimate Evening*, isn't it? We'll have to go shopping in *The Feminine Mystique Boutique* when you're properly trained as a fashion model and dancer should be! Yes, I'm your sister, Marilyn! I'm the one who'd going to be with you, night and day for a while, helping you to become a pretty girl like me. I hope you liked my breasts touching yours. It isn't going to happen much again unless we're excited and want to hug when we see a lovely new dress.

"No, don't talk, Marilyn. And do cry. Men love us girls who can show our emotions. They love our tears as much as they love leaky clits. You're going

to be such a hit with all the hot guys, Marilyn, when they find out how much you're gushing in both of those areas!"

Tanya trembled as Rosemary and Nadine took her hands and made sure that she went out into the foyer where the 'dates' for all of the debutantes were lined up.

"Don't do anything silly, Tanya, please," begged Rosemary in her loveliest girlish tones.

"Me, be silly," began Tanya hotly, acutely aware of all the female undies she was wearing, feeling the heavy gown swirling so airily about her silk-clad legs, She shouldn't be feeling like this, she thought in distress. She saw her image in the tiled wall, her hair so long and reddish blonde, her face so prettily madeup. She was a girl and she felt so awkward as that was how all the men along the hallway were treating her, men who knew better, knew that she was as male as any of them but caressing her bare shoulder as she passed as if she would like another man to do such to 'her'.

Suddenly, the long-haired girls with her were swirling femininely away from her and were being greeted by tall, older men. The men paid flowery compliments to the 'girls', on their makeup and perfume and on the way they wore their lovely gowns. Tanya shivered as she heard the words and saw her friends, dressed as lovely girls, flirting and smiling up excitedly into male, admiring faces, appearing to love what was said to them.

A hand spun Tanya around and there he was, Alan Fox, so dark and handsome, looking down at her in approval. "My goodness, Tanya," said the man, swirling her in his arms and actually dancing a few steps with the pink-dressed girl as her feet reacted automatically, femininely, to the stimulus.

"My goodness, darling Tanya," said an amused Alan Fox. "I knew I was going to be squiring a lovely girl to the Ball tonight. I didn't know that she would be the belle of the ball! Oh, rats, I'm going to have to share you with every Brandon, Matthew and Todd on the dance floor, aren't I? Couldn't you have made yourself just a little less desirable, my darling? And don't answer that. Just kiss me and let us start a trend."

"I'm not ..." began Tanya, her taped, aroused breasts bouncing against Alan's chest. She wasn't going to kiss a man, not again, not unless she absolutely had to, to finally be accepted in this stupid fraternity.

Alan's order had just been for the record, it seemed, as he swept her into his arms and his mouth possessed hers. His hands caressed her bare back and Tanya had to cling to him or she would surely have fallen in her so absurd, six-inch high heels. Oh, and the kiss set her mind to reeling as she swayed in her long dress as Alan moved her.

"Hey! Great idea, Al," Tanya heard someone saying. There were giggles and protests all around the foyer and then the noise died down. Tanya stared up at the mirror above her as Al let her look as he held onto her. Well, she looked directly up at the blonde girl with the unbelievably feminine cleavage, swishing around her man as he made sure that she felt

all the pleasure she should from the long, clinging dress.

But what else Tanya saw was that all the girls, all the debutantes, were clinging to the men they were kissing and being kissed by. They were all ruining part of their makeup as hers had been ruined too. And, oh, how the girls seemed to adore being kissed by the new, older beaux, Christine with her arms around the lawyer's neck, seeming to be trying to become one with the bemused, delighted Bob Maslow.

"Oh, girls, girls!" called out a laughing Emma, as she stepped out of the little ballroom that was now, by the noises of working and feminine laughter behind her, being altered to fit the new, sleeping arrangements. "I leave you all for one moment and what happens. You all ruin your makeup! And you escorts, you men are all old enough to know better! The Ball should have already begun!"

"It was Al's fault," said the older man cuddling Julia in his arms, the girl looking up at him eagerly, clearly wanting to be kissed again. "He started kissing Tanya," how did this man know who she was, thought Tanya, a spasm of distress flowing through her, "and she looked like she was enjoying it so much, we couldn't let our girls suffer with unrequited passions, could we?"

"Men," said Emma in false anger. "All right, girls. You all have your purses, don't you?" She had several, including Tanya's, over her lovely black evening glove that matched her low-cut dress. Oh, to have breasts like hers, thought Tanya, and then shook as she realized what she was thinking. Oh, one kiss from a man like Alan Fox and she was reduced to strange desires and longings that she had never had

until she had agreed to try to become part of Alan's fraternity.

"Down to Evelyn's room and into the makeup chairs," said Emma in amusement as several girls responded to whispered pleas from the men they were with and began to kiss them with surprising passion since they had only met such men a short time before.

"Well, if their makeup is ruined anyway," said Matt O'Reilly with a grin as Nadine was wiggling her lovely body and even lovelier dress against the older man.

"Oh, come on, Matt," said Emma with a smile of her own. "Take Nadine down to the makeup room before she gets makeup on her dress or your shirt. Then, you'll have to change and she'll have to go to the Debutantes' Ball in just her underwear."

"We should take them all that way!" called out Heidi's partner, leading several of the men to set up a chant.

"We girls," said Emma, glancing at Tanya, cuddling into Alan's warm tux, "have done too much work to be robbed of our beautiful, feminine night! Be good, guys, or I'll have to ask the President to send us a whole new set of escorts for our debutante girls."

There were shouts that she wouldn't dare but it was all in good fun. The chaos was sorted out. The girls were escorted by their dates into the makeup parlor. They had to sit demurely and let the men watch them being restored to all their perfect beauty. The escort men had to place the corsages on the girls' wrists, the roses matching Tanya's dress perfectly.

