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MAGAZINE

“NOT ENOUGH GIRLS”

“Chris has to find two boys who are willing
to be girls for their fraternity.”



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NOT ENOUGH GIRLS

By Sandy Thomas

In CHEERLEADER MASCOT ,(TV FICTION CLASSICS #6) Chris and Lee were forced to become mascots for their fraternity...Cheerleader mascots. The real cheerleaders forced the College Dean to take football money and give it to the sport "cheerleading". In retaliation, he made Lee and Chris dress as girls for the year otherwise the fraternity would lose its campus charter. With Lee's mother's help, Chris and Lee were totally feminized to the point that doing "girl's things" was natural.

Lee never returned to school, opting to spend the year with his mother in Paris. Chris returned to school, and at the insistence of Ralph, the fraternity president, Chris was to pick several new pledges to again be the fraternity's "Cheerleader Mascots".

Ralph, the frat' president, came to me and said, "We'd hoped to get a real cheerleader this year as our mascot but none of the girls are going for it. None of the brothers want to go back to a ratty old tiger. I'm counting on you to find someone to take Lee's place, then train and feminize them."

"Them??" I asked.

"Oh, the executive committee has decided that you should pick two just in case one quits like Lee. Any good prospects?"

The two best prospects at our Frat's orientation didn't join our frat. Dana had a drug problem and his parents pulled him out of school. I heard he was in California somewhere. The other one went to another frat.

The first several weeks at school were spent getting back into the swing of things. I was studying Psychology this year. One of my teachers was also the faculty medical advisor to Chi Pi Pi. Dr. David Calen, Ph. D and M.D. came to me the first week and asked why I still looked and acted so feminine.

I told him the story of last year and the summer and all

about the hormones and stuff. He sat in amazement. Dr. Calen was the head of one of the country's most respected gender research programs. He looked at me like I was sent from heaven, the answer to his research problems. I was like a control group of one.

He asked me to take a battery of tests, even hooked me up to some electronic equipment. He was happy about the results.

"Chris," he said, "What has happened to you is astounding. I can't tell you what this could mean to the advancement of sexual roles and attraction research. I only wish Lee was still here. Dean Wilcox has offered a grant to continue the studies."

I said, "You know, Ralph wants me to pick out a couple of the new pledges to be cheerleader mascots. You could study them?"

His eyes widened, "Yea. Better yet, I'll offer a scholarship. I want to understand what boys go through if they take the girl's role. It might be tough on them, therefore we'll pay them like we pay the football players, a scholarship."

I asked Dr. Calen why he would want to see boys feminized.

"Chris," he said, "They world is changing. Men are giving up careers to raise children, women are postponing child birth until their thirties in order to have careers. We are seeing a trend in the medical field."

He sat back and talked about his view of the future. "Someday...soon, we'll be giving adolescents LH-RH hormone inhibitors to retard puberty. Boys won't have "hot pants" so early and will stay focused on their studies. These boys will be beardless, high voiced and will be like girls until they are taken off the medicine. Studies suggest that verbal skills improve and it's all reversible physically. Mentally, we don't know. Women will be taking inhibitors also to postpone fertility making them safely fertile well into their forties. I want to study boys who can't be "boys."

It was settled. Not only could I offer membership in the fraternity, I could also offer a free college education.

There were a couple of new students interested in CHI

Pi Pi that had potential. Eric was small boned and beardless. Paul was also a prospect, the perfect prospect. The story went, his parents were poor and he was working two jobs just trying to make ends meet. He was stretched pretty thin already and the year just started. Maybe he'd do it for the money?

Ralph decided that I shouldn't tell them about their fate for a week after their acceptance into the frat.. They should be given a chance to feel like they were part of our fellowship. Ralph told all the members to be especially easy on them during "hell week". No picking on them because they were short or small.

I didn't talk to them much at first. I caught them staring at my nylon covered, shaved legs and occasional abundant cleavage that would show when I wore a low cut bra with a low cut dress. I was now comfortable in my street dresses but their "stares" said, "No boy can look like that." Indeed, there were no flaws showing. Everything about me was convincing: my nicely curled hair flowing over my shoulders, my creamy complexion, my small white hands, my snowy arms, even my small feet encased in pencil thin high heels. My voice was naturally high and I had no reason to be embarrassed, I was among my frat brothers. At one of the parties I wore a simple green satin dress that had a full skirt which always gave me a pleasant sensation as its skirt flowed with each step around my rounded hips, buttocks and nyloned thighs.

Sally, one of the real cheerleaders, and I had been dating for two months now. While some of the kids on campus knew I wasn't what I appeared to be, most seemed to forget. I found it easier to wear girl's clothes than to mask my curves.

When the brother's didn't have a date for some special occasion, they'd ask me if Sally and I would go. Other times, Sally and I would go to a town nearby and have dinner. I had become accustomed to men asking me to dance or go out.

How to get the new recruits started? That was the problem. Since I couldn't force them into this, we had to use psychological persuasion.

Paul and Eric were "asked" at one of our big parties.

Ralph made the announcement. “Gentlemen, the executive committee has made a decision on this year’s Chi Pi Pi mascots. As you all know having cheerleader mascot has improved our campus image and being chosen is our highest honor. Congratulations to Paul and Eric, chosen as our new cheerleader mascots.” The guys yelled and applauded.

Paul and Eric looked in shock as the brothers congratulated them on being chosen. Paul came to me and tried to back out. I told him the truth, “Paul, you wouldn’t have been accepted if you weren’t in this program. Besides, I doubt if you could have afforded to stay in school anyway.” He looked depressed. Eric was the kind of guy up for anything. He’d give it a try...if that’s what his brothers wanted.

Ralph wasted no time. The next evening, they were told to shave their legs then were taken a beauty parlor that was owned by one of the brother’s mother. Paul and Eric’s faces were beet red.

They spent the next few hours surrounded by several beauticians, each taking a section of “boy” and transforming it into “girl”: One for hair, one for nails, one for make-up. They all did their jobs: fussing, filing, curling, plucking, painting and teasing. Paul called me over, “Chris tell them not to take too many out.”

It was already too late. His eyebrows had been plucked into thin highly arched lines that opened up the look of his now sad eyes. The operator warned as she painted his lips a cherry red, “Quiet, you’re in expert hands. We’re going to make you more than attractive, you’ll be beautiful.”

Ralph came over and whispered, “Mrs. Brown says that they should have their ears pierced. What do you think?”

“Yea, but I don’t think they will go for it.”

“Naw,” he said confidentially. “They’ve got an idea.”

While Paul and Eric were under the dryers, the operators had a huddle. Two operators went to each boy and started to remove a curl or two. On cue, both boys yelled. Their hands went to their ears to find thin gold hoop earrings fixed in the lobes. Eric cried, “You’ve pierced my ears!”

"Of course," Ralph said calmly.

Eric went to a mirror, "But everyone will see them."

"Naturally," Ralph added, "since you will be wearing earrings, we wouldn't want them to fly off, would we? Look at Chris, he doesn't mind."

I was wearing large gold hoop earrings. They both looked at me like I was crazy.

The worst was still to come for Paul and Eric, who were still in shock from having pierced ears. One of the beauticians said, "Let's take them next door to Mrs. Brown's dress shop and get them some new clothes." Then turning to Paul said, "You'll love the selection...you're going to have your very own girlish panties, dresses, even a few frilly nighties; All your own!

"Ohhh no," Paul moaned, "I only need sneakers for the cheerleader outfit."

"Oh no," Mrs. Brown interrupted, "Our store is a big booster of your frat'. You know, dollars. We expect 'the cheerleaders' to be seen in *all* our clothes. Last year our business doubled, thanks to Chris and Lee. We'll be 'giving' you shoes with nice high heels, but don't worry, you'll soon learn to walk in them properly, like a lady. You'll have weekly hair appointments."

With that they were taken next door to be "outfitted" with complete girl's wardrobes and instruction on "walking like ladies." Several of the brothers helped carry the armfuls of dresses, skirts, and blouses to the car.

Later at the frat' house, the new "cheerleaders" were introduced to the brothers. Paul and Eric entered the room. I felt a little sorry for them. In their eyes was a look of depression, a sadness. Over their padded bras, panties, garter belts and nylons, each wore a feminine little party dress that stopped well above their knees, each showing smooth nylon covered thighs. Paul wore medium heels while Eric's feet were shod in spiked-heeled pumps. Eric's green dress was a delicate, translucent material, you could see his lacy full slip. Paul's was like a "June" wedding dress with pink floral design, square neck and a silk ruffle and bow.

They looked perfect as they seated themselves on the

stage, both smoothing their skirts under their hips as they sat down. Paul's brightly polished fingers adjusted the folds of his skirt against his smooth hose encased legs. Eric also idly toyed with the hem of his dress.

The brothers went speechless, unsure what to do. Someone broke the silence by whistling and saying, "They're beautiful!"

Paul and Eric squirmed at the attention and the comments on their girlish beauty. Ralph made a speech about how much the cheerleader program meant to the Frat and how much of a responsibility Eric and Paul had taken on. After the formal part of the program, Paul and Eric were surrounded by the brothers asking questions such as: "What are you wearing underneath..." or "Isn't wearing a bra uncomfortable?"

I must say, they were good sports. Each tried to be convincing in the way they walked, stood and crossed their legs.

MORE "PERSUASION"

The first couple of weeks were miserable and they suffered from the tight new lingerie and high heels. Everyone stared and they looked ashamed and embarrassed as they went about the duties of the "cheerleaders." The brothers were nice but there was an occasional, "Good morning, *girls*."

The brothers were instructed to treat them like girls. Their doors were always opened.

Ralph came to me and said "What is with the new guys? They just don't seem like they're with the *program* yet. They aren't as shapely as Lee or you, why?"

I said, "Oh, they just need a boost, maybe a shot of hormones."

Ralph asked, "What's that do?"

