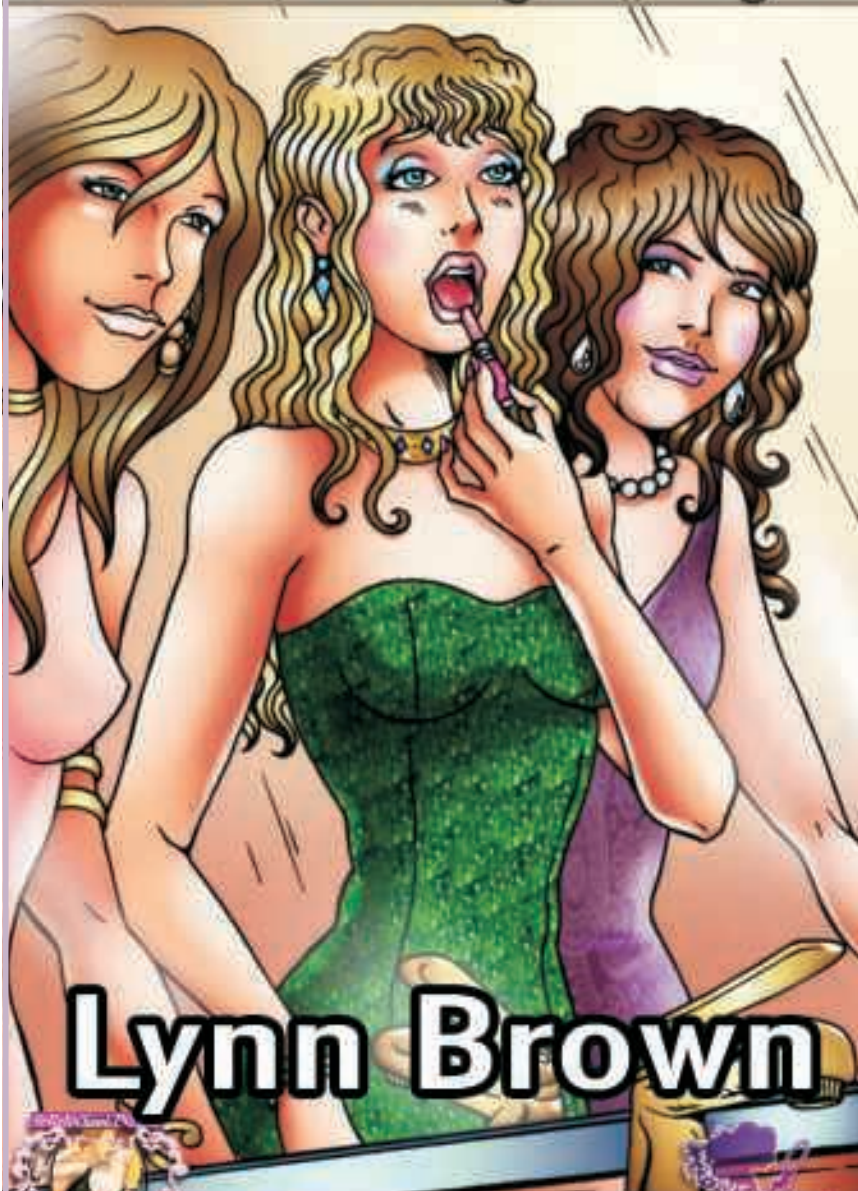


# Fraternity Boys



**Lynn Brown**

A "Her Tv" Novel

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# Fraternity Boys

**By Lynn Brown**

It has been over ten years since I pledged to the Sigma Beta fraternity at a small liberal arts college in Southern Mississippi. The college had approximately 1500 students and about 30 faculty members. It was located in a small town of five thousand and had over one hundred acres of well-manicured grass and lovely flower beds along with colorful shrubbery. The outstanding feature of the campus was a large lake complete with a covered wooden bridge which led a path to the picnic grounds.

First semester students were not allowed to join the Greek houses as the school wanted new students to be able to adjust to academic life with minimal outside interference. The administration had found this policy to be beneficial in getting youngsters off to a good academic start. Therefore Rush Week was the second week in January. I had chosen Belmont because of the size and the excellent scholastic reputation of the school. I was influenced because I was able to obtain nearly a full scholarship which paid for the tuition and books. We finished our exams the end

of December and I had maintained a 4.0 grade point for the semester.

While at home for the holidays I received a letter from the Sigma Beta fraternity inviting me to come visit their house the first day of the second semester. As Freshmen we knew that Sigma Beta was nicknamed the "Smart Boys" frat house. They had a reputation for having the highest grade point average of all the frat and sorority houses rather than being known as a "party" house. Since I put my priority in studying and grades, I decided to only apply at Sigma Beta upon returning to campus.

During my meeting with the membership committee I learned that the fraternity had connections with the administration which gave them a listing of all underclassmen who had made the Dean's list for the semester along with the grade point average prior to the college announcing the results of the semester. A group of twenty males were interviewed.

The president of Sigma Beta told us that if we joined the frat, grades would be of primary importance; if we fell below a 3.5 average the first year and 3.25 average the next, we would have to resign. It was emphasized that the frat did not paddle nor subject its pledges to various forms of hazing but we would be expected to perform certain duties during our pledge year such as running errands and general house cleaning for the entire fraternity. The pledges lived three to a room while the others were two members to a room. The housemother and an assistant prepared the meals, maintained the kitchen and did the laundry for the members.

Questions were taken after the pledge master explained the recruitment procedures. One prospect asked about "Hell Week". The pledge master said the different fraternities had various things that they put the members through during the week but Sigma Beta would have the pledges perform only during the

day. Whatever was decided upon would NOT interfere with studying as maintaining the highest grade point average in fraternity row was their foremost goal.

There were about fifteen candidates for interviewing. I was one of those that were immediately offered to join as a pledge. The following day nine pledges met at the frat house and were presented before the group. After being sworn into the fraternity, we returned to the dorm, gathered our belongings and moved into the frat house.

My roommates and fellow pledges were Harry and Sam. We were close to the same size, between 5 ft. 6 in. and 5 ft. 8in., nineteen or twenty years old, While Harry was from Mississippi, both Sam and I were from Western Tennessee .Harry and I were business majors while Sam was a liberal arts major.

The first weekend there was a social at the house. Our guests were the girls from the Lambda Chi sorority, known on campus as the "Lovely Chicks". I soon learned that these two groups partied and dated almost exclusively. These girls not only had looks and great bodies, but also were considered some of the brightest girls on campus.

Rather than beer flowing, there was wine in moderation, along with snacks. Being a small group, we were able to meet all the girls in the sorority and quickly made friends with their pledges. Sunday late morning the pledges were gathered and assigned cleaning duties for the rest of the semester. All participated in cleaning the party/meeting room or basement under the supervision of the pledge master. We were given assignment sheets detailing which frat members rooms, toilets, showers, and other areas which we were to clean as well as where all the cleaning materials, linens and items were stored. On this sheet we were scheduled to rotate each day so no one

would be stuck with a sloppy members' living quarters.

Since drinking during the school week and smoking was against house rules, our job was not too bad. All went well for several weeks until I happen to hear our club president talking to his girlfriend from Lambda Chi. They were in the living room discussing an upcoming party. I happened to be close by and overheard their conversation.

"Bill, your party room and the living room are filthy. Who does the house cleaning?"

"Betty, we have our pledges clean all but the kitchen area. What is so terrible? Trash is picked up and everything looks good to me."

"Just walk around and I will show you," Betty replied as the couple arose from the sofa and made a tour of the frat house, including all bedrooms and baths.

"Can you see what I mean? The beds may be made but clothes are thrown everywhere. I do not think they have dusted, much less cleaned the bathrooms and shower stalls. Notice that green color on the shower walls? That is mildew. Your pledges must have lived on a pig farm. While our house may not be spotless, it is 200% cleaner than your quarters. Until the house is cleaned better, I do not think my girls should be allowed in your house."

Bill replied, "What you said it true, but I am not the one to teach them to clean properly. What do you suggest?"

"Perhaps your pledges can be taught by my girls who do an excellent job of keeping our house spotless. Why don't you send your boys over this Saturday and we will teach them the proper way to clean a house. It would be nice to have help cleaning the sorority and we can accomplish two things at one time;

keeping my house clean and teaching your pledges. Have them show up at ten on Saturday.”

That Saturday the nine of us pledges along with Bill and the Pledge Master were in the den of Lambda Chi, waiting for Betty. She and several of the sisters came to greet us.

The pledge master, Tommy, made an announcement. “Betty, I appreciate your offering to train our pledges how to properly take care of cleaning our fraternity house. The boys are here to follow your instructions. I never realized that we did not clean and keep our house in order. Bill showed me that we have a lot to learn about housekeeping Do you pledges understand?”

While I knew what this meeting was about, I had only told my roommates. It took the others by surprise. Soon we had been assigned to several of the girls who handed us each an apron along with cleaning products. We started cleaning the sorority house under their supervision. At noon, we stopped, washed our hands and were given sandwiches and a Coke for a lunch break. After lunch, Betty called us and ready to resume our instruction, we put our aprons back on.

Billy Smith, a pledge from New York, had become annoyed and lashed out to Betty. “I am not going to clean your stinking sorority house! I have had enough. House cleaning is women’s work and should be done ONLY by women! Are you guys with me? Let’s leave.”

Several pledges verbally agreed with Billy. “House-keeping is for women. A person in trousers has NO business cleaning bedrooms and washing windows. ALL these jobs should be done by those wearing dresses!” All nine of us agreed. Taking off our aprons, we left. Exiting the sorority house, no one said anything. About an hour later we were summoned into

our frat's rec hall. Both the president and Pledge Master were there, along with most of the fraternity brothers.

Bill addressed the meeting." We have had a problem today in that our pledges were being taught by our sister house how to properly keep our house clean and neat. I understand that there was dissension among several members who did not appreciate how the Lambda Chi girls were helping us. There were some nasty words said to our lovely sisters who had volunteered to teach our pledges. The girls are rather mad at us and want some sort of apology before they have anything to do with any Sigma Beta man. Billy Smith, you were the one who created the problem. What do you have to say?"

Billy thought about his response. "I'm sorry but it did not seem fair for men to be doing woman's work. I thought that we keep our house in good order. I apologize to the members and hope that we can resolve this difference in opinion."

"I feel that our brothers will agree with me in acknowledging the complaint from Lambda Chi. I suggest that Tommy and I talk with Betty about the situation. You pledges are to meet now and consider how we can rectify the problem. You have ten minutes to decide," said Bill.

The brothers left us to ourselves. There was bickering back and forth. Finally I said, "Guys. Listen! I heard Betty and Bill discussing this last week. The girls from Lambda will not come into our house until it has been properly cleaned. We have known that it was our duty to clean the house. We did NOT do a good job. There is no one to blame except ourselves for not keeping the house clean. If we do not accept their help, then none of the members will have dates for the parties. You know that Lambda Chi girls go with Sigma Beta men. As I see it, we have to accept allowing the girls training us. Otherwise I think that

we can say goodbye to fraternity life. I suggest that we take a vote to see what we should do.”

Billy suggested that perhaps he was too hasty and he would make the apologize to our leaders. We all met with them and said that we had not considered that the girls were trying to help us. We wished to be forgiven and would promise in the future to do whatever the girls instructed us to do. Bill and Tommy accepted our apology and would tell the girls, hoping that they would reconsider their declaration regarding Sigma Beta men.

In about an hour they returned and informed us that the girls had accepted our apologize and would continue to train us but we would have to do as they said without any fussing, following all their directions.

Bill told us, “I do not know what they have in mind for you do. They accepted your apology but will decide by tomorrow how they will continue to train you. I told them that we wanted to cooperate and you were willing to do as they suggest. Thank you for helping your brothers to eliminate our dilemma with Lambda Chi. We need to stay in their good graces.”

Sunday at lunch, the President of the chapter told us that the girls had given him the conditions under that they would continue training After lunch the nine of us were lined up in the hallway outside our rooms. Bill and Tommy handed each of us a Speedo swimsuit they borrowed from the swim team. We were told to change into these, put on some flip-flops and meet in the downstairs hallway in five minutes.

The nine of us were waiting when Bill , Tommy and five other members escorted us over to the Lambda Chi house. It was chilly as we ran to the house in mid-February. Once inside we were ushered into the living room to be met by Betty and several sisters. The pledges were divided into two groups, each ac-

accompanied by several sisters in jeans and our frat brothers.

“Before we proceed, I understand that each of you is sorry for the way you acted yesterday and wish to continue under our tutelage. Is that correct?” We nodded in agreement. “Well then,” Betty continued, “since you think that house cleaning is woman’s work, whenever you are training and cleaning at your frat house, you will be dressed as women. Any objections?”

The pledges were about to say something when Tommy told us, “You boys agreed to do as the girls wanted. If you do not wish to follow through with your pledge, you may return to the frat house, pick up your belongings and leave. I told you earlier that we did not haze our pledges so this is the closest thing that will not compromise your studies and classes. Does anyone wish to leave?”

Billy raised his hand and was shown to the door, accompanied by a brother. Each group was led to a shower stall. The girls were ready with an electric shaver. Each of us had the majority of his body hair removed. Some members did not require shaving. Then we stood as the girls put a strong smelling liquid on each of us. We stood for ten minutes burning, then were put in the shower and given a washcloth. We had to rinse each other’s back. Soon all four of us stood hairless in our wet Speedos. We were given a towel and dried off.

Led to the sink, we found new pink disposable razors and shaving cream. The girls supervised as we shaved under our arms, then our sideburns. Once we were dry, a brother rubbed a sweet-smelling body lotion from a brother’s head to the bottom of his feet. Each of the girls supervising our hair removal gave us a small brown paper bag with instructions to strip off our swim suits and step into the contents of the bag.

The girls left the shower room while we struggled into a very tight nude panty brief under the watchful eyes of our brothers. They told us we were to tuck our genitals between our legs and pull the panty brief tight up our legs. While my group was in one shower stall, the other group of pledges were at the other side of the house, undergoing the same treatment. We all were told to go to the main room where we were paraded in front of the sorority sisters. We received whistles and cat calls from the girls.

After several embarrassing minutes in front of the girls, we were told by Betty, "Return to your house and put on a shirt, pants, and shoes ONLY. You will wear the panty brief most of the time unless told otherwise. You have ten minutes before we pick you up."

We were herded by the brothers to the house and put on shoes, pants, and shirts. Outside, the girls came up in two vans and one car. We were split into the two vans along with several sorority girls and another brother. Tommy, Bill, Betty and another girl followed in a car. Soon we were at the edge of town at the Outlet Shopping Mall. We were escorted to the Bali Outlet shop.

Betty asked for the store manager, then explained why we were shopping. The manager called for two assistants, telling them, "These boys need to be fitted for bras and panties as they will be doing women's work and therefore will be dressed accordingly."

We were soon measured and led to the brassiere section of the store. Betty told us to remember our sizes. The girls working with the assistants decided that we should have light blue Bali Comfort Revolution Smart Shaping Comfort bras that had smooth satin cups. The sorority girls decided that we should all wear B-cup bras along with matching lace-trimmed nylon panties. Another Bali bra model chosen for us was a Passion Pink Satin Tracings Lace

Undergird along with matching lace-trimmed panties.

The salesclerks found the correct sizes for each member's bra, handing the feminine garments to the pledges to carry. We moved over into the panty section where we picked up the undies. I looked over to my fellow pledges and saw their reddening faces, knowing that I was not the only one embarrassed by carrying the lingerie.

Each of us told the clerk the panty size for which we had been measured. Additional embarrassment was had as we carried two bras in one hand and two pairs of delicate panties in the other hand as we walked to the middle of the store to find matching garter belts. We stood holding our purchases while the clerks took our waist measurements.

A four-garter satin belt in pink was given to each pledge. The satin garter belt was embellished with decorative flowers on the front side and was secured by a four-eye hook elastic closure. Adding the garter belt to our collection, we were led into a dressing area by Betty and the girls.

"Alright, time to make sure your lovely lingerie will fit you properly. Girls, help our future housecleaners get ready. Boys, take off your male clothing. Leave your panty brief on. The girls will teach you the proper way to dress in your undies."

Following their instructions, I and my brothers removed our shoes, shirts, and pants. Standing in only the beige panty briefs, we were told to put on the garter belts first. The girls laughed as we struggled to clasp the hooks around the back of our waist. Finally one of the sisters spoke up saying, "Girls, clasp the hooks in front and slide the belt around your waist until the hooked eyelets are in the middle of your back." It was much easier this way as we all completed the task.

“Now put on your lovely pink panties and pull them up to your waist. Bring the four garters under your panties and let them dangle. It is time for your lovely decorated pink brassiere. Wrap the bra around your chest, bringing the clasp in front. Using the last set of hooks, put the eyelets into them. Slide the bra around your chest, put one arm through the strap, then the other. Very good, girls!”

Each of us stood before one of the sorority sisters as they adjusted the straps on our shoulders. Betty came into the dressing area and handed each of us a package which contained a pair of beige nylon stockings. We were instructed how to roll the nylon, then slide it over our toes while slightly and gently pulling the nylon up our leg. Standing up, I was taught how to smooth the stocking on my hairless leg, snap the stocking to the garter tab in the rear and then in the front. The sisters then adjusted the length and tightness of the stocking while explaining why the adjustment is made to the garter tab to the pledges.

