



Panty Raid to Pantied Maid



Author: Nicegent42 Artist: Velvet Peach

Characters

Timothy Thompson

Age: 19

Height: 5'7"

Hair: Golden Blonde, keeps in long

Eyes: Hazel

Jake McGraff

Age: 21

Height: 6'2"

Hair: Brown, short and messy

Eyes: Warm Brown

Elaine Donalds

Age: 22

Height: 5'10"

Hair: Dirty blonde, uneven bob haircut

Eyes: Brown

Sarah Johnson

Age: 20

Height: 5'3"

Hair: Brown, Long to mid back

Eyes: Blue

Chapter 1: The Pledge

The sun was just beginning to set as Timothy Thompson stood in front of the Omega Omega Kappa fraternity house. The large, imposing structure stood proudly amidst the sprawling campus, a symbol of brotherhood and tradition. Tim's heart pounded with a mix of excitement and nervousness as he stepped closer, feeling as if he was taking his first steps for a better future. The house itself was large, but not truly imposing, but all of Tim's life he had been the small fish in the pond, no matter the size of the body of water. He wasn't the tallest at five foot seven, but that didn't make him that short, the problem was he just never stood out. Scrawny and born with

asthma he was never great or even good at sports, with no real chance of ever being as capable as others his interests were never feats of athleticism. So he couldn't bond over sports like basketball or football like some of his peers. When that happens kids tend to move more towards being classified as a nerd, Tim on the other hand never did better than okay academically. He tried to do well, studied, but knowledge for knowledge's sake never motivated him. Leaving him squarely in a more undefined category for as groups went growing up and leaving him with few friends.

The house before him was bustling with activity. Music pulsed from the open windows, and the scent of grilling meat wafted through the air. Tim could hear laughter, a symphony of fraternity life. He took a moment to compose himself, adjusting his shirt and smoothing his long blonde hair before walking up the steps to the front door.

Tim would have just knocked, but a red posterboard was taped to the door with a message written on it in black marker.

Pledge Week, if you want to join ΩΩK just come inside, all are welcome!

Nodding to himself, feeling a bit nervous he entered the house, Tim was greeted by a mix of curious glances and friendly smiles. The fraternity members were a diverse group, ranging from tall and muscular to lanky and intellectual. They were all dressed in casual clothes, some wearing fraternity-themed t-shirts or hats. Tim could see what he wanted here, a feeling of belonging, something he desired and it was among all of them. He couldn't help feeling nervous butterflies in his stomach, even as he smiled brightly at them all.

"Hey, you must be the new pledge," a tall, lanky guy with a friendly smile said, extending his hand. "I'm Jake. Welcome to Omega Omega Kappa, we like to think we are ookay." He said drawing out the first letter of the word in a playful way to mirror the first initials of the fraternities name.

"Thanks, Jake," Tim replied, eagerly shaking the older boy's hand, clasping it between both of his and doing so for just slightly too long. "I'm Tim. Well, Timothy Thompson and I wanted to pledge, I mean I wanted to pledge here. I'm a computer science major and I'm from..."

"Nice to meet you, Tim." Jake said, pulling his arm away as he spoke over the excited freshman. I'm actually the vice president of the chapter, full names Jake McGraff... I wouldn't introduce yourself with your full names its... its odd, man." Jake said feeling like he needed to reciprocate the freshman by giving his own full name. "I can tell you're eager, what makes you want to join?"

Unintentionally Tim found himself nodding, subconsciously agreeing that he did in fact want to join. "My father actually was a member... back when he was in college, but not on this campus and that is where he met my mother. So I'm a legacy or whatever you call it, that means I can join right?"

They passed through the living room, where a group of fraternity members were playing a lively game of poker. The room was filled with the sound of laughter and the clinking of chips. Tim couldn't help but smile at the camaraderie and energy in the air. Jake taking in the young man that he couldn't help think of as a kid despite only being a few years younger. "Yeah, well, maybe. It helps, but really its about you and how you fit in with us, right?"

"Suppose so." Tim's face faltered slightly, before his happy smile returned. "I'm sure I will fit and will do whatever it takes to prove myself."

"Good, yeah." Jake nodded, really wanting the kid to dial down the kid from eleven, more to a five with how chipper and eager he seemed.

Next, the pair entered the kitchen, where the scent of grilling meat was even stronger. A few fraternity members were manning the grill, flipping burgers and hot dogs. Jake introduced Tim to them, and they welcomed him with friendly nods and smiles.

"Alright, Tim, let's head upstairs," Jake said, leading him to the second floor. "This is where the pledges sleep. You'll be sharing a room with a few others. It won't be that great and more than a little cramped." Jake motioned to the room that was little more than a pair of bunk beds and a single tall dresser.

Tim had followed Jake up the stairs, his heart still pounding with

excitement. The room could have been spacious if it was a single bedroom, but with the double set of bunk beds lined up against the walls most of the real estate was taken.

"Thing is...." Jake started to say, his words dragging out as he was not able to shake an odd feeling about the freshman, his overly happy attitude rubbing on him like sandpaper. "This room is really only for the pledges that have been accepted. So you will have to make other arrangements."

Looking at the room Tim could imagine getting close to others his age, bonding with his future fraternity brothers, jointly commiserating the cramped quarters. It didn't sound that bad to him at all, but the news he wouldn't be able to stay in the room did add a bit of a wrinkle. "Oh... I thought... being a legacy and all. Oh... okay, maybe I can still get a spot in the dorm rooms." he said thinking back to his father telling him how this would be a sure thing and to not worry about it and now finding out he did actually need a place to stay. "Things probably just changed since Dad went here, just have to get through hell week and then I can stay here."

Jake blinked slowly, chewing on his own bottom lip. 'What kind of idiot shows up at college without a place to stay?' Letting out a sigh Jake gave him, he was just trying to give the kid a reason to not pledge, but now he just felt like he had kicked a puppy. "You know what, don't worry about it, you can just sleep on that bottom bunk over there."

"Thanks, Jake," Tim replied, setting his bag down on the bed. "I appreciate it!"

With a shake of his head Jake left the kid to get himself settled, thinking about what he was going to do to him and the other pledges to have a little fun.

Tim took a moment to look around, not just in the room but at people about the house. The others were chatting and laughing, already forming bonds with one another. It gave him a sense of belonging, despite the nervousness that ran through his body and mind. Quickly unpacked his bag, hanging his clothes in the small closet and placing his toiletries in the shared hallway bathroom.

As he finished settling in, Tim heard a commotion downstairs. He peered over the railing to see Jake, standing in the living room, wishing he was nearly as tall as the older boy. Jake was tall with messy brown hair and warm eyes and a confidence to him that Tim envied and the others around seemed to be hanging off his every word.

"Alright, listen up, everyone," Jake said, his voice booming through the house. "We have a new pledge joining us today. Timothy Thompson, get your butt in gear and come down here." his voice turning into a below as he mentioned the newest pledges name.

Tim took a deep breath and made his way downstairs, his heart pounding in his chest. His feet moved as fast as they could down the stairs so that he could stand beside Jake to meet his future fraternity brothers.

"Timothy here is the son of one of our esteemed alumni," Jake said, clapping Tim on the back. "Let's give him a warm welcome to Omega Omega Kappa."

The fraternity members cheered and clapped, welcoming Tim with open arms. Tim couldn't help but smile, feeling a sense of pride and belonging. All the talk of needing to prove himself meant nothing to the idea of gaining so many friends.

"Now, Timothy, let me give you a little advice," Jake said, leaning in close. "Pledging is no easy task. You'll be cleaning, sleeping on the floor some nights, and wearing these ugly brown sweaters at all times."

Jake handed Tim a large sweater with the word Plede on the front. Tim chuckled, taking the sweater and putting it on over his shirt. "Thanks, Jake," Tim replied, his cheerful attitude unchanged. "Plede, huh?"

Jake pressed his lips together, hating the fact the sweaters they had ordered had the word pledge misspelled. "Printing mistake." he lied, knowing it was his own fault when he put in the order. "We'll see about you earning your place here, but for now welcome to Omega Omega Kappa house."

As the day moved on and turned to night, Tim found himself immersed in

the fraternity's rituals and traditions. He helped clean the house, sweeping floors and wiping down surfaces. Moving to being on his hands and knees with his own toothbrush to clean the grout between the tiles on the floor that became his place to sleep despite the bunk bed he had been shown on his tour. Using a thin blanket and pillow provided by the fraternity for a small bit of comfort, the word comfort being very much a lie. Despite the discomfort, Tim remained bright and cheery, determined to prove himself to the brothers.

Over the next few days Tim was busier than he had ever been before, making things pass by in a blur of activity. There were classes, but much of the time seemed to be filled with the various chores him and the other pledges had to perform, each of them wearing a similar sweater in various colors. Cleaning the grout with his toothbrush was one such chore that took up a great deal of his time, but another pledge had to do something similar with all the toilets in the house, making the young man feel like he got off easy despite how sore his knees and fingers were from the task, even as another trimmed the grass out front with a pair of scissors. They were also required to attend study sessions and participate in group activities, none of them allowed to remove the sweaters to make them stand apart.

Tim's cheerful attitude had not ceased to annoy Jake. Who saw Tim as a nerdy kid who didn't fit in with the fraternity. Legacy or not it felt more and more like his presence was a burden that he did not want to keep dealing with. It would be one thing if he was just excited, but it just didn't seem to end and someone being bright a cheery first thing in the morning when all he wanted to do was sip coffee and wake up was not something he wanted to be near in the short or the long term.

One evening, as Tim was helping clean the kitchen, Jake approached him. "Pledge, I have a special mission for you," Jake said, leaning against the counter. "We need someone to go on a panty raid to the Tri-Sigma sorority house. Think you can handle it?"

Tim's eyes widened with excitement. "Absolutely, Jake! I'm ready for anything." He didn't actually think a pantie raid was a real thing, at least not anymore, something from a bygone era that only existed in movies and tv shows.



Jake smirked, knowing that Tim was unaware of his true intentions. "Great. All pledges have to do it at one point or another to be accepted. Now is your time, this is a make it or break it moment. Think you can do it?"

"Yes sir!" Tim saluted, feeling a bit like a fool for doing so. Between Tim's eagerness and believing all the pledges had to do the task, he accepted the

mission without further thought. He spent the next few hours preparing, gathering supplies and planning his approach. His mind was filled with determination and excitement, believing that this mission would prove his worth to the fraternity.

“Okay, this is the important part. You need to not get caught and if you are, I... we here at Omega Omega Kappa didn’t put you up to anything. This is your decision, you don’t HAVE to do this.” Jake said, stressing the part that there was no obligation even as he had told the kid everyone had to do the task less than a minute before.

“Got it. Don’t get caught and if I do plausible deniability.”

“Yeah... something like that.” Jake agreed, the same cheerfulness that made him want to get rid of the kid making him already feel guilty for setting him up.

Chapter 2

Tim crouched behind a row of ornamental shrubs just outside the Tri-Sigma sorority house. His palms were sweaty, his fingers trembling as they clutched a crumpled piece of notebook paper. The crude floor plan drawn on it was shaky at best, a product of secondhand information he'd gleaned from a handful of Omega Omega Kappa brothers who had said they had been inside, one saying he was at a mixer party and the other saying his ex-girlfriend lived there though he really hadn't paid much attention to the places layout. When they'd asked what Tim needed it for, he only gave a big stupid grin and told the pair it was for a secret mission. They hadn't cared

to press further, only briefly talking about it and Tim when the short blonde was out of ear shot.

“Think he is going to go perv on the girls?” one of them asked, while the other replied wide eyed and with a shake of his head.

“He better not, campus security, boyfriends and dealing with the girls themselves catching him would put Tim in a world of hurt.”

With the plan in hand Tim went into action just an hour after sun down. Looking down at his own drawing and then to the house, glancing at the mostly dark house he couldn't see any activity. ‘We got this, tonight I’m going to be sneaky and invisible but after tonight... I will be invisible no longer. Officially joining the frat, gaining friends... brothers and maybe even a girlfriend. College is going to be different, I’m going to be different.’ The young blonde man said to himself practically imagining a more purposeful, a more visible future for himself.. He imagined Jake and the others clapping him on the back, cracking beers, and calling him one of their own. The thought made his chest swell with a mix of pride and terror at what he was about to do, what he was going to accomplish.

Tim adjusted the sleeves of the oversized sweater that practically swallowed his frame. The miss spelled word prominent on front that felt like some sort of inside joke no one had clued him in on... yet. It wasn’t high quality, something cheap that made his neck itch, but it was the first sign that they were actually welcoming him and he wore it like a badge of honor, even if it hung off of him like a kid trying to wear his fathers clothes.

Checking the house again, circling around it Tim confirmed most of the lights were out. He’d rushed to perform his mission tonight when he heard that nearly all the Tri-Sigma girls were at a welcome mixer for new freshmen, leaving only a few stragglers behind. It was his best shot and it was now or never. Ducking low he crept along the side of the house, his breath catching in his throat with every crunch of grass underfoot, even as the mission impossible soundtrack played out in his head. ‘Dun dun dada Dun dun dada Dun dun’

The shrubbery next to the house scratched against his jeans, and the chill in the air nipped at him just enough to be noticeable. He found the window

he'd been told about, the one that stuck sometimes and was usually left unlocked. Pressing his face near the glass he looked inside, but didn't see anyone about and held his breath as he pressed his hands to the sides. It gave a soft groan as he pushed it upward, the sound much louder than he wanted in the quiet night. 'Next time I should have brought some WD40...' he thought to himself like he was going to be a more prepared burglar the next time he was sent on some covert mission.

Sneakers scuffed against the windowsill as he climbed in, Tim landing softly on the carpeted floor of a laundry room. The scent of fabric softener clung to the air, blending oddly with his own nervous sweat. A few laundry baskets sat stacked in a corner. The room smelled a lot better than the one at the Omega Omega Kappa house, not to mention this was orderly with neatly labeled shelves holding detergent, dryer sheets, and folded towels, compared to the chaos at his own.. His future house. Everything about the space felt fresh, with the splashes of color making it anything but smelly and impersonal. The laundry room was much closer to what he was used to at home instead of the stark contrast to what the frat had.

Moving cautiously, Tim put his ear to the door as he slowly turned the doorknob, when he didn't hear anyone he tiptoed through the house, listening intently for any sign of movement. His sneakers barely made a sound on the floor as he navigated a short hallway. A thin sliver of yellow light spilled from beneath one of the doors he passed, avoided it, pressing himself against the opposite wall and moved slower as he continued to tiptoeing past. Every breath he took felt like it echoed. He couldn't shake the feeling that someone might hear his heartbeat pounding in his chest. All the while that same beat played in his head. 'Dun dun dada Dun dun dada Dun dun.'

At the foot of the stairs, he paused. Licking his lips he looked around the dark living room, pressing his hands to his chest, feeling the rapid heart beats. Wiping his sweaty palms he focused on the shadowy staircase. Every step up seemed to creak slightly under his weight, as if they were trying to alert anyone home that he hadn't seen, causing Tim to freeze in place with each sound, half expecting a scream or a face to appear from, though none came. The second floor stretched out in a narrow corridor, lined with closed and semi closed doors.

The first door on the right was slightly ajar. He stepped toward the room and nudged it open with one finger. The hinges let out a squeak that made him wince and glance about, making him once more about WD40 and making him decide to leave the door open instead of closing it behind him as he crept inside.

The room was softly lit by moonlight filtering through sheer curtains. A pair of twin size beds sat against the far wall, both neatly made, with a narrow nightstand between them. Small desks were pressed together that were cluttered with notebooks, hair ties, lip gloss, and chargers, facing the walls. The whole place had the scent of lavender mixed with the faint perfume of whoever had sprayed the shared space last that left the lingering floral aroma. Posters of pop artists and vintage movie prints dotted the walls, and half-used candles sat in ceramic holders on both desks. A pair of slippers rested neatly under one of the beds, while the other had a hoodie balled at the foot, like someone had dropped it before collapsing from exhaustion.

The dressers in the room were what Tim was really after, both looked as if they were cheap Ikea furniture. Both being equal in his mind he picked one at random, sliding open the top drawer slowly in an attempt to avoid another incident like the bedroom door.