"First of all, their skin gets softer and muscle concentrations flatten out. Their breasts not only get larger, but the nipple takes on a pointed feminine configuration. They then would have cleavage, it's much more real looking."

Ralph thought awhile then said, "OK, let's get them on that stuff."

At Ralph's strong insistence and Dr. Calen's encourage-

ment, both boys were to start on male hormone inhibitors and female hormones. I don't think they knew what the hormones were for and what they'd do. I guess I forgot to tell them.

Paul didn't want to go to the doctor, while Eric liked the idea. Paul seemed afraid of everything and had a low tolerance of pain. He'd complained how everything about being a girl hurt: from plucking his eyebrows, the tight high heels, the confinement of the foundation garments, everything.

I told him that he now knows what girls go through to look attractive. Eric didn't complain, he almost was looking forward to being feminized.

AT THE DOCTORS

We sat in the doctor's waiting room for what seemed like hours. Paul and Eric sat apprehensively in their cheerleader outfits, unsure of what was going to happen. I reminded Paul to sit with his legs together, completing the girlish picture.

Each boy was given a complete physical then the doctor put us all in a room. The Dr. Calen began, "Chris, you caught these boys at just the right time. Their male hormones hadn't started flowing heavy yet. Who's first?"

Eric nodded. In front of us, the doctor pulled up the hem of his skirt and pulled down his panties just enough to get to the thigh. Eric asked, "Is this going to hurt?"

"No, not the shot," the doctor said as he positioned the needle, "But their affects may be a little uncomfortable."

"What do you mean....?" The words got caught in his throat as the doctor applied pressure and began easing it in.

Eric groaned and tried to pull away. His head was swimming and he looked like he might pass out.

"Easy now," the doctor advised as the amber fluid entered Eric's hip.

Eric's eyes glassed over upon realizing what had happened and he exhaled, "Oh my..."

Dr. Calen smiled and said, "You're going to make a beautiful girl." With a far away expression on Eric's face, he adjusted his panties, smoothed his skirt down and cautiously sat.

“Paul,” the doctor broke the silence. “It’s your turn.”

Paul had a panicked look on his face. Apprehension knotted his gut as realism struck. He cleared his throat saying, “Gee, I don’t think I want to do this. I’ve gone too far now.” Paul’s hands went up to his blonde hair, adjusting a loose curl.

The doctor prepared the hypodermic saying, “Don’t be a tease, you’re going to like what this does. Come stand over here.”

Paul stood and slowly walked over to the doctor. He looked awkward standing there, his high heels made his hips thrust backward.

The doctor said gently, “Lift your skirt.”

Paul did, showing his panties, garter belt and stockings. He asked, “What’s it going to do?”

“Just ripen you up a bit...in the ‘right’ places. You know, encourage your femaleness, suppress your maleness. Now, relax.”

The doctor in a flash of whiteness slipped down Paul’s white nylon panties. We could see where the nylon had swelled across his thighs.

“Ouch....” Paul braced himself on the doctors shoulder. The needle slipped easily into his thigh. Dizzy and confused and trembling, Paul moaned, “Ooooooh, I (sob) don’t deserve this. I don’t want (sob) to ripen...into a girl.” He bit his red painted lips as the needle deeply penetrated and oozed into his thigh. Paul’s vision was blurred by tears as the doctor “vaccinated” him against masculinity. A shot of feminine seed that would surely blossom.

The doctor also coated our throats with a gel, gave us some pills and capsules to take nightly.

Loaded with a big doses of female hormones, we left.

Ralph and I decided that they also needed figure help so Ralph arranged a trip to New York to see Mrs. Sargent.



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“Chris, you’ve made such a good choice. These boys will adjust quite easily to the *training*”. She addressed Paul and Eric, “Now boys, these are a little uncomfortable at first, but your bodies will quickly adjust to it.”

Paul and Eric stood naked except for panties and stared at each other in disbelief that they were participating in further feminization.

Mrs. Sargent measured each boy and prepared the garments and added, “It’s nice to work with boys that already accustomed to lingerie. I’m always amazed that some boys, at first, feel humiliated at wearing girl’s underwear. It’s so pretty and soft, they usually learn to love it or they wouldn’t be here.

Mrs. Sargent continued, “Chris, you’ll love the new design of our ‘special garments.’ She held up a satin looking pair of high waisted panties. Who’s first?”

Eric and Paul looked at each other in terror. It was obvious that these garments had been designed with one purpose, the taming and control of the male shape.

Paul said, “You go first Chris.”

I hadn’t even planned to be fitted, yet they were looking to me for guidance. Mrs. Sargent took my measurements and I removed my dress and old control garment. Mrs. Sargent commented, “My...you’re becoming quite a girl,” referring to my smallness. “I do think you’re going to be competing against the real girls soon. This new model is called the ‘Geld-o-matic’. Don’t worry it’s only a name.”

I remembered my last visit here and its outcome. My heart fluttered as she prepared me for the garment. She commented, “Boys, please note that these have a removable crotch area but you will still have to sit for you know what.”

She continued, “These are made of a space age material developed for the Defense Department. It’s a material that shrinks to a predetermined shape when warmed to body temperature.”

To my surprise, it slipped on easily. Almost immediately it began to get smaller. “It takes about five minutes for a full fitting,” she added.

I had been wearing one of her garments for a long time,

but I wasn't prepared for this garment's vice-like grip. It slowly was tightening around my waist and crotch area. I felt like something was in my throat and my heart started pounding. Seeing my expression, Mrs. Sargent reassured, "You are going to love the way your panties fit."

I tried to keep a smile on my face as Paul and Eric were watching.

About a minute after Eric was fitted, he complained, "I can't sit down in this, please take it off."

"Dear, you will get used to it and love it," she said, "Here put these on." She handed him a pair of nylon pantyhose. She ignored his distress and finished Paul.

Eric stood glassy eyed looking in the mirror. The sheer pantyhose fit his body so glove--like a part of his flesh. Even his posture had changed trying to get comfortable. He stood, his buttocks back, which caused a new delicate sway when he walked.

Paul broke the silence by complaining, "Get me out of this damned thing, I won't wear it, it's too tight...I don't want to do this, I want my pants back."

"There, there," Mrs. Sargent consoled him, going to a closet, "Here's a pair of pants...put them on."

Paul took the pants and slipped them on. They were skin tight elastic and zipped up the back. They clung to every curve and clearly no maleness showed, just the smooth flat "V" of a female. Not a wrinkle was to be seen, just smooth feminine curves.

Paul's mouth dropped.

"See Paul," Mrs. Sargent said, "your panties will fit better now."

Paul stood speechless, realizing that even in skin tight pants he looked like a girl..

Mrs. Sargent smiled with accomplishment, "The world can't have too many attractive girls."

Just then a young girl stuck her head out from the stock room. She was a classic beauty, blonde with an innocent girlish smile. She was bewitching. She said, "Mom, do we have any #739's in stock."

She stood in the doorway, her polished, long nailed hands casually at her hips.

"No son," Mrs. Sargent replied, "We'll be getting them in next week."

We all left Mrs. Sargent's salon, our speech "elevated" by the vice-like grip of our new satin modesty garments. In our hands were bags, each containing several "Geld-omatics" and fresh panties for our "new figures".

You would think that Paul and Eric would have removed the "garments" at the first opportunity. After wearing them for a few hours, something "happens". A peacefulness, a radiant expression appeared on their faces. The discomfort goes away, then you become more sensitive to the way your skirt feels against your nylons and the way its hem swings around your knees. Your figure feels more in tune with your dress, which was designed to present certain intriguing protrusions. Every thing was just where they belonged. A silk dress is like a slippery Eden as it slithers and tenderly floats around your body. Wearing that unyielding garment adds to the sensation.

After visiting Mrs. Sargents, the "boys" comportment was different. I knew that the longer they wore the garments the more difficult it would be for them to ever be "men" again. Their voice changed, its tone softened and raised, giving a natural feminine inflection.

Later both boys confided in me. They had a vague awareness of their softening hips, a slight swelling at the nipples and emasculation.

Eric came to me excited and said, "Look," as he opened his cotton gauze blouse. Twin swollen nipples stood out pertly on his chest. He continued, "They itch and feel funny. Do you think I'll get as developed as you?"

I nodded. He walked differently, sort of a strut, which showed off his new contours. He walked with a undulation of the hips, bringing one foot directly in front of the other, his body swaying just a bit. I recognized that *this* was how I also walked. In the right dress, each step was a sensual delight.

Paul was the opposite. He said, "Chris, I noticed that my panties seemed snugger around my hips and my chest is swollen." Pointing to his chest, he asked, "They won't get too big, will they? I don't want them too big."

I said, "Depends on your family genetics. You won't be as big as your mother, unless big bosoms run in your family."

A panicked look came to his face. "My mother is a 36 D and my grand mother was even bigger."

What could I say? To me it was obvious that both boys were slowly changing. I noticed it first in Eric when one Wednesday night he left wearing a skirt instead of pants.

When I raised my eyebrows, he said, "It's so warm in pants, this is much cooler."

The next Friday he wore a tight short cotton skirt and a sleeveless blouse and a tightly fitting wide leather belt. His hair had long ago lost its masculine appearance. It looked like he had set it. I asked, "Where are you going so dressed up?"

He blushed and said, "Oh, just meeting someone." He scurried off quickly. Sally told me that Eric was seeing one of the "real cheerleaders" who liked doing "girl things" with him.

Nearing Christmas, they both had a observable swelling at the chest. Their male chests were beginning to look like those of a young girls. The control garments and diet had taken several inches off their waists yet their hips were soft and round. We started doing everything together, even the complimentary weekly sessions at the hairdressers so our shoulder length hair was kept beautiful at all times.