We were marched out into the store area where the clerks and manager inspected the fit of our bras and panties. This was more embarrassing than having to walk into the shop carrying our lingerie around the store. Satisfied that we were wearing the proper sizes, the manager told Betty, “Did you wish to have them fill out their brassieres? I would suggest these inexpensive breast forms which have plastic pellets in a satin casing. They will fill the boys’ cups and give the breasts weight to help round out their figures.

Betty motioned to me. I stepped forward as she dropped a falsie into each bra cup. Tugging at the bra, she proclaimed, “What an excellent idea. This will help them realize what difficulties women go through. Each of you girls help your pledge into his feminine shape.” Laughing, she added, “All right girls, you may return to the dressing room and put your clothing over your new lovely silky undies.”

We rushed to get out of the sight of the customers who had witnessed our ordeal. We were informed to wear our new falsies and bring the blue panties and bra to the checkout counter. We left the outlet store carrying a small pink and white bag marked "Bali's Lingerie" as the group continued to the next store, a uniform shop.

Once again Betty asked for the manager, explaining why the large group was in her store. The girls wanted to see a selection of uniforms so that we boys could be comfortable doing Woman's Work! "The boys feel as though cleaning is meant for people wearing dresses, NOT pants," she explained.

The pledges and our frat brothers stayed in the front of the store while the girls looked through the racks of uniforms. They returned carrying three different dresses.

"The girls and I could not decide which uniform would be more appropriate so I want three of you new girls to model these dresses. Charlie, you and your roommates go with the clerk to get the correct size in each dress. We will have a fashion show to decide which uniform would look best on you."

With assistance from three of the sisters we reappeared in five minutes in the middle of the store. Of course a large crowd gather to see just what was happening. Here were three boys in dresses and lingerie parading around while five other boys were standing holding a delicate bag with protruding chests straining under their shirts. The girls assisted as each of us as we put on the uniforms. Mine was a knee-length light pink dress with a buttoned front to the waist, white ruffled collar, white lacy ribbon, and soft nylon white ruffles at the end of the puffed-out short sleeves. The dress was made from polyester and cotton.

Harry's dress was similar to mine, knee-length, short puffy sleeves with white nylon sleeves but in black. The white ruffled collar came down the side to the waist of the dress. Sam's uniform was a short nylon black above-the-knee with white button front and a wide black leather belt.

The three of us walked into the store area and paraded back and forth before everyone. The sorority girls were laughing loudly as we walked and modeled the uniforms. The girls debated about the dresses.

"The pink is so feminine and would really add to the humiliation and the femininity of our cleaning crew. However I believe that Sam's dress would be most appropriate," said Betty.

Before a vote could be taken amongst the sisters. the store manager suggested, "It might help if we added a beautiful ruffled organdy apron to their outfits." This thrilled the girls, inducing comments as a frilly white apron was placed over Harry's uniform.

"Just perfect!" expressed Betty. "Boys go back with your sales girl, get the proper size uniforms, put them on and show us what they look like."

While Harry stayed out front with Betty, the rest of us changed into the correct size uniforms. Some of the boys had to try several sizes before being properly fitted. To the delight of the girls and the crowd we came out, heads bowed, standing in front of the group wearing undies ,uniform and fluffy aprons. "We will take them all," exclaimed Betty to the manager.

"Just a minute," the manager said as she excused herself, going to the stockroom. Returning, she explained, "Since this is a large order, I would like to give the boys a white organdy maid's cap."

Each of the girls placed a cap on her charge while cameras were flashing. Betty thanked the manager

and the Pledge Master paid for the uniforms. We were given a shopping bag and instructed to gather our clothes as we had more shopping to do and we needed to keep the uniforms on. However, we were told to put on our shoes.

As the eight boys wearing maids' uniform with cap and white fluffy aprons were walking the length of the mall with nine young ladies and two college males, we attracted a large crowd. Everyone stopped to see what was happening.

Someone in the crowd said, "It looks like some fraternity boys are being initiated." We were taken into the Olga outlet shop.

Once again Betty requested the manager and explained that our group considered housecleaning a job for women; therefore the boys would attend to their duties dressed and appearing to be women. The manager laughed and called for several clerks to help us.

Once the choice was made, we informed the clerk as to our proper size undies. Finding the sizes each member required, we were handed the soft lacy garments and ushered into the dressing rooms where we were told to strip and put on the bra and panty combination chosen by the sorority sisters.

Each of us removed and hung his apron, cap, uniform, pink bra and panties on the door hooks. Then we were given the new white lacy soft nylon bras interlaced with a deep midnight blue ribbons along with matching Secret Nylon Scoop Half-pant Panties. These panties had a wide band of elastic dark blue lace along with a three-inch band of lace on each leg. Stuffing our falsies into the bra cups, we were herded into the store aisle to be checked for fit. We were a sight returning wearing the new lingerie along with a garter belt and stockings. The young clerks took delight in checking our shoulder straps and tugging on

the panties to insure a proper fit. Once they were satisfied, we walked back to the counter where we told the clerks our bra and panty sizes. We each received a set of lingerie in pink with red ribbons intertwined through the lacy panties and bras.

Humiliated, we returned to the dressing rooms where we removed the new Olga panties and bras, then dressed in the pink Bali set of undies, stuffing the falsies into the bras. We dressed back into the black maids uniforms, apron and caps along with our male shoes. Then we returned to the counter, carrying both sets of white lacy lingerie. Our purchases were paid for and then individually wrapped for each pledge to carry to our next store.

Along the mall, we were a sight. Eight young males wearing black uniforms with a frilly apron and matching cap while carrying one large bag lettered "Mary's Maid Shoppe" containing our male attire and two smaller bags marked "Olga Lingerie" and "Bali's Intimates".

Soon we entered a shoe shop. Betty again asked for the manager. She told her why we were shopping and that she required the boys to be fitted in two and one-half-inch black heels.

Taking turns, we watched each other being fitted and trying on high-heeled shoes. We had to walk back and forth down the small aisle to see if they were comfortable. Most of us had to be assisted by one of the sorority girls as we had difficulty balancing on the pencil thin heels. Fortunately, Betty informed us that we were to put on our male shoes and carry the heels. "You will learn to walk properly in your new high-heeled shoes after some practicing."

Leaving the mall, we returned to the sorority house. Betty insisted that we put on the heels and help serve lunch. All of us had to serve in our complete maid outfits before the entire group of girls. We

took a razzing from the girls that had not attended our shopping. They teased us, saying, "My, but you boys look pretty. What are you wearing under your smart uniforms? Do you like wearing pretty soft underwear? Would you rather be wearing that old heavy cotton boys underwear or do you like the feel of soft nylons? What color undies did you buy? How did you grow breasts so rapidly? You may wish to take smaller steps to balance yourself in your thin heeled shoes" and other nonsense like that. After serving the girls, we had our lunch.

Before sitting at the table we were instructed how to approach the chair and the proper way to sit while smoothing the skirt of our dress under us. "Not only will you learn to clean but we will teach you how to properly present yourself while you have the privilege of wearing skirts," Betty informed us.

Before I had time to think, I retorted, "You are *not* going to make sissies out of us!"

"That remark, my dear Charlie, will cost you two points," replied a stern Betty. "We were assured of your wanting to apologize and being willing to pay for your rude behavior. Your Pledge Master and I have come up with a series of penalties should you fail to comply with our rules and training. Gloria, bring out the penalty uniform to show our trainees the consequences for rule violations."

Gloria returned carrying a short black maid's uniform on a hanger. Showing us the dress as well as several lacy petticoats, Betty continued, "This is a French maid's uniform. The pledge with the most points accumulated during the week will have the privilege of wearing this on Saturday along with complete makeup and jewelry. Later I will review the rules we have set to insure that you will abide with this training. So girls, I suggest you learn quickly."

Having finished lunch, we all rose to our feet, holding on to our chair or the table to catch our balance in the heels. Once steadied, there was the clicking of heels on the tile kitchen floor as we took our dishes to the sink to be rinsed. Betty and her crew met us and taught us how to properly walk in heels, taking smaller steps, putting one foot in front of the other and holding our wrists parallel to the floor. The hardest thing I had to learn was swaying my hips.

Then it was off to the bedrooms where we learned how to properly make a bed, dust by removing objects to clean under and behind them, dusting blinds, how to properly store clothing in the closets, as well as how to change the vacuum bags. From there we were taught how to clean the bathrooms, shower stalls, etc. Betty told us to take off our fancy aprons, giving us plain cotton ones to keep our uniforms from being soiled.

After the bathrooms were cleaned, we were instructed as we vacuumed the den, dining area and recreation rooms, followed by dusting and polishing the furniture.

It was close to five when we finished. Betty accompanied us as we walked back to the frat house. The girls had lent us sweaters to help ward off the chilly February air. As we entered the house, Tommy was waiting and told us to gather in the rec room. He explained, "Today you were off schedule, so after lunch, you pledges are to change into your uniforms and be ready by one o'clock to clean the frat house. In the future, you will clean the Sorority on Saturday mornings and the fraternity house in the afternoon. This means that you will have Sundays to yourself and can do your studying or have some leisure time.

"Now everyone have a seat," he said. We folded our uniform skirts under us as we sat. He continued, "Betty and I have some rules that will be followed as long as you are pledges. We will award points for not

adhering to these rules and regulations. Today you purchased four sets of ladies undergarments. These are to worn every day under your street clothes. You will be stopped randomly by frat brothers and Lambda Chi girls and asked what you are wearing. You will reply by reciting their names and a description of your underclothing. To identify yourself as a Sigma Beta pledge, you are to wear this brooch with the Lambda Chi initials on your right coat lapel or your shirt. There is a list which will be passed around for each of you. Each will memorize the form and the descriptions written.

“Everyone will wear the set of lingerie as described each day on the calendar. You will go to the Lambda house each afternoon from three until six o'clock. You will gather in our lobby at ten minutes to three dressed in your uniforms, aprons, and caps. You are to shave prior closely to putting on your uniform. Until you are officially a Sigma Beta member, you are not to have your hair cut. Keep it long and in a pony-tail during classes.

“At the end of your daily visit to Lambda Chi house, you are to return, change clothing and be ready for supper at six-thirty. If you do not have time to change, you may eat dressed in your uniforms. If you are late for dinner, points will be award. I will let Betty describe how punishment points will be awarded. I believe Betty has shown you the punishment uniform.”

Betty came to the front of the room and said, “To help you become a better person and to help you cooperate in your initiation, we have devised a point system. There are two punishments which will be awarded. The first is for the most points accumulated during the week, Monday through Friday. The second is for when a pledge has totaled twenty five points. For these infractions the pledge will be wearing the French maid's uniform for a period of time.



For the weekly points he will be required to wear the outfit for Saturday cleaning session. For twenty five points, the candidate will be dressed to serve at the bidding of the Lambda for the entire weekend.

“Now for hygiene. You need to hand wash your undies and hang them to dry. Since everyone has the same matching undies, I am giving each of you wooden clothespins. Put your names on the pins. Hang a line somewhere and hang your dainties to dry. The same goes for your stockings which should be done every day. Your legs and arms and underarms are to be free of hair. You can use a razor or a depilatory. I am passing out the rules and your dressing schedules for next week. Are there any questions? No? Good. The girls and I will see you tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Wear the same clothing you have on today.”

We were dismissed and returned to our rooms to change. It occurred to me that if we were to wear the same undergarments, we had better rinse them. I mentioned this to Harry and Sam. We rinsed our undies and hung them to dry. It was a strange sight when entering our room. We had strung several clotheslines across the room. On these lines were sets of panties and bras as well as nylon stockings waiting to be dried. After dinner we returned to our rooms to catch up on some of our studies as we would be busy in the morning. I took time reading the rules which we had been given earlier:

Not complying when questioned about what you are wearing meant 5 points. Not reciting your lingerie of the day correctly got you 2 points. Not wearing the correct lingerie of the day would cost 5 points. Disrespect to a Lambda girl was worth 5 points. Not following instructions or cooperating with a Lambda girl equalled 10 points ;Messy or dirty uniform: 3 points; Run in your stockings: 10 points. Incomplete uniform: 10 points. Not wearing lingerie was a big one:

25 points. Inadequate or sloppy housecleaning: 5 points; Failure to participate in house cleaning was another huge no-no: 25 points

Sunday morning, Harry, Sam and I put on the dried undies, then our pants and shirt and hurried to eat our breakfast. Returning to our room, we changed into our uniforms. As I put on the high-heeled shoes, I noticed that I had a small run in my right stocking on the inside. I hoped no one would see it. At nine we were assembled in the rec room waiting for Betty and four other sisters. The girls they asked each of us, "What dainty undies are you wearing today?"

Each of us replied, "Miss [her name], under my uniform I am wearing my nude panty brief as well as a lovely pink Bali Satin Tracing Lace Undergird brassiere with matching pink nylon panties. Under my panties I am wearing a blushed pink satin floral design garter belt holding up my sheer beige nylon stockings."

All the pledges supplied the answers to his girl's satisfaction. Under the girls' guidance, we cleaned the fraternity house with only several suggestions. At lunch the girls were invited to stay and the pledges put on our fluffy white aprons and served the girls along with the fraternity brothers. While I was bending over serving a brother, Gloria noticed the run in my stocking. She pulled me aside and said, "Charlie, you have a run in your stocking. That will cost you ten points." Nothing else was said.

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On Monday morning I dressed in the required lingerie of the day, the Olga soft white nylon bra with the dark blue intertwined ribbons along with the matching laced top and legged panties. I put on my garter belt and the one stocking as the other was

badly torn. I finished my dressing in a sport shirt, pants, socks and shoes. We were ready to leave for classes when Sam reminded us to put on our L.C. pins. During the day I was asked several times what I was wearing under my shirt and pants. I passed all inquiries. By three in the afternoon, I had shaven my slight facial hairs, put on my maid's uniform, heels and apron and waited for the others in the hallway. Together we walked to the Lambda house.

Inside, we stood in the hallway awaiting the girls who were going to instruct us for the day. We were told to stand straight for inspection. All eight of us had forgotten the maid's cap and were assessed ten points each. Gloria came to inspect me and noticed I was wearing only one stocking. She told me, "Yesterday you received ten points for a run in your stockings. Today will cost you an additional ten points for an incomplete uniform"

I replied, "You knew yesterday I had a run in the stocking. This is not fair! What am I supposed to do? Does this mean that I have two incomplete uniform complaints today?"

"Yes. Since you asked nicely, I will not assign you points for disrespect. I thought you realized that you should have gone to the store and bought another pair. I expect you to have new stockings by tomorrow. If you find the same brand and color, you can have a spare in case you snag another stocking. Girls, pay attention. Charlie had a run in his stockings so I suggest that all of you purchase extra pair of stockings so you can carry a pair in case you ruin yours. Save yourself a minimum of ten points and perhaps a total of twenty points for the day."

Within one day I had amassed thirty points plus the two points from the previous day.

The girls had us sit in the living room and began teaching us how to sit in a straight back chair and on

a sofa or stuffed chair while we were wearing skirts. In addition we practiced walking and the proper way to bend and retrieve something from the floor as well as how to bend our legs when serving either at the dining table or a casual serving of snacks and drinks. By the end of the week, we were all well-trained. Friday evening the points for the week were posted. It seemed I would be the first to be punished.

Saturday morning, we all put on our lingerie of the day, uniforms, aprons, and caps while slowly walking in the high heels over the rough concrete sidewalks to the Lambda house. While the others started cleaning, I was taken into Betty's room and told to strip down to my panties and bra (of course I remained in the nude panty brief.) Doing as told, I waited until Betty and her roommate entered.

From her closet Betty removed the small black satin white lace-trimmed French Maid uniform. I was surprised as Sally brought out a long black satin boned old fashioned corset which had a front opening and laces in the back. As she closed the steel front eyelets, I thought to myself that it didn't look too bad. That was until Betty started pulling the back laces to tighten the corset. While the tightness did not cause pain, I was caught off guard as Betty started again at the top of the corset, after Sally had inserted my falsies into the bra cup of the corset, tightening the heavy laces through the eye loops.

She started at the bottom, working her way to the middle until she secured and tied the laces. Sally then went behind my back, starting at the center of the laces to take out the slack, then pulling from the top and bottom until she had my waist reduced several inches. Giving a final tug, she closed the corset another half-inch.

Betty had me sit in a straight chair as she rolled a stocking on her hands, then placed it on my left foot. I stood up as she smoothed the stocking up my legs

and secured the stocking top to the three garters on the left side; one in the front, middle and rear positions. She asked me to sit as she rolled the second stocking on my right leg, repeating what she had done with the left leg. Betty asked me to bend over which I could not since the corset constricted my movements. She reminded me of the lesson yesterday and emphasized that now I would have to bend at the legs while having to keep my back straight.

I stepped into the short skirted black satin uniform which Betty zipped in the back. She handed me a white short fluffy ruffled nylon petticoat which I stepped into, then she handed me a second petticoat which when pulled up to my cinched waist filled the skirt of the uniform, leaving the skirt sticking straight out. Betty handed me a pair of lacy ruffled white rumba panties which completed the outfit. I sat in the chair as she slipped on the three-inch black high-heeled shoes over my nylon-covered feet.

As I stood up, I felt naked as the hem of the skirt fell halfway between my hips and knees. The tight taffeta uniform clung tightly across my body, particularly hugging my corseted cinched waist. The neck of the uniform was scooped, allowing a fair amount of chest to be revealed. Between the corset putting pressure on my chest and the falsies being squeezed, I had been given artificial cleavage. There was a vast amount of stockinged legs peeking out from under the fancy petticoats and rumba panties, which showed as I bent over, to my feet enclosed in three-inch pencil-thin heels

I was escorted to the vanity table in the bedroom. Sitting down, I had to hold my petticoats in place rather than expose my lacy panties. A cape was put over my shoulders to protect the bodice of the uniform as Betty and Sally cleansed my face, moisturized and wiped off the excess cream before applying a

base foundation, smoothing in the liquid makeup until it looked like my natural skin after a sun tan.