Tanya had to renew her fragrance, Evelyn insisted, as well as re-paint her lips with long-lasting Ravishing Red, shuddering as she moved her lips and did what she was supposed to do to make herself look so girlish. She rose in a rustle of skirts and felt Alan's mouth then on her bare shoulder and, again, the strangest of emotions swept through her. She was a girl. She was having a shocking pink wrap placed about her. She was wearing long evening gloves and she had a man holding her, leaning her against him as if she was indeed his date for the evening. Gods, when would this night ever be over, she asked herself in distress.

The walkway up to Alpha House was festooned with ribbons and decorations linking tree to tree right up to the open foyer of Alpha, the place where Tanya kept telling herself that she wanted to belong.

Along the pathways, couples from Rho House, older girls and women with their dates, smiled and applauded the girls as they passed by, looking so incredibly real and glamorous, their men in black tuxes and white bow ties. Every man was taller than the girl he squired, even though each 'girl' was mincing along in the highest of stiletto heels, their tushes swinging as they should.

No wonder half of the university had turned out as well, at a safe distance, thanks to campus security. Oh, the things that they called out to all the glamorous girls heading into the most prestigious fraternity on campus. Oh, the things some of the men called out as well, clearly thinking that all of the lovely, colorfully dressed figures were real women.

And there, in front of the Alpha doors, on a short platform, stood a radiant Rachel Porter with her es-

cort, the Past President of the fraternity. And, as each couple approached, each man had an Alpha honor attached to his lapel while each debutante girl had a tiara placed in her hair and pinned there.

“Now, you know why you had to have all your hair the same color,” said Rachel with a girlish laugh at Tanya’s anguished face as she was made into ‘Princess Tanya’. “We needed to have real hair to pin your tiara to, Princess Tanya!”

“This is never going to end, is it?” whispered Princess Tanya as her escort led her into the great ballroom of Alpha Rho Mu fraternity, the walls lined with tuxedoed men and women in lovely evening gowns.

Somehow, Tanya was at the front with her beau, Alan Fox, who seemed to know where they were going as he had known where her wrap and purse had had to go. “I hope that this night never does end,” said Alan in a whisper as he held her away from him. Tanya had to do the dance steps she had practiced and then swirl back and into his arms as Alan led his princess around the dance floor, the other girls and their beaux doing just what Tanya was doing.

Oh, to be in pants, thought Tanya as she felt the man against her swirling her into the waltz that the orchestra had begun to play. She was swirled and twirled by Alan, who then led her to a nervous young man in a tux but with a black bow tie. Charles had his arms about her and was dancing her back up the floor before Tanya realized what was happening.

All the debutantes were being swept up by young men in black bow ties. These were the real new

members of the Alpha fraternity, Tanya realized, and wondered how many of the other new girls had realized what she had. She wasn't being inducted into the fraternity at all.

This wasn't the rite of passage that Bryan Fairfax had said that it was going to be. No, she was being inducted into a sorority and so were all of the new girls who'd taken the Alphas at their word that they would be Alpha men if they went through this incredible ceremony as women.

Alan Fox cut in on Charles, one of the older women taking over the young man, her gaiety relaxing the young man, getting him to smile and talk as Tanya had been too preoccupied to even try.

"You've got that look, my princess," said Alan easily, "that tells me that you've worked it all out."

"I have," whispered Tanya, clinging to the man who made her twirl girlishly for the applauding, smiling crowd that lined the dance floor, kept clear for just the new Alpha men, the new debutante Rho girls, and their dancing partners.

"Would you like to get out of here then?" asked Alan Fox, surprising the lovely girl in his arms.

"I would," murmured Princess Tanya, holding up her dress as Alan tried some fancy steps that made the lower, flowing part of her dress about her ankles flare and swish about her. The eerie feeling of being a woman didn't leave her, not even when she thought about how she had been fooled.

"There'll be an hour's dancing and then a break," whispered Alan. "Can you be a beautiful princess for just an hour, Princess Tanya, and then I'll break you out of here?"

Tanya shivered, looking up at the man, seeing the swirling girlish figures in all the mirrors about her, knowing that one of them was her. "I'm not gay," she whispered to the man hugging her to him, feeling his hand caressing her tush and the dark pink, lacy panties that clung to her beneath her dress.

"Neither am I," said Alan Fox. "Ah, here is Corman James who's been saying that he wants to dance with you, my adorable Tanya, all week long!"

"I can't go to a Ball," wailed Olivia in distress. "Not like this!"

"Perhaps I should just take you downtown," said Martin, grimacing at the strange tones that the still bandaged girl was using, "and set you loose in the *Purple Gayz and Gurlz Bar*."

"Can't you see what they've done to me?" Olivia shrieked, actually tearing up like a girl as she backed away from the tall, muscular, young man advancing on her with a smile.

"Now, Olivia, you haven't had that much done to you," said Martin, thinking of Tanya then and how she'd had no work done on her and yet had been so delectably feminine. "Dr Jane said that all the swelling has gone down and Marisa can put some light makeup on your pretty face. Yes, you can go to the Ball, my princess. See, I even have a tiara for you!"

"You and that effing Council just want to humiliate me some more, don't you?" the girl asked in her raspy voice that Shelley had said that she needed to work on a lot more.

“Of course,” said Martin with a smile, pleased that she looked up, with fright in her painted eyes, at him. “You’re the break-time entertainment. You’ll do your striptease in front of all the men and women of the combined fraternity and sorority, showing off those lovely breasts and that shapely tush you have that wiggles so suggestively. And all the guys will come forward with money to put in your g-string and don’t forget that you have to kiss them all with your new, improved lips and let them kiss your boobies if they want, or even your clit!”

“You bastard!” squeaked Olivia, backing right up to the wall in her fright. Martin advanced and put one hand on each side of her dark-brown hair, the hair extensions leaving the impression that she did have a sweep of lovely, glossy hair that he could stroke and caress at his pleasure.