Most weekends we were dressed in the cheerleader outfits: Yellow sweaters with a big "C", for CHI Pi Pi, pleated white short skirts. Our skirts which reached five inches above the knee allowed a peek-a-boo display of frilly panties as we moved around the frat. Our legs were clad in beige nylons and medium heeled pumps, and we wore makeup regularly now.

At the games, we had to wear our shoulder length hair with bangs in front and pert little yellow bows holding our pigtails or pony tails.

Just before Christmas break, we had our Frat holiday party. Normally, everyone would draw a name and ex-

change with them. This year Ralph had a new idea. He announced, "Since the Frat owed 'the Cheerleaders' so much for making Chi Pi Pi the best Frat on the campus, the brothers would give the three cheerleaders gifts."

The Christmas party was disturbing for Paul and Eric. All the brothers seemed to have the same idea. We only received feminine presents. To the hoots and hollers of the brothers, we opened our packages: earrings, bracelets, hair clips, nylons and adding to our red faces, lingerie.

Paul held up one garment that was as pink as his flushed face. It had plenty of lace at the half cups. I wondered if the brothers now realized that Paul had the globular attributes to almost fill the cups.

The brothers were now so used to us dressing as girls, I wondered if they had forgotten we were actually boys. They seemed to watch us with great fascination, especially the way Eric walked, or should I say wiggled his hips like the other college girls.

THE BOYS GET WITH THE PROGRAM

Paul still seemed ashamed of his femininity and stayed in his room hiding most of the time.

Often, Eric and I went out hand in hand like girlfriends. We'd try on dresses. He'd gush at each new girlish experience. "Oh, I love this dinner dress with the daisies." Or his first girl's swimsuit, a leopard print one piece, low cut in front and high cut on the hips. It made his smooth shaven legs look a foot longer

Eric gushed turning around in the mirror, "Oh, it's so daring. Do you really think I could wear something this revealing?"

I laughed pointing to his obvious twin prominences and beginnings of cleavage, "Be venturesome, besides, I don't think you should go near the water without a top." He adjusted the suit so his new bust settled into the cups. With a sassy smile, he gushed, "I like this suit!"

Eric was becoming a beautiful girl. I knew he was a boy but it was provocative to see his tits and buttocks thrust into such a femininely cut swim suit. His attitude to being feminine was intriguing; it reminded me of Lee. He wasn't ashamed of his new role like I was at first. He was proud of his figure and the way he looked in panties,

slips and short dresses.

Eric encouraged me to point out any lingering male mannerisms so he could minimize them. Paul was the opposite. He only wore feminine things when he had to. Paul wore denim shirts and jeans like the other brothers during the week, sometimes forcing his long hair up into a baseball cap. His large feminine eyes stared out from under arched brows which hardly looked "male". His long legs and assisted 34-25-35 figure now looked funny in male clothes. He wore the "garment," which affected his movements, causing a swinging of his hips and a glide to his walk.

He'd say, "I look like a freak. I'm a boy and I've got to do all these girl things. This is crazy."

I kept reminding him, "Do you want to go back to two jobs, no money, no sleep and poor grades?" He obviously didn't.

Paul didn't look like a freak, at least not when he was dressed as a cheerleader. His hair naturally stood out in soft curls around his satiny complexion. Lipstick gave him a girlishly sexy pout.

I remembered the support and encouragement Mrs. Roberts had given Lee and I. Maybe Paul needed some help to become comfortable. Maybe a shopping trip or someone to help bring him out of his doldrums.

Ralph helped. I saw Ralph talking to Joe, the star pitcher of our baseball team.

It started with Joe subtly complimenting Paul on the cheerleader outfit worn to a game. Paul blushed and lowered his blue lined eyelashes. He had reason to be embarrassed, that week it was pink tights with pink bows in our long hair and tight sweaters that showed off our cone-shaped breasts. Joe had Paul hold his letter jacket while he pitched during a game. Paul put it on because it was cold. Joe pitched a no hitter.

Afterwards, Joe came enthusiastically to Paul and said, "It was great having you on the sidelines cheering for me. It was almost like having a girlfriend here giving me encouragement. Be sure to come to my other games."

The brothers never said anything tease us about our obvious lack of masculinity.

Only once did a guy from another Frat say something

nasty to Paul. This guy's mistake was that he said it in front of a couple of the brothers. We had some of the biggest guys in our frat and this guy came to school the next day with his head shaved and a black eye. The word was out...we were protected. Even Paul like "the protection" Paul was still fighting "it", but was losing.

This wasn't to say that we were never put in embarrassing spots by our frat. One party, the "cheerleaders" were to be the hostesses. Ralph told me, "Don't worry about something to wear. We'll get you something."

Just before the party, Ralph showed up with our dresses. When we saw them, we all gasped. They were so utterly feminine and revealing that even I didn't know if I could wear them in public.

I gasped, "Ralph, these are maids uniforms!"

"Aw, a uniform's a uniform. It'll be a change from those cheerleading uniforms. Hell, we might even change to having *maids* as mascots." He left laughing.

The black taffeta dresses had low square necklines exposing our feminine cleavage. A wide white ruffle softened the view somewhat. The sleeves had cuffs and the caps and aprons also had frilly lace ruffles. The waists were very tight making the curves above and below most prominent. The skirt had its own taffeta ruffled petticoats that rustled with our every move. To make matters worse, included were black nylons and shiny 4 inch heels.

I have to give credit to Paul and Eric. They complained a little at first when Ralph informed us that we were to serve the guests at the party. Both adapted so well that neither spilled anything or made an awkward move the whole evening.

THE BOYS GO LINGERIE SHOPPING.

The months flew. Not everyday was spent in school. We had an expense account to buy clothes and shop we did

In the lingerie shop, Paul looked embarrassed, while Eric had that gleam in his eye. I helped each pick out several bras. I showed them how to correctly slip them on. This was the first time they had "enough" to matter.

"Paul, slip the straps on your shoulders," I said. "Now, lean forward and let your bust drop into the cups. Now fasten the back and then adjust the straps." This new bra

gave his budding development new emphasis by pushing his bust up and in.

Eric gushed, "Ohh, I wonder what it would be like to wear one this size?" He held up a minimizer, underwired bra in a 38 "D" to his chest. The bra hung on him, its cups flopping loosely. I could see in his eyes a wonder, almost a wish of what development like that would mean to his life.

I giggled, "Eric, maybe if you become a mother..."

He smiled and put on a different bra over his previously flat chest. His pert rounded breasts rested comfortably in the cups of his bra.

It was quite a picture, we "boys", wearing only panties and bras. Our round soft buttocks covered only with pastel colored nylon and not the slightest maleness showing. Our belly's skin smoothly curved down between our legs without any encumbrances. We could all pass as girls, even in bikinis.

I found some stockings just the shade I wanted. Pantyhose was okay, but I liked stockings and garter belts with some dresses. I was delighted when I found that these stockings reached up high on the leg when tightly gartered.

Eric found a knee length, form fitting black satin dress, which generously displayed his cleavage. Meanwhile Paul sat looking out of place. He didn't yet seem to be comfortable in his silken hose, stylish dresses and dainty lingerie. He said, "Hey guys, don't we have enough? Let's go back to the house."

I felt sorry for him. Around the frat', Paul tried to be "one of the guys." Of course, the guys treated him like a girl at Ralph's request. He'd try to get into a conversation with the guys about some baseball team or sport. Whenever he'd express an opinion, one of the guys would interrupt and say something like, "Gee Paul, you have pretty eyes." or "I hope you'll wear that pink mini-skirt uniform at this week's game." Paul was fighting it.

Paul just sat there. I said, "Paul, this shopping is all on the frat'. Don't you want a new dress or something?"

"No," he said quickly. "I just want out of here. I don't want to dress like this anymore. We're becoming a bunch of sissies."

I was a little provoked at his attitude. "Look at yourself

in the mirror, dearie. Nature beat us to the punch.”

He looked in the mirror. He saw himself pantied, with the lace bodice and the hem of his slip caressing his hips and smoothly shaven legs. With just light makeup, he had the face of a girl, soft features, and big bright eyes. He looked faint.

I went for the kill. “Paul darling, you not only look like a girl...you look like a *lovely* girl. Eric, isn’t that bra Paul is wearing lovely?”

Paul blushed a rosy red when Eric agreed I continued, “Paul try this one, and we’ll go home.”

I handed him a pale yellow lace underwired bra. Paul slipped it over his arms, tucked in each breast and hooked it in the rear. His thin muscleless arms and narrow chest made his twin prominences appear more substantial. It was beautiful on him. I giggled, “Paul, you are finally wearing your first “unpadded” lace bra and ...you are *bigger* than Eric!”

His eyes dropped in shame as he realized that the cups of this garment was filled with flesh, his flesh; sensitive nipple flesh that belonged on the chest of a female. His eyes looked like a boy imprisoned, and in a way he was...his chest restrained by the lacy garment. Paul’s limp arms went to his chest, cupping them like a girl. A low moan escaped his lips.

I hated this “shock treatment” but what choice did I have? Paul just wasn’t getting with “the program”. I wasn’t about to start over with someone new at this point.

Paul moaned, “It isn’t fair, none of the other guys have to do this. What should I do? I’m suppose to spent the summer with my parents. I can’t let my father see me dressed like this.” He moaned.

Eric said, “Paul, just relax. Why don’t you just give him a chance. I bet he’d understand. You know, enjoy the advantages of a young lady.”

“You don’t know my father. He’s going to kill me.” He sat down on a stool, and daintily raised the hem of his slip, folding it back gently to adjust a loose garter. Eric and I looked at each other. We’d never seen Paul do such a girlish gesture without thinking. Maybe there was hope?

As we dressed, I glanced down at my nylon-clad legs, my high heels and my skirt. I ruffled my long curls in

willful abandon. I liked my dresses and could swing my hips as much as I wanted. I plucked my eyebrows and painted my nails. I was sure, even Paul would grow to love wearing sheer lingerie: panties and slips, all in the most divine colors. A wealth of delightful memories flooded me, and I wanted to share those experiences with Eric and Paul.