Setting powder followed, then eyeshadow, mascara, eyeliner, and a thinning of my eyebrows, followed by penciling in the brows for fullness. My lips were outlined with a pink pencil, then filled in with bright red lipstick and sealer. Long pearl drop earrings were attached to each lobe while a single strand pearl necklace was clasped around my neck. This was followed with a four-strand pearl bracelet and a clustered pearl ring.

Once the girls had completed applying makeup and jewelry, I was taken before a full-length mirror to view the finished results. I was amazed at the reflection. There stood a pretty creature with a lovely face, long slender legs and a very sexy outfit. The only thing lacking was my short hair upon which was under the frilly maid's cap. There was no doubt that the reflection was a pretty man in a dress.

Pleased with the results of their efforts, Betty and Sally led me back down the stairs for the sisters to view their creation. At the same time the other girls had our pledges come into the living room to see what could be in store for them in the future. It was humiliating enough to be standing in front of the girls, but when my fellow pledges saw me, I wanted to hide.

The pledges returned to finish cleaning the Lambda house. I was taken into the dining area and was taught how to set the table for lunch. Soon it was time for the pledges to return to the frat house for lunch and then clean our house. While they gathered in the hall, I was told to stay, my job this weekend was to be a maid for the Sorority. The boys were told to eat lunch, then be ready to clean house when their supervisors arrived. They left in a group as I stayed.

The girls went into the dining room and seated themselves; I carried the plates of food to the table,

going to each girl and filling their plates with the various food items. I had to bend my legs while serving the girls. I was embarrassed as they would play with my petticoats and sometimes lift the skirt to reveal what I was wearing underneath. Once I had completed serving, I was told to stand off to one side in case the girls needed an item. During the meal, I was called to fill the water and tea glasses many times.

One girl summed up the whole episode by stating, "Don't you just *love* the way Charlie looks and the girlish swishes from his petticoats as he walks around." From the heat of my cheeks, I was sure that I was blushing, thus putting more color into my cheeks than the blush which had been applied earlier.

After lunch was finished, I cleared the table, taking the dishes to the kitchen, The cook and helper both enjoyed seeing me in a sexy outfit and were talking softly between themselves but looking in my direction. Once the dishes were done and I had cleared and dusted the table, replacing the chairs, I was taken to the kitchen and had my lunch. Seeing lipstick prints—MY lipstick prints—on the water glass reminded me as to my fate.

Reporting back to Betty, I was told to sit in the recliner and relax for awhile. It was difficult to get comfortable because of the tightness of the corset. I was able to lean towards the corner of the chair. Betty schooled me on the proper way to close my legs while sitting, joking, "You do not wish everyone to see your panties while sitting. Keep your legs and ankles together with your feet flat on the ground." After fifteen minutes I followed her up the stairs to her room where I sat at the vanity stool, having my makeup touched up. This time she also added perfume.

After checking out my uniform and retying my apron along with adjusting the white fluffy cap, I was taken downstairs to the hall. Shortly the doorbell

rang and I was instructed to let the people in and have them wait in the den. I was to escort each person into the den and return to my station. Soon the bell rang again and I opened the door to see two girls from Alpha Phi. I asked them in. They were giggling, watching as I walked in front of them into the room.

Soon the bell rang again and I went through the same routine for another girl; again for three more girls from Alpha Phi. The bell rang once more and I let in six more sonority girls from two other houses. Returning to the hall, I waited until Betty had me come into the den to take drink orders from the girls. She had given me a small pad and pencil to write down the orders.

During the afternoon I was kept busy refilling glasses and serving snacks. It seemed to me that I was providing the entertainment for the day. At five-thirty the guests left. Betty told me that there was not enough time for me to change since the girls would all be getting ready for diner and dates. She gave me a paper bag containing my regular uniform to take back. I was to report at ten in the morning in my regular uniform and to bring the corset and the special uniform back on Sunday morning.

It was close to six by the time I returned to the frat house. I had no choice but to sit at the table while wearing the French Maid uniform having dinner. I had forgotten that I was still wearing makeup. The brothers enjoyed ribbing me, asking if I was cold wearing the short skirt. They joked that I was probably warmed by the layers of ruffles under my dress and asked if I enjoyed wearing makeup as I was very pretty for a boy.

I was relieved when dinner was finished. I returned to my room and with assistance from my roommates removed the uniform and the corset. Taking a long hot shower helped ease the pain and tightness in my waist. I then caught up on washing my lingerie and

hanging it over a line we had put across our room with the clothespins I had been given. Sam and Harry had the same idea so our room had panties, bras, garter belts, and stockings hung all over. The girls had thought ahead when they told us to put our names on the pins as we had matching sets of undies. I studied that evening as I knew I would be busy the following day.

In the morning all the pledges were wearing their uniforms for breakfast since they were to make the beds and pick up the house. Afterwards they changed into their male underwear for the balance of the day. I was dressed in the lingerie of the day; Bali white lacy bra with red ribbon decoration along with the daily uniform. Harry reminded me to take the maid's cap along with the corset and French Maid's uniform as I was heading to the Lambda Chi house.

Arriving slightly before ten, I was taken into Betty's room where I undressed down to panties and bra, then stood as she and her roommate put me into the corset. Betty had me stand at the end of the poster bed and hold tightly to the post as she tightened the garment more securely than the previous day. Again she rolled the nylons up my legs and attached them to the garter straps. I was assisted as I stepped into the flounce petticoats and rumba panties. The uniform was lifted over my head and zipped in the back. Again I sat at the vanity while they applied makeup.

Once the lipstick was blotted, I received the same jewelry and perfume as yesterday. Sally came over to the table carrying a long Auburn wig which she placed on my head, working on the styling until she was satisfied. Betty sprayed the wig and had me turn around to look into the vanity mirror. I did not recognize the image that was reflected back. I think both Betty and Sally were as surprised by my appearance as I was.

As I left the room and came downstairs to the dining area, the Sorority sisters were amazed at the image I portrayed. With the wig, makeup, and lack of body hair, I looked like one of the Sorority sisters except for my uniform. Again I set the table for lunch and cleaned up after the girls had finished. I was then assigned to make all the beds and pick up the clothes that might be out of place.

After picking up the bedrooms and making the beds, Betty insisted that I have my makeup redone. After taking cold cream to remove all the makeup, Betty along with another sister redid my face. This time the makeup was darker and heavier; deep blue and purple eyeshadow, deep crimson red lipstick and bright blush. This application of makeup apparently called for heavier mascara. My apron and cap were neatly rearranged and I was taken downstairs to set the table for the evening meal .

Betty thanked me for a good job. She appreciated my work and how I handled myself throughout the ordeal. Once again I was unable to change into the standard uniform. She told me to bring it back Monday during the pledges' session at Lambda house. She did however take off my wig as it belonged to one of the sisters. I was sent back just in time to have dinner at the frat house but wearing the maid's uniform and complete makeup.

Tommy, the Pledge Master, decided that I should wait on the boys serving drinks and refills as well as bringing food from the kitchen. As the fraternity members enjoyed the evening, I was embarrassed by having them see me in the French Maid's outfit. The eight other pledges knew that one of them might be next to be feminized. This brought fear to all of the initiates.

Monday afternoon I returned the outfit and corset. Only my roommates knew that I was wearing the constrictive garment. I had been told by Betty not to

say a word to any of the pledges but my roommates knew as they helped me undress, I had them pledge not to tell anyone about this awful garment. Just wearing the uniform and having full makeup was enough of a worry. The girls taught us a few more ways to properly clean the house. Each weekday we worked on some of the girls' cleaning.

Then came the embarrassing part as we were taught the proper way to hand wash lingerie, even though we had a little practice on our own. Several pledges received demerit points since their nylon stockings had runs from not being properly handled during washing. It was decided that the following day we were to bring five dollars apiece and go to the hosiery department in Macy's near the campus to purchase additional hosiery.

Tuesday afternoon the group, accompanied by several sisters, walked into Macy's to purchase additional stocking. Each member had to request their size as the salesclerk waited on us. What seemed like most of the people in the store gathered around to see a group of young men purchasing stocking while fully dressed in maids uniforms including aprons, caps and high-heeled shoes.

Wednesday afternoon after leaving the sorority house, we all returned to our frat and did some tidying up of the house. Every morning the pledges had to make up the members' beds and pick up the rooms prior to eating breakfast. On Thursday afternoons we straightened up the sorority house. We would always spend an hour or two learning how to act as a women. No one would tell us why we had to learn these traits. If we complained, we received punishment points. At the end of the week, my roommate Harry had the most points and he was put into the French Maid's outfit and corset for Saturday as the rest of us cleaned both houses. Harry served lunch as I had, set the table for evening meal and was late

for dinner so he was ordered to eat in the uniform. Harry was not given a wig like I had been the previous weekend.

Several weeks went by. We became so proficient at cleaning that by Friday afternoon we had completely cleaned the sorority house and spent Saturday cleaning our fraternity under the girls' supervision.. I thought maybe the girls were tiring of having to check on every thing.

One day I overslept. I rushed to make up the two beds of our members and dressed without donning my lingerie. It occurred to me that I needed to know the lingerie of the day so if stopped I could recite it to everyone satisfaction. Gloria stopped me between classes and asked what I was wearing under my male clothing. I recited the lingerie of the day. She smiled as she put her hands over my chest. Not feeling the Undergird Bali bra under my shirt, she told me to unbutton it. Seeing no bra, she slid her hands up my upper legs to feel the garters which were supposed to hold up my stockings. Nothing! I had been caught.

Gloria grinned as she told me, "Well, Charlie, it looks as though just earned twenty-five points. Congratulation, I believe you will be dressed appropriately this weekend. Have a nice day!"

On Friday, points were tallied. I now had my weekend planned for me. Since I had the most points as well, it was announced that there was to be a special punishment which would be revealed later.

Saturday morning I went to the Lambda house along with my fellow pledges. We were all wearing our uniforms for cleaning. Once the girls checked all of us, a few received penalty points for sloppy uniforms. The group along with several Sorority sisters walked back to the frat house for the weekly cleaning. I was told to stay.

Arriving at Betty's room I was soon standing before her as the girls placed and tightened the corset around my waist. Holding on to the bed post, Sally and Betty took turns pulling until the corset was completely closed. I was having a difficult time catching my breath. Betty suggested that I take shallower breaths which did help.

The corset had reduced my waist so the French Maid's outfit was rather loose. Betty had me sit and roll up my stocking. The girls were laughing as I tried to connect the stocking tops to the suspenders hanging on the corset as it was difficult to bend and clasp the rear garter. I finally completed the task. Once the petticoats and panties were on, the maid's uniform was slid over my head and pulled into place. A white four-inch wide leather belt was tightened into the last hole, given more emphasis to my narrow waist line. It was with extreme difficulty that I was able to bend and slide the black narrow-heeled shoes on my stockinged feet.

This time the makeup was lighter in shade and the lipstick was pink. Sally had a long blond wig which she clipped into my own hair. A long dangling gold earring was clipped on each ear and a small gold locket on a chain was placed around my neck. The maid's cap was pinned on the top of the wig but I was told not to wear my apron. Once the girls approved how I looked, I was sent to make all the beds in the sorority house and pick up the bedrooms.

Out of necessity, I learned very quickly to bend at the knees rather than the waist while making the beds. After each room was finished I had to walk down the stairs, find Betty or Sally to have them approve of my work.

I welcomed when it was time to set the table for lunch as it meant not having to bend. Soon the table was ready and I brought out the food.. As told, I waited off to the side ready to bring anything the girls

needed. They all noticed the wide white belt which gave me a woman's waistline. They asked me what type of diet I was on to give me a pretty figure, etc. At dinner I again waited on the girls.

The girls left the table to get ready for a party being held at Sigma Beta house while I ate my dinner and cleared the table. I was then summoned by Betty and led into a guest bedroom. Betty had me remove my wig and uniform, then wash the makeup off my face. After that I shaved closely and waited until Betty returned. I knew that I would be having another makeup session since she had me shave.

Shortly, Betty knocked on the door and came into the room carrying a blushing pink Maidenform Comfort Lace Extra Coverage Bra with cloud formed cups along with matching pink hi-cut laced legged panties. I was told to remove my uniform along with my bra, panties and panty brief and put on the lingerie she handed me, then put on the ruffled uniform panties.

Betty stepped out of the room while I changed. She came back in and adjusted my stockings as well as retying the corset. In my undies I walked to her room and sat on the vanity while a cape was draped around my shoulders.

My face was moisturized, then evening makeup was applied to my smooth face. The eyeshadow was dark crimson and the lipstick a bright blue-red. Sally brought out the long Auburn wig and styled it after inserting several pins to hold it in place. Once finished with the wig, Sally took a bottle of red nail polish, matching the color of the lipstick I was wearing, and applied two coats of polish. I was left at the vanity while the nails dried. Betty came back in fifteen minutes later. after she had finished dressing for the party. She clipped long heavy rhinestone earrings on my lobes and around my neck put a rhinestone choker which was clearly visible with the scooped

bodice of the uniform. Again I was sprayed with perfume.

Betty and I went down the stairs to gather in the hall with the other sisters attending the party at Sigma Beta house. I poised for a group picture, placed in the middle of the group. After that my picture was taken with each sister. Betty handed me a short black coat and had me draped it over my shoulders to “ward off the chill”. I now had my worst fear confirmed; I would be attending our frat party as a French Maid.

Betty said, “Yes, Charlie, you will be the maid for tonight’s party. We expect you to be on your best behavior. You have nothing to worry about as all the girls and your fellow frat brothers have seen you before in this mode of dress. There may be several girls at the party that are not sisters so you have a chance not to embarrass yourself. Let me touch up your lipstick, darling!” The rest of the girls giggled. I was walking in the middle of the group as we left for the party when a cool breeze whistled up my nylon-covered legs, sending a chill over my entire body.

Arriving at the frat house, we were welcomed by the party committee and the house president. Beside them were two pledges dressed in the cleaning uniforms and caps, waiting to take the guests’ coats.

I was helped with my coat by one of the pledges. He did not recognize me until he removed my coat. “Charlie, is that you?” he uttered. “You look amazing. If it were not for the special dress, I would never have known you weren’t one of the girls.”

Tommy, the Pledge Master was taken back when he saw me. “Welcome back my lass. Did anyone tell you your duties tonight? You will serve beverages to all. I expect you to circulate, making sure everyone has a beverage and whatever they need. You look fantastic!”



Betty came over to me and tied a large bow in the rear of a white organdy ruffled pinafore, put it around me and said, "Have fun tonight ,Charlie."

I spent the entire evening walking around and filling drinks. Several times during the party, Betty had me go into the kitchen with her as she touched up my makeup by adding mascara, blush and fresh lipstick. By the end of the party I was tired, my back was sore and stiff and my feet were hurting from walking and standing in the heels all day. It was over fifteen hours in heels with a corseted body.

When the party came to an end, Betty approached me, saying, "You need to get a change of underwear as well as your bath kit. The other part of your punishment is that you spend the night at the sorority house so you do not have to get up early in the morning and make the trip alone. Do not worry about your pajamas as the girls have taken care of that for tonight."

Two pledges helped the girls and I with our coats. I was carrying a small hand case with the clothing and accessories I would need. Once we arrived at the Sorority house I was instructed to take the girls coats and hang them up. Once done, I went to the guest bedroom where I had changed earlier that evening. On the bed I found a long mint green nylon nightgown with lace bodice, a sheer long-sleeved thin nylon overlay as well as a matching negligee with long gossamer sleeve and a pair of heeled open-toed fluffy Pom-Pom slippers. There was a note on the nightgown saying, "This is the extra punishment. See me for instructions, Betty."

Within a minute Betty knocked on the door. "I have come to help you out of the corset. When we are finished, I want you to undress, hang up your clothes, put on your pantybrief, then the nightgown, negligee and slippers and come down to the living

room. Keep your makeup and wig on. You are not to say a word about tonight. Do you understand? ”

I answered, “Yes I do.”

Betty replied, “I also meant you are not to say a word tonight unless asked a question by one of the sisters. Understood?” I nodded my head in agreement. She replied, “Good.”

Once the corset was loosened, Betty left the room. I was glad to be rid of the binding garment. Looking in the mirror, I saw I had welts from the corset. By rubbing my sides, I was able to obtain relief. I removed all my lingerie and put on the panty brief which I had left on the chair when I was dressing for the party. I lifted the nightgown over my head, slid it down into place, then slipped into the soft negligee and the heeled pom poms and went towards the living room.

The other girls had gathered, still fully dressed. I felt silly being the only one in a nightgown as I was paraded around acting like a model to fulfill the girls’ request. I was escorted to my room with a private bath and told to remove my jewelry and makeup, then go to bed. I would be called at nine in the morning to shower and prepare for Sunday lunch. Betty also warned me not to remove the nightgown during the night as I was expected to wear it through the entire night. When she had a smile on her face, I knew that I had better follow her orders or the consequences could be very bad.

In the morning there was a knock on the door. Sally came in to wake me, standing by the bed making sure that I was wearing the nightgown. “It is time for coffee. Put on the negligee and slippers. After you have brushed your teeth and rinsed your face, come have coffee, tea, and a sweet roll.”