The drawer was full of women's underwear, all of the panties neatly folded, some stacked in color coordinated piles. There were cotton briefs with cartoon prints and delicate lace trimmed panties in shades of pink, blue, and lavender. What Tim saw before him felt taboo, he was looking at someone... a girl's intimates. He saw a red satin thong, another made entirely of sheer black lace. There were many more, though the limited light only allowed him to see so much of the prize he was after. The drawer itself also contained bras, padded white ones tucked and stacked in with a few different colors. Sports bras, racerbacks, strapless styles, and even a silky lavender bra with a tiny gold charm sewn into the center. A faint floral scent lingered in the fabric, rising with the movement of air as he stirred the contents.

Swallowing hard as he looked into the drawer like it was a treasure trove he didn't know what he expected, but the sight of it all stunned him. This was a harmless prank between his fraternity and the Tri-Sigmas, he was told it was a task all the members had to do to become a member. Tim didn't

know if it was always the Tri-Sigmas, but even though it was just something harmless it felt so personal now that he was looking at whoever's underwear that was in the drawer, it was no longer something abstract. Reaching forward, hand shaking, toward a pair of pale pink panties with a little red bow embroidered at the waistband. Touching it he felt the lightly thin material, rubbing it between his thumb and index finger he pulled it from the drawer and smiled. It was his golden ticket.

It was then that he heard the floor creak, causing him to freeze in place once more, not even daring to breathe as his heart leaped in his chest. In that silence he heard a whisper

“Did you hear that?”

The whispered voice he could hear was soon followed by another something, softer and uncertain. “Maybe Ashley came back early?”



The anxiety Tim felt changed into something worse, like a wild animal that needed to flee, the panic surged through him, but he still didn't move. Praying that would be overlooked so that he could... he could... with everything going on his brain had a hard time shifting into gear. 'The window? No, we are on the second floor. Hide under the bed? Then what... we can't be stupid, think, think... Come on Tim, think!'

"WHAT THE HELL!?" The voice came from directly behind Tim, to the door to the room that he hadn't dared turn to look at. No longer was it whispering, it was a shout that he could feel the aggression in. Wincing, he

turned his head slowly to see a pair of girls in the doorway. A tall blonde with a short bob haircut and

A tall girl with sharp features and dirty blonde hair in an uneven bob stood in the doorway. Her eyes narrowed, dark with fury. Behind her was a shorter girl, maybe five-foot-three, with long brown hair and a confused, horrified expression on her face.

“Is that my underwear?” the shorter girl asked, her voice brittle while the volume of her worse rose..

Tim’s hands shot up in surrender as he turned to face them. “It isn’t what it looks like! I mean it is... but I didn’t mean...” The young man didn’t get far into his meandering explanation when the blonde girl not only spoke over him, but stomped forward to yell him down.

“You didn’t mean to break into our house and go through Sarah’s underwear drawer? You fucking pervert!” the taller girl snapped.

“It was a dare! A stupid fraternity dare! I wasn’t going to take anything, I swear!” he pleaded looking from the taller blonde who looked to be about three inches taller than his own five foot seven and then to the other girl, who he just learned was named Sarah. She had long dark brown hair down to mid back, bangs covering her forehead and was a little shorter than himself.

“Oh, so you thought that gave you permission to sneak in and fondle her underwear?” Tim watched the angry blonde girl as she flexed one hand into a fist and while she wasn’t charging him or raising it in his direction it still made him rather worried, that instinct to flee only growing.

“No! I didn’t...”

“That’s breaking and entering. Attempted theft. And considering what you were stealing? I’d say attempted sexual assault, too.”

Tim paled. “No, no, I wasn’t...I didn’t touch anyone!”

“You touched enough.” Her tone was ice.

The blonde girl continued with her voice raised as the shorter girl shuddered, holding her eyes shut tightly for most of the short time since they found him till she exploded, not in anger but in disgust. “Please tell me you weren’t touching yourself... Oh god, Elaine I bet he was touching himself while sniffing my underwear.”

Sarah took a small step backwards, face pale as she sunk in on herself, her arms moving in a way she could embrace her own torso even as her words became fainter. “He went through my things,” she whispered. “That drawer’s mine.”

“I’m calling campus police,” Elaine said, stepping in front of her friend as if the intruder was a threat that she needed to protect her shorter friend from.

“Please, don’t!” Tim dropped to his knees. “Please, I wasn’t doing that I was just taking them.” he admitted, showing how badly he was lying before when he tried and failed to defuse the situation. “I know it was dumb! I just wanted to prove myself. I wasn’t going to do... do that!” The idea of Tim being arrested wouldn’t be something his parents would have expected, but the boy had always been a follower, letting others take the lead and now his mind ran in overdrive showing him images of himself in an orange jumpsuit and being carted off to jail in handcuffs all because he had done exactly what Jake had told him not to do...getting caught.

It wasn’t just the impending legal implications, the way the cute brown haired girl cowered from him made Tim feel like head been hit in the gut.

“You should be expelled,” Elaine replied coldly. “You’re a creep who broke into a girl’s room.”

“I’ll do anything,” Tim begged, eyes wide. “Just give me a chance to make it right.”

Elaine glanced at Sarah, who looked overwhelmed, hands clenched in front of her. Sarah’s eyes darted from Tim to the open drawer, then back to Elaine, visibly shaking.

“Anything?” Elaine asked, her voice quieter but no less dangerous.

Tim nodded frantically. “Yes! Whatever you want! Anything!”

“Then sit.” She pointed to the floor between the beds. “On the floor.” Elaine practically spat the words. “Don’t you dare move.”

Tim did exactly as he was told, realising the underwear was still in his hand he tossed it away like it was a snake that was about to bite him, the article of clothing landing on the bed to his side. With a glare Elaine physically turned to her friend so that her back was to the intruder, turning her head to glare at him one more time before she spoke in a hushed voice.

‘Do something... say something... no don’t say anything, no, shit.’ Tim argued with himself before finally speaking. “I’m sorry, I can’t say I didn’t mean to, but I can say I should have known better.” Despite his words no reply came in his direction he could only overhear part of the conversation the two were having.

Sarah’s voice wavered. “Elaine, maybe we don’t have to report him. I mean, I feel gross, but...”

Elaine didn’t budge. “He broke in, Sarah. He was in your drawer. That’s not a misunderstanding.”

“I know. I know it’s serious. I just...” She looked back at Tim, fidgeting with the sleeve of her hoodie. “Maybe there’s something else we can do.”

Elaine turned back to Tim. “We’re not calling the cops right now, but we still might if you don’t do what we say. Know this pervert, you’re not getting away with this.”

Tim swallowed. “Okay.”

Shifting so that she was facing him, Elaine put one hand on Sarah’s shoulder, giving it a reassuring squeeze. “You’re ours now. You listen to us. You follow our instructions. One wrong move and we’ll have everything we need to bury you.”

“Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, I understand!”

Sarah added, softer, “You better mean that.”

Elaine moved deeper into her own room so that she was standing over the blonde kid, only now really taking him in. “What is your name?”

“Tim, I mean most people call me Tim, but my name is Timothy Thompson. You can call me Tim or Timothy or whatever you want really.”

Elaine pressed her lips into a line, crossing her arms. “Ahuh. Lets start out with you thanking Sarah here. I would have you behind bars and in prison, but she think you are cute and pathetic so we are going to do something else. Thank her for not ruining your pathetic little life.”

Nodding rapidly, Tim looked up to the girl above him, trying to look to the side of her long legs to speak to the other girl as well. “Thank you! You...I mean thank you! It was stupid, I shouldn’t have done this, I just wanted... that doesn’t matter. Thank you!”

“Louder.” Elaine barked.

“Thank you!”

“That’s, umm enough.” Sarah squirmed in place not feeling comfortable with the boy seemingly able to both beg, plead and thank her all at the same time. “We’ll figure out what to do with you.”

Letting a long breath as the young woman, Elaine stepped back from him, Tim felt relieved as they not only stepped out of the room, but closed the door, leaving him in the dark with only the moonlight allowing him to see. ‘Oh thank the heavens! Oh wow, wow that could have been...’ his own thoughts paused as more things came to him. Whatever the girl’s hand planned for him would be better than being arrested, kicked out of school and maybe put on some list of predators, but this also meant he had failed. The mission seemed to have actually been impossible, at least it had been for him. Now he had to figure out how to deal with whatever the two pretty girls wanted him to and go crawling back to the fraternity and beg for

another chance, another task. Staying exactly where he was, the adrenaline in his system starting to falter he felt shaky, tired and his knees had started to ache from kneeling and his hours of being on all fours scrubbing grout. In the silence he could hear voices just on the other side of the door, though he couldn't make out anything said by the two that were going to decide his fate.

Chapter 3

The room was dimly lit, the moonlight casting eerie shadows on the walls. Tim sat between the beds, his knees aching from the hard floor, his mind processing it all. The way the college girl's looked, one angry, looking like she was going to physically hurt him and the other, who seemed to be hurt emotionally by what he had done. Tim didn't want to get hurt, but the devastation on the brown haired girl's face was ripping him up inside all while his brain betrayed him as it reminded Tim how he had failed and in doing so was risking his college career or worse him ending up on some sexual predators list. 'Okay, okay.' he tried to formulate a plan, to try and add some control to the chaos his actions brought. 'Step one, apologize, I already did that, we will do it again and again.' he nodded to himself, unable to keep his mind fully on task, the more the reality of how bad this could be for him percolated. 'Do whatever it is they want and... apologize again, yeah. We need to make this right and then, yeah. Then we can think of how to make things right with Jake. Maybe if I went to the president I could explain... would that make Jake angry if I went over him? Shit, maybe...' The sound of the door creaking open made him jump and interrupted his train of thought as light from the hallway brought much needed illumination to the room. There in the doorway, outlined by the light he could see Elaine and Sarah, their expressions stern and collected. Elaine stepped forward, her eyes narrowing as she looked down at the younger man who looked much more like a boy to him with his nervous, even fearful energy and small stature. "Alright, let's get this over with. Start talking."

“Start talking?” Tim's voice trembled as he asked, his mind suddenly going from twenty thoughts at once to none, his brain offering no suggestions on what he should talk about. When the only reply from her or the other young woman came in the form of Sarah stepping into the room as well and turning on the overhead light attached to the bedroom fan.

“Ahh, I’m Timothy Thompson, nineteen years old freshman... I should have umm started last yeah but I didn’t fill out the paperwork on time.. I ahh, I procrastinated too much and then my Dad made me get a job to teach me... you ah didn’t mean I should tell you about myself... did you?” He asked when he saw the girl’s expression darken.

What Tim was missing was how Sarah was having a hard time keeping the hard expression on her face. Her looking at this boy a year younger than her with his golden blonde hair and soft hazel eyes seemed so much more like a kid that got put up to something by an older sibling, something she had done more than once and had fallen victim to nearly as much growing up. It didn’t change the feeling of being violated, a boy coming into her private space to steal something of hers, but it did soften the experience, it helped that she thought he looked sorta cute. “Timothy Thompson...” Sarah said his name like she was tasting every letter one at a time. “Sarah Johnson, twenty years old.” she pointed to herself before motioning to her friend. “Elaine Donnalds, she is twenty two.”

“What?” Sarah asked defensively when her friend gave her an expression that she could easily read that very much said “What the fuck?”

The interaction in front of him broke some of the tension for the young man, not enough to make his spiked anxiety go away, but it was enough for him to actually really take in the two girls. Sarah seemed to be just a little shorter than himself, maybe five five with chocolate brown hair with a swooping bangs up front, her long mane hanging down to mid back with soft brown eyes. The shirt she wore hung on her in a way that made it seem they were a size too large, hanging down past her hips, it was one of those shades of color that he couldn’t say exactly what color it really was, maybe a shade of pink or some really light purple. She wore it along with some dark cotton pants, the outfit making her look more like she had worn pajamas when she was out and about. as he began to explain.

Elaine, who still seemed like she might flay him if he did the wrong thing, had dirty brown hair in an uneven bob cut to her shoulders. While Sarah was shorter than him, not that many people were, Elaine seemed more like she could be a model with what he guessed her at, around five foot ten with a tight fit body that she didn't mind showing off. Though she did it in a more casual way that showed confidence, not her trying to draw attention. Her wearing a pink babydoll t-shirt that exposed her midriff along with some dark brown canvas shorts that stopped on her upper thigh, letting much of her long legs be exposed.

To Tim, who in all his experiences with the other sex consisted of going to his eighth grade dance with a cousin, thought both of them were pretty in their own ways. Sarah was cute, seeming affable. While Elaine could easily be described as beautiful, but had hard edges to her personality that made him scared to not piss her off... and he had so he couldn't trust himself with his assessment. None of that was going to come out of his mouth, he wasn't a genius, but he wasn't so socially stupid to tell the girls who caught him stealing panties that he thought they were pretty.

When Elaine's glare turned back to him, Tim instantly found himself talking once more to give her what she wanted, his mind having focused enough to at least know the right topic to spill the beans on. He did feel a pang of guilt as he spoke, the words spilling out before he even really considered what he was saying, knowing that he was betraying Jake just to save his own skin. Jake had been like a big brother to him... in that as the vice president of the frat, the person who welcomed him, allowed him to stay at the house during initiation... the man that gave him a chance. Jake was someone Tim looked up to and wanted to impress. The thought of betraying him made his stomach churn, yet he did so. Tim wanted to say he had no choice, but there was one and he had made it. "It was a dare, not a dare, but a sort of dare. You know where you are told... No. Hmm, initiation that is the word. Everyone over at Omega Omega Kappa has to do this and Jake." Tim cringed at saying the young man's first name, feeling the betrayal even as he continued. "Jake McGraff, I don't know if Jake is short for Jacob or something else, it could be just Jake but he is the vice president Omega Omega Kappa, did I already tell you... yeah, some say they just go by the name Okay, but I have only heard them saying that so I don't know, but I'm not calling them liars... he stopped talking as he Elaine held out a hand for him to stop and he saw the little bit of friendliness, fade from Sarah's face.

Sarah's face contorted with disgust. "A panty raid? Really? That's so cliché and disgusting. It's like something out of that old movie *Revenge of the Nerds*, God is that movie so problematic. You think violating girls makes you a man?"

Tim shook his head rapidly enough that his ponytail fluttered about, his eyes welling up with tears. "No, I didn't think like that, or about that or anything. I just wanted to prove myself. I wanted to be one of the guys, to fit in. Jake said everyone had to do it!"

Elaine's voice was cold and calculating. "Did you see anyone else do this?"

"Ahh, no but I could have been the first."

Narrowing her eyes at the teen on his knees, Elaine glanced over to her friend, raising an eyebrow. It was a silent question, but to her annoyance Sarah didn't even look in her direction so she went back to their prisoner. "If you want to violate girls to be a man, then you're going to learn exactly what that feels like."

Tim's heart sank as the gravity of his situation pressed in him. He had no idea what she meant or what was in store for him, but he knew it wouldn't be pleasant.

The first command Tim had gotten had been to sit and stay in one spot, it would have been more comfortable to actually sit on the floor instead of kneeling, he wasn't even sure why he chose the position he was in, but here he was. The second command came a few heartbeats after Elaine had told him how he was going to learn what it feels like, he just wasn't sure of the exact topic or focus of what she meant to even have an inkling of what was to come.

Elaine's next command was clear and unyielding. "Strip. Now."

Tim hesitated, "Strip?" he asked even as his hands trembled with the ill fitting sweater he had on, while he stayed in place, not even bothering to stand to follow her direction. The room was silent enough that he could hear the spinning of overhead fan, the only other noise seemingly to be the

soft rustle of fabric as he slowly removed his clothes, piece by piece.

Elaine's head cocked slightly to the side as she saw the kid trying to disrobe while staying on the floor, getting his sneakers off and then struggling with his black cargo shorts. "Just stand up to do that." she said, exasperated. "And when I say strip, I mean everything."

Standing before the two young women naked before them, the blonde teen felt a wave of shame wash over him. He had never been this exposed in front of anyone, let alone two pretty girls. The idea of being naked in front of them was a nightmare come true. He had always been self-conscious about his body, and now every imperfection and vulnerability was laid bare for them to see.