Sally too made me feel so different, I was changing.

NIGHTS WITH SALLY

I was sweating as delicious waves of pleasure flowed through my body. My breasts jiggled with Sally's efforts to arouse my maleness. I felt the sensation of arousal differently. My maleness wasn't responding...put to sleep by the hormones and the control garment. Maybe, Geld-o-matic wasn't just a name?

I was no longer a man of any sort, except for my insignificant masculine appendages which seemed confused and stayed tucked away hidden between my thighs, Yet wonderful sensations in my body exploded without restraint. Silken hair, ripe breasts, shapely buttocks, smooth legs all blended; some were hers, some were mine. I was trapped between the sexes, a male in inclination; a woman in appearance.

I GO TO SEE DR. CALEN.

I told Dr. Calen of my lost male response.

He took notes, asked questions and then said, "Naturally, living the life and having the body of a girl is going to affect you in some emotional ways. These are what we need to study. Can you still be happy without male response. Have you been happy?"

I replied, "Yea, I think so. I've worked hard at school and I'm doing great. I spend a lot of time sitting around reading or doing my nails."

"See, you've become passively inclined. Do you like being pretty?"

"Sure, I guess I spend too much time doing my hair and makeup. I like to look attractive. Sometimes I feel fat."

"Physically you've become more padded with adipose tissue and your muscular structure is weaker. You probably feel like you need more sleep."

"Sometimes, but I've been having this dream. A lion is chasing me and I'm running away. I run as fast as I can but he pounces on me, holding me down. I'm yelling but his claws tear into my stomach. My heart is pounding, but it only hurts for a minute. I realize that I can't get away, and relax. A calm overwhelms me, then I wake up. What do you think that means?"

"That's a typical feminine dream. Technically it's called the passive Oedipus complex, and all girls go through it."

"But I'm not a girl?"

"You almost are physically, and mentally you are having signs of feminine function development."

"What's that mean?"

"You are developing a feminine erotic function and libido."

"What? No way! I'm still a guy and like the girls."

"Just watch your actions. Do any of the brothers ever grab or pinch you roughly?"

"Yea, but...it doesn't hurt that much. I don't mind."

"See," the doctor continued. "It's known as the feminine masochistic function which includes violation and childbirth. Girls grow up afraid of motherhood and penetration. Getting used to a little pain is proper and needed to neutralize anxiety and enable you to accept the dangers in the female function."

"But I don't want to function as a female sexually!"

"You probably don't realize what the effects that dressing and living as a girl have had on you. You haven't grown up protected as a girl and maybe don't realize the role as 'prey' women represent to men. By taking the passive role, you make yourself femininely attractive. In other words, the more you reject your new sexuality the more femininely sexual you are to men."

I felt anxious and filled with apprehension.

"Chris," he continued, "Two years ago, could you imagine yourself sitting here with a hour glass female form and *comfortably* wearing dresses and lingerie? Are you proud of the way you look?"

I nodded my head, blushing slightly.

"You are still changing and developing. I'm guessing you'll end up with the psyche of a female."

I left with a lot to think about.

I became aware of how different I was from the virile brothers around me. On a warm day, I'd be wearing brief sun shorts and a sun-top, they'd be in shorts with no shirt showing off their firm, muscled chests. I thought about trying to change back.

That night, took my shirt off and stood in front of the mirror in only a pair of shorts. Could I possibly go out without a top? My narrow rounded shoulders supporting pert firm breasts that jutted up and away from my body. My nipples were much bigger than any of the guys and had distinct pink-colored aureoles. Between them was a valley.

I put my hands over them masking them from my view. Even without the breasts in view, I didn't look anything like a boy. My hips swelled out delicately accenting my tiny waist then curved into legs that tended toward lushness tapering to frail thin ankles.

I turned to the side; my bottom swelled in back to feminine voluptuousness. In my panties, tucked between my thighs was my only symbol of masculinity, and that didn't show at all.

Later with Sally, I told her what the doctor said. She said, "I love you the way you are. I've noticed that your maleness seems to have gone to sleep but you are more sensitive in other ways. Like here...."

She reached over and cupped her hand over my lace encased breast. My nipples became erect and sent sensations of delight through me. "See, pink blossoms of beauty," she said then added, "just like mine. And your curves are scrumptious." She ran her fingers down my girlish hip, thigh and leg.

Chills ran down my back and my arms went up passively around her neck. She kissed me on the throat and neck. Thrills and chills coursed through my body. Her hands adeptly unbuttoned my dress and she whispered, "I dig your feminized body, it's like the best of everything. Are you my 'girl?'"

I moaned, "Of course." Her fingers helped me with my slip, bra and panties. She undressed herself and sat on

the bed looking at me. I was always embarrassed by her survey of my emasculated body. I sat next to her, my maleness out of sight between my thighs.

“Chris, have you always been so small,” Sally asked?

I blushed at her comment.

She whispered silkily, “It’s all right. I like your little man and I love your soft curves.”

She gently brushed her lips against mine, then gently kissing down my throat, she took my erect nipple in her mouth and gently sucked. A shiver of pleasure ran through my body. The soft curves of our breasts and hips melted together. Our bodies, like mirror images fluidly liquefied together and became one. Not in a male-female way, in a female-female gentle way.

Sally was very flirtatious with men. She loved setting up double dates for us. Some guys soon got the idea that having me along didn’t affect their chance of “scoring”. Whether I was a girl or an effeminate boy, I was powerless. What was I going to do, hit him with my purse? No, to them, I was harmless.

Like Colin, the college football quarter back who she invited to go out with us. He knew I was a boy yet he and Sally danced almost every song. I felt like Sally was my girl, yet she clung to Colin and seemed responsive to him. Tonight she treated me just like I was one of her girlfriends.

Maybe I could make her jealous. I accepted a dance. George was a gentleman and soon we were dancing almost every dance. He joined our table. I could tell that Colin was confused by my actions. He and Sally whispered, probably about my deception of this young man.

While Sally and Colin sat closely together talking at the table, I was being held in manly strong arms or swirled about on the dance floor in my spiked heels. .

I looked over at Sally. This was a terrible situation for a man to be in. Sally made me feel masculine, yet she seemed most attracted to me when I was playing the part of a girl.

Momentarily, I had a feeling of contempt and shame. I was nothing but an imitation of a girl, a soft, effeminate creature, made-up, perfumed and wearing the lingerie and

dress of a female. A young man was holding me tightly in his arms, his hands gently fondling the texture of my dress. I became acutely aware of my silly high heels which forced me to walk in a mincing feminine manner. The man I was dancing with commented, "Your dress is so pretty." He *meant* that my dress would look *pretty* crumpled on the floor next to his bed in the morning.

I smiled, feeling resentment for my long girlish hair and the curls around my neck and face. I was in the same room as Sally, a most desirable and beautiful woman, the sex I loved, yet I only attracted males.

The amorous young man pulled me closer, pressing the soft cones of my breasts against his firm chest. How terrible for a boy to have a bosom, rounded feminine hips and thighs all soft a creamy white. The young man's fingers stroked the back of my dress, his fingers paying special attention to the outline of my bra and its clasp. I cursed the fate that had turned my college experience from that of a young man's, to that of a coed. I wanted to declare openly that I was male...maybe ripping off my sissy finery. I didn't.

Back at the table, Sally gently took my hand and looked deeply into my eyes. I detected that look in her eyes, a look of desire. She whispered, "I love seeing you out like this. I find you so exciting."

It was working again. Sally was attracted to my femininity. I was having to be a girl to be a man. Weird!

Sally squeezed my soft little hand with its long pointed, painted nails saying, "Are you still my girl?"

I nodded and coyly dropped my eyes until my long lashes swept against my cheeks.

Sally said to an open-mouthed and startled Colin, "Chris and I have to go home now."

Colin dropped us off and watched Sally and I walk hand in hand to the door. Subtly Sally was encouraging and rewarding my actions as a girl. If I wanted to keep Sally, I would have to always act in a feminine manner.

That night, I was surprised at Sally's request to make love "to me". While awkward at first, I soon learned to enjoy the submissive feeling which conjured up a new identity; a yielding passive partner. She aroused passions, feminine ones that I didn't even know I had. She possessed

me completely.

We stayed together several times a week. I'd almost faint from the voluptuousness of her passions. I enjoyed being Sally's "girl".

Sally knew the effect she was having on me. She loved seeing me glow. Like a young girl in love, there was a difference in my eyes...they seemed larger, more womanly. My voice slid easily into a higher range and was soft and sweet. Even my hair took on a new velvety texture and shine. Getting "laid" on a regular basis must have agreed with my system.

A NEW EXPERIMENT

Dr. Calen gave us weekly examinations. One day, he took me aside. "Chris, this is great."

"What?"

"We've been able to isolate through some new advanced biological secretion analysis several new pheromones, you know, the unperceptive odors that cause animals to respond. We've found because of our studies on you, the major difference between the male and female pheromones. This could give the study of human behavior all new concepts to understand.

"But what's this got to do with me?"

"Chris, you're now secreting a female pheromone. We believe that people around you, men and women respond to you now as a female because of the instinctive awareness of your female smell. There are many of these smells (pheromones) all with their own signals and behavioral responses. Paul and Eric are also beginning to give off a 'female scent.'" He handed a small test tube containing a powerful condensed female one.

I sniffed it but couldn't smell a thing. Dr. Calen explained that they were only reactive with "males".

Would I respond to a males? He handed me another tube containing a concentrated male pheromone. It had a musty odor. I felt a little dizzy, then realized that my nipples were rock hard and my heart was racing. What was I?

PAUL'S PARENTS PLAN A VISIT.

Paul called and asked me to come to his room. He was sitting in front of the mirror, his hair in curlers.