Shortly I was in the dining area, joining the girls who had heavy robes over their pajamas and wearing

soft warm slippers. I felt completely out of place as they had intended. Remembering what Betty had told me the previous night, I did not say anything unless I was asked a question.

Coffee over, I returned to my room to shower and to shave my arms, underarms and legs as I had been ordered. I finished showering and shaving, then put on the panty brief, the Lingerie Of The Day, and stuffed my falsies into the bra cups, waiting for Betty.

She came in along with Sally, "Time to get back your feminine figure ,Charlie. Hang on to the post. We have to take off the extra inch you put on this morning eating those sweet rolls!"

By now I knew to take only short breaths. The girls helped me into the uniform, then did a light makeup job as they had the previous morning, pink lipstick and all. Betty looked at my red nails and said, " Do not worry about your nails now. There is no sense to change the color of your nails now then have to redo then in a couple of hours." The wig was pinned to my hair as well as the cap and the pinafore.

I went to set the table for Sunday lunch. After waiting on the girls, I cleaned up the dishes, wiped the table, then had a small lunch. When I was finished, Betty had me clean off my makeup and moisturize my face. She applied the same makeup as the night before. I was handed the pearl earrings and taught how to fasten them using the mirror, then how to fasten the necklace around my neck as I would a bra or garter belt. Satisfied, Betty led me to the den, explaining, "We are going to have a meeting of several campus sororities today. Your task is to serve them as you have been serving us. Remember you are to speak only when you are asked a question!"

The girls came into the house and I helped them remove their coats, placing them on a chair until I had time to hang them in the closet. There were ap-

proximately thirty girls gathered in the living area. The leader of one group after seeing me remarked to Betty, "What a wonderful idea for a pledge. We must consider this for our sorority!" Betty smiled and acknowledged their comments but never exposed me as a frat pledge. During the meeting I was busy serving drinks and snacks and picking up the dishes.

Everything was going fine until one of the visitors looked at my legs and said, "Dear, you have a run in your stocking."

The Lambda girl sitting near her replied, "She has been working hard all day. However, it is going to cost the poor dear a ten-point penalty." The new week was just beginning and I already had ten points!

After the meeting, I helped as the girls got into their coats. Comments were made about what a wonderful idea it was to a French Maid to help and how they must consider that option. Finally the last group left. Betty accompanied me to the bedroom and helped me out of the uniform and corset. She gave me a bottle of polish remover, some cotton pads and a Q-tip to clean polish from my cuticles. I washed off the makeup, then put on my regular uniform before going back to the frat house.

As I was leaving, Betty thanked me for my services and told me to forget the points but she would devise a way so we could carry a spare pair of stockings. She explained that the maid's uniform needed cleaning as well as the panties; the girls would do that job during the week. Once again I was late and had to eat wearing my cleaning uniform.

Monday afternoon we had all gathered at the Lambda house. Within an hour we had completed our daily cleaning routine. We were taken to the recreation room where we were met by eight sorority pledges and Betty.

“You girls have been doing an excellent job keeping our house clean and tidy. We thought we would do something nice for you. I do not know how good dancers you are, but we thought it would be nice for you all to have dance lessons. I have asked our pledges to be your partners. Girls, you may choose your Sigma pledge. I was picked by Gloria, a cute slender blonde about my height.

When we were all paired off, several of the Senior sisters came to instruct us with a Fox-trot, a slow dance. We were told to take our partner and hold the stance. I put my arm around Gloria’s back just above her waist when a Senior corrected our stance.

Betty spoke, “Remember who is wearing the dress and who is in pants. You are to assume that role.” Looking around, I noticed that all the Lambda pledges were wearing slacks with a blouse or sweater. Soon all the Sigma boys were taking the woman’s role and the Lambda girls were leading. I put my right hand on Gloria’s shoulder, lightly as instructed, while she placed her right hand just above my waist. In that position, we learned the basic steps.

The following day after cleaning we were in the rec room ready for another lesson. The Lambda pledges came down, each carrying a huge full petticoat which they gave to their partners. We were told to pull the petticoat over our head and slide it down until it was in place. The Lambda pledges help us adjust them. Then we practiced what we had learned the day before as well as the steps to the waltz. While on the previous day some of the couples were dancing rather closely, the petticoats put some distance between the male and female dancers. Dance lessons lasted for the next three weeks with the girls helping the Sigma Beta pledges into the petticoats.

On Friday during our lesson, Betty read the penalty points. Most of the pledges received none but

again I had twelve points which was far more than my closest competitor. I had thirteen points since I had received ten at the Sorority meeting for a torn stocking.

Saturday morning after we had all reported to Betty and her crew, I stayed behind while the others left to clean the frat house. I was taken into the guest room and changed into the corset and uniform for the day as well as full makeup and wig. I made all the beds for the girls, picked up , served lunch and set the table for dinner. When I had finished, Betty removed my wig, took my long hair from the pony tail and brushed it after trying to give me a girlish-looking hairdo. I was then sent back to the frat house where everyone including the pledges made fun of me wearing makeup and girlish hair as well as a short sexy uniform.

Dance lessons continued for the next several weeks, We learned the foxtrot, waltz, swing and several Latin dances such as the Rhumba and Cha-cha. The week after the last of the lessons, we arrived at the Lambda house as usual. After cleaning, we were told to meet in the living room. While we were standing, the Lambda pledges came into the room carrying two petticoats as well as a shirtwaist dress for each of us. We were told to go into the guest room and change into the petticoats and dress as it was time to get the full effect of a petticoat when it is under your dress while dancing.

While we wanted to protest, we knew that the points count was very close and did not wish to be the one wearing the French Maid outfit during the weekend. Therefore each of us took off our uniforms, stepped into the petticoats and put on the dresses. They were all similar in style, only varying in color and designs. Mine was a Dacron polyester pink striped dress with a wide red-buckled belt about the waist The skirts stood out due to the fullness of the

petticoats. We could not see our high heeled shoes as the dresses were so full.

All the girls commented on how sweet we looked. One said, "A little bit of makeup would really make them cute." With that, each girl reached into her purse and brought out her tube of lipstick and mascara. For some of the pledges this was the first time that they would be wearing makeup. To me just having lipstick and mascara on made my face feel naked compared to the total makeup jobs I had during the past week.

We had a review of our dancing lessons. It was very different to have my skirts whirling freely around my legs and hearing the rustling as we swayed to the music. We practiced for over an hour, mostly dancing the swing. At the end of the session, I had mixed feelings. I enjoyed dancing but why did I enjoy it so much more having a petticoat swishing about my legs? We changed back into our now standard outfits. The eight of us had our meal while wearing our uniforms and slight makeup. No one said anything as it was now common to see us dressed in female attire.

The following week was dull .After cleaning the Lambda house each day we returned to our frat house, changed, and had dinner. However, the Sorority sisters had become bored and started seeing how many infractions they could find with the Sigma pledges. We were all questioned as to what we were wearing, they checked our uniforms each day, finding fault with our housekeeping and more. That weekend there was a tie for points.

Betty announced," Since there is a tie, one will wear the punishment uniform on Saturday, the other on Sunday."

Harry, my roommate, became the Sunday "winner." By the end of the month, each of the pledges had a turn as the "Special Maid." It was obvious to

me this point system being fixed so that everyone realized that there was more to the French Maid's uniform than appearance. Since I could predict who would get the honor, I got lax.

I realized that during the Lambda cleaning I would have to wear falsies and therefore have to wear a bra to hold them in place. The garter belt was required to support the stockings which were always visible. However I did not need to wear the panty brief nor panties during the cleaning session at both houses. Therefore I started wearing my boxers. During school hours and evenings I did not wear any lingerie under my street clothes.

Everything was fine until one afternoon I was returning to class after lunch and got caught in a rain shower. Soaking wet, I was able to dry off partially with paper towels in the men's room before class. At the end of class, I was met by a Lambda sister who was in my class. She asked, "What lovely things are you wearing today?" I gave the standard answer and she smiled, saying, "the back of your shirt is wet and there is no sign of a bra. Pull down your socks! I see you are not wearing nylon hosiery. Charlie, you just earned twenty-five points!"

The following day since I had twenty-five points I figured the girls had had their victim, therefore I decided not to wear panties nor the panty brief that afternoon. Everything went smoothly. The following afternoon, we were surprised when Betty announced, "Girls, take off your shoes, than remove your panties from under your skirt. Just reach up and pull them down, then hold them in your right hand." The other guys took off the panties and held them in their hand. I was caught as I pulled down my boxer shorts.

"Looks like we have hit the jackpot," squealed Betty with delight. "Charlie you thought you could fool us? Well that is not the case. You have already been awarded twenty-five points for not following the

dress code and now you get an additional twenty-five points. Since you have accumulated so many points, we will have to plan something special for you this weekend. You had better cancel any plans that you made. Saturday morning, Bring several sets of your lingerie and your toilet kit with you as you will be spending the night."

Saturday morning I was assigned to the guest room and I stripped to my undies, awaiting the corset. Betty appeared in the doorway holding a Speedo. "It is time to make sure that you look proper this weekend. Put on the Speedo and call me."

I quickly complied. Betty came into the room and lead me to the bathtub. I had depilatory spread over my legs, arms, and back. I entered the shower and watched as my my body hairs fell off and down the drain. I lathered my chest and under my arms, then shaved the areas with a pink razor. In the meantime, Betty had run a bath for me and I soaked for fifteen minutes in a perfumed scented bath.

Once I left the tub, several sorority girls proceeded to dry me, then moisturized my entire body. I was told to take my brief, Bali bra, and matching blue ribbon panties and put them on in the bathroom. Once finished, I returned to the bedroom as the girls attended to my dressing. I was not put into the corset. I was handed my falsies and I placed them inside the bra cups.

Sitting at the vanity, I was turned away from the mirror. Two girls squatted at my feet to polish my toenails while Gloria and another pledge shaped my fingernails before polishing them a deep red matching the color on my feet.

Betty came into the room carrying the corset which the sisters had never seen. Betty had them assist me as I placed the laces to the back and brought the corset around my waist. Betty instructed the girls

on how to close the eyelets. They tried to suppress their laughter as they closed the loops. They all took turns pulling the laces until the back ends of the corset met completely closed. It was the first time there was no gap in the back. Between the falsies and the tightened waistline, I had a girl's figure.

The sisters continued to dress me by having me step into the two petticoats, then the rumba panties and finally the French Maid's uniform. Gloria clipped the long pearl earrings on my lobes, then went behind my back to secure the single-strand pearl necklace around my neck. My hair was still in a ponytail. I was surprised as I did not have any makeup applied as had been done in the past.

Betty and the three girls escorted me downstairs. They retrieved their coats from the closet while placing a black sweater over my shoulder. We all went outside where Betty had a car waiting. We drove to a shopping center in the middle of town. The girls, all wearing slacks, helped me from the car. We walked through the parking lot into a Cosmetology School. Betty told the receptionist that the Sigma pledge was here for his appointment. I was led to the middle of the main room and was seated in a chair.

A young student put a cape around my shoulders. The cape was short and did nothing to conceal the vast expanse of my legs and petticoats. The student tilted the chair back while she rinsed and shampooed my hair. A supervisor who had been talking with Betty came over and give the student instructions for my haircut. The Lambda girls pulled some chairs in front of me so they might enjoy the treatment I was being given. The student tilted the chair into the upright position and began combing my wet hair while cutting as told.

Once she finished, a more advanced student began rolling curlers in my hair, sometimes pulling at my roots. I was given a mirror to see how my hair

looked wrapped with various size curlers. I was shamed as she took off the cape and lead me by the hand to a row of hairdryers. My petticoats under the short skirt swishing and the fully ruffled apron soon attracted the attention of all the women in the shop.

I almost went to sleep under the hairdryer as it was so relaxing under the heat. I was moved into another chair where the setter student began taking out the rollers, brushing, and styling my long hair. I looked into the large front mirror I was handed and saw the results of the haircut. I had feminine bangs, curls along the sides, and a flipped-up swept style at the back of my head. Hairspray was liberally applied to hold the style in place.

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I was escorted by my group to another section of the shop and seated in another reclining chair, almost like a dentist's chair. Another student tied a cape over my chest, then rinsed my face with an astringent before smoothing a heavy creamy substance over my face.

Betty spoke up. "You are going to have a facial. Enjoy, Charlie, you have earned it."

A green gooey mess was spread and allowed to dry. After a while, it was wiped off. My skin tingled and felt smooth. Then the makeup started. The girl, under directions from Betty, tweezed my eyebrows, then attached false eyelashes before continuing with the application of makeup. The cape was removed and I got out of the chair, unconsciously pulling down the skirt of my uniform. The girls all laughed at that gesture. I was taken in front of a full-length mirror to view the results. Charlie was nowhere to be seen. The mirror showed a pretty, young, feminine girl in a short but silly dress. From my long curled hair to the

thin waist to my painted toes set in three-inch heels, I was all girl.

Gloria came to kiss me on the cheek. "You make a beautiful girl. I love the way you look. I would kiss you fully on the lips but I do not want to mess your makeup "

Betty added, "This proves that we can make you boys into passable girls, Charlie, you are the prettiest of them all. All right girls, lets get back to the house as Charlie has work to do before tonight."

People outside the shopping center were staring at me as we walked to the car. I overheard a lady say, "She must be a Sorority pledge being initiated by having to wear a Maid's uniform. You know Hell Week is coming soon."

I was glad that they accepted me as a woman and not as a man dressed this way. Back at the house, all the Sorority members gathered to see my new look. I was complimented rather than kidded about my looks. I got the table set for early dinner since it was Saturday night.

After finishing dinner duties, I was taken to my room. On the bed I found the Maidenform bra which I had previously worn, a long white lacy bodice, a lacy hemmed nylon slip, and several white petticoats with a pink trimmed crinoline attached to the bottom of the petticoats. I was helped out of my uniform by Gloria who also assisted me in putting on the bra, Gloria closed the eyelets, then adjusted the brasserie straps after filling in the cups with the falsies. From the closet she took out a three-quarter sleeved red satin dress which closed in the back. She helped as I slid the dress over my head while being reminded not to mess my hairdo. Once in place Gloria hooked and zippered the back.

The dress fit fine, clinging to my cinched-in waist while the satin belt acted as an accent. Gloria tugged at the dress hem, then fluffed the petticoats. She handed me a pair of red three-inch open-toed shoes which complemented the dress. She picked up a heavy and attractive stone necklace which she fastened about my neck. Next she screwed two heavy earrings onto each lobe. The earrings matched the colorful stone necklace. Matching bracelets were added to my right wrist and a small gold lady's watch to the left wrist, finishing with a matching colored stone ring. Perfume was sprayed and I was handed a pair of white dressy gloves to carry in my hand.

As we started to join some of the sisters in the hallway, Gloria handed me an open red clutch purse. "You have the necessary lipstick, tissue, a dollar bill, a quarter for if you have to make a phone call You are to carry the purse with one hand like this. When you are sitting, you are to hold it in your lap. Remember, smooth your dress under yourself as you sit. You look wonderful in the dress. It is better on you than me. Enjoy the evening."

Betty, Sally, and three other girls accompanied me to the car. We went to the campus center for a classical concert featuring a guest pianist and the college symphony. I sat in the middle with my purse upon my lap, holding the gloves in my painted hands. After the concert there was a reception. I stayed close to the sorority girls and did not speak. When spoken to, I just smiled.

Afterward, we drove to a college lounge having a drink and watched the dancing. It was not long before a college Senior asked me to dance. I hesitated but was pushed out by Betty. Once on the floor, I relaxed, remembered my dancing lessons and followed my partner. I was returned to our table about the same time as several of the sorority girls were brought back. For the next hour I was asked to dance

almost constantly. I could only smile when the boys returned me to the table. It was hard dancing and not answering their questions. I overheard one lad saying, "She's such a pretty girl but she sure is stuck up!"

At midnight the party was over and we returned to the Sorority house. As soon as I arrived, I had to make a dash for the bathroom. Coming out, I was met by Gloria carrying the long green nightgown and negligee I had worn the last night spent at the Sorority. She told me to change but keep the bra, panties and brief on under the nightgown.

Gloria then helped me out of the dress and corset. She watched with adoring eyes as I removed the petticoats, then slip, shoes and stocking. I pulled the nylon nightie carefully over my head, bringing the hem to rest on the floor. Once I had the negligee on, she handed me the matching heeled slippers. Taking my hand, she took me to the rec room where all the girls were waiting. I posed for a round of pictures. I was informed that I would not be wearing the French Maid's uniform in the morning but I was to shower, shave my face closely and put on the undies I had brought with me. We were going to church and out for Sunday luncheon.

I had no sooner entered the bedroom when there was a knock on the door. Gloria came in. "I just wanted to say goodnight and tell you how lovely you look tonight. I was sorry I could not be with you. You look wonderful in your nightie. You wear it well!" With that, she put her arms around me and gave me a long sexy kiss on the lips. "Sorry, I have been wanting to do this for a long time, Charlie. Good night and have a pleasant sleep." She took my face in her hands and kissed me hard again.

In the morning there was a knock on my door, Betty came in, carrying a shower cap. "I thought it would be best to keep your hair dry while you take a

shower. Let me show you how to put your hair up. Be sure to shave your face closely. I will be back in twenty minutes to help you into your corset. Put on your Bali lingerie as well as your brief," she added.