"Move your hands." Elaine said with little emotion in her voice. Part of the point of this was to make him feel violated like she did, like Sarah did and him covering his privates wasn't going to work.

With Elaine and Sarah circling him like vultures, Tim could feel their eyes roaming over his body with a critical gaze. A burning warmth came to Tim's face as he blushed brightly with embarrassment, his hands instinctively covering his groin once more, and then moving them, remembering he had just been told to not cover himself or at least he assumed that is what she meant. Tim had never even changed in gym class in front of other boys, always going to change in the stalls. Sure he had gotten teased for it, but boys being what they are always turned on one another with someone else asking the teaser why he wants to look at Tim's body. Tim wasn't the source of the question, it was to tease the teaser, but he had still felt it. The thought of getting naked in front of a girl, to do it in front of two was almost too much to bear.

Sarah plucked the pair of panties off Elaine's bed where the younger boy had tossed them. The pink thong with the little red bow at the waist band. She didn't want them anymore, not after he touched them, so she crumbled them up into a ball and lightly tossed the pink thong into his face. "You wanted them so bad that you were going to steal them? Put it on." She said, sliding her dresser drawer closed. Sarah couldn't muster the same sternness in her voice as Elaine, not that Tim seemed to notice with his bright red cheeks, his full body on display. 'He isn't very big.' She thought,

not that she had a great deal of experience.

Tim hesitated, swallowing hard as his hands shook when he reached for the thong that had hit him in the face and fell to the floor. "You want me too..."

"Do as you're told, unless you want me to call campus police on the little pervert we found in our room." Elaine threatened.

Slipping the thin piece of fabric over his feet pulling the article of clothing up, he felt a strange sensation. The soft fabric against his skin was unfamiliar and intimate, they belonged to a cute girl and he was now putting them on. To his horror, he felt a stir of arousal. Tim's face somehow blushed a deeper red from embarrassment as he realized he was not just getting turned on by the panties, he was growing hard. Tim was aware he wasn't physically endowed, but the sensation and sight of his dick pushing on the underwear was undeniable.

Elaine noticed his reaction and smirked. "Well, well, look who's enjoying this. The pervert shows his true colors."

Tim's face burned with shame as he stood there, the thong clinging to his skin, the strip of cloth in the back not pushing up between his ass cheeks, but so foreign that he couldn't ignore it or the constant reminder of his humiliation. He had never kissed a girl, and now he was standing half-naked in front of two of them, wearing a pink thong, feeling things he didn't understand.

Pressing her hand to her face to hide her mouth Elaine pressed her lips together inside her mouth like she was covering her teeth as she took little Timmy in. She wasn't able to keep the angry expression on her face, though she was sure the kid didn't notice how he seemed to look directly at the ground like he wanted it to swallow him so he could just die right here. "Sarah, go in the basement and get the box for charity and the costume box. Let's see if we can make Timmy here pretty."

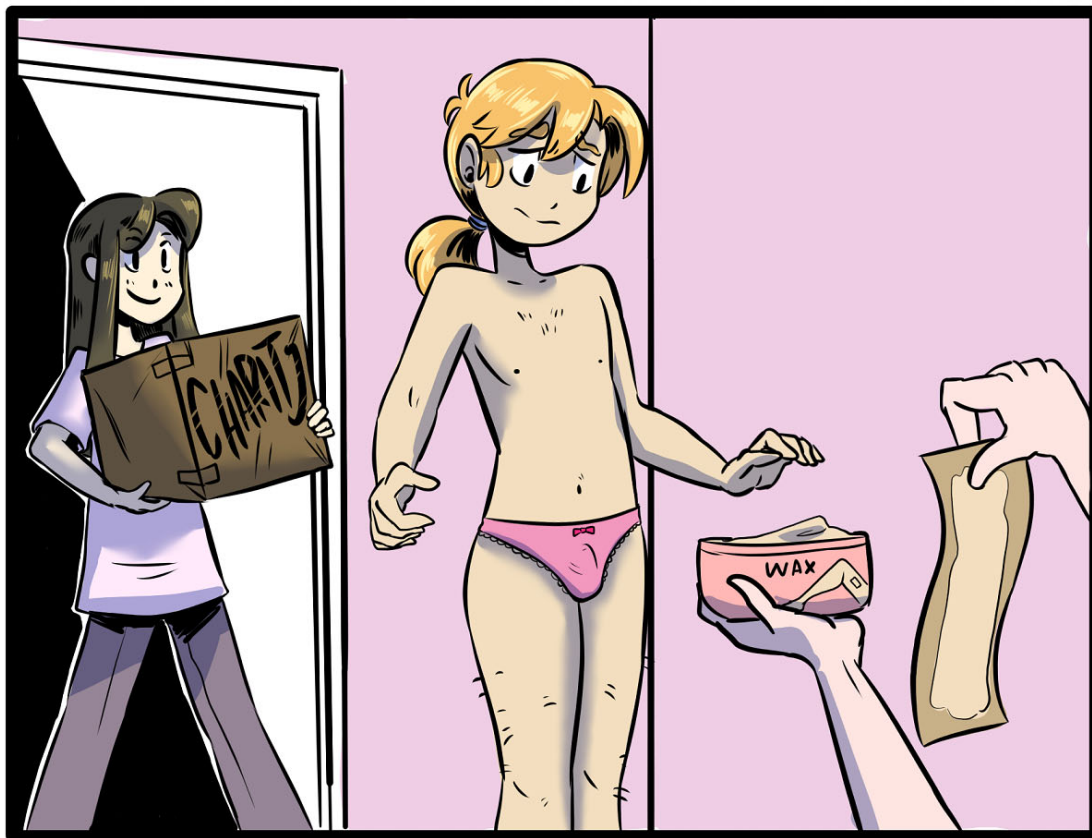
With a nod and a thumbs up Sarah departed the room as Elaine sat down on the edge of her own bed, crossing her legs as she took him in, feeling a rush of power with the control she had over him. "Timmy, hands to your

sides, wrists out so they are pointing to the floor and turn around in a slow circle till Sarah gets back.”

It wasn't long before Sarah came back into the room holding a single box that was put together with tape that had been written on in black marker reading Charity. Though to Tim it had felt like something close to an eternity.

“I grabbed what I thought would work from the costume box and oh I found something good!” Sarah said, Coming into the room.

“Great! I was looking at little Timmy here, he isn't that hairy and it is blonde, but no self-respecting girl wouldn't shave, but...” She started using the word for a second time. “Then I thought that Timmy should feel what waxing feels like. Doesn't that sound fun Timmy?”



Chapter 4

The room was filled with a tense silence as Sarah returned with the box labeled "Charity." Elaine's eyes gleamed with a mix of amusement and malice as she watched Tim, who stood naked and vulnerable, the pink thong clinging to his skin. The sight of him in the underwear was both humiliating and arousing, a constant reminder of his betrayal and the consequences that followed.

Elaine stood up from the bed, her movements graceful and deliberate. "Alright, Tiny Tim, let's get started. Sarah, hand me the waxing strips."

Sarah complied, handing Elaine the box of waxing strips, her eyes focusing on Tim's face, seeing it flushed with embarrassment and fear.

Elaine opened the box and pulled out a strip of wax, knowing exactly what method to use to hit up the wax. "Sit down at the end of the bed here Timmy." she said, putting the bed for him to sit down, looking the smaller man in the eye so that he knew she wasn't asking.

"Please, no," he begged, his voice trembling. "I'll do anything else, just not this." Despite his begging and assertion he would do anything other than this he still sat down where he had been told.

Elaine's smile was cruel. "Too bad, Timmy. You should have thought about that before you broke into our room and went through Sarah's underwear, you little pervert. Now take this." Elaine handed him one of the sealed waxing strips. "Hold that in one hand and rub on your palm across it rapidly that way the waxing strip heats up. I normally use a hair dryer, but I like the idea of you putting some effort in to get nice and smooth."

Standing still Sarah watched on in fascination, the anxiety from the teen boy was palpable as Elaine controlled him down the path of his own destruction. She thought the word destruction that came to mind was a bit hyperbolic, but nonetheless she stood there just watching as he heated up the strip before Elaine Peeled it back to place it on his thigh.

Tim took a deep breath, steeling himself for what was to come as he

watched the taller girl's fingers pinch the strip after it sat on his skin for a short while. "Ready?" Elaine asked before starting to count. "On three, one, two..." She then pulled the strip off in one smooth motion before getting to the correct count.

Tim knew he had little to no choice but to comply with this insanity if he wanted to avoid the cops and the potential ruin of his college career. So he sat there just staring at the strip on his leg, biting his lip, feeling the wax that had been warmed up just enough to make it adhere to his leg. Tim tried to be emotionally strong enough to not let tears come to his eyes as he braced for what was to come. The blonde boy didn't have the frame of mind to know how this was about to feel though and as the strip was ripped off he yelped in pain.

Tim's eyes watered, and he couldn't help but cry out in pain after taking in a death breath through his clenched teeth. "Fuck, that hurts!"

Elaine's laughter filled the room, a chilling reminder of his humiliation. "You don't even sound like a man. Not even a woman. You sound like a little girl."

Sarah watched the scene unfold, her expression a mix of pity and fascination. She could see his tear filled eyes welling up even before the wax strip was pulled from him, making her feel a sense of pity, something that would make her want to help him, but she wasn't going to give in to her natural sense of empathy. This was still the person that put his hands in her panty drawer just because a stupid frat thought it was okay to violate her personal space and steal from her. The exclamation itself from the sudden pain was both disturbing and captivating. She couldn't help but feel a twisted sense of satisfaction, knowing that he was paying for his actions. Filling her with complicated emotions on wanting him to both suffer and to come to his aid.

"Awww, it doesn't hurt that much little one, you have to be a brave girl for me because we are just getting started." Elaine laughed as she put another wax strip in his hands, planning to actually do more than one at a time now that she got his first reaction to being waxed. When one was warm enough she instructed him on peeling back the initial strip and placing the next strip on so there was a slight overlap from the first so that they got all the

hair. Making him place all the strips, the boy doing exactly as she said knowing he was about to feel the pain from his own efforts gave her some satisfaction.

Initially the idea of just beating the shit out of him and then calling the cops was really appealing, but now she wasn't positive she could go through with that kind of act of violence, it was a bit too far, an emotional response that didn't seem to fit now that her adrenaline had come down. A bit of suffering though for what he did... that felt right to her.

With each yank of a strip, each flinch from the freshman gave her a sense of vindication. Boy's always seemed to just do what they want in her life. She had shot up in height in middle school, at home her mother and aunt said how beautiful she was, but Elaine only felt awkward as it made her stand out. Sure she wasn't the only girl at that age that had a growth spurt, but few boys did and they found it as an avenue to make her feel like she was standing out in the worst ways, like when they snapped her bra strap. The saying boys will be boys infuriated her, like just because they had a dick it gave them the absolute right to just act out without real repercussions while she was told to just ignore them, to smile and move on. Tonight she was not going to move on. Tonight she was going to start making things right.

With wax stripped applied then ripping it off with the same cruel efficiency each and every time, Tim's cries of pain filled the room, a symphony of his humiliation and suffering. The volume of his exclamations went down significantly as things went on, but by then it was just time for Elaine to move on to another part of his body, his chest, arms, and underarms, each strip of wax tearing at his skin and leaving him in just a little bit more agony. The pain wasn't exactly excruciating, but it was repetitive and Tim couldn't help but beg for mercy.

"Please, stop," Tim pleaded, his voice hoarse from crying. "I can't take it anymore."

Elaine's smile was cruel. "You can and you will. We're not done yet." she said, ripping a strip from his back.

Elaine stepped back, her eyes roaming over Tim's body with a critical gaze after she had pulled off more strips. "Not bad, but now we do need to do

some after care." she sighed, knowing the pain part of her plan was coming to an end. Not applying a balm to ease his soreness felt right, but she also knew that was her just wanting to be vindictive. "Here, put this one, is a hydrating cream with aloe."

The lightly tossed bottle hit Tim's hands, and he fumbled with it a few times before it fell to the floor. "Sorry..." he apologized, picking it back up.

"Don't be sorry, just do as you're told." Elaine snapped, glancing over to Sarah.

The cream from the bottle felt cold on his skin as he ran his hands on his tender skin, and it seemed to be exactly what his body wanted after the punishment it had just endured. It didn't magically make his red skin better, but it was something close, though another side effect of it made him that much more aware of just how close to being naked he really was. His freshly waxed skin feeling tender and cool from the cream allowed him to somehow feel the air conditioning over his body that much more, leaving him feeling more exposed.

Sarah, who had been mesmerized by the waxing process, blinked a few times as if waking from a trance. She shook her head slightly, a bubbly smile spreading across her face. "Right! Hair time!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands together enthusiastically.

Grabbing a spray bottle filled with water, she motioned over to the cheap metal chair they had by their shared vanity in the shared room. "Can you please come sit over here Timmy, I promise this next part will be less painful." she asked as she pulled the chair out.

Her pleasant expression was completely different from the hot girl who had been giving him what felt like an evil glare the entire time she was making him suffer. It was like the look his own mother gave him when she was serious, but it dialed up to eleven. "Yeah, yeah, sure, but umm you can just call me Tim if you want. No one really calls me Timmy."

"Don't correct her Tiny Tim." Elaine prodded him with the tip of her index finger so that her acrylic nail pressed into his skin.

When he sat down he immediately felt himself being sprayed with water from the spray bottle in the much happier girl's hand. The cool liquid dripped down his scalp and neck causing Tim to shiver at the sensation, a mix of relief and discomfort washing over him. Sarah's hands were gentle, so much gentler than Elaine's but firm as she brushed out his hair, the bristles gliding through his golden blonde locks. Each stroke of the brush felt good, a real contrast the pain he had just endured, allowing the tightness in his muscles to start to relax. "This isn't so bad..." the thought coming to his mind unbidden as the tension started to leave his body, almost enough to make him temporarily forget that the only article of clothing he was wearing was a pair of pink panties.

"Ooh, look at that hair," Sarah cooed, her voice bubbly and happy. "It's like a golden waterfall. I wish my hair was as pretty as yours, Tim."

Elaine chuckled, watching the scene with amusement. "You're enjoying this a little too much, Sarah."

Sarah giggled, not taking her eyes off Tim's hair. "Oh, absolutely. It's like giving a puppy a bath. He squirms and whines, but deep down, he loves it."

A heavy blush came to the teen boy's face at the comparison, his face burning with embarrassment. Those thoughts of what he was wearing came back to his mind in full force. He wanted to protest, to tell them that he didn't enjoy any of this, but he knew it would only make things worse.

Elaine rolled her eyes but smiled. "Well, let's hope he enjoys the next part even more. I know I will." She said opening up her makeup bag.

Every time the brush got caught on a tangle, Sarah had to be rougher, pulling at his hair to untangle it. Tim winced in pain, as she pulled on his hair but before he could squirm away, he felt Sarah flicking the back of his ear, a sharp sting that made him yelp.

"Stay still, Tim," Sarah said, her voice sweet but firm. "Your hair could use a good wash and conditioning, you don't take nearly as good of care of your hair as you should, but we don't have time right now."

Tim gritted his teeth, trying to hold still as the girl continued to brush his hair. The sensation was almost completely pleasant, each stroke of the brush feeling nice, but every so often it would get caught in a tangle, adding a little jolt of discomfort. "Ouch!" Tim exclaimed as Sarah flicked his ear again as he pulled away on instinct.

"Sorry, Tim," Sarah apologized even as she flicked his ear. "You have to stay still."

Elaine watched the scene with a smirk. "Timmy, I don't want to hear you whining like a little girl. You are in college, do try and act your age."

Sarah giggled, at the comment, leaning in close to whisper to their captive. "I think it is cute that you are so sensitive."

Tim's face was a mask of humiliation as he sat there in silence while Sarah finished brushing his hair, her hands moving to the back of his head. She began to gather his hair, twisting and pinning it up into rollers. The sensation was unfamiliar and intimate, a constant reminder of his current torment. Tim could feel the tightness of the rollers as they pulled his hair tighter and tighter as they rolled up to press against his scalp.