“Hey, Martin,” said a beautiful girl from the doorway, rustling into the room in the dress with the plunging neckline that showed off her breasts so well. “The Council says that you shouldn’t do that any more to us girls, terrorize us into being what we really want to be from the start. Don’t you know anything about seduction, my man? Now, give Princess Olivia a sweet kiss and you be extra nice to her after I’ve prepped her for her debut at the Ball. She’s going to be such a lovely Debutante.”

“Oh, I can’t!” squealed Olivia, but her words were cut off by Martin’s mouth on hers. She struggled as he put his hands around her tush and drew her against his rampant male body. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw an equally beautiful Shelley smiling to her friend, Marisa the nurse, as she brought in another long dress that they obviously intended that Olivia should wear.

"I can't!" breathed Olivia as Martin stayed, his mouth inches from hers, smiling at her as his hands rose and played with the awful bra strap, awful because she had to wear it. The constant bounce of her chest reminded her all the time of what an idiot she was to think that she could have dominated someone as pretty as Rachel and been her boy friend. She should never have made the threats she had, not when she knew already that Marilyn had been taken in for punishment along with Elizabeth, who did deserve all that the fraternity was putting her through.

Martin kissed Olivia gently, surprisingly gently, pressing her breasts with his chest. Olivia gurgled and almost heard that son of a you-know-what, Phil Garcia, telling her to pucker up and kiss him back. She realized then that she was the one doing all the kissing and that the girls were laughing at her as she clung to Martin's shirt and pressed her lips so lovingly onto his.

"All right, Olivia," said Marisa cheerfully, her long hair falling so prettily down her back.

"It's Princess Olivia tonight," murmured Martin, not moving from Olivia, but holding her against him, her dress, oh, that made her feel so weird, to think that it was her dress swishing about her, her stockings that were being caressed and her panties that were being tugged on along with her garter belt.

"You lovers need a break," said Shelley, swishing over so gracefully in her long dress and super-high heels. "You can do all that after the induction of the men into the fraternity and the girls into the sorority!"

“But I am ...” Olivia began as Martin broke away, winking at Marisa as she had played her part, as he had, perfectly in enticing the new girl to co-operate with them all.

“Not yet a Rho girl,” said Marisa, “as Shelley and I and Dr Jane all are. We’re so looking forward to being your new sisters, Princess Olivia, and you being ours.”

Shelley was removing Olivia’s dress as the new girl stared at her in shock.

“She doesn’t believe you,” laughed Marisa as Martin stepped out and left the girls to struggle with the stunned girl who could barely help herself out of her high heels as the girls began to strip her and open up packages of the most gorgeous and wonderful girlish lingerie.

“Oh, she does,” said Shelley. “Princess Olivia is just daydreaming about what is going to happen after the ceremonies. Yes, Princess, Martin is all yours for the rest of the night and weekend. You have to be sweet with him, and he’ll be sweet with you. You may not think so now, Princess, but, by the end of this night, you’ll be a Rho girl and you’ll never want to go back to being that awful person you were before!”

Every man seemed to want to caress Tanya as she danced with him, mostly in the slow, clinchy waltzes that the orchestra played so well. She felt so many shaved cheeks on hers and rough, male hands on her bare skin as she minced on her high heels about the floor, trying to smile convincingly.

Other girls, she noticed, were much better than she in being flirty and girlish with the men, current and past members of Alpha House, who wanted to dance and welcome the new Rho girls to the united fraternity and sorority Debutantes' Ball. The other princesses were sparkling and being all femmy, welcoming male attention, even the many caresses that they received, their bodies enticing touches as they wiggled against the men squiring such animated lovely would-be princesses.

Tanya was the only one who felt that she had to move male hands several times from exploring her femininity too far. And several wanted more than just the chaste kiss on her cheek that the bandleader reminded all the men that they were entitled to; more would come later, he promised.

Tanya was shivering in disgust at herself at falling for this colossal prank that the Alpha men were pulling on those they didn't intend, had never intended, to invite into their fraternity when Alan Fox stepped up to her.

"Thank you, Glen," he said to her last partner, "but this adorable princess is all mine now." It was funny how his words, which many men had used to Tanya, seemed to mean so much more than they had before. She remembered that she was in a lovely pink dress and that she was supposed to be a man dressed as a woman, fooling all the men around her.

And she knew that this Alan Fox wasn't fooled at all. Likely, not any of the men that she had danced with were fooled, either. This was Alpha Rho Mu fraternity after all, wasn't this, and Astrid, her sister, her arms about one of the older men as she smiled up at him as she danced with him, was living proof

that they had done what they had to Tanya, at least one time before.

Alan easily swung Tanya away from Glen, her last excited swain. Alan held her properly as a man should a woman, making her tremble at his courtesy and gentleness to her as if she really was real. Alan was only slightly touching her as he swirled her through steps that her feet knew how to make, even in high heels, and with such a long dress swishing about 'her' smooth, stockinged legs.

"I guess I am being rescued," Tanya had to say, a surge of emotions rising within her. Oh, look at her in the mirrors, a princess in the arms of her prince, her pink-stoned tiara glinting amidst her riot of blonde curls. Apart from her pink, dangling earrings, her neck and upper chest were bare, save for the necklace. The neckline of her dark, pink, strapless dress showed off her lovely breasts, which weren't real. Her jewels glinted so prettily as she was directed into dainty, feminine swirls by this darkly, handsome man.

"Of course, my Princess, I am going to rescue you right now," said the tall, arrogant man, clearly thinking that he owned her. What a surprise awaited Alan, Tanya thought, promising him silently the fight of his life if he tried to humiliate her any more in the strange way this fraternity had of rejecting those who wanted to be part of them. She was being shamed, Tanya knew, for being a small, thin male.

That 'crime', Tanya, shivering at the name they made her use for herself, 'she' intended to expose. She would prove to Alan Fox, who clearly thought that she was gay, that she was the opposite of what he believed. He thought that because she wore a

dress and makeup and a tiara in her dyed hair that she was a she in her mind and wasn't worthy of entering his precious fraternity.