After taking my shower I dried and was into the necessary lingerie when Betty returned. Going to the bedpost, I held on as she tightened the laces of the corset. She waited while I pulled the stocking over my painted toes and closed the snaps of the six garters dangling from the corset. Betty handed me a light pink full-laced bodice nylon slip which I pulled over my head and into place over the filled Bali pink underwire bra. From the closet she retrieved a filmy pink see-through blouse that buttoned up the back and had a twelve-inch pink silk ruffled dropping from the looped neck. Betty closed all the buttons on the long-sleeved gossamer blouse. I closed the three set sleeve buttons on each arm, then Betty assisted as I stepped into a light wool and Dacron pencil thin navy blue skirt with a rear zipper. The skirt rested at the top of my knees. I was given a pair of three-inch navy leather pumps which, surprisingly, were a good fit.

Sitting at the vanity, I underwent the transformation once again as makeup was applied using several blue shades of eye shadow, mascara, liner, blush and bright red lipstick with a clear sealer, matching my already polished finger nails. Betty pulled the hair-brush through my long styled hair until it looked as it did the previous day when I was at the beauty parlor. A light pink coral stone necklace with matching stone clipped earrings were added as well as a charm bracelet on the right arm followed the small gold lady's watch on the left wrist. My hair was then sprayed heavily before perfume was dabbed on my wrist, neck, and behind each ear lobe. After putting my arms into the collar-less matching suit jacket, I was ready for the day's activities.

Betty handed me a pair of pink linen gloves and a navy clutch purse to which she added tissues, comb, lipstick, and mascara .Looking in the mirror, I was embarrassed as I could see the lacy slip as well as the outline of the brasserie through the thin material of the blouse. In the past I had eagerly looked forward to seeing a girl wearing an outfit like this, showing off her pretty lingerie and wondering what was under the pretty slip and bra. Now I was now on the other side. While I liked what I saw from the standpoint of being a male, I became embarrassed to think someone might look at me in the same manner. Even if someone recognized me as a male, they would that I was fully feminine in dress from head to toe. There would almost certainly assume that I would be wearing pretty feminine panties under everything.

Betty excused herself, saying, " I will be back as soon as I change. We will meet the girls downstairs and ride to church. You look so sweet that we are going to have you as our guest today. Check yourself in the mirror until I return. Make sure your slip is not showing. I meant your slip showing from under your skirt. Your slip is supposed to show under your lovely pink nylon blouse." She sighed. "You look so sweet and precious."

Betty returned carrying her purse and carrying her gloves. In her hand she had a veiled pink pillbox hat. She pinned the hat into my wavy hair, then pulled the veil over my face until the netting rested below my eyes and just above my red lips. We went downstairs to find that the church group was ready. They were taken back that I looked so feminine and fitted in so well with the group.

We went to church in two cars. Gloria managed to sit beside me on the way. We had to walk about a block since the parking lot was full. Once inside the church and seated, I could relax. After the service we meet several other groups of girls as well as some

boys from school. There was idle talk as we walked to our cars. Gloria stayed close to me and all I could do is smile when someone made a comment. Gloria covered for me several times when someone would direct a question to me. "She is a friend visiting for the weekend and she is rather shy," Gloria would reply.

We went downtown to the Hilton for lunch. Following the lead from Gloria and the other girls, I had only soup and salad for lunch. Betty insisted that I visit the ladies room to freshen my makeup. There was giggling at our table after the announcement. Betty and I left together. Once inside, I followed Betty to the vanity and opened my purse. Under her instructions, I added mascara to my eyelashes, then lipstick. I used a tissue to blot my lips, then checked in the mirror to make sure there was no lipstick on my teeth. Several girls from our group came into the powder room to check on my progress.

From the hotel we walked, looking into shop windows until we arrived at the County Museum. We toured for an hour, walking the marbled floors and looking at the exhibits. From there we walked through the town square and park, enjoying the sunny weather. All during the day, pictures were taken of me by the girls. After walking back to our cars, we drove back to the sorority house. I was told that I was to have dinner with the girls.

Seated near the middle of the table with Betty on one side and Sally on the other, I dined with the entire Sorority. Betty insisted that I wear my hat but pulled the veil back so I could eat. After dinner, pictures were taken, this time with me in the middle of the girls as well as posing with some members while holding my suit coat over my arms, making sure that my lacy lingerie was visible under the sheer pink ultra-feminine blouse.

Gloria volunteered to help me undress and remove the corset. After taking off the heels, I unzipped the

skirt and slid it down my legs. Gloria unbuttoned the blouse and carefully folded it as I stood in the lacy slip. She reached down to the edge of the lacy hem as I raised my arms. Pulling the slip slowly up, I felt her finger tips caressing my side as the slip was very slowly lifted up. Once the slip was over my head, she paused and gently kissed me fully on the lips.

Not a word was said between us. She stooped down and undid the nylons from each leg, slowly removing the silky stockings, wedging her fingers along each leg while pulling down the silky hose. Going around to my back, she undid and loosened the laces of the corset. I unsnapped the steel eyelets thus removing the corset behind my back. Gloria folded up the clothing I had worn for the two days while I put on the garter belt, rolled up my stockings and clasped the tops to the garter tabs. I put on the cleaning uniform and black heels. Betty had told me to keep my makeup on.

Gloria warned me, "Charlie, you better put on the apron and cap to your uniform. While I would love to see you dressed again like this weekend, I am sure you do not wish to be the punishment boy of the week again." I quickly thanked her for reminding me as well as for her help. Then on an impulse I pulled her towards me and kissed her long and gently. I blushed as I saw the imprint of my lipstick on her lips. Taking a tissue, I cleaned her lips. Then I retrieved the lipstick from the purse on the bed and asked Gloria to put it on me. With a large smile on her face, she complied.

Gathering my belongings, we descended to the living room. Betty met me and gave me a bottle of nail polish remover, reminding me that I needed to take off the polish for classes. She removed the maid's cap and brushed and sprayed my hair. I hurried back to the frat house as it was late and I needed to study. Fortunately my first class was at ten on Monday

morning. Several members of the fraternity noticed my hair but did not say anything. However, my roommates and three of the other pledges asked what had happened. I explained that I had been at the beauty parlor and had my hair cut and styled in curls and bangs.

“That is not going to happen to me,” Harry exclaimed. He was joined in unison by two other pledges. As it was late I did not undress but started studying in the maid’s uniform and full makeup. Finally, I finished for the night, took a shower, removed the makeup, then sat at my desk to remove the fingernail polish. I did the best I could using tissue and remover, then fell asleep very quickly.

Arising at seven in the morning, I dressed, remembering the lingerie of the day and tried to brush the curls from my hair but had little success. Finally I went to breakfast, made my bed and the two beds I had been assigned for the frat brothers, and returned to studying. After my ten o’clock class, I ran into Gloria. She smiled and asked me, “What delicate undies are you wearing today, Charlie?”

“I replied, ”Miss Gloria, under my clothing I am wearing, beside my panty brief, a lacy flowered baby blue Bali Shaping Undergird Bra, size 40-B with matching flowered panties size six , a medium pink satin garter belt and sheer beige nylon stockings, size nine.”

“I am sure you look lovely, dear. You may want to get some Q-Tips and swab your cuticles to get rid of the red polish or perhaps you would like to have me paint your nails now,” she kidded. With that said, she moved closer and gave me a short kiss on the lips. “See you later, dearie!”

That afternoon and all the rest of the week, the pledges donned our uniforms and walked to the Lambda house to do our cleaning. The last hour was

spent in the rec room dancing and being instructed as to the proper way to sit and rise from a chair in a ladylike fashion.

Monday evening as I was studying, Sam and two of the pledges decided to cut their hair even though we had been told to let it grow. My long hair was still curly and very feminine even when I had it wrapped in a pony tail. Upon close observation someone with knowledge of hair styling could see bangs and waves in my hair even when it was pulled tightly to the rear. Sam and the two pledges were going to make sure that the girls would not be able to do the same to them. They decided to cut each others' hair short. Pledge Master Tommy, noticed the haircuts but did not say a word. The following afternoon, Betty noticed and reminded the three about cutting their hair but her statement ended the discussion.

Several weeks prior to Hell Week the pledges were told at breakfast that we did not have to go to the Lambda house in the afternoon nor did we have to wear the cleaning uniforms that afternoon but we were going shopping at three. We became aware that something was going to change but we had no idea as to what, where and when it might be.

At three we were in the rec hall when Betty and several of the sisters came down the stairs. Tommy stood before the group to make the announcement. "Pledges, for Hell Week we are not going to haze or paddle you as we promised. However, since your training in housework has been so successful, Betty and I have decided that during Hell Week you will be dressed and attend classes dressed in skirts and dresses for the entire week. We are going to a consignment store to get you outfits for the week. The girls will make the selections for your new wardrobe. Have fun, girls!"

We were herded into several cars penalty and driven to a consignment shop in the middle of town.

Once in the store, the Sorority girls had a blast with each one taking a pledge and finding three outfits for the week. When the dust settled we all had a sweater set of lamb's wool with a matching short-sleeve pull-over and long sleeve cardigan. The skirts chosen were full in order to accommodate large volume petticoats. Once an outfit had been selected, each pledge had to change into the skirt, petticoats and sweaters to model for their advisor. We also had selected for us a shirtwaist dress to go along with the petticoats. Betty and the girls agreed that the pledges should wear two petticoats for the dresses, adding to the humiliation and discomfort we would be experiencing during the week.

After everyone had modeled their outfits, we went to the Goodwill store to purchase coats and purses to complete our outfits. From there we traveled to the outlet mall to buy a full slip from the Bali store. We were made to try on the slip in front of the girls, to ensure sure it was a proper fit. We all bought identical full laced bodice white nylon slips with six-inch laced hems. We were informed that the slip was to be worn under our cleaning uniform and for modesty purposes under our petticoats as well. At the woman's outlet store, each of us purchased a pink silk neck scarf which we were taught to tie while at the store and ordered to wear back to our frat house.

Saturday afternoon after finishing the cleaning of the frat house, we changed from our uniform into the shirtwaist dress, the full slip and two petticoats in our rooms. Then we went to the rec room to be met by our Sorority advisors and several brothers of the fraternity, who were there to insure we complied with the girls' requests.

Each advisor had brought a makeup kit as well as costume jewelry for their ward. We were seated on folding chairs while the girls applied makeup. It was over an hour until each girl had decided on the best

color for her pledge. Some wiped off the makeup and started over again until they were satisfied. Once each pledge's face had been made-up, we were shown how to add the earrings and necklaces to complete our outfit. Each advisor gave us a tube of lipstick to carry in our purses for the week. We were told to add tissue, our keys and some cash to be carried in the purse in addition to the lipstick.

Betty informed us that we would report each morning at eight o'clock to the Lambda house to have our advisor apply our makeup and check our dress. We were to wear a skirt and sweater on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and the sweater and the shirtwaist dress outfit on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. We were expected to freshen our lipstick at ten, after lunch, two, four, and before and after dinner. At bedtime we were to rinse and remove the makeup prior to bed. Breakfast would be served that week at seven in the morning. We were expected to straighten our room and make our own beds but would not have to make the brothers' beds during Hell Week.

When the meeting was concluded, we had our instructions for Monday then were told to load up in the cars as we had an appointment at the local Beauty School. We were quite crowded in the cars due to the volume caused by the multiple petticoats. Arriving at the strip mall, we disembarked from the cars while being taught how to straighten our skirts and how to carry our purses correctly. Some of us had clutch purses while others had shoulder strap purses. We went into the shop to keep the appointment made by Betty and Tommy. It was an experience for the other eight pledges that had never been to a beauty salon. I was not as nervous as I had an idea about what was in store.

Six of us were taken to the middle of the salon and were seated in the reclining chair to have our

hair shampooed, From there we had our hair wet cut, styled, then rinsed with a smelly liquid before being rolled in curlers. We were placed under hairdryers for almost thirty minutes while another student operator came and manicured, then polished, our nails bright red.

Sam and the two pledges that had cut their own hair were taken to a different area. Their hair was shampooed, then tinted and colored with highlights. While their hair was still short, it was in a feminine style. The coloring and highlights caused more attention to their looks than that of us who "just" had our hair permed and styled. After their manicure, long bright red artificial nails were glued to their fingers. Even though their hair style was feminine, it looked as if the three were Butch rather than able to pass as a co-ed at first glance.

The rest of us had our hair unrolled, then brushed out into a very feminine style, long, curly and wavy with bangs and a single curl dropping by the front of each earlobe. Earrings were attached and we were ready to return. That night at supper, the nine of us pledges, ate while dressed in a shirtwaist with petticoats, full makeup and feminine hairstyles with perms. We took a lot of ribbing from the Sigma Beta members all evening. Going to bed that night, we had to put our hair into a net and cap. We all struggled to do our best to hide the hair for the night.

In the morning we arose an hour earlier than normal to shower and shave. We had been given a cheap shower cap to keep our hair from getting wet. Dressed in our lingerie of the day plus the slip, we put on the petticoats, then the full skirt along with the short-sleeved sweater. Mine was a cashmere light blue sweater along with a dark blue skirt with white polka dots. The skirt stood out in a four-foot diameter because of the bulky petticoats. We also were wearing our three-inch black high-heeled shoes. We all



hurried to breakfast where we received wolf whistles from those brothers that were up early.

Returning to our rooms, we made our bed, draped the cardigan sweater and our short lady's coat over our shoulders, gathered the books for class and took our purses. Looking in the mirror before leaving, I noticed we did not have on the earrings, necklace, and bracelets. I mentioned this to my roommates and passed the word on to the other pledges. We certainly did not wish to obtain points for not being properly dressed.

Hurrying over to the Lambda house we found that our advisors were waiting for us. Quickly they applied light makeup, heavy mascara, eyeliner, and light eye shadow. Taking the lipstick from our purses, they showed us how to apply and blot our lips. They brushed out our hair and pinned it where necessary, then checked our petticoats and adjusted our skirts. Gloria suggested to me that I should put on the cardigan sweater and button only the top button. We were reminded by Betty to freshen our lipstick at the appointed times. We were to return to the Lambda house after class and bring our books. If we needed to study, we could do that in the rec room of the Sorority house. She told us that during "Hell Week" the professors would lighten the load of homework and most of them would not schedule tests for that week.

She said, "Your Hell Week will consist of you pledges being girls 24/7. We will be checking on you. Just to give you the proper incentive, points for penalties will be doubled for the week. So I suggest you girls be on your toes during the week and try to conform to the rules. Good luck, ladies. We will see you here after classes dressed as you presently are! Have an enjoyable day," she laughed.

During classes some of the students were curious but accepted our weird dress as a frat thing. Most of

the students walking to class did not realize that we were pledges during Hell Week. Many students were not involved with Fraternity nor Sorority life and thought we were normal co-eds, even though co-eds did not typically wear petticoats to classes. The three pledges with the short tinted and streaked hair did attract a lot of attention and ribbing. Several other fraternities had some of their pledges wearing dresses but not makeup nor long hair. We were accepted until we were in class and were called upon.

One professor asked me a question, "Well Mr. Brown, or I should say MISS Brown, what are the three reason the government gave in the Billings case that indicated the company was in violation of the Civil Rights Act?" When I rose to answer my petticoats stood out and rustled across my nylon-covered legs, causing the class to look at me. My deep voice gave me away.

After class, several girls came up to me, asking, "What are you wearing under your skirts? Are you in full lingerie?"

To the first question I replied as I had been instructed, "Under my skirts today I am wearing a 40-B cup Bali Satin Tracing Lace Undergird Bra in passion pink with matching flowered Bali size 6 panties. My beige nylon stockings, size 10, are being held up by a pink satin garter belt, size medium and two lace-trimmed nylon petticoats."

The girls thought that I looked darling. "Do you have to wear heels all day?" asked several girls. "Who did your makeup and hair?"

Several members from a different sorority inquired, "Are you part of the group of maids that visit the Lambda Gamma house each day? How many pledges are dressed similar to you?"

“How does it feel to have someone looking up YOUR skirts for a change?” several girls inquired while laughing at their statement.

After all my classes the girls and sometimes the boys would gather around me, asking questions. At ten o'clock, just after being let out from class, Harry and I took the lipstick and compact from our purses and applied a fresh coat of lipstick, then blotted our lips. We placed the tube and tissue back into our purses as if it was the natural thing for us to do, bringing squeals and giggles from the girls around us.

The most thing after we had freshened our lips was a boy asking, "Dearie, would you like to blot your lipstick on my lips?"

One morning just prior to class starting, I took the compact from my purse and applied lipstick, making sure I blotted. It was a good thing as one of the sorority members came by and acknowledged that I was "being a good girl."

After walking to classes in the morning, returning to the frat house for lunch, then walking to classes in the afternoon, my feet were being to ache. After classes I returned to the Lambda house, joining my fellow pledges. They had been received about the same as I had during class. The other three were complaining about the ribbing they had gotten.

We all went to the rec room where we received additional lessons in how to walk, sit and bend in our skirts. This was followed by a short session of dancing. Luckily I looked at my watch during the lesson and retrieved my purse to freshen my lipstick. Seeing me, Harry did the same. Ten minutes later, Sally announced, "With the exception of Charlie and Harry, the rest of you have earned ten points for not freshening your lipstick." For the balance of time, we practiced dancing in full swirling skirts.

At the end of our session, the girls asked us to the formal Spring dance to be held in three weeks. We all accepted. Gloria asked me to be her date. We gathered our purses and were ready to leave. Betty pointed out that all of us had forgotten our neck scarves. She said it was her fault for not telling us in advance but from now until we were initiated into the fraternity, we were to wear the pink neck scarves when we were in dresses and skirts. We then put on our coats. As we left, our advisors handed us a small shopping bag.