"You know..." Sarah said, rolling up a section of the boy's hair. "If you took care of your hair more it would really be lovely, I mean you got pretty golden hair, while I have boring mousy brown hair. Really isn't fair."

Elaine, who had been watching the interaction, as she finished setting out what she was about to start using on him, chimed in with a soft smile. "Your hair isn't boring, Sarah. It's cute. I wish my hair was as thick as yours."

Sarah blushed slightly at the compliment, her eyes meeting Elaine's for a moment. "Thanks, but I think boy's notice yours a lot more than mine."

The two girls shared a brief, positive moment, their banter going on just long enough for Tim to feel like they had forgotten he was there, or it would have if the smaller girl's hands hadn't continued to put his hair in girly rollers. He could tell there was a real friendship between them, giving him a pang of jealousy at their connection. It was what he wanted, the reason he

had done this in the first place, to join the fraternity and gain friends.

As he ruminated on his lot in life, he heard the brown haired girl speak up, pulling him back into the moment. "There we go," Sarah said, stepping back to admire her handiwork. "You look cute."

Elaine, having finished setting up the makeup she needed on the shared vanity, turned her attention back to Tim. She had a wicked grin on her face, her eyes gleaming with malice. "Alright, Timmy, it's makeup time. I bet you can't wait to be pretty."

Tim's heart sank as he realized what was about to happen. He could recall sitting at the edge of his parents bed, kicking his feet in the air as a child as he watched his mother put on her makeup more than once, her natural beauty being enhanced one stroke at a time with the different products. The thought of having it applied to his face was both more than a little humiliating, though not much so than being waxed. He thought about protesting, as he slid his hand over his smooth thighs, it not being the first time he had done so as he sat in the chair, any protest he had dying before it came to his lips.

Seeing the boy open his mouth and close it without saying a word Elaine still snapped at him. "Shut up and hold still," she commanded.

Elaine began by applying a primer to the boy's face, the cool liquid spreading across his skin. She could feel the shiver run through his body at the sensation. Elaine's hands were gentle as she spread the primer evenly, her fingers brushing against his skin that she thought was actually well taken care of considering he was a teen boy, she had known more than a few girls with worse complexions.

With the base done, she applied a layer of foundation, the makeup blending into his skin and giving him a smoother, even complexion. Tim could feel the weight of the foundation on his face, a new reminder of his feminization. He tried to keep still, but the sensation was both unfamiliar and intimate, making him squirm slightly, the entire time the pretty girl sitting so close to him and him not knowing where to look as she gave him a makeover.

Elaine noticed his discomfort and smirked. "Hold still, Timmy," she said, her voice sweet but firm. "We don't want to make a mess of this."

Tim gritted his teeth, trying to hold still as Elaine continued to apply the makeup and will himself to not let his eyes linger on her chest.

Meanwhile Elaine moved on to the blush, sweeping the brush across his cheeks and adding a rosy hue to his skin..

"Ooh, look at that," Elaine cooed, stepping back to admire her handiwork. "I'm starting to see a pretty girl. Maybe the time Timmy is too macho from someone like you."

Tim blushed at the comment, his face burning with embarrassment, it bright enough to show through the makeup to a small extent. He wanted to protest, to tell her that he didn't want any of this, but he knew it would only make things worse.

Next she moved onto the feminized boy's eyes, applying a light pink shade with shimmer to his eyelids. She blended it carefully, her fingers brushing against his skin. Tim could feel the coolness of the eyeshadow, the sensation unfamiliar.

"Keep still," Elaine warned as she applied mascara to his lashes, the brush tickling his eyelids. Tim tried to hold still, but having a dark wand come so close to his eyes made him blink and try to pull away.

Noticing his discomfort Elaine smirked. "Hold still, Timmy," Her voice firm as she slapped his inner thigh gently. "We're almost done, next is eyeliner, it really help your hazel eyes pop."

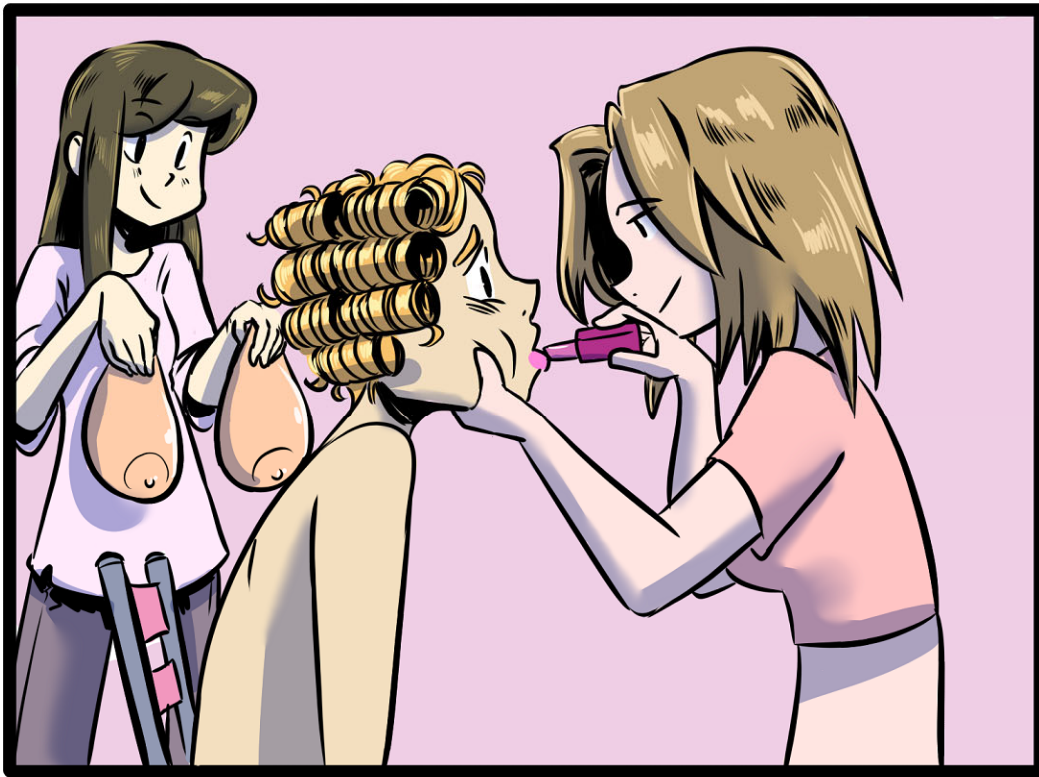
Finally, Elaine turned her attention to his lips. Holding his chin firmly from under his jaw, Elaine pursed her own lips as her fingers squeezed his cheeks as she applied a bright pink lipstick to his lips.

The pressure of her fingers holding him still made Tim feel powerless as he felt the creamy substance rub over his lips, the entire process making him want to not just rub it off but to flee as fast as he could, but he had nowhere

to go.

Still holding his face still, Elaine's eyes ran over his face, to examine her handiwork. Tim had soft features, more rounded than a lot of boys or at least she was pretty sure it was different than most boys, thinking about how boys would look in makeup wasn't normally something she did, but with Tim, she saw a girl sitting in front of her.

As the makeup portion of the evening started to come to a close Sarah held up one of the things she had found in the costume box that she had brought up. A pair of lifelike breast forms that irritated her a little bit with them larger than what she was able to grow. "Wow he... she is looking good but I think it is time we start working on her body."



Chapter 5

Tim blinked.

Then blinked again.

The reflection in the mirror seemed to be a lie as far as Timothy's brain could tell. During the process of being attacked with powders, goopy creams that were slathered over him... the makeup being put on him he had been more than a little caught up in the new experience all while the cruel but beautiful distracted him with her close presence. The entire thing kept his heart beating at a rapid pace, while he tried to pretend he wasn't attracted to her as she stood so close and the temptation to look at her... at her chest was ever present.

All of that and he hadn't even considered looking past her to see his own reflection as his face changed from her efforts and now with her out of the way he could clearly see what he looked like. The mirror didn't show himself, the reflection showed a young girl, about his age, sitting wide-eyed in a chair. Her golden blonde hair was pinned up in neat, glossy rollers that shimmered slightly under the overhead light. Her face, though clearly made up in a way that enhanced her beauty. The foundation was smooth and even, the blush subtle but flattering, the soft shimmer of pink eyeshadow catching just enough light to make her hazel eyes sparkle and draw his eyes in and then her lips, glossy and pink, looked full and kissable. The girl was pretty, looking like she was getting ready to go out on any normal day and was just waiting for her hair to dry to remove her rollers.

She wasn't stunning, like a model, but pretty in a way that made his heart stop. Pretty in a way that reminded him of the type of girl you would call her, the girl next door, quiet and pretty, someone that if you gave the chance to you could fall in love. She didn't really exist though that girl, those kissable lips... that was him.

He leaned forward slightly, drawn in as if the mirror might reveal something different if he looked closer, if he looked hard enough. The rollers sat high and proper, almost like a crown. The mascara curled the lashes upward delicately, framing eyes that now seemed unfamiliar. The shape of his jaw looked softened somehow, not quite masculine anymore, not that it ever really was. It was him in the mirror, but the subtle changes of makeup made it seem like he was looking at his nonexistent sister.

Timothy didn't notice one of the rooms other occupants, Sarah, coming or

the objects in her hands, he hardly noticed anything at all as he gazed into the mirror, feeling something surprised that the cute girl in the mirror was him and the little bit of joy at being pretty, a feeling that gave him a sense of dread and unease. “I can’t... How did the makeup make me look so pretty?” he asked no one in particular.

“It didn’t, well it did but that is just mostly you.” Elaine shrugged.

He shifted slightly in his seat, the soft tug of the thong against his hips reminding him what else he was wearing. His bare, waxed legs rubbed together, smooth and foreign, only adding to his unease.

Behind him, Sarah’s voice cut through the haze, light and chipper. “Okay, no more stalling. Let’s give her a body to match that pretty face.”

Tim turned slightly, confused by the phrasing. “Her?” he started to ask but froze as he saw what the dark haired girl held. Two large, flesh toned objects cupped in her hands. Round, jiggy, soft and unmistakably realistic. What she had in her hands looked like someone hand cut off a pair of breasts from a woman and she now held them in her hands.

“Wait, what? No... I mean...no, but... no, no, I...” The young man’s mind stuttered as it tried to wrap around the idea of what she had in her hands and what she was about to use do with them.

“Relax,” Elaine said as she helped him to his feet, seemingly all too stunned to put up any resistance. “They’re just forms and when they get them on you Timmy, you will be the proud owner of B cup breasts. It’s okay, you don’t have to thank us for them, at least not yet.”

“But I’m not... I mean I can’t... but...” he started to protest, all while one thread in his mind had him imagine campus police coming into the sorority house to arrest him if he didn’t comply. His mind couldn’t keep up with everything that was happening tonight, leaving him moving as Elaine pushed him over to her bed and having him lay down on his back while his feet hung off the bed.

Keeping one of the prosthetics in hand, Sarah used a bottle of a glue-like

substance to apply it to the back of the fake breast. “This is going to be cold, but don’t worry, from what I understand it warms up to your body temperature quickly enough.”

Having never used anything like this before Elaine questioned her friend who sounded like she knew what she was doing. “How do you know what? Ever done this before?”

Sarah shrugged. “Umm no.”

“Then how do you know it warms up?”

Scrunching up her face slightly the girl's blue eyes looked up and to the side as she thought. “Maybe I saw it on a movie or tv show.” she answered, shrugging a second time before leaning over the blonde who was laying on the bed. “Now don’t move, we have to get this on correctly.”

Tim looked at the girl leaning over him and gritted his teeth before looking away to stare up at the ceiling, frozen. The overhead light cast a warm glow over the room, but all he could feel was the cool pressure of the almost life-like breast form as Sarah pressed it gently to the left side of his chest.

The glue was cold at first as it touched his bare skin, it being wet, and strangely invasive as it pressed down onto him. Tim flinched instinctively, the sensation of it sinking in through his sensitive skin making him feel the wrongness, the weight, the stickiness, the cold as it pressed down. His left nipple that was being covered, already more tender than usual after the waxing, felt like it was being smothered beneath the sticky coldness. Then came the full weight of the breast itself, soft and smooth and heavier than he expected, molding itself to the curve of his chest with a surreal finality.

“Thats one!” Sarah said cheerfully, holding it in place with the heel of her hand. “Just a minute to set.”

Tim didn’t speak, looking down at his chest as the pretty burnette, held her hands to his chest, the left side of his chest looking so wrong with what she held against him. It wasn’t like he suddenly grew a breast, he could see the steam of it, even as she held it down for the glue to take hold. He was

hyper-aware of the sensation of the way the fake flesh pressed down, conforming to his body while simultaneously replacing it with something so feminine looking. The weight wasn't crushing, but it was substantial, a constant passive tug on his skin, impossible to ignore. 'How did I end up like this!?' Timothy asked himself, having a hard time tearing his eyes away from what he was seeing happen to him.

All while his mind couldn't stop focusing on the weird contradiction underneath that perfect, soft fake breast was still his own chest. His own nipple. And now there was another one resting above it, perfectly formed, permanently perky, and entirely not his.

The glue started to dry, holding the prosthetic to his chest, almost cementing it in place. That was when Tim saw Sarah pull her hand away, a large toothy smile on her face as she moved her hand to tuck some hair behind her ear. With the absence of her hand he could feel gravity take hold of the fake tit on his chest even as he stayed laying on his back.

Sarah repeated the process on the right side. More glue, more cold, more pressure as she pressed the matching form into place, making minor adjustments with a precision that felt disturbingly maternal.

Elaine hovered nearby, watching with arms crossed. "You know," she said, her tone amused but oddly admiring, "you're taking this better than I expected." she said a part of her expecting she would have to sit on him and hold or tie his arms up to get this done.

Tim didn't answer, he wasn't sure what to say, the comment making him feel worse about the situation because it had been expected for him to put up more of a fight. 'Should I have fought back?' Tim asked himself a moment playing out in his mind of shoving Sarah to the side as he made a break for the door and Elaine tackling him to the ground, his face shoved into the carpet as Sarah tearfully called the police as she recovered from his hard shove to get away. 'No... that would only make things worse.'

It played out in his mind as Sarah's hand pulled away, her moving her limbs with a little bit of hesitation like she was worried one of the fake breasts was going to fall away. When nothing happened she felt a little giddy at what she had done though the more she looked the more sour her expression, it

hitting her that the young man that wasn't even twenty years old now had a chest larger than her own, even if it was fake.

“Sit up,” Elaine said, grabbing the young man by both wrists and pulling him up.

Tim obeyed, the motion making his new chest jiggle slightly. He gasped a high, involuntary sound he immediately regretted as the movement emphasized just how real the forms now felt. They pulled on his skin, the glue doing its job to keep them in place and making him feel the full weight of the tits as he stood up. Moving his hands up he cupped them, feeling their weight and pushing up slightly to ease the pulling sensation. In his hands they sort of felt real, like real skin but not as warm or at least he thought it felt real, never having really felt a girl's chest up before.

Sarah giggled. “Aww, she bounces.”

“It could be better. Timmy, bounce up and down for me.” Elaine said

Like he had done looking in the mirror Tim blinked at the girl, all while still holding the brand new assets glued to his chest. “What?”

“Come on.” Elaine gave him a flat look. “You can't be that much of an air head. I told you to bounce up and down, you know, small jumps.”

His fingers curled against the undersides of the glued on tits, pressing into the silicone's soft flesh. They didn't feel like they should be part of him, but they were stuck fast, every slight shift in posture made them tug at his real skin underneath. “Do I really have to?” he muttered, still holding them.

Elaine raised a single eyebrow. “Oh, no. You don't have to. I can just start recording and make you leave the house here and run down the street, all the world to see you and we can see how it takes the cops to come pick up a pervert like you.”

Her just casually explaining a scenario that would be a million times worse made his stomach twist in anguish. As he moved to the balls of his feet, bouncing up and down, allowing him right away to feel the shift in his

weight.

The breast forms responded instantly to his movements, lifting slightly and then falling with a soft, heavy jiggle that didn't match the rest of his body. The downward pull tugged at the glued surface, making his skin crawl with discomfort. There was an odd, secondary bounce that followed after he'd already settled again, like they were reacting on their own timeline. His chest now doing things it had never done before as it moved. Gasping he used both hands to try and clutch at the new prosthetics..