Alan, Tanya was sure, believed that she had succumbed to femininity like all those she had been recruited with. Corinne went swirling by them, giggling in entirely girlish fashion, as the man she was with, kissed her lovely lips and the giggling ended as Corinne rapturously put her arms about Matt O'Reilly's neck, wriggling her body affectionately against the man stroking her.

Tanya would prove to Bryan and his cronies that she was not going to be made a fool of! She, no he, told herself, fighting against all the words used to condition her over the last weeks; she would make them pay for this, the most awful ... no, not the most awful, but most disgusting ... no, that wasn't right ... the most terrible, horrible, shameful ...

"You look so beautiful, my lovely, adorable Princess," Alan's words cut into the tirade Tanya was working up to scandalize this whole obscene carnival with. "You look so beautiful, so cute and so feminine, when you are thinking so hard. I dare say you want to condemn all the men here to seven kinds of hell for what they've done to you."

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Tanya as the man she was dancing with put both of her hands about his neck and his hands on her thin, padded waist and hips. They would all regret what they had done to her, she wanted to shout, making her dress the way that she had, encouraging Martin to make love to her when she was too drunk to object. Oh, she would make this stupid fraternity pay for what they had done to her, Tanya promised. But Alan drew her

close to him, guided her into a curtained alcove and kissed her, softly and gently.

Tanya couldn't help freezing against Alan as the kiss awakened emotions in her that she didn't want awakened. No, she almost wept, she didn't want to feel that she was really Tanya, a pretty girl in a gorgeous, restricting dress. But the gentle lips told her that she was and she wanted to respond, wanted to be the woman who could answer such an arousing, exciting kiss. Alan was still kissing her, making her tremble through and through as he directed her through the far, curtained area to where one of the outer doors was partly opened to allow some air into the heated, perfumed ballroom.

Alan's hand suddenly lowered hers from around his neck and Tanya could breathe again, telling herself not to be crazy. This was another man holding her, taking her by the hand as he led her out of the Ball. It was a man who was telling her how sweet her mouth was.

She couldn't let him treat her like this, as if she was a woman! She wasn't Tanya, she was ...But Alan didn't seem to care at all. "You wanted out of all this," he murmured as he stopped and kissed her again. "If you really do want that, follow me."

Alan let Tanya's hand go, stroking her dress against her before he stepped out of the doorway and left her. Tanya glanced back as she heard more giggling and the swishing of a long, girlish dress. She recognized the colors as belonging to Christine. That one, who had so objected to being put into a skirt and losing unsightly body hair, was wriggling in feminine excitement as she kissed some dark-haired guy in an alcove opposite to where

Tanya stood, hesitating to follow the man who had kissed her so enticingly out into the garden.

“Oh, yes, darling,” Tanya heard Christine say. “No-one will see what I do for you here in the darkness behind the curtains.”

There was male and feminine laughter then and the sound of a dress being raised, Tanya was sure of it. ‘I can’t stay here!’ she said to herself and stepped out of the doorway, her high heels seeming to click so terribly loudly as she stepped onto a stone patio.

“For a moment, I thought I’d lost you,” said a voice out of the dark and a strong man’s hand closed over Tanya’s as she was lifting her dress so that she wouldn’t trip over her heels. She felt herself directed by that strong, male hand, off the patio and into the garden beyond, the music and girlish voices dying away as Alan put his arm about her shoulder as if she was a woman. He led her along a stone pathway, past empty swings and large hedges and through an iron gate that was opened by the key that he had.

“I wanted too much to be a member of the Alpha fraternity,” Tanya blurted out with a shiver as a large limousine eased along the roadway and a grinning Alan opened a door and assisted her into the warm air beyond. Her pink wrap and pink purse were on the back seat, where she had to sit. She wiggled in, hoping that she was as graceful as she was supposed to be. It was so much easier to sit in a short skirt, arrange it about her legs and cross those legs as she was supposed to, so femininely.

“You are a member of the only organization that you should be a member of, my Princess,” said Alan Fox, sitting beside her, his arm going about her bare

shoulders as if it was entirely natural that he should do that to her.

"I'm not a member of anything," whispered Tanya, certain that the driver must see her, see 'her' with a 'him', and his arm around her so familiarly.

"A loner, yes," said Alan Fox, pulling down a shelf beside him. There was a bottle of champagne that he opened with practiced ease, his arm returning about her as soon as he had done that. "It's amazing how many of us in Alpha are just that. You would have fit right in, a rugged individualist like you."

Tanya trembled and felt so weird as she realized that she was being teased. "Are you going to drink that from the bottle?" she asked the man who was squeezing her alarmingly against him.

"The flutes are on your side," said Alan easily. "Take down that shelf, Princess, and we can both pretend to be civilized men and women."

Alan's hand caressed her neck then, swirling the hair piece about her shoulders, and so she leant over and brought out two long glasses, flutes as Alan had called them.

"Watch your lovely dress, Princess," said Alan then, having to release his caress to pour the champagne, it fizzing right over and onto the floor. He had a napkin ready for her before he poured another fizzing glass for himself.

"To freedom from Alpha House and its dastardly men," said Alan as he sipped from his glass and encouraged her to do the same.

"To freedom," Tanya managed to say.

"Now it's your turn to make a toast," said Alan with a smile as the car seemed to be speeding right

out of the city, Tanya saw, a little panic rising inside her.

"I don't know any," she said, looking back at the road sign that said something about city limits although the housing pattern didn't change.

"A girl as lovely as you, my Princess," said Alan Fox, "should only ever use one toast, world peace."

Alan was so serious that Tanya wanted to giggle. Yes, they'd been trained to do that and smacked whenever their sisters had found them not giggling femininely when they were supposed to be doing it.

"I'm not ever going to be a beauty contest participant!" protested Tanya, not able to help the laughter that followed from her mouth.

"So, take the time to do it now," said Alan, his hand on her thigh, caressing her.