Paul had on a nightgown and robe. Under the gown, I could plainly see the gentle rise of his developing breasts. His nipples were quite conspicuous. He presented the picture of a boyish looking girl, not a girlish boy. Facially he was beautiful, with full feminine lips, small ears, and a delicately shaped nose.

He turned around and said, "Chris, what do you think? If I dress as a boy, will they notice any thing?"

"Paul," I said, "You need to put on a bra or something." When Paul moved, his nipples quivered and shook under his gown. He cupped them with his hands and lifted them, then let them fall back into their natural position.

"I can't wear a bra. They'd know I've been dressing as a girl."

"I hate to tell you this, but I bet they know already. Your father is an alumnus here and gets Alumni News, Right?" He nodded. I handed him a copy of the last issue. It had pictures of all the Fraternities and their activities. There were several pictures of "Chi Pi Pi's Cheerleaders" and our names were underneath the pictures. Paul groaned.

I told him about Lee's fear of his mother's visit and the outcome. I added, "I think you should show them what you look like dressed. Why try to deny it?"

Paul said, "Well, my grades have never been better. My parents thought I would have flunked out by now."

Paul decided to try it since boy clothes didn't fit him very well.

Paul's hands went to remove a curler. I said, "Let me do that for you." I took the pins from each roller and removed the pink plastic. His hair remained coiled until he gave his head a gentle shake. Down fell the gleaming masses, covering his neck and shoulders. For an hour I played with his hair, trying different styles or pinning it up. We giggled and laughed at the different "looks". His perfumed hair was even longer than mine and it felt so silky in my dainty fingers. I preferred to see it hanging in ringlets around his shoulders rather than a pony-tail.

I left him in front of the mirror applying make-up. I

had convinced him that if he was going to dress as a girl, he should look as attractive as possible.

PAUL'S PARENTS VISIT

His father smiled at me when I answered the door. Thinking I was one of the coeds, he gave me a look that could only be described as a "once over". I have seen that smile many times in older men and I knew what it meant. Paul's father was a "ladies man."

"Hi," he said, "Are you one of Paul's girlfriends?"

"Sort of," I giggled. "Come with me."

When we went into Paul's room, they both just stared. It was like they knew this girl but didn't know how.

Paul looked up and said, "Hi Mom, hi Dad."

For a long time they stared at Paul. Paul was wearing a tight low cut sweater dress which had a short skirt.

They saw the long, black silky eyelashes, arched eyebrows and his delicate painted lips. Paul's long blonde hair was pulled up with a banana clip which gave him a young innocent girlish look.

I could see the amazement in his fathers eyes as they surveyed the low cut dress that clung to Paul's curves.

Paul explained to his speechless parents about the "Cheerleaders" and the scholarship.

The first thing his father said, "Your cleavage, it's fake, right???"

"No dad. . .but it's going to go away!"

"Let me get you something to drink." He walked toward the kitchen with a slow deliberate stride, hips swaying and his trim waist as a pedestal for his promising breasts. His obvious womanhood pointed pertly beneath the tight dress.

He asked with his eyebrows arched, "What do you want to drink?"

His father moaned, "I don't care, but make it a double!"

A father, mother and their son. Their son clad in a dress that showed his rounded, nyloned feminine knees, and trim ankles in high heels. I left them alone to talk. The last thing I heard his father say was, "Did they bleach your hair blonde?"

Later that night, Paul's father reluctantly took all of us

including Eric to dinner.

Paul's father just kept looking in disbelief at his son and his friends. Eric had dressed up in a backless lowcut knit with flowery ruffles around the hips. Paul looked embarrassed by Eric's flirtatiousness with a couple of men at the next table. Eric played with his curly hair, wrapping and unwrapping it around his ruby painted fingernails.

Paul whispered to Eric, "Would you quit it. You're embarrassing me in front of my parents."

"Me?" he said putting his hand over his chest in false modesty.

Paul's mother whispered, "Which restroom do you boys use?"

I giggled, "I haven't used the men's room for a while, and I don't think it's time to start now." I smiled at the guys at the next table who were obviously talking about us.

Soon they asked us to dance.

Poor Paul, his partner was aggressive and soon had him in a tight embrace, right in front of our table. Paul's father was watching his son in a slow dance embrace with a man. I could tell that Paul's partner's rough cheek was pressed against Paul's cheek. I had forgotten to instruct him on what to do if this happened. Paul tried to pull away but turned into his face.

This man's lips met Paul's, and he increased his hold. Paul tried to say something, but his painted lips were quickly filled with a probing tongue. Poor Paul, all of this in front of his father!

Paul's father was whispering to his mother when we returned. From the expression on his face he wasn't too happy about his son running around in leggy little dresses, even if it was for a free college education and the good of some fraternity.

When Paul came back to the table, he was beet red. He looked embarrassed by what had happened. His father said, "do you all have to wear such short skirts?"

None of us answered. I liked them. From the moment I put on my first short skirt, I felt different. One thing, you moved differently and felt differently. The same with wearing small bare tops with a lace bra underneath or even wearing rainbowed jeweled sandals. They made me feel

good, almost like a drug. Eric was hooked, Paul was on his way.

I sat watching Paul's embarrassment. It was funny. Paul hated what Eric wanted. Eric loved the long full soft styles but his hair didn't have much body and it required him to sleep in rollers just to get a curl. Paul on the other hand hated looking feminine, yet the slightest breeze would free his hair giving it a soft tousled natural wave that couldn't be more feminine. His loose hair had a sense of animation with each movement and a luminescent glow.

The same with Paul's figure. His mother was well endowed (a "D" cup) which was why the hormones had quickly found their environment opportune in Paul. While Eric had barely filled an "A" cup, Paul blossomed into a full "B" cup with even more promise. I had noticed that when dressed as a boy, he wore a tight t-shirt under his shirts to hide his "blossoms". I didn't want to say anything but this did little hiding.

There were other signs that only I noticed. As their features rounded out, so did their dispositions. The hormones softened their natures and they became more lovely; their eyes seemed to grow bigger taking on the dreamy sweet expressions of young innocent maidens.

As the end of school approached, we all talked of our plans for the summer. Eric and Paul were going home.

Monthly during the year, we received our hormone injections. Paul hated going but I convinced him by saying, "Com' on, this will be the last one."

Ralph had made me promise the both boys would be back after summer, "looking good". Both had developed wonderfully, their widening hips with feminine roundness contrasted to their slim waists. As each day passed, they were becoming more feminine and each was powerless to prevent it.

Just before finals, we all went to the doctor for a check up. Before Paul knew what happened, the doctor gave him an injection of slow releasing hormones that would feminize for the summer.

AFTER SUMMER VACATION

I first saw Paul and Eric in the campus park walking hand in hand, their skirts swaying with each step. The summer had taken its toll on their masculinity. They ran to me and bubbled with happiness to see me. We sat on a park bench and talked the wind blowing our long hair.

I was surprised to see both comfortably wearing dresses. Eric had on a close fitting white cotton top that buttoned down the back and a matching mini-skirt that was offset with a wide red belt. With it he wore sheer nylons and red 3 inch high heeled pumps. A substantial valley showed at Eric's "V" neckline.

Paul had on a cream colored cashmere sweater with a burgundy skirt that came to just below his knees. The sweater fit him like a second skin and the way his bosom pushed forward would have mortified the "old Paul". Summer had given him a resilient full "C+" cup. He was more "girl" than even me.

I noticed the difference in their bright sparkling eyes, long lashes, and red lips. Both sat primly keeping their knees pressed together. Their complexions glowed with a new confidence in their ability to be eye-catching attractive females. It showed in their posture, a complete surrender to the role of young girls. They were no longer fighting it.

Several of the brothers came by and said "hello," also several of the new freshman pledges walked by and cast admiring glances towards us "girls". Paul giggled and crossed his nyloned legs in a subdued but provocative manner.

I had no idea how completely succumbed they would be to the effect of the hormones. We sat around talking. The conversation revolved around all kinds of feminine things: clothes, make-up and hairdos. I had to hear their stories.

"What happened to you two this summer," I asked? "You both look gorgeous!"

Taking a deep breath, Eric went first .

ERIC TELLS OF HIS SUMMER.

I went home and spent a few weeks hanging around the house until we left on our summer vacation. My father was furious when he saw me. I explained the whole story and how this was my only way to stay in school. None of my

clothes from the year before fit so I mostly wore my uni-sex clothes.

My most embarrassing moment was when John, a neighbor friend came busting into my house. "Eric...Eric? Where are you? I heard you were in town."

I panicked. I was in my room reading a girls magazine. John just burst through my door. He looked surprised, like maybe he went into the wrong room. He studied my image. He knew there was something wrong but couldn't place it.

I was wearing a delicately stitched sweater with cut-away shoulders and buttons down the back. Luckily I wasn't wearing my bra but he noticed my prominences anyway. My long hair gently brushed my shoulders.

"What's with the new look---that college stuff got to you?"

My mother had warned that John missed me and might drop by. She advised that I should tell him the truth. If he was a good friend, he'd understand. So I told him the story.

After sitting for so long with his mouth open but not saying anything, he pronounced, "WOW! Have you got any pictures?"

I pulled out my album and showed him pictures of me during the year. He just kept saying, "WOW", then asked, "Could I see you dressed up like this sometime?"

"Sure," I answered. "It's an honor being one of the 'cheerleaders mascots'".

"WOW! If I took you out, everyone would think you're a girl," he said. "Say, would your parents mind if you went out like this??"

That night John and I had a date. I wore one of my favorite dresses, my two piece flowered suit with the sweetheart neckline and cuffed dolmen sleeves. The full skirt had a wide belt and flowed around my legs when I walked. I stuck on a pair of woven sandals with a 3" heel.

You should have seen John's face when I swayed into the room..

From the shocked expression came, "You look like a girl...I mean everywhere."

I turned around allowing my skirt to fly. It was funny for my mother and father to see me go out dressed as a girl. I swear my father was protecting me like a daughter. He

warned, "John, don't keep her...eh...him out too late."