Sarah squealed. "Oh my god, did you feel that?"

"I saw it," Elaine said, grinning ear to ear. "Try again. No hands."

Tim blinked, cheeks burning as he blushed, the redness not able to be concealed by the makeup as he started to let go of his enlarged chest, but stopped part way.

"No hands," she repeated, this time more firmly.

This time he fully obeyed, letting his hands fall to his sides as he bounced once again. Each bounce, the movement was unmistakable the soft, fleshy forms jiggled freely with a weight and rhythm completely foreign to his body. He could feel the drag on the glue, the unnatural shift of gravity, the ghost of a sensation echoing through his real chest beneath the silicone. His nipples throbbed dully under the adhesive that was warming up more with each passing second, overstimulated and smothered beneath someone else's curves.

He stopped moving up and down, panting slightly, not from exertion, but from the sheer amount of shame.

Elaine looked over to her friend, raising an eyebrow, unable to contain the pure glee from her face. "I can't believe these will work!"

Sarah for her part nodded, thinking how a little concealer could disguise the edges of the fake forms, but she was also getting a bit ahead of herself. "We can do more, but we need to get her a bra."

Nodding, Elaine looked back to their prisoner who seemed to look as if they wanted the floor to open up and eat them alive. “Time for a bra, and you know what they say about us girls. Once you wear a bra, you will have to do so for life.”

The bra that ended up being wrapped around Tim’s chest was a pink number with matching frilly edges around the tops of the cups, the article of clothing borrowed from Elaine’s drawer, the fake breasts too large to make use of any bras from Sarah’s dresser. Feeling the shoulder straps being tightened and snapped hard in the back didn’t help Tim feel any better about the situation but he did feel some relief as the new garment took some of the weight from his new glued on chest.

The click of the slight sound of the clasps holding onto one another behind his back felt deafening, even though it was barely a sound. The pink bra snapped snugly into place as Elaine adjusted the straps, tugging them tight before stepping back. Tim felt every little shift, every new pressure. The soft cups hugged the glued on breast forms tightly, drawing them upward, shaping them, pushing them into a posture that felt both feminine and very much unforgiving.

“Aaahhh bra.” Tim said to himself, seeing the fake breasts cupped in the article of clothing. While they were flesh colored, they didn’t match his own, but it didn’t matter. He was wearing a bra, a piece of clothing he should not be wearing and it truly should not be fitting.

The shoulder straps dug lightly into his skin, reminding Tim they were there with every twitch or breath. It didn’t hurt exactly, but they pressed just enough to make their presence constant. He rolled his shoulders instinctively, trying to ease the tension, but it didn’t help. The elastic band around his ribs was snug enough that he felt it tighten every time he inhaled. It sat just beneath the curve of the forms, keeping them firmly in place, anchoring them to him in a way that made escape feel that much more impossible.

Tim looked down, a slight whine coming from him as he took in the pink lace cupping what now looked more real, they could very much be real if the seams were not there and the tits matched his own skin color. The edge of the fabric hugged the top swell of the breasts, leaving just a hint of exposed

skin, except it didn't feel like his anymore. It had been repurposed into something else.

The tits jiggled slightly as he shifted his posture, and for once, the motion didn't tug on his skin uncomfortably. The bra was doing its job, supporting their weight and holding them steady. In some awful, humiliating way, it was better now and that relief in him only made part of him cringe more than he felt even the slightest bit grateful for the bra.

Sarah beamed at him like a proud girl dressing up a doll. "There we go! That should make things a lot more comfortable."

Tim didn't know if that was a question or a statement, but still he didn't speak up. He just stood there, shoulders hunched slightly, trying to process the sick mix of emotions swirling in his chest. He wasn't just wearing a bra, he was wearing an article of clothing from Elaine, a bra that once cupped and held her pretty breasts that he had tried to avoid looking at when she was so close to him and now he shared an article of clothing with her, just like he wore the panties of Sarah, making anything he forgot about his covered lower region come back in force.

He could feel the fake breasts warming up more and more with each passing second as they came up to match the temperature of his body as time went on. The glue wasn't cold anymore, it was pliable, sticky and somehow very much bonded to him. The silicone had softened against his chest, and now, with the bra's support, they were beginning to feel disturbingly natural.

Timothy was aware of every single inch of his body, how tightly the bra fit. How the straps pulled in a way to support what it held and forced his shoulders to feel the burden. How the lace itched faintly along his ribs. How Elaine's scent clung faintly to the fabric wrapped around him, just like the panties smelled of Sarah. Swallowing hard he felt like he could just cry.

Elaine cocked her head from one side to the other as she walked a small circle around the feminized young man. "Feeling supported, princess?"

Tim gave the smallest nod, cheeks still blazing and not wanting to tell her

no when he very much didn't want any of this.

“Good!” Elaine said with a single clap of her hands. “This is going good so far, but even though you are small... I think you could afford to lose a few pounds to help your girlish figure.” She then moved into her captives personal space, taking his head into her hands as she held his cheeks to look into his hazel eyes that stood out so much more with the makeup she had applied. “Tell me you want help to look even prettier.”

Swallowing hard, Tim nodded as much as he could with her holding his head and repeating her words when her look turned into something harder. “Please umm, please make me look prettier.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” she said, her voice dripping with satisfaction. “Now stand up straight, pretty girl, we’ve got a waist to sculpt.”

Tim shivered as she turned to retrieve the corset from the nearby chair. It was a striking piece of deep purple satin, sturdy boning running vertically across the length, silver hooks on the front for closure and long laces dangling from the back. In the soft bedroom lighting, it looked regal.

Elaine knelt and wrapped the corset around his waist, the cool fabric brushing against his freshly waxed skin. It was oddly comforting to him at first, like a thick belt or a hug that didn't let go. When she clipped each metal clasp down the front one by one, cinching the whole structure tight enough that it held itself in place without effort.

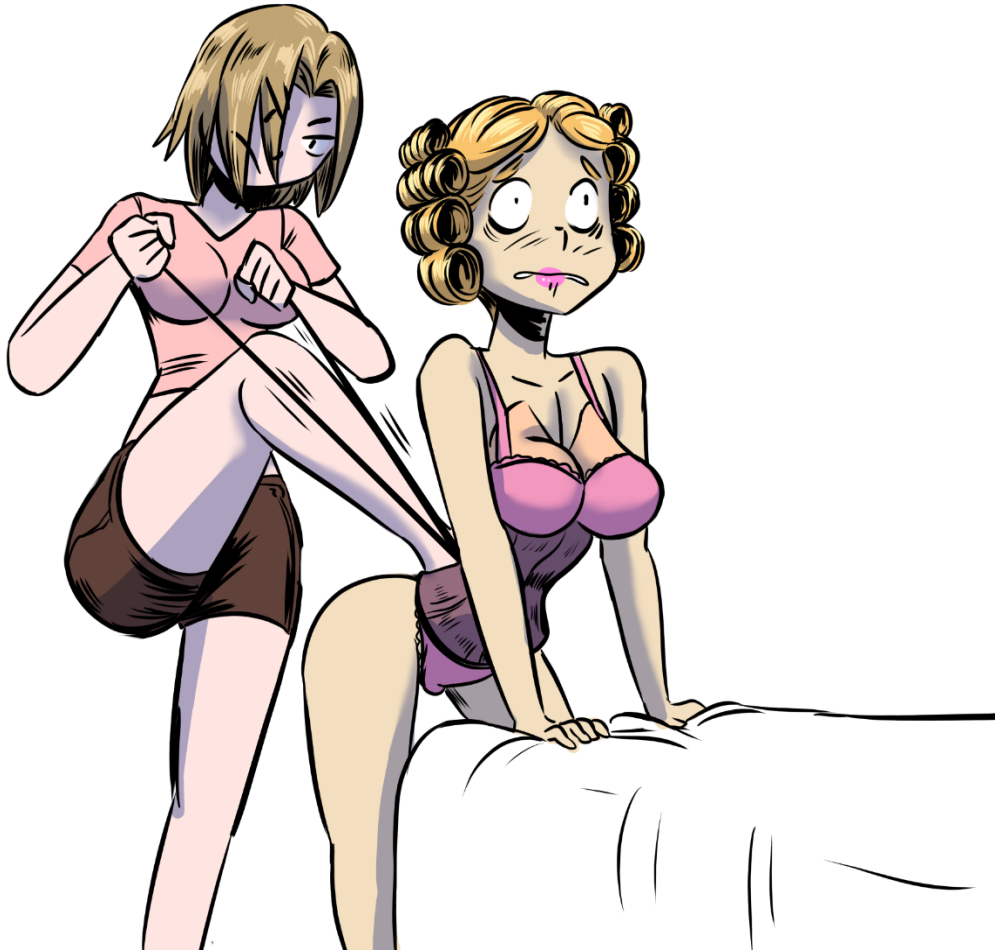
“There,” she said, stepping behind him to grab the laces. “Stage one.” Her very much looking forward to stage two.

Tim took a breath, positive the corset was going to be worse, it really wasn't so bad or really that tight, but supportive. His lower back felt aligned. There was even a slight relief to the pressure, like his spine was being encouraged to sit upright. The false security almost made him relax. Until he felt the laces move slightly tighter, and then more and then more again.

Elaine gave the laces a quick tug.

Tim's entire midsection jerked. The pressure grew sharper, squeezing in on his waist and pushing his lower belly flat. He gasped involuntarily, grabbing the sides of the bed for support.

"Oh my god," he choked. "That's tight!"



Elaine leaned in, inspecting the curve of his waist. "That's better," she corrected. "You've got a boy's frame, a shame really, but don't worry I will help you get you that classic hourglass look you want."

Sarah, who had settled onto the edge of her own bed with one leg tucked under her, grinned at the sight. "Some girls actually love corsets, you know," she said, swinging her foot lazily. "They say it makes them feel

elegant, supported. Puts them in a confident mindset. Like, posture changes everything.”

“I can’t breathe,” Tim muttered.

Elaine ignored him. “You’re fine,” she said breezily. “You’ve got plenty of room left.” She waited a few moments just long enough for him to adjust, to catch a few shallow breaths and think the worst might be over. That was when she tightened the laces on the corset once more.

The laces cinched another inch, and Tim made a strangled noise, half protest and half whimper. He arched his back instinctively, trying to pull away from the pressure, but the corset held firm, unforgiving. His entire waist felt like it was being squeezed through a tube.

Sarah nodded thoughtfully. “I mean, they do take getting used to. Some girls work up to wearing them all day. It’s like training a muscle, in fact I think they call it waist training and you girl need the help.” She gave the laces a slow, deliberate tug, this time less sudden but no less brutal. The feminized young man hunched forward slightly before she yanked him upright again by the back of his bra strap.

“No slouching. That ruins the silhouette.”

He groaned, holding onto his sanity as best he could, chest heaving in shallow bursts as he tried to breath in the torture device. “I feel like my ribs are going to crack...”

Sarah tilted her head. “Oh come on, it’s not that bad. When it’s fitted properly, it actually helps with back support. I wore one to my cousin’s wedding last year and my posture was amazing all night.” She thought for a moment, not pulling on the laces. “I actually wore this as a top to a party last year with a pleated jean skirt.”

Tim’s knees buckled slightly, but she caught him with one hand on his side and gave him a reassuring pat, like this was perfectly normal, like they were just playing dress up instead of reshaping his entire body.

“Elaine, please...” he rasped.

“One more pull,” she promised as she pulled on the laces once more before tying them off.

Tim’s shallow, ragged breaths could be heard as he stood there trembling. The corset laced so tightly he could barely move. His waist was visibly narrower now, exaggerated by the swell of the glued on breasts above and the softness of his waxed thighs below along with his male member nestled in the pink panties.

He looked down at himself in the mirror again, and this time, the girl looking back had an actual figure.

Sarah nodded, clearly impressed. “You’ve got a real waist now. Honestly, that’s more definition than I get in half my dresses. I feel like I should be jealous and call you a bitch... but first I think we need a better name for you than Timothy or Timmy.”

Chapter 6

A small breath was taken by Tim, and then another and another as he tried and failed to make his body feel like it was getting enough air. The device around his waist felt like it was crushing him in a way that made it impossible to breath, or at least it felt as much till he started to feel light headed as the two coeds continued to speak about him in a manner like he hadn't been standing right there, not that he had enough capacity to follow what they were saying.

That was when he felt a hand around his wrist, pulling him gently till he was closer to one of the bends and eased down so that he could sit, not that the device around him allowed him to ever do something as mundane as slouch. It was the brown haired girl talking to him, Sarah, her fingers snapping in front of him a few times as she spoke, enough so that it pulled his awareness back. "Come on, don't pass out on us, you take a breath in slower, you can breathe fine in the corset, just don't take a bunch of rapid breaths or you really will faint like some victorian girl. Come on now, slowly in with your mouth, and out slowly with your nose, in.... out..." Sarah coached.

"They are going to need a new name, Timmy really doesn't fit." Elaine said moving back to the topic her friend had brought up before she moved into trying to teach the pervert some breathing technique.

"Mmmhmm," Sarah looked her life sized doll in their hazel eyes, nodding to herself now that they seemed more stable and at less risk of falling down before turning her head to look at her friend. "We can't keep calling you Tim, Timmy, Timothy... none of that fits, that's for sure."

With everything he felt incredibly lethargic, the day had started out with him overly excited with the chance to prove himself, to actually push things over the edge to win his place in the fraternity and now he was sitting in a pair of girl's bedroom wearing the panties he tried to steal, a bra filled with fake breasts that were glued to his chest, makeup on his face and his hair up in rollers. He was a prisoner, a position he willingly accepted as it seemed so much better than the alternative of being arrested, thrown out of school and having to face his parents about being on some sex offender list while

being expelled from college. The thing is though, the better option didn't make it a good option, he just wasn't spoiled for choices to choose between. "Tim is fine." he uttered, though his voice came out in something just slightly louder than a whisper.

Elaine tapped her chin as she looked at the boy. "Tina, maybe? Tiny Tina."

Sarah wrinkled her nose. "Too dated." she responded, turning back to the sitting boy, touching his hair to find it had dried enough to start removing the rollers from his hair.

"Talia?" Elaine offered.

Sarah considered the name as she started to remove the rollers from his hair. "Like the Batman villain? No, that isn't going to work."

Being talked about like he wasn't there wasn't something new to Tim, it had been something he dealt with his entire life, though this is the first time it had happened as he was trained like some dress up toy as others discussed a new name to use for him.

Elaine smirked and rolled her eyes at the reason the name was shot down. "Such a nerd, no one would... never mind, what about..." Snapping her fingers on her left hand Elaine pointed to the sitting boy. "Tracy?" she then snapped the fingers on her right hand and once more pointed at him as she spat off a second suggestion. "Tiffany?"

"Oh my god," Sarah laughed. "That's a stripper name. Which, okay, kinda works. But can imagine an excited voice calling out over a speaker... And put your hands together for next girl on stage to dance for you Tracy Tiffany!"

Hearing the mock voice Sarah put on, Elaine couldn't help giggle at the idea. "I mean one or the other, not both, but fine. What about Tammy? Otherwise we might need to move away from the theme of using the first letter of their name."

"Aww..." Tim spoke up, his head being pulled to the side as his hair was

pulled from another roller. “Do I get a say in this?”

“Sure.” Elaine shrugged, while Sarah gave her a confused look, not having even really considered giving the boy any options. She held out a hand to forestall Sarah’s complaints as she continued. “You can accept the name we give you, tell us that you love it and thank us for taking the time to give you a proper name, or we can be done and you are free to go, also free to be picked up by the cops.”

“Oh...” Tim’s word fell from his lips in a way that gave away how defeated he felt at the supposed offer.

Holding one of the rollers she had pulled from the freshman’s head in hand, Sarah stepped in front of him, her eyes roaming over him before her smile grew. “I think Tammy will really fit her. What do you think, Tammy, do you like your new name?”

Tim groaned. “Please...”