"To world peace," Tanya said, feeling so idiotic.

"To world peace," said Alan solemnly and they both drank, she putting her hand on his to move it.

"Such a lovely hand," said Alan then. "I love girls who have long fingers like you do and such long fingernails. I love it when you paint them in such glossy colors as you have."

"I didn't have any choice," said Tanya, noting that the car was turning into an area which was bordered by a lake. The car ran up to the front of a building that could only have been a hotel. It stopped under a canopy before a well-lit doorway, although the rest of the building was all in darkness.

"We're stopping here to look over a property that has been offered to me," said Alan Fox, getting out of the car with Tanya's purse and wrap. He put the

wrap over her shoulders and then took the drinks and the bottle from the car. "Don't worry, Princess, about anyone coming out and telling us to clear off. This is a failed business and the Donaldsons are trying to get rid of it. The prices of rooms, which they had to charge to recoup what they put into this place, were exorbitant. They don't think that anyone can make a go of it, though it's not far from the university or town."

"But you can make it pay?" asked Tanya, feeling so girlish as she was treated as if she was a girl to anyone who was in the front of the car.

"I'll call you when we need you, Leno," Alan called to the driver whom Tanya couldn't see. The car drove off and she was left, shivering a little in the wind, having to lift her dress again so that she wouldn't trip as she went up the steps to the elegant entrance to the hotel. Alan was at the hotel's door, opening it and entering.

"I'm looking for a place that can be my next venture," Alan said with a smile to the astoundingly lovely girl following him so uncertainly into what had been a luxurious building.

"What is that next venture going to be?" asked Tanya with a shiver, hearing her heels on the flooring, as well as the swishing of her dress as she pulled the wrap more about her.

"An entertainment center for gentlemen," said Alan Fox with a smile. "Hmm, we could join several of all these small dining areas and offices into one club area with a stage couldn't we? We need to have an area where girls can dance for the menfolk and entice them to spend their winnings from the casinos on them."

“Sounds like you’d be running a brothel,” said Tanya with a shiver as she caught sight again of a pretty, blonde-haired girl in the dark windows carrying the glass of champagne that Alan had given her. He grinned at her and came and stood beside her, turning on the outer lights to show off the gardens. The marina lights around the lake came on. The whole scene looked beautiful, and expensive.

“I knew a clever girl like you would see right through me, Princess Tanya,” said Alan with a smile. “Let’s take a look upstairs and see how much change we have to make to the bedrooms.”

The place seemed enormous to Tanya but Alan was frowning. “We need more suites,” he said with a smile. “Some of the men who come here will have entourages. Hmm, if what I plan works out, this place might not be big enough for all we want to do, but the grounds, the number of acres undeveloped here, will allow us to expand easily.”

Alan walked Tanya through the place, asking her opinion of various things, such as canopy beds, silk sheets, and the size of the dressing table that girls as pretty as she would need in every room. He stopped several times to pour them both more wine before moving on.

“This was what they called the Honeymoon Suite,” said Alan, leading Tanya into an incredibly luxurious room. “The bed moves. Get on it, Princess, and we’ll try it out.”

Tanya looked at him sharply but Alan didn’t seem to be looking at her at all. “Ah, it pays to read the instructions,” he said, going to the wall and pressing one of the light switches. The bed instantly began to move. Alan kicked off his shoes and lay

down on the moving bed, the sound of waves lapping on a beach flooding the room.

“Anything but that,” said Alan, taking the pamphlet from the top of the bed and beginning to read. “Ah, let’s just turn all the contraptions off, shall we? Come and check out this bed for me, Tanya. Tell me honestly what you think. Would a girl like you like to tryst with a man like me in a bed like this?”

“No,” said Tanya, feeling so nervous as Alan seemed somewhat oblivious of her as he checked out the attractions of the fantastic room and bed.

“No to what?” asked Alan with a smile, coming to her and taking away her empty glass. He took her hand in his and led her towards the bed where she sat as gracefully as she could, cursing herself for trying to be such a lady with a man like this who knew well what she really was.

“No, a man like me doesn’t want a man like you, ever, in his bed,” said Tanya as Alan Fox was bouncing across the bed from her. She stood up as he slid over the bed then but he took hold of her anyway.

“Hmm, but that’s not what you told Astrid about your life before you contacted our former President over the ‘Net,” said Alan lazily, watching the girl react as if she had been stung. “Oh don’t worry about what I know about you, Tanya. I love to meet a girl who is resisting the only life that suits her. I want to persuade you that you were right in applying to the fraternity. We have lived up to our end of the deal, after all, haven’t we? We’ve given you over three weeks of bliss as a woman, which you wanted, didn’t you? And here you are, a lovely girl with a rich,

handsome man in the Honeymoon Suite. Now, what shall we do, lovely Tanya, about all this?"

"You brought me here to do what you want with me, didn't you?" said Tanya desperately, her voice choking.

"Of course," said Alan simply, standing and walking up to the quivering, frightened girl. His hands caressed her arms and Tanya began to shiver. His lips met hers as he kissed her softly, gently, as she just stood there, like an idiot, feeling tingles all over her body. No, it wasn't because a man was kissing her, she told herself desperately, but she knew it wasn't true.

"I've never forced a woman to make love with me, ever, in my life," said Alan Fox as he leaned over the beautiful woman in her lovely dress and tiara. "I won't start now, my Princess. If you're as tired as I am after the day you've had, you can come to bed in this room. I will lie across it from you and never touch you. I'll let a lovely woman like you do as you wish.

"Perhaps you aren't going to be my lover. Too bad, my lovely Princess. I know that I could make you experience love as you never have before. See, you're not in that dorm with all the other women, are you, hearing them making all their loving sounds as other men make it with them. I don't like making love in public. I don't think making love to a golden princess like you is a spectator sport. I really don't."

Alan leaned forward again and brushed his lips on hers before he retreated from her to the bed, taking off his shirt. His chest and body were manly,

lightly haired and sinewy rather than heavy with muscles.