"Don't worry, we'll be home early," John assured him.

In the car, John said, "I can't believe it. Look at you...you're like a girl. . .I mean pretty. Nobody will know you're a boy."

I sat primly in my dress with the wide patent leather belt. I knew he was right. "John," I asked, "You should treat me like one, otherwise someone might get wise."

His eyes surveyed my figure, the waves of soft curls around my face and my nyloned legs. He whispered, "No problem here...Erica!"

I licked my painted lips. I felt strange being with an old friend dressed like this. The soft friction of my nyloned legs as they touched each other and the way my skirt clung to my legs and thighs gave me a funny feeling. I looked like a girl, dressed like a girl, had the figure of a girl, was I developing the outlook of a girl?

We had a very fun evening; both of us having a lot of laughs. We went to dinner and played miniature golf. I jumped up and down after one great putt. John came over and whispered, "Eric, are those real?" He was looking at my prominent cleavage.

I turned several shades of red. "Sort of...you see..." I explained what had happened. John stood with his mouth open.

"I think I'd kill myself if I woke up and had girl's breasts." John added, "I'm amazed at how much you have changed. Do you wear girl's underwear all the time?"

I nodded shyly, then added, "Not all the time but I guess I've gotten used to them. They are nice and soft and they fit so well now. I don't seem to mind anymore."

That night as I prepared for bed, I paraded in front of the mirror in my panties and bra. My mascara-coated lashes fluttered under my pencil thin arched brows. My ivory complexion and delicately rose tinted cheeks showed no promise of beard or maleness. I took my hair in my pink tipped fingers and held it up in a formal style. The long tresses cascaded around my face in shiny ringlets.

I removed my bra and slipped on a baby blue satin

nighty. Freed from their constraint, my pouting nipple's outline showed clearly. Each night I'd wondered if I wouldn't wake up the next day back in my boy's body.

The next morning, I heard a knock at the door. It was my father, he wanted to talk to me. He looked a little embarrassed at seeing me in so few clothes. I was embarrassed because my father had caught me sitting prettily on my bed, fingering the delicate lace and satin skirt of my night gown.

"Son," he said, "I know that our lack of money to send you through school has been tough on you. Your mom and I have been talking and we are going to sell the house to get some money for your schooling. That way you won't have to be a part of that 'cheerleader research'. I know you must be suffering."

He looked me over. My satin gown clung to my feminine curves and only came to mid-thigh. My smoothly shaven legs with their pink painted toes contrasted to his words, "Son."

He gave me a father-son hug which was rather awkward with the way I was dressed.

"Dad," I said, "Don't sell the house. Everything is okay for now...I really don't mind as long as I don't embarrass you too much."

"Son, your mother and I love you. You'll never embarrass us. We know that you're almost grown up now and have to make your own decisions." Tears came to his eyes as he added, "I guess we should treat you like our daughter this summer?"

"I think you're right."

Dad followed my swishing negligee down to breakfast to tell mother of our discussion. At breakfast, my parents couldn't seem to take their eyes off the motion under my dainty gown, soft pink points, rising and falling with each breath. The caress of satin against my nipples sent little spasms down my back. Without the benefit of a bra my breasts seemed more prominent than ever. Dad told mom of our decision to treat me like a girl for the summer. It was obvious that I couldn't wear men's shorts at the beach.

For the next couple of weeks, my parents got used to

watching their son run around in dresses and skirts. One night dad and mom took John and I to dinner. I almost saw a glint of outrage in his eyes when John helped me out of our car. I gathered my skirts, exposing my high heeled feet, slim ankles and a vast portion of nylon encased leg. But they liked John and encouraged me to spend time with him. John was everything they had hoped for in me; strong, smart, athletic.

It had to be hard on my father to see his son mincing around wearing lingerie and dresses. I did my best to appear to be a proper, sweetly behaved young lady.

Another night, a most embarrassing night, Mom and Dad took me to a nightclub in a town nearby. Almost immediately I was asked to dance. Mom answered for me, "She'd love to...go on honey."

Several men danced with me, taking turns. One liked me, and to my surprise, Dad invited him to sit down at our table. I felt humiliated to have my father see me attracting so much male attention. The worse was yet to come. As the night went on, Jake, (that was his name) became aggressive. Mom and Dad were dancing near our table when Jake slipped his arm around my waist. I thought he was pulling me up to dance.

One glimpse in his eyes I realized that he was trying to kiss me. "Please," I pleaded, "My parents are watching."

I frantically tried to release myself; my parents watching my struggles.

"Not until I get a kiss," Jake panted.

I swept my head from side to side in an effort to escape his lips; but to no avail. His lips pressed hard against my ruby painted lips.

I was humiliated as my parents watched helplessly as Jake used my lips as males have used females for eternity. A strong feeling of repulsion swept over me as I felt Jake's tongue penetrate my lips trying to force entry. I tried to push him away and kept my lips clamped together to keep his tongue out. I reached up and slapped Jake's face. Tears flooded my eyes.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "I guess I lost my head."

My parents came back to the table and announced it was

time to go home. I nicely said, "Goodnight" with a handshake.

On the way home, tears came to my eyes. I knew that my father must have been humiliated even though I was the one dressed up to the hilt as a young girl. The men were just doing what came naturally. My father seeing my embarrassment confessed, "Son, we're sorry. Your Mom and I thought that if you saw what you're expected to do as a girl, you'd be scared into wanting to be a boy again. With a figure like yours, you are going to be kissed by the boys once in a while. You're going to have to decide for yourself what to do in those situations."

"Dad," I said, "I'm still a boy...your son. You don't hate me for what I've become?"

"We love you. Psychologically we have to get used to having a son who's living and being responded to as a female. I suppose that I am going to see you having female reactions. It'll just take time. I'm sure when this is all over, you'll make a fine man."

"Dad, I was told that everything should slowly go back to normal. I'll make you proud of me, I promise." As the summer progressed and developed, so did I. I was still developing: my hips took on a fuller feminine roundness, as did my breasts.

My parents got used to me. It was very odd when they began to treat me like a pretty girl, knowing full well that I was their son. I guess it was their way of letting me know they appreciated my sacrifice in putting myself through college.

Dad went out of his way to compliment me on my clothes. Even Mom would make suggestions to my father like, "Maybe we should buy Eric some of the new 4 inch thin high heels. They would help him walk in a more ladylike manner."

Before I knew it, my parents had bought me a new wardrobe of spiked high heels.

Eric took Paul's hand and said, "Paul, tell Chris about your summer."

PAUL'S SUMMER.

I wasn't about to wear girl's clothes for the summer. I put on a pair of jeans, a t-shirt and sneakers. I had a tough time getting my jeans over my hips and "derriere." My hips bulged out too much for a boy and my posterior rounded out in a way no boys' would. I stuffed my hair up under a baseball cap. The salon had blunt cut it so it was quite a job getting it all under the cap. I was going to cut my hair the first thing. The sweeping waves of hair that I was used to would soon be gone.

I was meeting my parents at a small lake resort in Georgia. I began to see some problems when on the train, the conductor addressed me as "Miss". I went to the restroom and looked into the mirror. My peachy clear skin still had a girlish look, especially due to the highly arched eyebrows. The main problem was the prominent swelling and movement under my t-shirt. Without a bra, they almost seemed pendulous. This was not the chest of a young boy.

Even though it was warm I pulled on a sweater to cover up my "charms".

My parents met me at the station and took me to their rented place. We had a lovely dinner, and I couldn't wait to get to the beach the next day.

That morning after breakfast, my sister Mary suggested we go to the beach. I put on my trunks and away we went. We found a spot out of the way and I took off my jacket. My sister let out a gasp. "Paul! You're bigger than me! You can't lay around like that. You'll get arrested."

I looked down, my heart started to pound. The wind blew my blonde hair into a frizz. I looked like a girl in a man's swim suit.

Mary said, "Mom and Dad told me about your fraternity and that study you're in. There's no way you're going to be topless this summer."

"They said it would go away," I told her hopefully.

"Come on, we're going to make you presentable. You need a top or something." I was humiliated.

Two hours later, we were again on the beach. Her idea of a top was to make me wear one of her bikinis. It was most

humiliating to have my sister see me so completely feminized.

"I can't believe you're my brother," Mary announced. "I'd say it's an improvement from my little brother the brat."

"I hate this stuff. What do you think Dad will say when he comes home?"

"Mom will talk to him. Look there's no way you could be a boy this summer...unless you want to stay inside all summer. I think it might be fun having a sister."

"I don't want to be a girl all summer...I don't want to stay inside either. Dad will know what to do."

When we came home, Dad met me at the door. "I want to talk to you."

His eyes surveyed my figure in Mary's bikini. As we walked into the living room, I could feel his eyes on my swaying hips and shaved legs.

I started, "Dad, I'm sorry. It looks like it's going to take a while for me to become a boy. I'm sure that in a few weeks, I'll be back to normal."

"Paul, you can't go back and forth between being a boy and a girl. I know about the school and all that. Your mother and Mary say that you can't look like a boy anymore."

I stood up, "Sure I can, you'll see. I'll get a haircut." I took out the comb holding my hair up and golden curls bounced off my shoulders.

He looked at my bikini and how the bottom fit tightly around my flaring hips. Then he said, "Son, take off your top."

I stood beet red, only not from the sun, but from embarrassment. I reached around and easily unhooked the top allowing my well shaped soft flesh out of their cups. They were white compared to my sun reddened exposed skin.

He said, "Turn around." I turned as he scrutinized my figure. My long thick blonde hair reached down past my shoulders. My well rounded hips fit perfectly in the low cut bikini bottom. My smooth thighs and dimpled buttocks being soft and round belonged to the "weaker sex".