“Tammy it is,” Elaine declared, stepping to his other side to help with unpinning the rollers from the other side of his head. “Tammy with the soft little waves and curls in her golden blonde hair. Honestly, that name is going to suit her better than Timothy ever did. Now how about you make a decision, either you want the name Tammy or you can stick with that old stupid name that doesn’t suit you, what is it?”

Feeling his hair starting to fall and feeling a bit different, not that he could see it, Tim was literally getting the physical attention of two girls and it was more than he ever had in the past. Not that the attention he was getting was to his liking, but she was doubling down on her little offer and despite it being a choice, there really wasn’t one to make. “Tammy... You can call me Tammy, thank you for the pretty name.” he responded, feeling like he was betraying himself as he said it.

One by one, the two removed the rollers with a practiced rhythm. Each one slid free with a soft pop, revealing soft golden waves that cascaded downward, falling to brush his neck and collarbones. They had expected curls tight and bouncy, but instead, his hair fell in loose, flowing waves that

shimmered under the bedroom light.

“Ooooh,” Sarah breathed. “It’s not curly, it’s wavy. Maybe if we used hot rollers and kept them in longer...!” she said as she considered her own mistake.

Elaine fluffed a few sections with her fingers, watching the way they bounced and settled. “It’s actually better like this, Tammy is looking so pretty.”

Tim swallowed, his mouth dry and he was positive he could taste the pink lipstick that had been put on his lips as Elaine, an attractive girl just in her casual clothing was standing next to him, talking as if he was pretty. ‘Today is not a good day....’ he mentally bemoaned to himself.

Shimmying slightly Sarah pulled a dress from their shared closet, filled with such glee that she could hardly wait to get it on him. “Time to get you dressed Tammy, how do you like your new dress!?”

“What now?” he asked, his eyes large, already knowing the answer to his question as the taller girl pulled him back to standing.

“This.” Sarah unfolded the dress and let it fall, revealing a simple but unmistakably feminine outfit. White cotton dress, short sleeves, a pink shaded high collar with little black tassels in the shape of a twin little girls tie, with the majority of the dress itself being made to be something wrapped around him, tied off with a belt the same shade of pink as the collar.

“High up front with good coverage, but...” Sarah drew out the word, her smile only growing with each passing second. “The hemline’s a little short,” Sarah said excitedly. “So you might wanna watch how you bend over.”

Tim blinked at it. “I...I can’t wear that! It’s a dress!”

“Aww Tammy, I know you are used to being a tomboy, but someone as pretty as you coming out of her shell, this will do perfectly for you.... Plus you’re not exactly in a position to pick and choose, Tammy,” Elaine said

sweetly.

With no small amount of hesitation the first year college student tried to shift backwards, but didn't really have anywhere to go and as he moved he felt the shift in weight of the breast forms glued to his chest, making him feel stuck the second he felt it along with the pull of the bra straps along with so much more for his new experiences that he was far from used to. So... he obeyed.

The dress slipped easily around him, the soft light fabric practically gliding as it enveloped him. The cotton itself was soft against his waxed skin. It clung lightly to the curves he wasn't supposed to have, thanks to the corset and bra as the smaller girl pulled the garment tightly, tying off the pink sash like belt in place at his side. It wrapped around his body in a way that made him feel so much more girlish as it showed off a shape he shouldn't have. In the past he had never been excited about his light thin frame, and if he had worked at it... maybe, just maybe he could have been small but toned. Something masculine, but instead he was now wearing a dress that fell just short of mid thigh in its length.

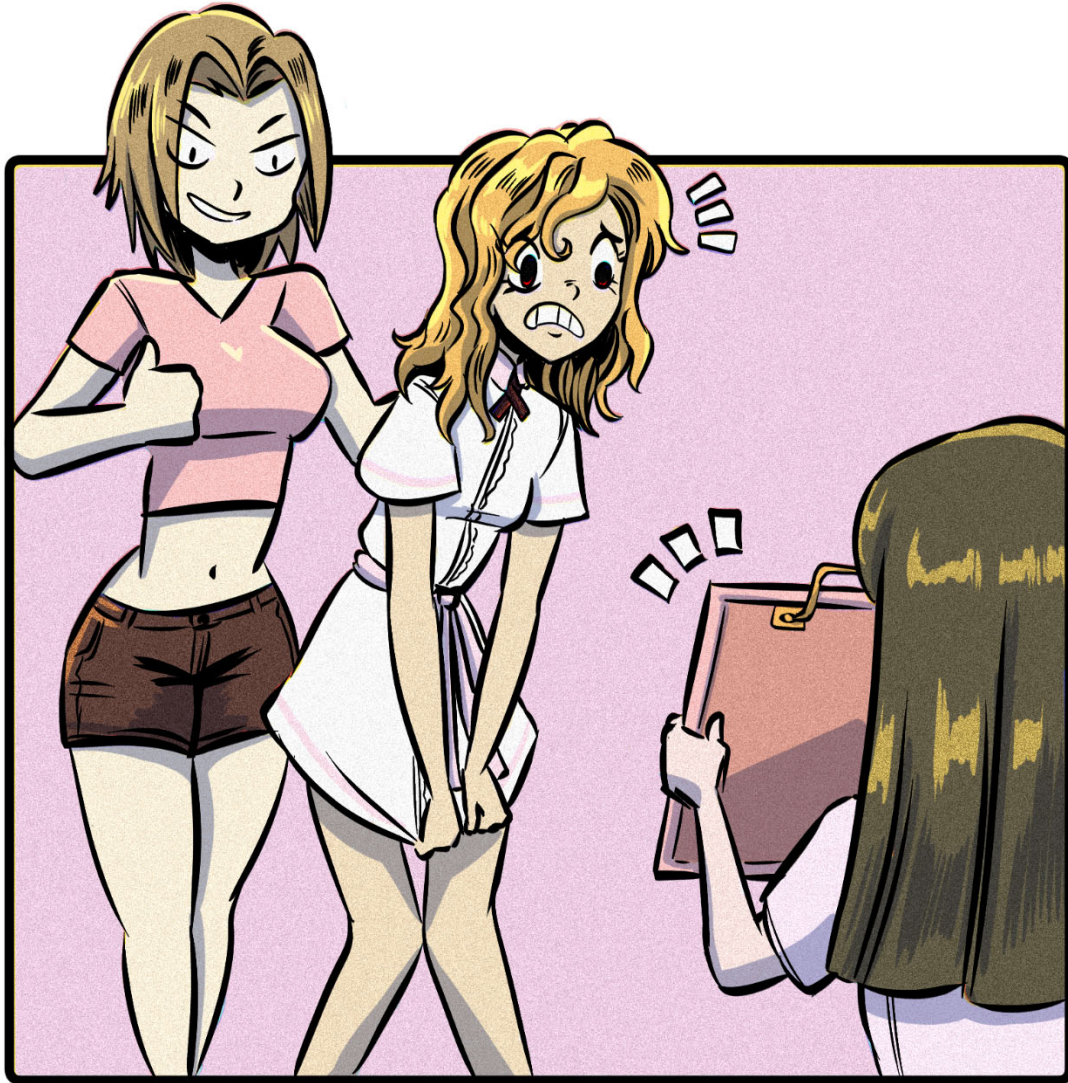
Tim's legs, his bare, smooth, hairless appendages were fully exposed from under the garment, making him feel somehow more exposed than he had been before he was wearing the dress. It covered the panties he was wearing, but it felt as if it was just barely doing that much even if it was plenty long enough to cover that area. Tugging at the hem, trying to pull it down, the skirt of the dress didn't budge.

There was already a mirror in the room, one that was attached to the vanity, but Sarah held up another, one smaller so that Tim could see what he looked like, all while Elaine put her hand on her victim's back, giving a thumbs up so he could see her as well next to him.

What he saw in the mirror was a girl staring back. A stranger, yet terribly familiar. Once more he found himself mesmerized by the sight of himself in the mirror, this time it was just more extreme. The girl's Golden waves fell loosely around her delicate face, cheeks faintly pink, lips full and glossy. Her hazel eyes were wide, framed in curled lashes and faint shimmer, making her eyes stand out and easy to look into. She appeared soft, pretty. The kind of girl boys noticed and remembered, someone gentle,

quiet, someone who would ask to borrow a pencil in class and smile in a way that made hearts stop.

He had grown up knowing he was never going to be some world class athlete with his slightly below average height and well below average muscle mass, but her.. Her body was petite, almost dainty in a way that worked for her. With her narrow waist pulled tight by the hidden corset made her look shapely beneath the white cotton wrap dress that while wasn't super tight on her was enough to show her B cup chest. Far as girls went, that didn't make her chest heavy, but it looked perfect with her small frame and at a height of five foot seven that he was all too familiar with. Then below the hemline of the dress her smooth legs that seemed so long on her body hung down from the all too short of a dress. All of this and she appeared timid, shy, unsure of herself. Her posture was not slouched but hesitant, like she didn't belong in the room and didn't know where to put her hands. A pretty girl who didn't seem to realize how pretty she actually was. The kind of girl a guy might be interested in because she didn't know how pretty she was just yet, the type of girl they would want to protect.



Tim's hands went instinctively to the hem of the dress, trying to tug it down, to cover more, to hide those exposed legs but no matter how he pulled, the dress refused to yield to become longer. 'No, no, no, no, nooooo...'

"Honestly, the best word I have..." Elaine slapped the feminized freshman on the back lightly. "Is wow, because you got it going on and you were wasted on being a boy. Like honestly, honestly, we are doing you a favor and I'm sure you don't feel that way right now, but I real and being honest."

Sarah put down the mirror on her bed, thinking about what they should do next while smirking at her friend's choice of words. "Honestly, honestly, like honestly because I'm honesty, seriously honest."

Elaine glowered in her shorter friend's direction. "Shut up or..." she started to say before Sarah cut her off before whatever threat she could come up with escaped her lips.

"You being honest about that?" The comment seemed playful to her, but didn't stop Elaine from moving away from Tim to grab a pillow off her own bed to throw at her.

Chapter 7

Tim shook his head slowly at first, the blonde girl with her wavy hair doing just as he did. Taking a few steps back he ended up falling to his ass atop one of the beds as the back of his legs hit the harder surface of the bed frame. He didn't exactly sit gingerly on the edge of the bed, him falling down while he couldn't help one of his hands still tugging at the hem of the white cotton wrap dress. It was a futile effort to make the garment longer while he was standing, but now sitting, having fallen down the fabric drifting up slightly letting more of his thighs, his shaven legs be exposed. Not that it was any comfort to him, he was able to pull it down slightly with it going up in the position he was in, though the corset cinched tight beneath the dress kept his back stiff, doing its job to keep the wearer's back with proper posture.

Seeing the younger boy take a few steps backwards before falling to his ass, Sarah held in a giggle, and stepped ever so slightly more forward so the person who tried to steal her panties, and ended up wearing them could still see their reflection. "Whats wrong Tammy? Don't you like your makeover?" While she could keep her giggle from escaping she had to way of controller herself enough to keep a bright toothy smile off her face. It really did surprise her just how pretty of a girl the freshman boy made. Odd as it was she felt herself more attracted to him than before, his cute boyish charms hadn't really registered to her with the violation he had caused, but now she could see it and see how it easily morphed. 'I'm not attracted to girls but... shit this is waking something up in me.' Sarah thought, despite it being a statement she was unsure of how she really felt, other than not wanting things to end.

Still unable to tear his eyes away from himself in the mirror, Tim was not so fully aware of his surroundings considering all that had happened to him he didn't truly catch that the brown haired girl had followed him, just the fact

that he wasn't able to get away from his own reflection. Pressing his lipstick covered lips together he whined slightly, finding that he could taste what had been smeared over his lips to make them appear so feminine and kissable, only adding more to his stress.

"You are looking good, but..." Elaine said having been rummaging under her own bed while Tim was lost in his own stress and visage. Pulling out a box she smirked, presenting the rectangle cardboard box. "Look what I got for you right here Tammy, you are going to just love these." She said pulling off the lid to the shoe box. The box itself wasn't in perfect condition, but inside was a pair of cream colored wedge heels. They gleamed slightly under the warm overhead light four inch high solid wedge an inch platform under the toe, crisscrossed with delicate leather straps designed to wrap across the toes, the foot and around the ankle, small silver buckles on each, though in truth only the top one had to be adjusted after it was setup for the wearer..

"No. No way," Tim muttered, inching back on the bed. The insulting name Tammy had gotten his attention, allowing him to pull his eyes away from the mirror, but seeing the offered footwear only made him feel like the situation was getting worse.

Elaine was still on her knees after pulling the box out from under her own bed and looked up at him with mock sympathy. "You are just so sweet Tammy, not wanting to borrow my shoes and I know you have been a tomboy for a while, but don't worry, I don't mind lending them to you. What are friends for after all... and I think we are going to be good friends Tammy. You would rather be friends with me than the alternative... wouldn't you?"

Putting the hand mirror to the side, Sarah wiggled her upper body slightly as she hopped up on the other bed to sit across from Tim, kicking her feet up one leg at a time playfully, her excitement needing a release. "You'll be fine. The wedge makes it easier than stilettos to walk in, believe me. I mean Elaine made me buy some for a charity event and I hated them, but she said I looked cute in them and maybe she wasn't lying, but I'm sure you will be super cute in the wedges. You've got dainty feet it's practically destiny."

"I'm not putting those on," he said again, but it lacked conviction.

Elaine rolled her eyes and stood. “I asked you a direct question Tammy. You are going to answer it or our little game will come to an end”

Tim bit the inside of his cheek, his options had stopped being real hours ago. It really only boiled down to legal and life altering suffering or embarrassment beyond what he could imagine as options and even those two were no real option at all. “You... you two aren’t going to tell anyone about me are you?”

“Hmm.” Sarah tapped her chin, the tip of her finger just reaching her lips as she pretended to consider the question. “I guess that depends on you Tammy. We aren’t going to tell anyone about a pervert boy trying to steal my panties after breaking into our house, I mean why would we do that when we have a pretty girl like you that is going to pledge our sorority. So long as you are around Taaammmyyy.” Sarah drew out the name before continuing. “I don’t see a reason why we would tell anyone.”

Despite her friend’s playful attitude Elaine spoke a bit harsher, following up on what she said fast enough that there wasn’t enough time for a full breath. “Though that can change if Tammy doesn’t answer the questions and in the way I want to hear them answered.” She answered, getting back to her feet and glaring at the feminized young man.

“Friends? Yeah, we are friends, total friends, best friends, you are practically my sister. Borrowing shoes, yes, in fact yes please. I would love to, really, umm, yes, I mean, yes please?” The words just came spilling out of Timothy’s mouth, one word after another much like how he often spoke when he was actually excited about something, though this time it was his mind just spitting out one word after another as he rushed to accept the offer instead of the threat at what could happen. He had already accepted so much because of the threat, him even balking at things by asking the question was borrowing trouble far as his mind told him, though only bringing it to his attention after he had already asked it.

He watched as Elaine box in hand took the very few steps from her bed that she had pulled the shoe box out from, that Sarah was currently sitting on and came to him. She knelt in front of him again and took his right foot in her hand. Her hand moving like this was just a normal casual thing that happened, while to him her fingers felt so tender and intimate as she took

his foot into her hand. Sliding the first shoe on, it at an angle as it sleep on, her tightening the strap across his toes, then another along the top of his foot, and finally finishing off the last tiny silvered buckle around his ankle.

It felt ridiculous, the way his foot was forced at an angle his foot to arch unnaturally, even if the inch platform made the four inch height not as bad as it could, though this being the first time he had worn heels, he didn't know how much the girls were saving him from that level of punishment. Moments later he watched as the process was repeated with his other foot, the girl with dirty blonde hair humming quietly to herself as she slipped his feet into her own shoes.

Done with putting his feet into the shoes, Elaine grabbed them both by the thick platform and swung his feet from left to right. "Adorable. Now stand up for me Tammy. Since you want to be our friend there is more we can do to help you fit in."

Tim hesitated, then rose slowly, the change in height was jarring along with how the footwear forced his feet at an angle making him feel like he was going to topple forward. Right away he started to wobble, his arms flung out for balance as his knees locked awkwardly, his body instinctively struggling to keep himself from falling.