“May I call a taxi?” Tanya asked numbly, hating the reasons in her past that had brought her here to this point in her life.

“To go where?” asked Alan. “Your sorority is packed with loving couples as is Alpha House. Where can a girl like you go tonight? I promise that I’ll take you shopping tomorrow and you can become Tom, Dick and Harry if you still want to be that and not the beautiful Princess Tanya.”

Tanya stood and shivered as the lights dimmed about her. She heard a creak and Alan was beside her. “You need a man to make decisions for you,” he whispered to her. Suddenly, she found herself lifted, his arm under her legs. She clung to him with a little squeak emanating from her.

Alan laid her with surprising tenderness on the still, silky bed and then lay beside her. His touch on her waist was as gentle as his lips had been. He drew her hand to his bare chest and then he was kissing her, setting her whole body aflame as his bare feet touched hers, still in her stockings, her high heels having fallen somewhere.

“I, I’m not a woman!” she gasped at the man kissing her so gently. “I’m a man just like you,” she added furiously, her heart beating a thousand beats to the minute, she was sure.

Alan Fox laughed softly. “Oh, my darling Princess Tanya,” he whispered to her as he darkened the room. “You are not, thank goodness, any kind of man like me.”

He gently touched Tanya’s hip and rolled to her as she pushed his hand from her. Then, he was

kissing her again, his hands stroking her so lightly as she frantically held him away from her.

“There,” said Alan later as she had been lost in a dream for a moment where she was Princess Tanya, kissing a handsome prince who was telling her what a lovely woman she was.

He rolled back from her, opened the bedsheets while she lay there, trying to regain her breath. She heard a clink and realized that Alan must have dropped his pants onto the floor, and then she felt the sheets move and he was under them.

“Good night, my darling Princess Tanya,” said Alan softly from the dark, turning from her as if he was going to sleep.

She was stunned. She lay there, her breasts feeling so itchy as they thrust against the padding in her bra. She hardly dared to move as each movement made her dress rustle.

“I can go and sleep in another bedroom, can’t I?” she whispered to the sleeping figure in the bed.

“Doors are all locked,” murmured Alan drowsily.

Tanya finally eased off the bed and tiptoed to the door in stocking feet, her dress swishing about her. Oh darn, the frigging door was locked. Where could she sleep? On the steps that led to what might have been a hot pool? On the floor?

A dim light came on and Alan lifted his head, smiling at her. “Put a pillow against me, down the middle,” he said, “and sleep in your half of the bed. It’s warmer and you’ll be safe. I told you!”

“I’m not gay!” she hissed at him. “I don’t want to sleep in bed with another man.”

“I’m not another man,” said an amused Alan Fox, “and I told you already, my Princess, that I am not gay, either. Now, don’t be a silly girl. Come to bed where it’s warm. I can see you shivering from here. You can fight me if you want to.



"I can assure you that, tonight, you will win. You can have your way with me if you insist. I've been up and working for so long! I just have to get some sleep, Tanya, my love."

"Don't call me that!" she hissed again, but he had lain back, disappearing. Tanya rustled over to the bed as the light dimmed. Yes, she was cold but she wasn't foolish enough to think that that was why she was shivering. There was a man in this room, in this bed, who insisted on calling her 'Princess'. And he knew wherever she was by the noise she made with her dress and stockings.

It took a while for her resolve to weaken but her dress came off easily enough and there was a pillow already positioned down the centre of the bed. She slid in easily, shivering in the cold sheets.

"Hey!" she squealed as a hand pulled her over the bed, the pillow disappearing and she was between warm sheets but Alan was gone. Then she felt him get in on the other side where she had been. He'd given up the warmth to her and taken the cold for himself.

"Thank you," Tanya whispered, the aroma of a sharp, tangy male scent reaching her as she lay there.

"Mmm," murmured the man in the bed behind her. "Love your scent, Tanya. It suits a lovely girl like you." Tanya shivered and prepared to bolt from the bed. But soon she heard nothing but the heavy breathing of the man beside her.

"Are, are you asleep?" she finally had to ask and a gentle laughter mocked her sensibilities.

"No, I don't think so," whispered Alan. "I don't think I can while I lie in your lovely fragrance and

think of you, my darling, lying over there in my masculine body scent. You can't sleep, either, can you?"

"Not under these circumstances ..." she whispered.

"Let's do something that you will like, we both know it," murmured Alan then and she felt the bed move. He was beside her in a second.

"Stop!" she screamed. "You promised!"

"I'm only going to do what I know you loved," said Alan, his hand taking her around her tight corset and she was facing him and then he was kissing her.

No, she didn't love this! She wanted to scream at Alan but again his feet touched hers and he moved just a little and she felt his legs all along hers. She shook her head, her hair all over his face and her shoulders but his lips wouldn't let go of hers and she was kissing him. No, he was kissing her!

No, she was kissing him and it was turning her mind inside out as she was Tanya, Princess Tanya. He drew her against him, just as if they were dancing in bed, her bra against his chest, his arms about her waist, his mouth doing so many marvelous things to Tanya, who began to wriggle and gasp as he gently put her hands around his neck.

She tried to break free several times but he would stroke her back, his hands on her bra. She was free of her corset as he opened it for her. "Oh, don't!" Tanya gasped and Alan laughed.

"You said that you wanted to be out of female dressing, didn't you, my Princess," said Alan. "I'm only trying to help you ..."

“You’re not,” she gasped. “You, you’re trying ...”

“And succeeding,” murmured Alan, and it was true. Oh, what a relief to be out of her corset. He helped Tanya as well by stroking the parts of her that had been so tightly bound and she was kissing him in gratitude before she knew it. He had drawn her against him and so she knew it was she who was doing all the kissing. And then she felt his terribly aroused manhood against her thighs.