Betty informed us, "You will find two pairs of stockings and a nightie loaned to you from your advisors. These nighties are to be worn to bed. Be assured that you will be checked upon. The penalty is twenty-five points for not wearing your nightie. Pleasant dreams, girls. See you in the morning. Be sure to put on your nightcap and keep your hair dry during your shower."

We walked back, complaining about having to dress as a girl 24/7 and how our feet were hurting. Arriving, we took our things to our rooms, and freshened our lipstick before going down to dinner. It dawned on me that we were to freshen our lipstick after dinner so I informed everyone that we had better carry our purses with us since it held the lipstick and compact. After dinner, the members got a big kick when their pledges took out the compacts, applied lipstick and blotted our lips, then put the contents back into our purses.

We retired to our rooms to study, still wearing heels and dresses. At ten I rinsed my face, then undressed, hanging the dress and slip, then I folded the sweaters and put them in my dresser draw. From the shopping bag Gloria had given me, I pulled out a bright yellow flounce net overlay nylon baby doll set including yellow ruffled panties. I put these on, then

pulled my cap over my hair and settled in for the night.

The following morning was a repeat of the previous day. We all put on the light blue Bali Comfort bra, falsies, matching panties, garter belt stockings and the white laced slip. We had been told we were not to wear our panty brief during Hell Week. After adding the petticoats and long ankle-length pink shirtwaist dress along with the cardigan sweater and pink scarf as well as all the jewelry, we walked wearing our coats and carrying our purses and books to the Lambda house where the advisors applied makeup and checked as well as adjusted our petticoats and dress. After classes we returned to the Lambda house for more dancing.

After dinner, we all touched up our lips and left to study for the balance of the evening. At one o'clock in the morning, the pledges were summoned to the living room. Tommy and another brother inspected us. We were all dressed in ladies nightwear, some in long thin strapped gowns, others in short nylon waltz gowns and feminine baby doll outfits. All of us were wearing our sleeping bonnets and hair netting.

The balance of the week went smoothly. Wednesday night we left the Lambda house early so that we could wash our undies. It was a good thing that the girls had given us additional hosiery as many of us got a run in our stockings from wearing them all day. After the first stocking run incident we knew to carry an extra pair in our purse.

Friday afternoon we cleaned the Sorority house while wearing our street clothes. Saturday morning we reported to the Lambda house wearing our uniforms, cap and coats. We were fully made-up and escorted to the Sigma Beta house where we did our weekly cleaning.

While the other fraternities were having their pledges hazed that evening, we hosted a party for the Lambda Gamma girls. The pledges became hostesses, wearing our sweater sets and petticoats, long ankle skirts and bright pink silk neck scarves.. We had to go over earlier to the Lambda house to have our makeup applied. The girls took a lot of time applying makeup, emphasizing our eyes with darker eyeshadow, thick mascara and bold red lipstick and applying another coat of matching bold red enamel nail polish. They spent considerable time brushing our hair before spraying our locks so that each hair would stay in perfect order. When finished, our advisors gave each of us a light swat on our petticoat and panty-covered rears, sending us back to the frat house while they finished dressing for the party.

Although Hell Week was officially over Saturday evening, the pledges for Sigma Gamma still had to abide by the cleaning rules until we would be formally inducted into the fraternity which was another month. away. Sunday morning we slept late, having breakfast at nine. We had been told the night of the party we were to bathe, shave closely, and wear the shirt waist dress and petticoats along with the lingerie of the day: Olga red ribbon and lace soft bra and laced matching panties, then report to the Lambda house by eleven. We were to wear our coats and bring our sweater sets with us.

Once at the Lambda house, we were ushered into the rec room where the girls were waiting for us with makeup and jewelry. Several of us forgot to bring our purses and were awarded points for the day. Our makeup finished, we were taken to the laundry room and shown how to wash our sweaters and hang them up to dry. We were invited to join the sisters for lunch which some of us helped serve; the others cleared the table afterwards. Chores completed at the Lambda house, we were taken back to our frat house and proceeded to clean the party room. In two hours the

place was spotless. We then changed the linens on all the beds and wrapped the sheets and pillow case for the following morning laundry pickup. The girls that had accompanied us were surprised and proud of our ability to clean a house. Not only was it a compliment to their training ability but a great reflection on our learning ability under stressful circumstances.

Once the cleaning had been inspected and approved, we escorted the girls back to the house as it was getting dark. We returned just in time for supper and ate while completely dressed in our petticoats, dress and heels as well as full makeup. After dinner we returned to our rooms to study. Tommy came into the pledges' rooms, reminding us that we were still pledges even though "Hell Week" was over and that we were to maintain wearing girly clothing under our school wear. This included wearing night gowns to bed until told otherwise.

Monday morning we were getting ready for class when Sam noticed that we all were still wearing fingernail polish. We had removed our makeup prior to bed the last night but forgot about our nails. At three we were dressed in our uniforms along with apron and caps, walking to the Lambda house carrying our shirtwaist dress over our arm. This time we were met by the other sorority girls outside their houses.

Laughter came as they called, "Sweeties, would you like to clean our house? We would really appreciate sweet things like you. You must be experienced by now! You look so cute in your sweet uniforms!"

One girl mocked us. "Girls, notice how well adapted these cuties are as they have no trouble walking in high heeled shoes. And look at their lovely hair! You girly-boys are welcome any time at our sorority as long as you are wearing your dresses. Of course I am sure you are wearing your dainties under your uniforms!"

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The Lambda girls were waiting for us. They had decided that we would wear makeup each day while at their house. We took our dresses to the laundry room and put them in the washer. While our clothing was being washed and dried, we picked up around the house, then had some dance practice.

During the practice, I asked Betty why we had to take the girl's part. The Freshman formal was three weeks away and we just might forget who has to lead.

Her reply came as a shock to me. "Charlie, you and the other pledges have been invited by members of our Sorority to the dance. Girls are asked by boys. In this case, the girls have invited the boys. Due to your status as pledges, you have assumed the girl's role in housekeeping, you have been dressed appropriately as female domestics and have shown yourselves to be co-eds during Hell Week. Since you were invited, we, the sorority and your fraternity members, thought it fitting that your initiation continues until your acceptance as a full member of Sigma Gamma that you pledges assume the woman's role at the dance.

"That is the reason you boys have been taking the girl's part in dancing. Your partners, the advisors, are pledges to our Sorority and will assume the male role. You have been practicing in skirts so it will not be foreign to you during the formal. If you noticed, the girls have always worn pants and shoes during the dancing. So the Lambda girls will be wearing tuxedos while the Sigma Beta boys are decked out in formal gowns.

"Tommy and I have agreed that if you do not wish to continue in the role you agreed to earlier, you may drop out of the fraternity now. Otherwise we will continue. Any questions? I know that may be upsetting to you boys so we are going to leave. Discuss this

among yourselves and call me shortly with your decision as to who will continue and who will opt out." Saying her piece, she and the others left us to discuss our new plight.

Billy, the pledge who refused to let his hair grow long, strongly protested that this had gone too far. He was ready to call it quits. Opinions went back and forth. Noticing that I had not said anything, several of the pledges turned to me to ask for my opinion.

"Well," I said slowly, "sometimes if I confront a problem or a dilemma such as this it's best if I think out loud. We all pledged to Sigma Beta for many reasons, I pledged because they wanted to maintain scholars. We learned from the beginning that hazing was not on their agenda and they kept their pledge. I know some of the hell other fellows went through pledging to other houses. We were lucky. We were up front that we were expected to clean the house. We did a poor job.

"Not only do we have to clean our house but we have to keep the Lambda Chi house spotless as well, As for the punishment uniform, this was to teach us that if we did not comply, we would pay. You boys know that I have been subjected to that punishment more than once. As far as having to attend classes dressed fully as a co-ed, I felt that was not as bad after the first day as it was for men pledging other fraternities. I saw one house have their pledges in dippers and baby bonnets. Having to wear a dress and makeup was a breeze compared to that. Yes, we have been wearing panties and bras for several months now so having to wear this lingerie at the same time as wearing dresses and petticoats to class for one week was not too bad. Well, at least to me.

"So this brings us to the present," I continued. "We still have a few weeks before our pledge days are ended. So why not attend the dance wearing a formal evening dress? One, with our long hair and proper

makeup which I am sure that the girls will insist upon since our dates will be in formal pants and suits, I doubt that we will be surprising anyone. To tell the truth, we all look pretty nice dressed as females. Why give up now with only three weeks to go? Should we give up and quit now, having gone through so much already?

"Well, that's how I see it, I believe that we have gotten through the toughest part and we've almost finished our task. I say we should not let a formal dance keep us from fraternity life in the future. If we hang in and finish, we'll show the brothers that we really want to be in this frat."

There was a lively discussion among the group. In the end all but one, Billy, agreed with my reasoning. Billy decided that he would quit rather than be subjected to wearing a dress to a dance. Betty returned and I told her, "We all, except Billy, have agreed to accept the Lambda invitations to the dance."

Betty called Tommy and told him of our decision. Tommy immediately came over to the Lambda house to escort Billy, supervise the packing of his belongings and have him leave the fraternity house. It suddenly dawned on Billy that he had no place to move to as the dormitories were full and there was not housing available. He was out on his own.

The rest of us were taken to the laundry room where our dresses had been washed and dried. There were five ironings board in the corner. We took our dresses and were instructed how to properly iron them. It took the balance of the afternoon until we passed inspection with our ironing. We were given back the sweaters that had been washed and dried over the wooden clothes rack.

Betty then told us, "Girls, you will no longer have to wear your uniforms. You may choose to wear your skirt and sweater combination or your shirtwaist

dress during the balance of your pledge time before becoming full fraternity members. Tomorrow, bring your uniforms. We will wash and iron them and put them away until next year should they be required for the new pledges. Since we will be trying on evening gowns tomorrow, you need to have more of a girlish waistline so the gowns will be a better fit.

"Your Pledge Master and I shopped and found each of you a waist cinch or body shaper in your proper size. It is in a bag with your name on it. The snaps go in front. You should have no trouble putting this garment on to reduce your waist; just take a deep breath on hold in your stomach until you close the eyelets."

At the end of the week the group of pledges along with Betty and our dates (previously our advisors) went shopping at the consignment store for formal evening gowns. We were all wearing dresses or sweater skirt combination along with complete undies, the waist cinch, and high-heeled pumps. The girls had applied our makeup prior to leaving the sorority house. We all carried our purses with money and the necessary girly accessories. Betty had called ahead since we had a large group.

Each girl not only helped her pledge but also selected the dress he was going to wear for the dance. Andy, a slim and short pledge (5 foot-four) who had previously cut his hair short was given a Sleeved A-Line Princess knee-length black Chiffon and lace formal. The dress had a scoop neck with a built-in bra and back zipper. The full lacy sleeves ended just above his wrist. The knee-length skirt with a twelve-inch black lacy hem fitted perfectly at his knee caps. The back of the dress had lace from the bodice to his neck.

Susie, his date, decided that he should wear a dressy shoe with this cocktail dress. They located a pair of four-inch spiked ankle strapped heels that went perfectly with his outfit. Andy had difficulty bal-

ancing himself on the higher and narrower high-heeled shoes. Susie told him, "Be sure to bring these shoes with you when we practice dancing. You will soon be able to wear these without realizing that they are taller than normal. With some black onyx earrings or maybe dangling pearl drops you will be lovely!" That was just what Andy did not need to hear; he turned away from the group with a tear in his eyes. They also purchased a black beaded evening clutch to complete the outfit.

Harry, my roommate and his date chose a Burgundy strapless ball gown with a sweetheart neck. The full-length pickup skirt had embroidery beading and appliqués along the bodice and scattered beading in the skirt. The taffeta dress was lined, boned, and contained a built-in bra. The open-back formal was laced in the back for closure. Since the dress swept the floor, it was not necessary for Harry to purchase new heels. They found another black beaded clutch purse for him to carry.

Sam's choice was a Ruby red tiered cap sleeve silk lined ball gown which had a bateau neckline crafted with illusion material and capped sleeves. The floor-length gown had embroidery and scattered accents to spotlight the sweetheart bodice. A ruffled tier effect fluttered around the hips and dances down the sides. Ruffled layers sparkled in a flare emphasis to form the pleated ball gown skirt. This dress was lined, boned, and contained a built-in bra. Sam and his date located a pair of red heels, two inches, that fit him and a small leather clutch purse.

I was not as lucky as Gloria had chosen three gowns for me to try on. The first was a Navy sleeveless bodice, long and wide flowing ball gown with a deep V-neck and tony tucks giving my figure a friendly fit. The full gown had scrunched sashing surrounding the waist in a satin circlet. Gossamer gathers spilled along the floor, giving the gown a flourishing finish

The gown had a sparkle-strewn lining, adding an irrepressible shine. The beautiful gown had a full back zipper as well as built-in bra.

The second gown was a capped short sleeve floor-length taffeta prom dress in sparking pink. The A-line jeweled floor-length Georgette Evening dress had pearl detailing and beaded appliqués on the sleeves and bodice. The gown was fully lined with a built-in bra and a fabric Georgette belted waist. The gown laced up in the back. However, Gloria thought it was better suited for a teenager.

The third dress was a silk lined, form-fitting, dark grey silk gown covered over in tulle with a black lace appliqué. The scoop V-neck Mermaid evening dress had a sweeping brush train with a back zipper closure. The long full sleeves extended from the bodice of the dress to the shoulders. The full sleeves were made in the tulle with lace appliqué. In the back of the dress, the tulle draped over my shoulders. The dress was tight so I thought we would select the Navy sleeveless wide flowing ball gown.

Gloria thought that the grey with black lace appliqué evening gown was absolutely stunning. "It is a little tight for you in the waist and you have more to fill out in the rear," she mentioned causally, "but I may have a solution for that."

She found Betty and questioned her. Returning, she said, "If we use the corset to take in your waist a little more, the dress will fit fine. You need only an inch taken in. The dress is the same size as the French Maid uniform. I have a padded girdle that can give you the added derriere to shape the dress properly. You will be the envy of all the girls!

"Let's buy this dress and we will go back to the house and see if it fits with the proper undergarments. In the meantime, I will ask the clerk if we can put the navy dress on hold until tomorrow. You can

wear the heels now have on. I have the perfect jewelry to go with this dress. We can have your hair cascading over one shoulder to emphasize the bodice of the dress. Lets see if they have a silver clutch purse to complete the outfit.”

We not only found the purse but there was also a pair of open toed silver strapped 3-inch heels. Arriving at the Lambda house, Gloria went to her room and returned with a nude pantybrief which contained a padded buttocks. Betty soon followed with the corset.

I was left alone to change out my brief to Gloria’s. Pulling my panties back on, I had difficulty as they were too tight. The girls entered to help me into the corset. Then came the evening gown. It was a perfect fit. Putting on the open-toed shoes I paraded before the girls. Gloria was overwhelmed as to how feminine I looked.

I did have some problems as the falsies kept coming loose in the built-in bra of the gown. Gloria smiled, saying, “I have a solution to the problem but we have to wait until the day of the formal dance. The dress looks absolutely gorgeous and you wear it well. We can cancel the navy gown. I am glad this fits as you will be the prettiest dressed co-ed at the dance!” I then changed back into the shirtwaist dress to return to the frat house.

By the time I had returned, hung my evening gown up , washed off the makeup, showered and changed, it was dinner time. During study break, I chatted with the other pledges, finding out that they also had their gowns hanging in their closets. During the rest of the week we continued after classes to wear our woman’s clothing while attending instructions in dance and female deportment, as well as cleaning the sorority house and the fraternity house on Saturday mornings.

The day before the formal, we pledges were escorted to the beauty school by our advisors. We were all taken to a large dressing room and told to strip down to our panties and bras. The operators came in to the area and started to smile and laugh.

The manager exclaimed, "My, you all have matching lingerie. How sweet that you are dressing all alike like real sisters!"

We were split up into groups of two, taken to smaller rooms and told to lay down on a table after we had removed our bras. Hot wax was spread on my chest and shoulders. In a few minutes the operator put a pad over the wax and yanked the pad, pulling the few hairs off my chest and shoulders. This was followed by having my arms, then legs, waxed.

Turning over we had the back sides of our bodies waxed. Once the pain had subsided, we had lotion rubbed over the entire body except our private areas. Finished, we dressed, putting on our garter belt, stockings, filled bras, and shirtwaist dress with petticoats.

We waited in the lobby until the entire group had finished. From there four of us were seated in a beauty chair while the others watched as we had our eyebrows plucked, trimmed and shaped. That stung more than the waxing. Once we were finished, we watched the other four have their eyebrows feminized.. We got to see what had been done to each of us. Our brows were pencil thin and arched over the eyes. This eliminated some of the last resemblances of our manhood. We had smooth hairless bodies, shaped brows, long wavy and curly hair, and we were wearing panties, bras, garter belts, stockings, heels, petticoats and dresses. For all purposes we were a group of girls walking back to campus.

After lunch we all showered and shaved our faces and underarms. We dressed in the lingerie of the day:

Bali pink bra and panties, pink satin garter belt, stocking, heels, petticoats and dresses. We took our purses and met at the Lambda house.