"Look Paul," he said, "You're small, and act like a woman. I agree with your mother, you're going to have to

be a girl until we see that you can function as a boy. We'll take you to a doctor if things don't change back in a month or two. I think you should put your top back on. What shall we call you, Paula or Pauline?"

I was in shock. "Please Dad, I think I can do it...I can be a boy." I bent forward allowing the fullness to fill the cups, I thought about my future; I wanted to meet girls and go on dates, not be one.

"Not yet, just cutting your shoulder length hair isn't going to change you. We'll have to wait for a more obvious sign.

Mary seemed to forget I was a boy from that moment on, that is unless she could embarrass me. She'd point out boys on the beach saying, "Look at him, 'Paula'. How would you like to have his baby?" or "Don't you just adore having the boys ogle at you."

Becoming a girl also meant other changes. My mother expected me to help around the house. I had my chores to do just like Mary. I made the beds, did laundry and dishes, even ironed. I think that doing "girl stuff" made my parents less aware of what was happening with me.

There was a summer school near us. Mary convinced me to take some summer classes. We took a secretarial course of shorthand, typing and general office management. I was enrolled as "Paula".

In spite of my having to dress as a girl, I was enjoying the summer. Mary and I tanned deeply and became very close. She shared her most intimate secrets with me, and mine with her. One day she said to me, "You like being a girl, don't you."

"No way. I hate this stuff."

"Oh come on', you walk like a girl, have a girl's figure, you even sit to go to the bathroom. I've even seen you looking at some of the boys."

"They just seem so different now. I still want to be a boy," I replied.

"Oh yeah, you'll have to give up curling your beautiful blonde hair, silk lingerie, tight skirts, high heels, make-up, nail polish, nightgowns and more. How about your bra? Tell me you won't miss them."

I thought about her words. Those things were part of my "day to day." Like wearing shorts; I'd worn them as a boy but wearing girl's shorts gave me a different feeling. I was proud of my legs. Without knowing it, I had changed. I took pride in things that no boy should: my figure, my blonde hair, my fingernails.

Mary continued, "As a boy you were a wimp. Being a girl suits you. Let's go out tonight with those guys we met last week."

"No way, I've never been out on a date. Besides, I wouldn't know how to act."

"I'll teach you and make you beautiful."

"No, besides, what would dad say?"

Dad suddenly came into the room.

"I was listening outside the door," he said turning to my sister. "You want your brother to go out on a date with a boy? Are you crazy?"

This was good, Dad wasn't going for it.

"Gee, Dad," Mary said, "You can't keep him in the house all summer. It's just a double date...no, just a few kids getting together. I'll watch out for him, I promise."

"Who are the guys," Dad asked?

"Larry and his roommate, Vic. They are college guys and they want to take us to a movie. No big deal."

"Mary," Dad reminded. "Your brother's a boy remember. We don't want to encourage anything that could get him hurt."

My heart was fluttering, caught between petrifying apprehension and pure excitement. Was my father going to let me go out with a "boy"?

Dad asked, "Does Paul want to go?"

Mary hedged, "No, but I think it might be good for him. He'll get a chance to see how boys his age should act."

Dad contemplated and said, "If I let him go, you have to promise that you'll watch after him and be home early."

Mary went for the close, "Thanks Dad, I love you. We'll be good, I promise. I'll even have them pick us up here so you can meet them."

It was done. My father had okayed a male suitor for me, his feminized son. I was depressed at the thought of expe-

riencing another consequence of being feminine .

Mary was more excited about seeing me on a date than being on one herself. She said, "I've been on lots, this is your first one as a girl. It'll be loads of fun."

I didn't want to go, but she wouldn't take no for an answer. She said, "You are sensitive and attractive. Those are two wonderful feminine traits. Do it for the boys, I know they'll like you."

The morning of our date, I pondered the day's experience. My father came in to talk to me. "Son, you've made the best of a bad situation so far. If anyone found out I was encouraging my son to wear skirts, they'd commit me. I don't know why but I think this will all work out in the end."

"Dad, I don't want to go out like this....don't make me."

"Son, I work all day. You're not around any male figures, you know, role models. I think your sister's right, being around boys your age might be good for you. As for your date, do you realize what you'll be expected to do?"

"What do you mean," I asked?

"You'll have to act like a young girl on a date. Your date might expect to kiss you like that fellow in the restaurant. Are you willing to allow that?"

"Gee, do I have to?"

"It's what girls 'do' on dates."

"Dad, I don't think I could kiss a guy."

"That's okay, you'll know what to do if a problem arises."

Mary had spent most of the afternoon doing my hair and make-up. She curled my hair in big rollers.

I tried on several different outfits, Mary picked out for me a green and white frilly silk dress with ruffles on the short skirt and a tight leather belt. With bright red nail polish and new nylons tightly gartered to my garter belt, I studied myself in the mirror. My blonde hair fell in long curls around my shoulders. I had never felt so feminine.

Mary said, "Just do what I do and everything will be okay. Oh..., remember to keep your legs and ankles together."

I was frightened when the boys arrived. My nyloned knees knocked together, I felt exposed in my light satiny

clothes..

Part of my fear was that somehow they'd find out my secret. I sat quivering next to Vic who was driving. I was nothing like him.

He was tall, muscular with big hands. I was short, soft, with long delicate pink nails on frail hands. Our chests were different, as were our hips. He had a beard and I had a soft creamy complexion with painted red lips. My heart raced as we drove...I knew all this was very wrong.

It was very strange sitting next to him. Mary was in the back seat sitting close with Larry. He had his arm around her, his hand caressing her silk blouse. She had her legs crossed above the knee very properly. I crossed my legs like hers. The sound and feeling of nylon against nylon caused Vic to notice my movement. He looked at me and smiled.

I wondered what he would say if he knew what I was. A boy, sitting next to him, wearing girl's clothes: panties and a bra, a full slip, nylons, high heels, frilly dress, perfume, make-up, and even earrings. I had nothing boy-ish on. Yes that smile on Vic's face would be gone. Tonight I had to be what he wanted, a girl.

A lot of things went through my mind that night. When he danced close, holding me so that my chest was pressed against his, I knew he could feel the swollen buttons of my pink nipples. I knew they were of a size that most girls would love, but they only added to my entrapment. I remembered how embarrassed I was when the nipples first puckered out and were so sensitive. Then the humiliation when the hardness appeared under them so two firm points girlishly poked out from the front of my shirts.

I thought they were big then, but they kept getting bigger and harder to hide. They had become well developed cones that pertly stood out on my chest telling all that I was a female.

The evening was terrifying. After a pleasant dinner, Mary told me we were going for a ride. It wasn't a ride...it was a "park". They drove us to a picturesque lookout to "see the lake." I turned to complain to my sister but she was in a deep kiss with Larry. Vic had the same ideas for me.

I won't go into the details. I can't tell you how humiliated I felt being kissed and "felt up". Vic was a gentleman,

at first, after all it was our first date. After seeing my sister being "kissed", he became aggressive and scared me. He was so intent on getting his hand into my bra. The next day my nipples were sore and swollen from his handling. I said to Mary, "I can't imagine how girls find being pinched and mauled, 'fun'."

"The boys think we are goddesses. What's a little pain compared to such worship. You didn't like the admiration?"

"Maybe at first, but you know what guys want...the rest is just a warm up."

"That's not true. I've gone out with many guys and once you learn how to say 'no', everything is wonderful. Has Dad asked you about last night?"

"No, you wouldn't tell him about...?"

"Only if you promise to 'double' with me again. Otherwise Dad's going to 'know all'."

By the end of summer I had lost my fear of being feminine. Mary and I dated a lot and I lost my repulsion of being mauled. The guys loved my girlishness and I began to take pride in it. In fact, I loved the thrills that coursed through my nipples and chest. Boys never experience anything like this.

Dad didn't say much but day by day I began to express my girlishness without restraint. I loved short skirts and lowcut blouses. Dad would see me leaving on the arm of some young man, a tight sweater clinging to my soft figure, my skirts flaring smoothly from my full hips. That is until one night after I was out too late on a date. I came back looking a bit disheveled: my lipstick smeared, my hair messed and my clothes wrinkled.

"Son, I've had enough. Tomorrow you're going back to

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being a boy. I've laid some clothes out for you to wear tomorrow."

The next morning I put on the pants and shirt that dad had laid out. When he saw me he cringed. The shirt stuck out almost 3 inches because of my "enhancements". The pants were too tight in the seat and loose around the waist. My blonde curls, arched eyebrows and nail polish did nothing but make my appearance even more bizarre.

Dad saw how ridiculous I looked in men's clothes. "Paul," he said wistfully, "Go put on a dress...and a bra. It's time we took you to a doctor. I think it's time we did something."

The next day, I was apprehensive about this appointment but Dad was excited and seemed hopeful that something could be done to make me a boy. The doctor was a specialist in boys who are feminine. He examined me, then Dad had a long talk with the doctor while I waited in the lobby. I could just make out words.

"over doing this"... "a little"... "the only way"... "permanently fixed"

They called me back in. The doctor asked, "Paul..er...Paula, how do you feel living as a girl?"

"So far it's ok...everyone seems to like me as a girl." I was nervous at their stares and I played with the hem of my skirt.

The doctor asked to do another exam.

I was put up in stirrups. I couldn't see what they were doing but the doctor was pointing out the lack of development and the smallness of the organs. He commented, "They've dried up" I laid my head back in humiliation. The doctor said, "What do you think? Do you want to talk it over with Paul"

My father thought for a moment and said to me, "The doctor thinks we should streamline you a little? "

"I don't know..."

My father interrupted and said to the doctor, "Do it."

"It's the right thing," the doctor said, "It eliminates so much confusion."

I panicked, "No dad, please."

My father said, "Do it before I change my mind." He left the room.

The Doctor smiled at me and said, "Now you're going to feel a pin prick."

I felt the needle enter and a cold numbness take over. The doctor mumbled something to his nurse about the "alterer bands." I could feel some pulling sensation and snapping sound. "Scissors."