"Careful," Sarah said with a grin. "Tammy, those aren't stilts, take a breath and stop freaking out."

Elaine snorted. "She's like a new born deer, wait... Damn, you know going with the name Bambi could have been perfect."

Tim didn't speak as he struggled, hardly having enough mental space to grasp what was being said as his eyes went wide at the idea of being called Bambi like some stripper as he tried not to fall down as he stood for the first time in high heels. Wedges were easier than some heels, but jumping from no experience to wearing four inch wedge heels was still something very new to the nineteen year old boy. His feet instantly ached from the pressure, it wasn't real pain, just something new he hadn't been used to. While the leather straps hugged his skin snugly, keeping the footwear in place and practically locking them on him.

As he stood there getting his balance time stretched, every second felt like an hour, balancing awkwardly in Elaine's wedge sandals while the too short cotton dress clung to his reshaped torso. The overhead light caught the cream leather of the straps and along with the artificial sheen of the gloss on his lips.

"Alright Tammy," Elaine clapped her hands once and pointed to the open area of the floor between the beds. "Time to teach you how to sound like the pretty girl you look like."

Tim blinked. "What?"

Elaine rolled her eyes, the captured boy fitting so much into the role of a ditzy girl that couldn't stay focused on anything happening around her that just made her giggle inside, not that she wanted to show her own amusement, wanting to look like the stern one in charge. "In a little bit we will work on you walking like a proper girl instead of the tomboy you are, but for now I want you to stand in the center of our bedroom while we work on your tomboy voice. Elaine raised an eyebrow as she looked at him taking a small hesitant step to where she pointed. "When you talk I'm sure you will sound like a scared dude in a dress, Tammy. We're going to fix that."

While Sarah grabbed some gray duct tape, putting a strip across the floor, Elaine moved to their shared desk to grab a notebook and flipped to a new sheet of paper, pretending to read from it like she had everything already set up, instead of how she was writing things now as she thought of them. "Repeat after me," she said with exaggerated patience. "Say it soft, Say it like you're shy, maybe a little flirty."

"Umm, say what?" Tim shifted, feeling like his ankle was about to twist as he took another small steps, looking down at his feet to not kill himself.

Elaine shook her head, glancing over to her friend and giving her a look that could be taken as a phrase on its own of "Can you believe what I'm working with?" before she actually answered him. "I haven't said what yet, now listen girl, what I want you to say is the following." She stopped talking and just stared at him long enough, till the silence in the room dragged on, but when he finally looked her way she continued. "Hi! My name is Tammy!"

“Seriously?” Timothy asked as Sarah finished laying a line of tape on the carpeted floor.

“That isn’t what I told you to say, follow directions, so yes, seriously. You might be a ditzy girl, but I need you to at least make an attempt to do as I say.”

Sarah stepped in, her tone lighter, more coaxing. “It’s okay. Just pretend you’re introducing yourself to some cute boy in class. Smile like you’re hoping he sits next to you.” She didn’t have the same confidence others in her sorority did, or they at least pretended to have, but it was similar advice she had been given about pretending to be confident.

Tim grimaced and tried. “Hi, my name is Tammy.”

Elaine winced. “Oof. Tammy sounds like she got hit in the head with a brick. Stupid and dull.”

Sarah stifled a laugh. “Try again, but this time... make your voice a little breathier. Softer. Like you’re not sure if he noticed your new lip gloss, but your just happy he is paying attention to you.”

Tim looked at the darker haired girl like she was crazy, this being the second time in less than a minute that her advice to speak like a girl revolved around him wanting a boy’s attention. “Hi... my name is Tammy?”

Sarah clapped her hands together. “Yes! That was almost cute.”

Elaine grinned. “It was shit and she isn’t even trying. Don’t give her credit she hasn’t earned. This time smile while you say it.”

He repeated himself, then again. The few repetitions not exactly being what either of the girls were looking for. “I can’t do this... I’m a boy, I don’t sound like a girl!” Tim said feeling emotionally tired, the rest of his body following suit.

“Aww.” Sarah pouted, moving over to give the feminized boy a quick hug. “I know this is tough, but you don’t have a deep voice or anything and what

boy wears makeup, a dress and cute shoes around a sorority?”

Before he could answer Elaine piped in to add more fuel to the fire. “Besides, what boy has a name like Tammy? Just because you are a tomboy doesn’t mean you are a boy. Just do as we tell you and you will have the boy’s attention before you know it.”

The two proceeded to continue to tease Tim, making him try the phrase five more times, commentary all along the way before them accepting his attempt.

“Hi! my names...” he averted his eyes and shrugged on shoulder, speaking with a softer, but not higher pitch voice as he forced a smile on his face. “is Tammy!”

“Step in the right direction! Now add a little giggle at the end, oh but... say it like you just got asked to prom.” Sarah clapped her hands together, her excitement plain to see to both the others. “Flirtier! Pretend you’re twirling your hair!”

Sarah held up a hand before Tim even tried to do as he was told, interrupting him. “No wait, do that but do it with a new phrase, try this... Oh my gosh, that’s so funny!”

Tim blinked, his own eyes feeling heavier than they should thanks to the makeup on them, even if it wasn’t much it was noticeable. “Why?”

“Just do it,” Elaine said. “Or we can go with the reason that you want to. You do want to, right Tammy?”

Still standing in the middle of the room, his stomach turning uneasily, as if the words coming out of his own mouth were making him sick he nodded to her. “Oh my gosh, that’s so funny!” he turned his head slightly, cocking it to the side while touching the ends of his now wavy blonde hair.

Sarah smiled. “Not bad, but maybe add that giggle I mentioned.” she considered before adding more instruction. “Now pretend your crush just bumped into you and apologized, say It’s okay, I will pay more attention to

someone cute like you in the future.”

Tim repeated the phrase, this time automatically softening his voice, it wasn't like it was second nature to him, not by a long shot, but he had found the right register of his voice and tone that kept them happy, or at least happier so that he didn't have to repeat the same phrase over and over again.

“There we go,” Elaine nodded. “She's learning, a brain dead bimbo can learn after all.”

The three continued on with repetition, giggling, exaggeration and much more teasing as they coaxed him to more ridiculous phrases. “Oh no, I totally forgot!”

“Stop it, you're bad!”

“Do you like my dress? It's new!”

“Aww, your cute can I sit in your lap... I mean next to you?”

Even as he felt like he was dying on the inside he adapted to what the two wanted, like he was some doll and they were pulling the string that made it... him talk. Despite one of the descriptors they used for him was a shy girl, none of the phrases really fit that mold as far as he was concerned. He wasn't what kind of shy girl would tell a boy they were bad in a flirty way or supposedly accidentally slip up and ask to sit in their lap.

Just as Sarah was coaching the dress wearing boy through yet more exaggerated lines, the faint creak of the front door opening echoed up the stairs and into the bedroom. Muffled voices followed at least a pair of girls returning from home to the sorority, their laughter and conversation unmistakable.

Elaine's head snapped toward the door, her expression hardening for an instant. “Shit,” she hissed, tossing the notebook on the bed, revealing her cramped handwriting that she had rushed to write down of the speaking exercise. Crossing the room in a few steps she cracked the bedroom door to listen for a moment before half spinning back toward Sarah and Tim. “Looks like we aren't alone anymore and I'm not ready to introduce the new girl to everyone.”

Tim's eyes went wide. "What!? Introduce me?" He stumbled backward, nearly twisting his ankle in the wedges as panic gripped him. "I can't let them see me like this!"

Elaine rolled her eyes. "I'm happy you referenced yourself when I said you were the new girl, but you have a bit of a listening problem Tammy, I said I wasn't ready, not you were ready. How about you make less noise and continue your lessons, I'm going to stall them... well spend time with them. She is all yours Sarah."

Sarah nodded eagerly, already pulling Tim by the hand toward the duct tape strip she'd laid down earlier on the carpet. "You've got this, Tammy," she said in a sing-song voice.

"But...but..." he stuttered, his head on a swivel between Elaine leaving the bedroom and closing the door behind her and to the shorter girl that pulled him to his starting position. She was already shorter than him by a few inches, but with the shoes he practically towered over her, not that he was steady at all in the footwear.

"No buts." Elaine cut him off, already halfway out the door, moving it so that anyone walking by wouldn't see past her. "Make sure she walks like she owns those heels. Like she was born to wear them."

The door clicked shut leaving the tortured boy alone with the overly eager college girl. The sounds of the other coeds downstairs filtered faintly through the floorboards.

"I'm not ready for this," Tim whispered, his breathing was shallow, the corset doing nothing to help him catch his breath.

Sarah gave him a sympathetic look but didn't let go of his hand. "I know, but we can't stop now. If anyone comes up here, it's better if they see a girl practicing her walk in cute heels instead of a weirdo in drag panicking in the corner. Now don't try to take so many rapid breaths, you are going to faint."

"But I..."

“Nope. Chin up, shoulders back. Corset’s already helping with that, lucky you.” She winked.

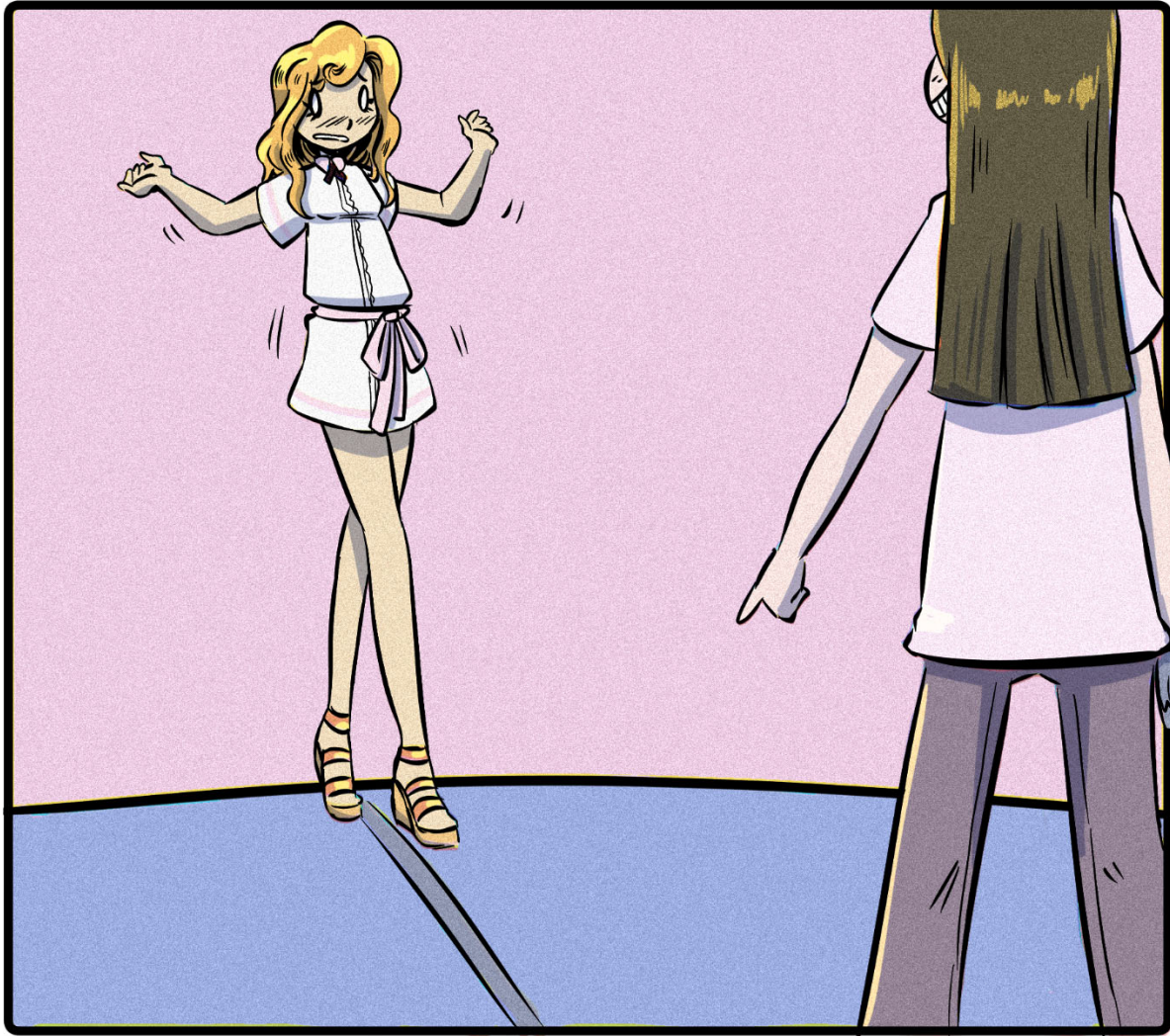
Tim whimpered. “I just wanted to join a fraternity... make some friends. Not... this.”

“I know,” Sarah said softly. “But the friends you were trying to make are the ones who sent you into a sorority house to steal panties, letting you give in to those perverted ideas... I think this is still better than getting arrested.”

He didn’t respond, his throat tightened as he looked down at the wedges strapped to his feet, the cream colored straps standing out against his smooth, hairless skin.

“Alright Tammy,” Sarah said more gently. “Start at this end of the tape.” she pointed to the floor where she had him stand. “One foot in front of the other, like you’re walking on a balance beam. Small steps, okay? Pretend your knees don’t lock. And let your hips move a little.”

Tim exhaled shakily, taking his first steps, or at least his first walk as he was instructed. Shifting his leg so that he put his right foot in front of his left, trying to follow the straight path of the taped line. Immediately he wobbled, arms flailing slightly, and allowing Sarah to catch him before he could fall.



“Okay. Not bad, just... try again. Less panic, more grace. Imagine you’re walking to your crush at prom. You want him to see you sway.”

The imagery wasn’t helpful, but at least he had the comfort that the girl teasing him wasn’t nearly as scary as the other, small comfort that it was. He tried a second time, and then a third, having to start over at the beginning each time, no steps really better than the first. Each step was still shaky, but by the twentieth or so try he at best could say it was a little more controlled. The awkward bend in his ankles felt unnatural, like his muscles were rebelling.

“Better, though not good, but you got this. Now keep your arms relaxed, not

like you're crossing a tightrope, no looking down at your feet, and you need to smile a little. Tammy, you're supposed to be enjoying this, remember?"

He muttered something under his breath, but obeyed. His lips turned up in a weak imitation of a smile as he walked a few more steps across the imaginary runway slash balance beam.

Sarah clapped lightly. "Yes!" She pointed at her real life doll with boy fingers. "That's it! Keep going, I want you walking back and forth until I say stop." she said he had it, but there was a great deal of work to do as far as she was concerned.

He turned at the end of the strip, stopping to keep his balance and not twist his ankle as he began to retrace his path. Each step a challenge, each wobble a reminder of how far removed he was from the boy who snuck into this house hours ago.

While he paced, Sarah sat cross-legged on the bed to be more comfortable as she kept up her constant commentary. "Heels make the girl. Imagine every click of your step says 'look at me.' And don't stomp. Step, glide, sway."

Tim bit his lip and tried again. His face burned with embarrassment, but somehow he kept going. He walked the tape line, pivoted, walked again. The sounds of the girls below echoed now and then, but none of them climbed the stairs.

"See?" Sarah said after his fifth semi successful pass. "You're starting to get the hang of it. Who knew Tammy would have such a cute little wiggle?"

He groaned. "Please don't say that."

She grinned. "You'd rather I say you walk like a baby giraffe? Oh no, I mean a baby deer and call you Bambi?" the dark haired girl corrected herself, remembering the earlier comment that seemed to bother him, making his face blush all cute like.

"...No."

“Exactly. So quit whining, Tammy. Show me those dainty steps... smile and when you get to the end I want you to tell me how you love how cute you look tonight.”

He walked again and again, him feeling somehow even more nervous than he had before when the pretty... meaner girl was in the room as he spoke in the manner they have been trying to drill into him. “I love how cute I look tonight!” The phrase was repeated, even as the burn in his calves started, though it was nowhere near as bad compared to the sting in his pride.

And still Sarah smiled. “You’re doing great, ready to get even better?!”