“No!” Tanya squealed as she tried to back away from him but he rolled with her, suppressing her shouts that she knew she couldn’t trust a man, an Alpha man, ever. And then she was lying underneath him and he was spreading her legs and she could feel him, so aroused, ready to make love to her and she wasn’t even a woman.

“Trust me!” said Alan Fox, holding her down and kissing her face as she struggled, her panties wet from him and so tight between her legs. “I trust you!” he said to her several times over as Tanya writhed beneath him and tried to bite him when he tried to kiss her again.

“No, I am not making love to you, my darling Princess,” Alan said, “though I would love to, some time. Now, let me roll away, Tanya. Don’t hit me or kick me or bite me, will you? If I kiss you, it’s only because I think a pretty girl like you should be kissed good-night before she goes to sleep.”

Shivering in astonishment, Tanya lay back numbly and Alan Fox slipped from her, though she could still feel his shoulder against hers as he lay still beside her.

“I have to get out of here,” Tanya said, realizing that she was still talking in the high voice she had

practiced so hard in the last few days. No wonder Alan thought she was a girl. She must talk like a man again and his fantasies would end. And mine, came another thought that she tried to cast from her mind.

“Thank you for stopping,” she murmured, touching his shoulder with her soft hand as she turned. He turned, too, and his hand reached over and stroked her shoulder and hair. He didn’t say anything as he kissed her. He didn’t have to as she put her arms on his neck, wanting the pleasure that she felt to rise again to what she had been so scared of, just minutes before.

“How much touching will you allow me before I must stop,” asked Alan in his softest tones. Tanya stiffened as she felt his hands stroking her garter belt and the soft skin above where her stockings were held. “I can do this?”

Tanya felt the stiffening of her body from her long hair to the tips of her stockings. Alan wasn’t holding her tightly. She was holding him. She nodded and kissed him. Oh, Tanya rose up inside her and took possession of her, glorying in all the pleasure that she felt.

“Oh! And oh! Oh! Oh!” Tanya squealed in her highest voice as she let this man with her remove her stockings, kissing her long legs from toe to thigh, making her wriggle with delight. Then, her panties came down, and her taping. She was as wet as Alan was as he spread her legs and she nodded again as he asked her for her permission. You don’t have to any more, she should have told him.

“My lovely, lovely girl,” Alan said so earnestly as he raised her tush and entered her and Tanya was a

woman. She reveled in the emotions that swept over her. Oh, goodness, it was all that she had wanted when she had decided to come to State and pledge this fraternity. She thrilled to the emotions that swept over her, admitting at last to herself that she had loved the last three weeks and more. It had been everything that a silly crossdresser like herself could have craved.

Who cared about the offer of being an Alpha man? Tanya, yes she was Tanya completely, was a woman, entwining her soft, smooth, feminine body about a man who was caressing her in every way as if she was a Princess. Alan kissed her and kissed her as she writhed beneath him, taking his tongue deep into her mouth and throat as he lifted her legs up over his shoulders and he was driving deeply, slowly into her as she wriggled in excitement and urged him on. It was nothing like what Martin had done to her.

Alan seemed to know exactly where to put his hands as he bounced her on his manhood. She wiggled and shook with pleasure as he told her again and again what a beautiful girl she was. And Tanya was sure that she was.

"You are my princess," said Alan Fox, after the two of them had drenched one another and before he started again to drive into her as she encouraged him to do, wanting to be his woman so terribly, no, so awfully, no ... so wonderfully.

"I am your princess," Tanya finally managed to say between kisses. "And you are my prince."

"I most definitely am," said Alan Fox, tweaking the little buds on his woman's chest that he knew would soon grow into two lovely wonders. "Now, you

can say it again, my darling. No, I am not going to dress you as a man tomorrow. Now and forever, you are always going to be my woman, Tanya."

Tanya shivered with excited thrills and forgot all she had promised to do as she kissed her wonderful man. "I am your woman, now and forever, Alan," she whispered and she meant every word that she said.

"Well, that went well, Mr President," said Rachel, leaning into the man's arm about her, sensing by the way he caressed her waist that he was pleased with her doing that to him.

"I didn't see Alan Fox," Peter Simpson said, leaning over the femininely fragrant, red-haired girl who was partly cuddling into him as they waited for the orchestra leader to begin the next dance.

"He slipped out with Tanya, one of the new girls," said Rachel with a smile that made Peter frown for a moment.

"Tanya?" he asked.

"In the shocking pink dress and tiara," said Rachel, still smiling up at the tall man who held her against him. "Alan must have persuaded her to slip away with him. By now, his charm has worked on her as much as Bob's charm has worked on Corinne!"

"I'll never remember all these new names," grumbled Peter Simpson. "So Tanya wasn't one of the twelve new Rho girls we've just enshrined in your sorority."

Your sorority, thought Rachel, but she didn't voice her opinion, not with alpha House's new President being so affectionate with her. He wouldn't beat her as his predecessor had, she was certain.

"You recall Cathy, in the year after me?" asked Rachel. "You remember how she called Corman a liar and a cheat, right out on the dance floor in Rho House as the induction of the girls was taking place."

"Oh, yes," said Peter, putting the shapely girl's arms about his neck and dropping both of his arms onto the top of her tush, doing the popular dance called the Clinch with her, loving the bounce of her breasts against him. "Cathy! I'd forgotten! She was taken in by everything that Corman said to her, wasn't she? She thought that after she'd danced with Alpha men at their Ball, she'd be welcomed into the fraternity for being such a good sport as she was!"

"Tanya had the same thoughts as Cathy," Rachel whispered into Peter's ear as she barely moved her feet as she swayed against the man she knew would be her lover for the night. His massive erection that she was concealing from prying eyes with her dress confirmed that he wanted her, wanted her desperately.

"So you didn't want the same outburst here tonight in this Grand Ball as this has become," murmured Peter Simpson. "You even gave up a tryst with Alan Fox to make things run smoothly for my first event as President."