I began to cry frantically, "No! No! Please stop, OWWW!"

"Take it easy," the doctor said soothingly. "Just relax, the worse part is over. It'll start to feel good soon."

Tears came to my eyes. A strange billowing emotion gathered in my belly.

The doctor continued by saying to the nurse, "It's amazing how much skin is superfluous."

Little wimpering sounds escaped from my painted lips. I was paying the penalty for wearing dresses and lingerie. The pain ebbed and the thoughts of what had happened began to obscure everything.

Then the nurse carried something away on a tray. The doctor strapped on a bandage.

The doctor said, "There's a very small bandage and only a couple stitches. How do you feel?"

I gasp brokenly, "F-fine, I can hardly feel a thing." I assumed that he gave me some male hormones or something. I stood up a little dizzy and said tossing my golden curls, "When will I flatten out," putting my hands over my breasts.

"Flatten out? Never...you had the 'alterer' method. Much more comfortable for those boys who are girls most of the time. In a couple of months you might even want to go farther. I know you'll like it."

I was in shock. My body ached and throbbed all over, and a sensation flushed over every nerve. I took a nap at home.

When I awoke, I was amazed at the smoothness of my crotch area, feminine and totally comfortable. Of course, I had to sit when I went to the bathroom.

Then suddenly it struck me, could they have "fixed me"?

I ran to the bathroom and lifted my skirt. With my heart pounding I pulled down my hose and panties. With a great deal of effort I pulled down the bandage.

I sat on the edge of the bathtub and spread my legs. Still nothing could be seen between my legs but my pubic hair. With pounding heart, and further examination I found the head of my maleness barely showing. I took the head between my fingers and pulled gently. It slid slowly out about one inch from its hiding place, but there was a strange feeling, almost a pain so I let it go and it snapped back into its camouflage. They had made my maleness into something mostly symbolic.

I took the skin where the scrotum sack was and performed the same pulling operation. The same reaction, my

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small testicles dropped from their hidden position when painfully pulled but disappeared to their hiding spot when released. "Could this be what the doctor meant by the 'alterer' method?" He had removed all the excess skin and some how made everything "stay up".

I stood looking in the mirror at my completely feminine form and shaking my head at how stupid I was to let them do this to me. I decided to leave off the control garment and pulled up my lacy panties and hose. My hips were curved and well filled with a girlish vee between my thighs. I checked to see if I could feel any maleness, but couldn't.

I was in shock for a while. Would I like not feeling my maleness dangling between my legs? It was like I'd been streamlined.

When my sister came home, I told her of my findings. Seemingly unconcerned, she said, "You never were that big anyway. Dad thought it best under the circumstances. The doctor agreed with him that you were too feminine to ever be much of a man."

My father came in that night while I undressed to go to bed. I started to stop but continued to undress. I took off my wide belt and stepped out of my blue mini-skirt. My frilly white blouse and slip were next. I had no trouble unhooking my bra, my nipples pertly standing out. I slipped on a pair of babydoll pajama's and removed the ribbon from my hair. Finding a pink lipstick on the dresser, I put it on with one hand while fluffing my hair with the other.

I sat on the bed with my knees together, he asked breaking the silence, "Are you okay?"

I nodded. "I can't believe you let them do this to me. They're so small, I wonder if they will go back to normal?"

"The doctor said you would have a high chance of testicle cancer unless he removed the excess. The way I see it, what's the big deal about having large organs. There's a lot to be desired, I guess, if you're some big macho football player and dating a different girl every night. You being so small and frail...so what if you're a little smaller? You're probably going to be a girl. Just think your panties fit now without any support and you can go out with boys without

any real fear. You'll see, it was the only way."

"I guess I'm happy. It's just sometimes I forget I'm a man."

"You're using the term loosely," My father chuckled wryly, trying to make a joke.

Later when I was alone, my hands went to my breasts and slowly stroked them. I felt the nipples get hard like on any girl. I moved my hand down between my legs and stroked there. It felt like a girl's. I shook my head so that my hair fluffed and laid back on the bed. My hands caused some life between my legs, a fluid appeared.

I went to the mirror and applied more lipstick and put a ribbon in my hair then thought, "At least there's still some pleasure left after all."

My streamlining had changed me. I had lost the need to be competitive with the boys or any need to express maleness. It was a relief to have that off my shoulders. I was no longer playing girl, I felt like and enjoyed living as one. I was smart enough to know that the alteration had made a big change in my future...a bigger change than even my blossoming bosom or going out with boys.

Something new got my attention. I loved being girlish around boys. Even in tight short shorts, I looked every inch a girl. Now when a boy whistles at my ladylike stride, I radiated from their esteem.

Mary giggled when we double-dated. She says, "Paula, you're such a tease." A month before the end of summer a strange thing happened, a boy asked me to marry him. He gave me a ring and several days to think about it.

Dad was shocked by the offer and the size of the diamond. "You can't marry a boy." He couldn't handle the idea that his son had an offer to mate with a man.

Mary teased, "I want to be the bride's maid. I can just see you as a wife and mother, raising children." She almost made it sound good. I knew I would never be much of a husband.

Paul asked, "Chris, how was your summer?"

I told them briefly about my summer...as "mommy" at a hospital day care center but that's another story.

BACK TO THE FRAT' HOUSE.

Back at the house Paul showed us the results of his minor surgery.

Paul said, "You both should see my doctor. He's so progressive. I know you'd love the feeling."

I asked, "That looks permanent?"

Paul said, "It is, but it feels so good to not be afraid of a bulge giving me away. It also did something to me psychologically. I feel...delicate...more passive, happier. I could set you up with my doctor. What do you think?"

Eric said, "Gee, I don't know. It seems like a big step."

He did have a new glow about his face but I just said, "I don't think so."

Poor Paul, things had gone too far. I mean, this girl stuff was fun but Paul couldn't ever go back. He would be wearing panties and dresses for the rest of his life.

Paul and Eric had become close friends. I was surprised when Eric said he was going to see Paul's doctor. I tried to talk him out of it and thought I had.

I was real busy with a term paper when Paul came to my door. He announced, "Guess what? Eric just had 'it' done. Come and see him."

Upon entering Eric's room, I could tell from the look in his eyes he didn't feel well. His eyes were glassy and he seemed deep in thought. He had on a skimpy babydoll nightgown in pink with white lace around the neckline, his shining hair draped over his shoulders, framing his girlish face like a rainbow. The lace covered nightgown was sleeveless and low cut so exposed the whiteness of his arms, neck and shoulders. A valley showed between the white soft tops of his bosom and the outline of his pink nipples pertly stood out. The skirt of the gown barely covered the matching panties which showed a flat feminineness. A femaleness that Eric would have to live with.

I asked, "How do you feel?"

"Terrible," he said. "I hope I did the right thing. Paul wanted me to have it done. I don't know, I feel frightened."

“What happened.”

“Paul convinced me to have an examination by his doctor,” he said. “He had me slip off my panties and hose then lay back on a short table with my skirt around my waist. It was very embarrassing. He produced some stirrups and hooked my feet into straps. I was starting to get scared.

The doctor said to the nurse. “Syringe.”

My lips started to tremble and I uttered a shrill cry as I felt the needle enter. “Please,” I begged, “Maybe I shouldn’t do this...”

The doctor comforted, “This will only take a minute...”

My eyes bugged as I felt a pulling sensation and my back arched.

“Easy there, I’m almost finished. I think I can get a little more.” The doctor pulled at something again. I felt my belly knot as he strained between my white smooth thighs.

“My dazed blue eyes hazed over as I feebly wished that I had not... OOOOOOH. He made a final cut and adjustment causing a glow of heat to expand filling my belly.”

“There...,” the doctor said turning to the nurse, “As smooth and flat as any young girl’s.”

Tears came to his eyes. “Chris, I’ll never be much of a man again.”

I let him go to sleep. I couldn’t believe what had happened. I felt like I was the cause of their misfortune.

To my surprise, Eric was up and about the next day. The following he was back to his old self. The next week he seemed to have a radiance about him. He confessed, “Chris, Paul was right. I feel wonderful, lighter.” He talked animatedly, his long polished fingers gesturing wildly. He continued, “I know we aren’t like the other guys. They’re so big and we’re petite, dainty and delicate. I want to thank you for helping me find myself. It’s quite an experience.”

I didn’t know what to say.

Eric continued in his sweet soprano, “Now for the bad news. Paul says we shouldn’t live at the fraternity anymore. He says we should transfer up state to the northern campus annex. That way we won’t have to be known as

one of the 'Cheerleader guys.' He says that we still have a lot of new girlish adventures and I want to experience them all."

It was bad news, I was going to have to find some new cheerleaders for the frat.

During the next week, Paul and Eric continued to try to convince me to see their doctor. Both continued to talk of how sensual it felt being minuscule where most men yearn to be huge.

I didn't tell anyone of their alteration except Sally. To my surprise, she said, "I think you should do it."

Paul and Eric moved to Northern the next week. They left wearing skimpy sundresses, high heels and colorful ribbons that bounced around their shoulders. Several of the brothers helped them move, in fact I never saw them pick up a thing. It was like the brothers sensed that Paul and Eric were now soft, weak creatures, who needed help. Paul and Eric paid them with coquettish smiles and flirtatious "Thank you's."

Ralph had graduated and Steve our new frat' president came to me and said, "Too bad. They were great. I wish they would have stayed, since the guys loved them. Chris..."

"Yes."

He looked me in the eyes and said with a hard smile on his face, "We're counting on you to find replacements...immediately, understand?. Check out the new pledges. Maybe this year we should have a full squad...maybe four cheerleaders. I've been sizing up some of the new pledges...Lauren got a pretty face and slender build...Also, that kid Johnny is tall, but slender and has a attractive, thin face. Do you think he'd "make-up" well?

I thought to myself, here it goes again; where will it end???

THE END