While the other pledges waited in the rec room, Gloria took me to the guest room and had me remove my dress and bra. Once I had shed my bra, she had me lay on the bed while she took some adhesive and applied it to one side my chest. She took out a realistic silicone breast form and held it on my chest. She took the second form and did the same to my other side. We waited five minutes to allow the adhesive to dry. I was handed a mirror. Starting back was a bare-chested fully-developed woman. The breasts looked real.

“This will be a lot better in your gown than what you were wearing and should stay put,” Gloria said with enthusiasm.

The girls drove us back to the beauty school where we all had appointments for manicures and pedicures. Our toenails were painted bright red. Then we were taken to the main area of the shop to have our hair washed and styled for the night. While under the dryer, a student came and shaped and manicured our fingernails, finishing by putting on two coats of red polish and a clear coat. As our nails were drying, we had the driers removed and our hair styled for the evening. Mine was waved with curls at the ends, then pulled and draped over my right shoulder. Once each pledge had their hair styled, we returned to have a facial with full makeup. Our advisors gave each of us a new tube of lipstick to hand to the makeup artist. This visit was very thorough in making us look convincing as girls.

Our dates (advisors) took us to a small restaurant where they ordered a grilled chicken salad for all of us with water to drink. After dinner they gave each of the pledges a small gift wrapped package and a plastic bag containing the jewelry we were to wear this

evening. They insisted that we open up our presents before we left the table. Each pledge got a small box. The girls insisted that we open the boxes one at a time. I was the first to find my gift was a pair of black heavily laced nylon panties in the proper size and a pair of Haines Ultra Sheer Black stockings.

“This is to complete your outfit for tonight,” Gloria chimed. Each pledge then opened his gift to find a pair of very lacy panties matching the color of his dress and stockings that would blend with the formal gown which he would be wearing this evening.

We were driven back to the frat house where we received many cat call and whistles from the fraternity members. Betty had told us at dinner that we were to dress ourselves and that we needed to help each other just like the girls in a sorority did.

Harry and Sam stripped, then donned their new lacy panties, bra with falsies, garter belt, stockings and new waist cinch. Once they had on their lingerie, I needed them to help me into my corset. When I removed my bra, their faces dropped as they thought I had grown breasts. I laughed and told them that Gloria had insisted I wear them as the others kept coming out of my gown. I then put on my panties, followed by the padded girdle. Soon I was in my evening gown which Harry zipped for me. Since it was hard for me to bend over, he strapped the silver heels on my feet. We stood before our big mirror in the room and added the earrings and necklaces which the girls had loaned us.

Harry’s earrings were long pearl drops which he wore with a single-strand pearl necklace. Sam’s accessories consisted of a double gold chain necklace, gold bracelet and gold pendent earrings. Mine was a rhinestone choker necklace and long dangling rhinestone pendent earrings.



We gathered our purses putting in the tissue, lipstick, a small hair brush, several dollars and a condom, in case we should get lucky tonight. While we waited, each of us took the tube of lipstick and freshened our lips, blotting them with a tissue using a small compact with a mirror.

Soon we heard the bell ring. Our dates had arrived. Tommy came to our rooms looking at us and exclaimed, "My God, you boys look fantastic! If I didn't know better, I would say that you were in the wrong house. Your dates are here. Come down the stairs one at a time. Put a minute between you and the person in front."

As I descended the stairs, Tommy was filming each of us walking down and as we were being greeted by our dates. The girls had complete tuxedos, male socks and shoes. Their hair had been combed and greased down; the girls with long hair had pony tails tied with a rubber band. As I came to the last stair step, Gloria stepped forward while I put out one of my painted hands for her to escort me to the hall. The scene was repeated for the other seven pledges. Tommy had us pose for additional picture as well as shooting video of the entire group of formal-dressed boys and masculine-dressed girls.

The girls had seen us in the formals when we were purchasing them and we had makeup on, but tonight was different. We were dressed in formal attire with professionally applied makeup, fancy ball gowns, high heels which we could walk in, feminine hairdos as well as painted nails and smooth hairless bodies. Our mannerisms showed us to be female. There was not a trace of maleness amongst the pledges including Billy who was the only one in a short cocktail dress. His four-inch heels added femininity to his stature as well as his short hair which had been bobbed into a girlish cut. His full short skirt swayed back and forth as he came down the stairs. Looking

up his dress, I could see the lace covered black panties he was wearing. Since the dance was for freshman, the other Lambda girls came with their pledges to view the “new girls” in all their crowning glory. Rather than laughing at us, they complimented us as to how lovely we looked and how beautiful we appeared in our evening gowns. The sorority girls remained at the frat house and partied.

We walked to the field house for the dance. Gloria and I fell a little behind the others as my gown restricted my gait. Gloria held my hand as we walked. Arriving at the dance, we met with several of Gloria’s friends. They were surprised to find her in a tux but more surprised when she introduced me, “This is my date, Charlie, who is a pledge with Sigma Beta.”

The dance started with a slow fox-trot. Gloria took my hand, leading me to the middle of the dance floor. Without thinking I held out my hand as she pulled me forward, putting her right hand on my waist. I put my left hand slightly on her shoulder. She led and I followed. We danced for about thirty minutes before one of the stag males tapped her on the shoulder and asked to cut in. Gloria did not say a word but smiled and gave me a wide grin as she left the floor. I was careful not to say a word, afraid I would start a riot.

At end the of the dance, Gloria came up and took my hand as the fellow thanked me. “How did it feel dancing with a real man?” she asked teasingly. “You certainly look lovely with your Mermaid-style dress which shows off your lovely figure. I love how you look tonight! Of course, I know that your figure is all artificial, but you look fetching. I am going to have to reign you in closely tonight,” she teased.

We sat out the next dance and had some punch. I was reminded that I better not drink too much as we would have problems with the rest rooms. Gloria told me that some of the girls would be upset if she

walked into the Ladies Room dressed in a tux but even worse would occur if I went to the Ladies room and was discovered. If I went to the Men's room wearing a formal gown, I would be opening myself to danger. Therefore we only sipped our drink. Gloria reminded me to freshen my lipstick which I did and I remembered throughout the night to check my lips.

We sat out several dances while watching our other pledges dance. Billy looked cute swirling around in his knee-length Chiffon dress. He was having a slight problem during the swing dance as he was not used to the higher heels. During the slow dances, it turned out that he was only an inch shorter than his date. Harry and Sam were enjoying themselves until I saw a stag asking Harry to dance. Fortunately, his date told the stag, "This is my steady girl." He looked at her funny as he thought that a girl posing as a man must be a lesbian. He walked away never knowing the truth.

We danced the night away to all various songs from Cha-cha to waltz to swing to slow dancing. It was difficult for me to swing as I had to shorten my steps. While dancing at the sorority wearing petticoats, I had a lot of freedom in my movements, but tonight my step was quite restricted. We only stopped to have our picture taken. In one shot I was seated with my legs together and Gloria was standing behind me with her hands on my shoulders; in another, we were standing side-by-side for a frontal shot. Sometime during the dance a photographer from the school newspaper along with one from the local paper asked if I would pose for a picture. The Sunday issue of the local paper showed my picture with a caption, "Freshman Prom Brings Out Beauty Queens."

During the final hour of the dance, Gloria started getting romantic. She would pull me closer to her during the slow dances. Our bodies were pressed against each other as she fondled me with her right

hand, lowering the hand and sliding it down my legs then pulling me even closer by grabbing my butt. Soon both hands were around my padded butt while mine were wrapped around her neck. We would sway to the music, barely moving our feet. I felt her knee pushing against my silk-covered crotch.

She would nibble at my ears while her nose gently played with my dangling earrings, making them move across my neck. Having long hair brushing on my tulle-covered shoulder, her kissing my earlobes, my dangling earrings swaying, the tight feel of the girdle rubbing my nylon panties and the weight of my silicone breast being squeezed between both of our chests had me excited. I could not wait until we could be alone.

As the last dance finished, we returned to our table and bid goodnight to the other couples, several friends of Gloria and their dates, as well as another pledge and his advisor/date.

Instead of returning to the frat house, Gloria took my hand and lead me on a short walk to one of the married student's apartment near the campus. "My friends are gone for the weekend and offered me the use of their apartment. I thought that you would like to stop and refresh yourself as well as have a drink. I know that I need to use the restroom! How about you, dearie?" I did not have to have my arm twisted as I needed to go badly. The cool air increased the urgency.

We entered the small well-furnished apartment. Gloria suggested that I use the guest bath .Before she scurried to the bedroom. she unhooked the eyelet at the top of my dress, then unzipped the back so I could do my business. It took me awhile to remove my padded girdle and panties. After finishing, I rinsed my hands, then touched up my lips and put some powder on my nose and chin. Back in the living room, Gloria zipped up my dress. She then poured us

a glass of whiskey with coke. I sat on the front edge of the sofa as I had practiced during our lessons at the Lambda house. With my tight form-fitting dress and corset, I was more comfortable sitting as a lady would. We sipped our drinks. Gloria put on a record of soft music.

Soon we were embraced in each other's arms and seriously kissing. After a half-hour, our petting became more serious. Soon I found my dress being unzipped, then Gloria's fingers were gently pulling the tulle off my shoulders. Her hands dropped under the long swept skirt until she unbuckled my silver three-inch heeled shoes. Following her lead, I rose from the sofa and stood as she pulled my dress over my hips, then helped me balance as I stepped out of the long swept skirt of the gown.

I stood in front of her wearing the corset with my attached falsies being pushed upward from the confine of the corset to which my sheer stockings were attached, padded girdle and black nylon laced panties underneath, along with a necklace and earrings..

I started taking the studs from her shirt as well as removing her clip-on bow tie. Soon I had her shirt off. She was wearing a man's T-shirt which I pulled over her head. At the same time Gloria was busy pulling down my padded girdle until I was only in the black lacy panties she had given me. My manhood, which I had tucked under my panties, was straining to be released.

Gloria took note and began to rub my panties making sure she caressed my manhood. She kicked off her shoes, then I removed her cummerbund, loosened her belt, and dropped her trousers. She was standing in lacy white hipster panties and T-shirt. Reaching the bottom of her T-shirt, I pulled it over her head. She wore a white sports bra holding her lovely 38 B breast close to her body. Soon they were

released from their confines and stuck straight out, up and perky.

Gloria planted a long serious deep kiss on my painted lips, then whispered, "Sweetie, let's get you out of your stockings and corset!"

She knelt before me, unsnapping the six garter tabs dangling from the corset, then slowly rolled down the stocking from my freshly waxed smooth legs one foot at a time. She made sure her hair and face would wisp gently across the front of my panties while her fingers delicately came along my inner thighs. Soon we were standing, her in white panties while I had on black panties. Both our hair was long and resting on our shoulders, and both of us had exposed breasts. The only difference between us was that I was wearing makeup, a necklace, and earrings.

Gloria put her hand around my waist and me to the bedroom. I was surprised to see that the bed had been turned down and there were pink satin sheets. She parted the top sheet and we got into bed. We could hear the music from the other room as Gloria dimmed the bedroom lights. We cuddled in each other's arms, kissing and caressing each other. Gloria found pleasure nibbling at my ears and playfully tugging at the long dangling earrings.

It was not long until I was fondling her perky breasts. I was surprised as she was rubbing and squeezing mine. Then she kissed my breasts. I realized that she wanted me to do the same to her. I planted kisses on one breast, then the other. While I was kissing one, I would finger and move my red painted fingers over the other while her nipples became hard.

Her hands slowly moved down my stomach, then down my legs. Her long slender fingers grazed up and down my outer and inner thighs in long smooth strokes. I followed her lead and did the same to her.

Her breathing increased and soon I found her hands rubbing across the front of my panties, sometimes reaching on the crotch. I reciprocated. When she fingered the waistband of my panties, I did the same to hers. Feeling her tug at the waist band, I rolled my hips, allowing her to pull my panties down my legs. I did the same to her. Soon we both kicked our panties off and made serious love.

“That was wonderful, Charlie. I have been wanting to do this to you since you came down the stairs tonight. I think I had the prettiest date for the dance. I was awed at you during Hell Week and since. I am heterosexual but seeing you in dresses...”

“Let’s take a shower, then a nap,” she suggested. Naked, we got up from the bed. She retrieved her panties and took them into the bathroom, I did the same. We showered together, soaping and rinsing each other. We both put our panties back on and returned to the bedroom. Gloria opened a suitcase. Taking out a bright yellow nylon baby doll nightie, she took off her white panties and replaced them with the ruffled full panties of the nightie. I stood watching as she slipped into her nightie. Returning to the suitcase, she took out the light green negligee and peignoir set I had worn when I spent the night at the Lambda Chi house. I put on the nightgown over my panties, then crawled back in bed for several hours’ nap.

We awoke in each other’s arms early in the morning. “Put on your peignoir and slippers which are at the foot of the bed and help me fix breakfast. Do me a favor and put on some lipstick!” Gloria requested.

Doing as requested, I put the robe over the negligee and slippers. I went to the bathroom and touched up my lips. Looking in the mirror as I painted my lips, I was surprised at seeing my reflection. Long pretty hair, painted lips, a silky robe and gown which showed the outline of a realistic bosom. I looked like

a pretty girl as my painted nails swept over the silky peignoir and negligee, fondling my life-like breasts which were glued to my chest. I quickly controlled myself and joined Gloria in the kitchen to help her with breakfast. After cleaning up the dishes, we returned to the bedroom and had another round of sex. Gloria insisted that we remain clothed but removed our panties.

After our second “session,” it suddenly dawned on me that the only clothing I had was the negligee set or my formal evening gown. I mentioned this to Gloria who replied, “I’m sorry Charlie, it never dawned on me about your having to need a change of clothing. I would offer my tux but it is much too small for you. I guess you will have to wear your gown today. I will be glad to help you Put your panties on first, then we will get your corset in place. I will close it for you.

Gloria tugged at the pullers until the corset was completely closed. She took her time as she rolled my stocking over my smooth legs, securing the tops to the garter snaps. I then wiggled into the padded girle and pulled it up, encasing my manhood.

Sitting at the vanity, Gloria put foundation, powder, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow and blush on me, then took her brush and styled my hair the way it was the previous night. I retrieved my lipstick and applied it to finish my makeup, then put on the earrings as well as the necklace.

In the meantime, Gloria had put on her clothes, complete with panties, bra, stockings and garter belt, slip and a tight red silk dress along with red heels. She sat at the vanity and put on lipstick, shadow and mascara. She took a vile of perfume and sprayed herself, then me. She went to the closet, bringing out my black formal gown which I stepped into. I took the silver heeled shoes, put my feet in them and she buckled the straps tightly over my ankles.

Once I was dressed, I helped Gloria pick up the apartment and pack her clothes and sheets. I realized that she had planned all our activities prior to the night of the dance. Gloria was a smart and beautiful girl whom I very much liked. I knew that I could not get really serious as I needed to finish school before I could get married. I was hoping that Gloria felt the same way. I desperately wanted to be her steady boyfriend over the next several years.

I felt silly walking back to the sorority house dressed in a formal in the late part of the morning. We arrived at the sorority where I was greeted by a dozen of the sisters who looked me over and started asking questions about how was the dance, did I have fun, and why were we so late returning? Gloria came down from her room carrying a small bottle of solvent so I could later remove my new glands and a bottle of finger nail remover with some cotton swabs. She whispered to me, "Keep the polish on your toe nails."

Before I left the sorority house the girls insisted I show them how adept I was at touching up my makeup. I took the compact from my clutch purse, powdered my face, added mascara and redid my lipstick. After blotting my lips, I replaced all the makeup and tissue in my purse just as if I had done it all my life. They all giggled and smiled while I touched up my face.

If I thought that I was being embarrassed by the girls, that was nothing compared to when Gloria and I entered the frat house where we were 'greeted' by the brothers. Did I take a ribbing from them! They wanted to know if I had stayed dressed in the formal and makeup all night and through the morning. Gloria smiled as I was being kidded. Finally she took my hand, pulled me towards her, and planted a long sweet kiss.

She said loudly, "Thank you Charlie. it was a wonderful dance and night. I really enjoyed our time together and hope to do it again really soon." That shut the brothers up!

I had to lift my skirt as I climbed the stairs to my room. Once inside, I had Sam help me undress and loosen the corset pullers. I went to the shower and turned on the hot water in order to ease the soreness from being bound so tightly.

"Funny," I thought, "the corset did not bother me at all last night, so why today?"

I soaked a long time, then took some solvent to loosen the glue before removing the breast forms from my chest. I finished showering and removed the makeup. Back in my room, I dressed in the lingerie of the day putting my new breast forms into the cups of the Bali bra. After putting on jeans and a shirt, I sat at my desk removing the polish from my nails and cuticles.

It was hard to study that afternoon as I kept thinking about the previous day and the evening spent with Gloria. She had admitted to me that she enjoyed having me wearing dresses and seeing that I looked pretty and felt pretty. The breast forms were expensive but she enjoyed me wearing them. The sex was terrific and she was a tiger in bed. She had guided me through the night, teaching me how to please her by example. I really cared for her and wanted to see her more often.

For the next month, we continued as we had with the pledges wearing lingerie under our school clothing and cleaning the Sorority house and the Fraternity house. By then we were all accustomed to wearing our proper clothing and doing as told so Betty and Tommy decided that we no longer needed penalty points unless it was a major infraction of the rules. From that point on, when we reported to the

Lambda house, we were wearing our choice of dress (shirtwaist dress or sweater and skirt) and were put into makeup for the day as well as Saturday mornings when we cleaned our frat house.