"No," said Rachel, easing her soft-skinned cheek over his. "Alan and I did have a fling after I was inducted. I suppose it's gone down in Alpha history,

hasn't it? But it's long over, Peter. I've been a proper Rho girl, ever since Alan showed me that I had to be a girl, that I loved it far too much to quit."

"So you aren't pining for Alan," said Peter, turning his lips to meet hers, hers so perfectly feminine and soft and desirable. She kissed him, her long lashes so perfect as well as she closed her eyes and seemed so blissful to be kissing him. Peter hoped that it was genuine for he was used to women treating him with fakery and laughing with their friends about him, later. But the rare Rho girl he had known, he thought with a shiver, had never been like that about him.

"No," whispered the girl in his arms, opening her laughing, femininely madeup eyes to Peter Simpson. "What I am pining for I hope you will rectify very soon. It has been so long since a fraternity President made love to me and I really miss it. I miss it so-o-o-o much!"

"But there were twelve debutantes," said Peter again with a frown as he tried to control himself as he still had duties to perform.

"Yes," said Rachel. "Didn't you recognize the girl in the blue dress, the one Martin collected?"

"She looked like she was in a panic," Peter said. "I would have said but Heidi was coming up then!"

"So you don't even remember kissing Olivia?" said Rachel. "You don't recall passing her off to Martin for her tryst?"

Memory came in flood. "That couldn't have been Olivia!" said Peter, astonishment written on his face and in his voice. "I knew hi-, he-, her, in the frat! She didn't look like ... like an Olivia at all!"

“Shelley and Marisa did a really good job on her then,” said Rachel. “And before you ask, it had to be Martin with Olivia for her first tryst as a Rho girl because Martin was prepped for her. He was going to be another Alan Fox with her, or so he promised Emma and me. That’s why we let him take her!”

“I saw her face and she looked like she was just as eager as the other girls to be inducted,” said Peter.

“She’d been prepped as well,” said Rachel with a sigh. “A match made in heaven, like you and me.” The giggle that followed turned Peter’s emotions to mush. He wanted to have her right then, out on the dance floor. He didn’t care. But she was smiling and promising him so much if he would just get on and do what he had to do for the new men at the ball.

Peter Simpson was barely able to make the podium as the girl in his arms kissed him so sweetly and pressed against him, the promise of her body intoxicating him. But he did have a duty to perform. He had to induct the eight new members of the fraternity and he brought Rachel with him to smile over the reduced crowd in the ballroom as he donned the sash and headgear that Emma was waiting to put on him.

Peter welcomed Charles, the most nervous of the young men, and ordered him then to choose a girl for his ‘last dance’ as a free man. Charles immediately looked at Rachel and blushed.

“Any girl but mine,” said Peter then to general laughter from all the men and girls still clinging to one another around the podium.

“Me! Me!” girls began to call and to jump up and down in their lovely dresses in front of the podium.

Charles was blushing a brilliant red when he pointed at Astrid who squealed like a schoolgirl and almost ran into the man's arms, whipping him out with her onto the dance floor where she kissed her lover-to-be with desire and delight. The poor young man didn't know what had hit him but then it was the same for the second young man to be 'called' into the fraternity. That boy and Wendy were kissing on the dance floor, it seemed, even before Peter had made the ritual order to the young man.

Rachel had heard of some young men refusing to take a Rho girl in his arms or to take her off and make love to her. But that didn't happen that night. All the guys had a welcoming girl in his arms, Michelle went with Taggart, the football player, who looked so intently at her as she wiggled over to him in her lovely, flowing dress.

"She can handle him," Rachel whispered into Peter's ear as she saw him frown at the new couple.

Once all eight new Alphas were inducted, it was time for Peter to declare the Ball 'open' and all his brothers and Rachel's sisters were able to mingle with the older alumni who had come to help put the fraternity to rights. There were sisters there as well whom Rachel knew from her first year as a Rho girl, some who had been alumna before that.

"I do so love to come here," an older woman was saying to Shelley who was clinging, as the older woman was, to one of the Morton twins, both older, too, and grinning like chimps at the lovely catches they had made for the night. "I love it," the attractive, older woman, over thirty, Rachel thought, "because here, I don't have to wonder what anyone will think who ends up with me!"

“You know,” said Rachel as she circled the floor again with Peter. “Did you hear what Bettina was saying to Shelley? I think this new venture of Alan’s does have a chance after all!”

“Steve Pembleton was telling me that Alan’s buying some kind of hotel to turn into a club,” said Peter Simpson with a smile. “Steve says he’s going to marry Jane Livingstone this summer and he’s already booked the Honeymoon Suite in Alan’s hotel in Vegas.”

Alan didn’t have a hotel in Vegas, thought Rachel, keeping a practiced smile on her face. But he did have a club, a club that featured some graduates of this university as cocktail waitresses and showgirls. But Alan was very careful on who they all met. And he did his level best to keep them all happy.

Rachel had told him that she wouldn’t live in a harem and had flounced out of his club with Alan chasing her to the airport, she’d heard later. But she had come home to the only place that a girl could, a girl who was sprouting breasts at an alarming rate, her figure, voice and hair changing as well. She’d come back to be a Rho girl since it was the only place where a girl like her, she supposed, could be loved and find friends. It hadn’t been so bad until Bryan Fairfax, there, she’d thought Trudi’s real name, had been selected President.

Soon, as the couples dwindled from the floor, Peter declared the Ball over and led Rachel into the male domain of Alpha Rho Mu’s fraternity house. Rachel smiled at Brenda, swishing her way up the stairs with Will Merton assisting her. Yes, and the last girls, Melanie and company, were inviting all of the boys left to go with them.

Oh, yes, everyone was going to get their heart's desire that night, she thought gleefully as Peter hurried her along, the mound in the front of his pants promising her a night to remember. Ah, men, Rachel thought, as she held up her skirts and let Peter fondle her tush as he came after her. If you only knew what we girls were really thinking about you, men who always said that they weren't gay at all ...

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