In the evening we would be spot checked to insure that the pledges were wearing nightgowns. Our hair had not been cut in many months. We wore our hair in ponytails during classes and at breakfast and lunch. In the afternoon when going to Lambda house, our hair was loose and brushed straight, however we still had some curls.

Gloria and I dated during the months after the Freshman Formal. We would have petting sessions but never sex. Of course, I was always wearing full lingerie including the waist cinch as I was required to do as a pledge. Gloria enjoyed unsnapping my bra and playing with my small nipples. She and I enjoyed hand sex. After I would bring her to a climax, she would find my swollen penis through my panties and milk me.

We had two more weeks until the school semester would be over. Tommy announced at dinner that on Monday evening the new pledges would be taken into the fraternity on Saturday evening during a special ceremony. He said, "The pledge class was very unique this year. We had some problems but everyone worked together to resolve these difficulties. Normally, our ceremony is closed to the members, but this year we are inviting the girls from Lambda Chi house to attend and participate in this induction of the pledges. Tomorrow during your session with Lambda house, you will learn more."

I looked around the tables to see the expressions on the faces of my fellow pledges which were the same as mine: bewildered!

Tuesday afternoon we donned our dresses and heels and made our way to the Lambda house. We

were met at the door by our advisors, then we followed them so we could have our makeup applied. We had gotten very proficient at cleaning and were finished after slightly more than an hour. We were all taken into the rec room where we were met by Betty and the entire sorority. We were seated in straight back chairs with our ankles crossed as we had been taught.

The sisters sat or stood around us as Betty made an announcement. "Sisters, as you know, these pledges have atoned for their past behavior and are to be inducted this Saturday night as members of Sigma Beta. We have been asked to attend the ceremony which is unprecedented in fraternity history. Some of us feel that these pledges are almost Sorority sisters as proven by their appearance today. With the help of you girls and their advisors, you have improved their understanding of women and their place in society. They all looked so pretty for the Freshman formal that Tommy and I thought it only fitting that for their induction this Saturday they wear their formal gowns which were so becoming.

"Therefore pledges, be prepared for another trip to the Beauty Shop on Saturday. We will go through the same procedures; waxing in the late morning, lunch, then hair and makeup in the afternoon. You will be expected to dress in your formal gowns, as you did for the dance. This is why you still have your gowns and shoes. I appreciate your past indulgences and I and the rest of the Sorority look forward to seeing you Saturday!"

On Friday we arrived at the Lambda house, had our makeup applied, then Betty announced, "Since we will be busy tomorrow, we will clean the Sigma house today."

We walked back and did a complete cleaning job from top to bottom since the induction would be in our rec room and we would have about twenty-three

guests. At six, we stopped cleaning and sat down for dinner while fully dressed in our skirts. After dinner we set up the chairs in the rec room and made sure that everything would be neat and tidy.

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Saturday morning found us in our shirtwaist dresses, petticoats, and heels as we made up the brothers' beds for the final time. After putting on our lipstick before leaving, as instructed by Tommy, we gathered in the hall and walked over to the girls' house. There, additional makeup was applied and we were driven to the Beauty School. The girls welcomed us and took us, two to a room, where we stripped to pantybriefs. My operator's eyes opened wide when she saw me standing there wearing my silicone falsies. Gloria had me come up to the guest room and glued them in place prior to us leaving for the salon. Mary, the operator, called the other girls to view my hanging breast. Some wanted to know if they were real or false. Red-faced, I told them that my bosom was glued on my chest for the entire day.

I laid on the table and had my body waxed from head to toes. We had shaven under our arms in the morning after our showers. I was relieved when we did not have our eyebrows waxed. The operators just touched up several stray brows and then plucked. After the waxing, each pledge was given a body massage with mineral oil to soften our skin. The operators came back with their clients to see how well we managed to dress ourselves, including how we fastened our bras and rolled up our stocking to the pink satin garter belt's suspenders hanging under our panties. They were surprised by how accustomed we had become to dressing in woman's clothing. They were amused as we all took out our lipstick from our everyday purses and applied the color to our lips,

then blotted them, checking in the mirror to be certain we did not have lipstick on our teeth.

After lunch we all walked back to the salon to have our hair, nails, and makeup done. Half of us had our hair washed, rinsed and set while the others had their toenails trimmed and polished along with getting a manicure. Then we switched places after our hair had been dried and set. In order to have the pedicure, we each reached under our dress, finding the garter tabs, releasing the stocking and rolling them down from our legs. Betty told us to put them in our purse so that the polish could dry while we had the rest of our treatment.

We had a facial massage along with full makeup being applied. We opened our purses and handed the operator our lipstick for the evening color. This was the same lipstick we used at the Formal. When the group was done, our hair was styled the same as we had been for the dance.

As we walked from the strip mall, several people stopped to look at our group. It suddenly occurred to me the reason they were looking that our group was dressed differently. There were eight persons wearing dresses and heels with full evening makeup and ten girls wearing slacks or jeans and little makeup, in most cases only light pink lipstick. My group was wearing lipstick ranging from bright red to deep red. I realized that no one took us for boys in dresses but they wondered about the contrast in our party.

We arrived back at the house shortly before six. The rest of the fraternity were having dinner as we got back. Since we had already had a large lunch, we went to our rooms for the last time to change out of our everyday dresses and into the formals we had worn several months ago. I went to my dresser drawer where I kept my lingerie and took out the heavily boned corset, my black lace panties, and the padded pantygirdle along with the sheer black nylon

stockings. Once I had stripped from my daywear, I pulled the black lace panties into place, tucking myself in the panties. This was followed by the padded girdle.

Calling Harry for help, I placed the corset around my waist, fitting my bosom into the cups of the corset and closing the front steel eye hooks. Harry came over as I went to the bedpost and closed the pullers tightly until the ends of the corset had been fully closed. I stopped for several minutes to catch my breath as the corset squeezed three inches from my waistline. By now I was accustomed to the corset and was able to lift my foot up while sitting at the edge of my desk chair to roll the stockings up each leg.

Stepping into the black tulle and lace formal, I asked Harry to close the top snap and zipper up the back of my dress. In turn, I zipped his dress once he pulled the bodice into place. Bending my legs, I reached the silver heels and put them on my feet. Harry had to buckle the straps around my ankles as I could not reach them. Harry, Sam, and I then added our jewelry consisting of dangling earrings, necklace and bracelets. I suggested that even though we would not be leaving the building, we should carry our purses as we had for the dance.

While we were completing our dressing, I heard the doorbell ring several times. The Lambda girls had arrived. Tommy called all the pledges together. He inspected each pledge making sure we were properly dressed and fully made up.

“Gentlemen, this is your final night as pledges. I wanted to say that I am proud of the way you responded after the incident with your cleaning. Had you not gone through it, our fraternity would have had a rough year since Lambda and Sigma have always been close. You did the best and I am proud of the way you have presented yourself during the year. After tonight you will become full brothers.” Finish-

ing his speech, he led us down the stairs and into the rec room. were we were individually welcomed into Sigma Beta during a candlelight ceremony.

At the conclusion of our induction, Betty came forward , making a short speech, “Brothers and sisters, we have witnessed the pledge group become members of Sigma Beta. The girls from Lambda Chi have become very much attached to these boys that appear to be beautiful coeds tonight. The girls and I wish to make each of them special honorary members of our sorority tonight. We have a little pin to present to the newly-inducted Sigma boys.” All the girls clapped. Each of us came forth to receive a pin and a sisterly kiss on our cheek from Betty.

The rest of the evening we partied and danced. The new members of the fraternity remained in our formal gowns for the evening and we danced with each member of the sorority. Gloria and I danced together for the final hour. As I had been taught, I assumed the role of the woman while Gloria was the leading partner. She pulled me in throughout the evening, giving me quick kisses on my earlobes and occasional a short peck on my lips. My hands were around her neck, her hands were around my waist, then around my padded buttocks.

When the party was closing, she whispered in my ear as she gave my buttocks a little rub, “My friends are gone for the weekend , I thought you would like to have our own private party.” To answer her question, I kissed her fully on her ruby red lips.

“I suggest that before we leave, you pack an overnight bag as we do not want you coming back Sunday afternoon wearing your formal evening gown. As pretty as it is, it would not be appropriate in the afternoon,” Gloria suggested.

I went to my room and packed a shirt, pants, socks and shoes as well as a razor and toothbrush in a

small suitcase. I started to leave my purse on my bed, but decided I better carry it with me. I made sure I put in several condoms. Gloria had brought her car to the induction so she escorted me to the passenger side, instructing me how to enter the car wearing the formal. I backed into the car sideways, smoothing my skirt under me before pulling in my legs while turning toward the front. Once I was seated, Gloria closed my door. At a liquor Gloria purchased a bottle of wine. At the apartment, I opened and poured us two glasses of the white Zinfandel while Gloria inserted a Frank Sinatra CD.

We sipped wine, talked, and danced for close to an hour before heavy petting started. We kissed passionately. Soon I felt her fingers undoing the eyelet closure to my gown, then dropping down the back to open the zipper, then taking my hand to help me rise from the chair and helping out of my gown. She carefully put the gown over the back of the sofa as I stood there in my undies.

Kissing me lightly on the lips, she muttered, "Let me help you out of that confining girdle, my sweet one. I want to feast my eyes on your lovely body and womanly shape."

That said, Gloria put her hands around the waist band of the girdle and tugged the girdle down over my nylon-clad legs. She stepped back as she placed the girdle near the chair and proceeded to unzip the side of her silk red form-fitting dress and wiggled the dress down over her hips until it was on the floor. Standing in her very sexy lace-trimmed slip, she motioned for me to come to her. We continued to dance very slowly with our bodies so close to each other that they was no space between us.

While dancing in this manner, we kissed and stroked each other's arms, legs, hips, face and bosoms. I helped Gloria remove her sexy slip until she stood before me in a red underwire silk bra,

lace-trimmed and ribbon-entwined. From my newly-acquired knowledge of lingerie, I guessed it was a Olga bra. She was wearing matching hi-cut red panties under which she had on a red silk garter belt trimmed with pink and red ribbons holding up red sheer silk stocking and a pair of red three-inch heels.

Our bodies moved closer as we grinded to the music. We stopped briefly to drink some more wine. Because of the strain from my corset, I had to sit on the edge of the sofa while Gloria could easily move about. She suggested that I do to her as she did to me.

She took my face in her hands, stroking my cheeks and playing with my earrings, tossing them gently back and forth, making sure they made contact with my neck. I did the same to her. When she ran her fingers through my hair, I did the same. Her hands dropped to my legs where her painted red nails glided every so lightly over my stocking-covered calves, then my thighs until reaching the front of my black satin and lace panties.

Our passions rose until she reached under the waistband of my panties. She pulled them down to my ankles and over my high-heeled silver shoes. I followed her lead until we faced each other wearing only breast coverings—mine a corset, hers a bra—garters, stockings and heels.

Gloria reached behind her back and released the hooks of her bra then slid the straps off her arms, dropping the bra on the floor. Leading me to the floor she rubbed her breasts all over my body from head to toes while I could only hold her and nibble at her ears, occasionally making contact with her mouth. She insisted that I stay in my corset for the meantime. When she was ready, she mounted me and we had wild and wonderful sex.

When our legs intertwined, I felt her nylons rubbing up and down against my sheer stocking-covered

legs. It was a sensation that I have never forgotten over these last ten years, a wonderful feeling. I had experienced my fingers touching other girl's stocking-covered legs and enjoyed the soft feeling in my finger tips, but to have my smooth hairless legs and calves caressed with nylon rubbing against nylon incited sensory pleasures I had never before experienced.

Exhausted from our activity, we arose from the floor and headed to the bedroom where Gloria undid the pullers to my corset after I had removed the stockings. She took off her garter belt and stocking before we headed into the shower. We rinsed, soaped, and caressed each other as we bathed. She dried me and I dried her. Gloria wrapped herself in her towel and I did the same, wrapping the towel around my waist.

She laughed loudly and told me, "A girl must be modest. Wrap your towel above your breasts like I do."

We walked hand in hand into the bedroom. Gloria reached into her bag, took out a short pink waltz-length nylon lace bodice nightie and handed it to me. I slipped the soft gown over my head without hesitation. Gloria removed a light blue matching nylon gown and pulled it over her head. We went to the bed and crawled in between the satin sheets. We kissed each other passionately and quickly fell asleep in each other's arms.

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It was late morning when we awoke. We were both in our nightgowns. Neither of us were wearing panties so watching the other walk around in a sheer gown left nothing to the imagination. By the time we rushed through breakfast, we were holding each other tightly, stroking hair and breasts through the

thin nylon nightgowns. We were soon in bed having sex. Again, we showered together. After drying I sat at the vanity putting cold cream on my face, making sure all my makeup had been removed. While removing the polish from my nails, Gloria applied the solvent to my breast forms. Once the breasts were removed, she took lotion and rubbed it into my chest.

As I went to my suitcase to remove my male clothing, I realized that I had packed "The Lingerie of the Day." It was just a habit by now. My days of having to wear feminine clothing had ended. I told Gloria what I had done.

She laughed saying, "Maybe subconsciously you want to remain in girls clothing. I would not mind at all. In fact, I love seeing you dressed fully as a female. You are a nice-looking man but a beautiful woman. I guess you will just have to wear your panties and bra under your masculine clothing as you did during your pledge days this afternoon."

As I put on the white Bali panties, then the bra, Gloria added, "You're flat-chested now compared to with your breast forms but you do look sweet, my love. I will take your corset back to the Lambda house if you would like me to. I don't know what you want to do with the rest of your feminine wardrobe but I suggest you keep it. There may be some occasions when you wish to wear your undies and or your dresses. I would love sometime for us to date as two girlfriends. Food for thought!" She came over and put her arms around my neck and gave me a long, deep kiss.

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During the last month of school, Gloria and I went out once during the week for pizza or a movie and saw each other each weekend. We talked seriously about our relationship. We agreed that we did not want to get married in the near future as we needed

to complete our educations. We did not wish to have children in the immediate future. Gloria told me that she was taking the pill.

At the end of the school term I decided to keep my evening gown, shirtwaist dress, the skirt and sweaters, as well as all my lingerie. Harry and Sam decided to get rid of their outfits. I had liked Harry's burgundy sweetheart strapless formal with the full skirt and petticoats and offered him ten dollars for the dress. He wondered why I wanted the dress so I made up a story about a girl I knew who needed a formal for the high school prom. He was glad to get the ten dollars. I put the dress into a footlocker. Gloria had correctly assessed my desire and liking to crossdress.

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During the summer Gloria and I enjoyed each others company as well as the sex. During our first weekend visit, we stayed at a beach resort in Destin Beach, Florida. In early August we rented a condo on the Gulf one hundred yards from the beach. Gloria surprised me by bringing several extra sets of underwear as well as a complete outfit for me to wear at night. In addition, she supplied me with baby doll nighties for sleep wear. Our sex was excellent. Gloria enjoyed having me fully dressed in woman's attire during sex. I enjoyed our sex and really enjoyed wearing soft delicate clothing whenever she asked.

The Halloween of our second year was on a Friday. Gloria and I dressed in formal attire for a party thrown at the Sigma house. I wore the long strapless dress with full petticoats. Fortunately, Harry, my old roommate did not return to school so I did not have to explain to anyone how I had obtained his formal. Arrangements were made so that Gloria and I had the use of her friend's apartment for the weekend. I made a trip with Gloria to the Beauty Parlor. Since it was

Halloween, I wore my male clothing to the shop and had my long hair styled and makeup applied. Gloria borrowed my tux which was a fairly decent fit after she put on a tight sports bra to hid her chest. My breasts were again attached for the weekend. I stayed completely dressed in feminine clothing until Sunday afternoon.

For the next three years, Gloria and I dated steadily. In the Spring of our Senior year, we became engaged. and wed in the later part of June. She had an offer with a midsize firm in Destin, Florida, in the finance department. I received my Bachelor's degree in Business and went to work with a real estate firm in Destin. Over the past seven years we have enjoyed our married life. Gloria now heads the department and I have my Brokers and Real Estate license. With the climate and popularity of Destin Beach, the real estate market has been very profitable for me. I have my own business with referrals coming in constantly. I have been extremely lucky and fortunate over the years.

Today is Valentine's Day. I have made reservations at our favorite restaurant for dinner at seven-thirty. Since I control my own schedule (working out of my house) I have already dressed for tonight. Gloria and I went shopping together last week and she bought me a pretty red two-piece wool and polyester suit. The jacket is collar-less and form-fitting with three-quarter sleeves with a straight narrow skirt. Of course I needed a slip with a full laced bodice and twelve-inch laced hem, matching panties and under-cut uplift bra for my attached silicone breasts. I am wearing my very long line hi-rise regular girdle whose garter snaps are holding the sheer beige nylons and a tight waist shaper. I set my hair in the morning and did all my makeup. Gloria insisted that we should go out weekly as girlfriends since we returned from our honeymoon in Bermuda. Since that time I have learned to do my own hair and makeup.

At Gloria's suggestion, I am the 'wife' and she is the bread winner of our family. Whenever I am home, which is the majority of the time, I am wearing lingerie and skirts, as well as feminine accessories. I always sleep in nightgowns, both long and short, but all ultra frilly and soft. Gloria just returned from the beauty salon and is changing for tonight into a red silk dress while I attach a set of red clustered stone earrings on my lobes to match my necklace. We are both very happy in our present lives. I appear in public almost always as a female except when closing some real estate sales with clients. Fortunately, no one has ever commented on my pierced ears or my longer-than-usual-for-a-man hair.

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