Chapter 8

The question posed to him, Tim shuddered as the girl looked at him looking so happy despite the plight of his situation. Was he ready to do even better, the dress wearing teen didn’t want to do better at talking and walking like a girl. Though doing so was his only hope of having a real future. “Sure am, though I’m trying to do better than... better.” he said smiling brightly, though it came across as looking more than a little awkward.

The smile still firmly in place, Sarah turned her head slightly to the side, very much enjoying him playing along with things and not just repeating what she told him to. She wished his smile was something more genuine, she was having so much fun and it would only make it better if he enjoyed it as much as her. Still this was the pervert, even if they were a sort of forced pervert, so she was going to give him a correction when the doorknob to the bedroom clicked and turned.

Tim’s head whipped around, panic rising until Elaine stepped back into the room with her usual composed confidence. Her eyes flicked from Sarah, sitting cross legged on the bed, grinning like a proud coach, to Tim, still standing unsteadily near the duct tape line, him smiling though in a way that made it clear how awkward he felt.

“We’re good,” Elaine announced with a little wave of her hand. “They’re hanging out downstairs watching some Netflix trash and trying to pick ice

cream from the twenty four hour diner. No one's coming up." She paused and bobbed her head from left to right slightly. "They might go to bed, but they won't be coming in here, that is the point."

Exhaling shakily, Tim felt a rush of relief flooding through him, though it was quickly punctured by Sarah speaking up that left him feeling like he was standing on pins and needles despite the truth not being much better with him wearing the girly footwear.

"That is good news..." she started to say before her own body interrupted her with a long yawn, stretching her arms overhead in a slow, dramatic arc before letting herself fall back onto the bed with a bounce. "I so wanted to keep going." She said to Elaine while physically looking up to the ceiling as she lay on the bed. "I was gonna have Tammy strut down that tape like she was auditioning for a Victoria's Secret catalog, maybe do a twirl, blow a kiss or two or twelve..."

Elaine yawned in reaction to seeing her friend yawn tiredly, double checking that the bedroom door was fully shut. "You can do that tomorrow. I'm beat."

Sarah sat up slightly, looking toward her friend, half pouting. "Seriously? But we were just getting to the fun part."

Elaine walked past her captive, over to her bed and tossed herself down with a quiet grunt. "We've had her playing as our sorority doll for hours, my brain's fried. She's fried. You're hyper and overly tired at the same time. And yet, I don't trust what you'd make Tammy do if I let you keep going."

Tim stood frozen, a strange lightness creeping into his chest. 'Is it over?' he mentally asked himself, his legs trembling inside the wedge heels, his body aching under the lingering pressure of the corset. His lips still tingled faintly from all the gloss and repetition, and yet, somehow, hope flickered behind his eyes.

"Wait..." he said, voice cautious. "So... are we done?"

Sarah propped herself up with her arms, sitting up slightly more than before,

her smile a little too mischievous. “Aww, does Tammy wanna go home?”

“I...I mean, yeah? Maybe?” He looked between them, unsure whether to feel grateful or braced for another trap.

Elaine tilted her head to the side, using one hand to help crack her neck before answering the question. “We’re going to let you get some rest, Tammy. You’ve had a big day, with the pervert coming into this room and you wanting help to be the pretty girl you always were on the inside.” She paused, locking eyes with the blond boy. “But don’t think that means we’re letting you run off into the night.”

Tim’s stomach dropped, his relief premature, his own hope and expectations feeling like a self betrayal. “So I can’t leave?”

Sarah giggled and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. “Silly girl. Of course not.” she answered as if the entire thing had been planned and they weren’t making it up as things went along.

Elaine added to it, her own voice firmer.. “We’re not stupid. You think we’re just gonna hand you back your boy clothes and hope you keep your mouth shut? Still, you should be more worried about us keeping our mouths shut.”

Tim shrank slightly at her tone, his hands unconsciously tugging at the hem of the dress that touched his thighs.

“We’ll get you cleaned up,” Elaine added with false cheer. “You’ll be much more comfy in your sleepover outfit.”

Sarah clapped lightly, her eyes gleaming. “Slumber partyyyyy!”

Tim felt that same chill crawl up his spine. Whatever break he thought he was getting, it wasn’t freedom. Just a different flavor of the same control.

Elaine grimaced, holding two fingers up like she was pinching in the air, a small gap between them. “Tone it down just a little Sarah, I mean...”

Sarah nodded, feeling like a child all over again, tired but too excited to want to go to sleep the night before Christmas.

Elaine ran her fingers through her hair with a tired sigh and shifted to the edge of her bed. “Alright, Tammy. Time to get you ready for bed.”

Tim wasn’t sure what they were going to do next and didn’t want to have hope that it would be positive. “Wait...what does that mean?” He took a half-step back, nearly stumbling in the heels once more.

“Exactly what it sounds like,” Elaine said with a tired smirk. “You’re not sleeping in that dress. We’re not monsters.”

Sarah clapped once, already hopping off her bed with newfound energy, not that she truly had any to spare after the emotional roller coaster of her evening. “But everything else stays on, of course. I mean, c’mon...Tammy can’t just run around braless.”

“Or un-corseted,” Elaine added, standing and walking toward him. “That would ruin your posture, we just started your waist training after all.”

“Wait, no, can’t I just...” The distraught boy’s voice sounded much closer to a whimper.

“Arms up,” Sarah interrupted, grabbing the hem of the wrap dress before he could protest again.

“W-Wait, seriously?!” he exclaimed as it seemed like she was just going to pull the dress up and expose himself in the panties. It wasn’t about modesty, they had put him in them after all, but that didn’t mean he wanted to be left exposed like that again.

“Do you want us to not help you out of this thing?” Elaine raised an eyebrow, only just now getting up from her bed, moving much slower than Sarah.

Tim groaned, his cheeks burning with embarrassment as he raised his arms, the hem of the dress sliding up and over his hips, exposing the full

view of the pink thong he had tried to steal and now wore and the tight lace of Elaine's bra holding the glued breast forms firm to his chest. The corset wrapped around him from hip to ribs, still perfectly cinched and immovable beneath it all.

The dress came off Sarah tossed it onto her bed casually, while Elaine circled him, appraising the outfit underneath. "Not bad. Sleep chic." she said, it a nonsense sentence she was trying to just mess with the blushing feminized college freshman.

Sarah giggled. "Still gotta do something about that face though. Every girl knows you shouldn't sleep in your makeup, it is bad for your skin, right Tammy?"

"Yeah..." Timothy answered, not enjoying being referred to as a girl even as he flinched when Sarah approached with a packet of makeup wipes. She gently cupped his chin, tilting his head up as she began to wipe away the layers of blush, powder, and gloss.

"There," Sarah said with a satisfied grin as she finished. "Bare faced beauty."

"Not quite done." Elaine held up a bright blue scrunchie in one hand and a yellow one in the other. "Pigtails. She needs the full tween-at-a-sleepover look."

"I do?" Tim muttered the question, but he didn't resist as Elaine guided him to sit on the edge of the bed and began sectioning off his hair. The soft waves they'd set hours earlier still held shape, and she gathered each side into tight, high pigtails, securing them with a playful tug.

"Awwww," Sarah cooed, cupping her hands under her chin. "You look adorable. Like... slumber party Barbie with her accessories."

Tim groaned but didn't argue. His humiliation felt complete, though he was afraid that despite being at rock bottom he would find out he could go lower.

Elaine stepped back and nodded. "Alright, pajamas are on." she gestured to the oversized Tri Sigma T-shirt Sarah handed him.

He slipped it over his head, the hem falling slightly lower than the dress he had been wearing, giving him an idea that it had belonged to the taller of the two girls. The tightness of the corset underneath caused the shirt to hang awkwardly, highlighting the fake but very visible curves of his chest and cinched waist, making it appear that he had a natural feminine form.

"Perfect," Sarah said brightly. "Now grab your blanket, Tammy. We've got the perfect spot picked out for you."

Elaine knelt down between the two beds and started moving aside a laundry basket and an empty duffel bag, clearing a small patch of floor. "Alright Tammy," she said, patting the carpet like she was inviting a dog to sit. "Here's your little nest for the night."

Tim stared at the space in disbelief. "Okay..." he didn't argue, he had a bed, well a bunkbed at the frat but still had to sleep on the floor the other night as part of their week. So at least it wouldn't be worse... or at least it wouldn't if he was wearing his normal clothing. Telling others that he slept with some sorority girls would earn him some cred, but only if let out a great deal of information.

Sarah tossed a thin blanket into his arms when he hadn't taken it when she offered, followed by a pillow that barely looked fuller than a couch cushion. "What? You're lucky we didn't stick you in the hallway. Besides, think of it like a campout! With your two new besties."

"Wish that was actually true..." Tim muttered to himself, the idea of having two girls be his friends at college would be nice, real nice, even give him a chance to hook up with them or one of their friends they set him up with... heck just having besties... best friends would be a step up, but that wasn't actually happening at all. Clutching the blanket he looked down at the cleared spot between their beds. His sides still ached from the rigid corset, that it being there, but from just how tightly it had been pulled, his feet throbbed in the shoes he'd been forced to wear, as they forced his feet to stay at an angle he was not used to. 'Its fine... just wait till they fall a sleep and I can slip out. Take off the shoes and then make a run for it, no, no.

Slow steady movements, don't want to wake them up. Will they call the police in the morning? Wait, where are my clothes? I need to get my wallet so that way they can't prove it was me.' Fragments of a plan ran through his mind as he tried to think his way out of the situation that he had gotten himself into.

"Ready to be tucked in?" Elaine chimed in as she picked up the roll of duct tape that had been used before.

Tim's breath hitched. "Wait, what's the tape for?"

Sarah gave him a playful grin, one that made him feel a little sick. "Oh, this? Just a little extra security. You didn't think we'd trust you to behave yourself all night, did you?"

"Security? I'm not going anywhere!" he protested, stepping back and clutching the blanket and pillow to his chest like it might shield him, and hiding the guilty look on his face.

Elaine grabbed his wrist with practiced ease and began wrapping a loop of tape around it before he could yank it away, causing the objects he held to fall to the floor. "We've heard that before, but boys can't be trusted. That is why we want to keep Tammy around, one less perverted boy on the compass." Her tone was light, but the tape still tore as she finished one wrist and moved to the other.

Sarah helped guide him down to sit, then laid his ankles side by side. "Let's not make a fuss. It's not like we're tying you to a radiator."

"Yet," Elaine added, "not that there is a radiator in the room."

Despite the half hearted jokes, the tape held firm as it was pressed snugly around his calves, then his thighs. It didn't cover his entire newly shaved legs, just two small bindings that didn't cut off circulation, but it made it very clear that sneaking away in the night wasn't an option. Not without loud rustling or a very awkward shuffle that would wake them both.

As Sarah pulled the blanket up over him, tucking it in a little too cheerily,

Tim lay stiffly on his back, arms pinned close, legs held nearly together. Even shifting slightly was difficult. The soft cotton of the oversized t-shirt clung awkwardly to the corset's boning beneath. His pigtails splayed out on the pillow, a cruel little flourish to finish off the look.

"Sweet dreams, Tammy," Sarah whispered, flicking the bedroom light switch to plunge the room into soft darkness.

"Yeah," Elaine added from her own bed. "Don't stay up, you need your beauty sleep."

Tim closed his eyes, his mind spinning as he listened to their beds creak faintly while the girls settled in.

Laying motionless beneath the blanket, arms pinned awkwardly at his sides, legs taped together. Every inch of him ached, the corset compressed his torso with every shallow breath, his calves throbbed from his little walking training. He was sure that if he went through more even his cheeks would hurt from all the fake smiling. The oversized Tri Sigma shirt clung uncomfortably to his frame, its hem barely brushing past the tight panties that he didn't want to be wearing despite how soft they were compared to his normal underwear.

He tried to shift but only managed a small twitch. He could move from his back to his side, but the tape around his thighs and calves didn't leave much room for anything beyond slight wiggling in place. The pillow beneath his head was at least soft and comfortable, though having his hair pulled into pigtails in an unwelcomed way was unwelcomed.

His thoughts swirled like leaves in a storm for how his day had gone. Just this morning, he had been scrubbing grout in the frat house bathroom with a toothbrush, joking with another pledge about how being hazed was just part of brotherhood. He remembered thinking that once initiation was over, he'd have real friends, people he was bonding with right now, guys who'd back him up, who'd invite him to parties, who'd help him finally find his place. That was the goal, that was the dream.

Now Timothy found himself laying on the carpeted floor of a sorority house

bedroom, his wrists taped together, wearing a bra stuffed with breast forms that were glued to his chest, hair in pigtails and wearing panties he had originally come to steal as the last step in his initiation. Least he was pretty sure it was the last step, the conversation he had earlier felt vague with how excited he was about the task before and how it had gone.

His lips trembled. 'How had it gone so wrong?' He tried to piece it all together, sneaking in, getting caught, being called a pervert, the waxing, the makeup, the dress, the voice training, the shoes. Each moment seemed too bizarre to be real. Like some absurd, humiliating fever dream he couldn't wake from.

And yet... it had all happened. Tim knew the option to tell the girls no, or to be firm to tell them to go to hell... but that wasn't him, the consequences felt dire. Really his best shot would probably have been to just run before they knew who he actually was, where he had come from, but he hadn't done that. Tim knew he was a coward, he had things he wanted within his grasp and now he didn't know what was going to happen.

They had him looking like a girl and it sadly wasn't some magic, he was hardly a man or at least it felt that way right now. It wasn't some joke, like when a football player put on a dress with his broad shoulders and hair legs sticking out from the bottom. No, when he saw himself in the mirror, it wasn't just makeup and lighting, he saw a girl. He saw who they had dubbed Tammy.

He doubted anyone outside that room would've known it was Timothy Thompson they were looking at. The weary teen thought of his pledge brothers, to his friends... really just school mates he had grown up with back home and even his own mother. Doubt is what went through his mind on if they would call out his own name if he walked by them and it only made more feelings well up. The realization brought a fresh wave of shame that somehow felt deeper than everything else. His mind jumped to wild ideas as he laid there in the dark bedroom. Could he sneak out after they slept? Could he find his old clothes? Could he just... forget this ever happened?

But every path he imagined ended with disaster. They still had his ID, his phone, his clothes. They'd seen his face, his body, his reaction to every bit of

this. He wasn't just trapped physically he was trapped in the moment, in the secret, in the persona they had stitched around him piece by piece.

Tim wanted to cry, he wanted to scream at his own powerlessness.

Instead, he just laid there, staring at the ceiling, the dull ache in his legs matching the deeper emotional pain in his chest.

Chapter 9

Tim ran like his legs had a timer on them, every stride powered by pure panic and the knowledge that he couldn't keep this pace much longer. His breath came in sharp bursts, the night air tasting like tin, his sneakers slapping against the gravel strewn rooftop in uneven rhythm. He hadn't seen whoever was chasing him, hadn't even caught more than a blur in his peripheral vision, yet he knew, with the same bone deep certainty that told him fire was hot, that there was more than one person chasing him. Worse if they caught him... that was it. Game over, life as he knew it, gone.

The rooftops of the buildings he ran across stretched ahead in an uneven patchwork slabs of tar, gravel, and rusted vents, the gaps between them more like panels in a comic strip than real architecture. Moonlight pooled in strange, perfect circles on the surfaces, every shadow looked drawn in with thick ink. It reminded him of those old Saturday morning cartoons, characters dashing across rooftops that bent the rules of physics, scenery looping if the chase went on too long. It should've been ridiculous, but the absurdity settled into place with that slippery, unquestioning logic dreams always had. Somehow, in this moment, this cartoon like rooftop world made sense.

His heart jackhammered as he spotted the next gap ahead, a manageable leap of only a few feet, doable under normal circumstances. There was a

line of pigeon spikes strung along the far edge, glinting like a mouth full of crooked silver teeth. It didn't scare him; in fact, a weird confidence bubbled up from somewhere in his gut. He could clear it. He knew he could clear it and perhaps it would even slow down his pursuers.

He looked back, like had done dozens of times, feeling like he needed to make sure he stayed ahead, but like every time before, he didn't see anyone despite knowing they were there somewhere. At most he had caught hints of movement, a glimpse at a silhouette and despite not really seeing who was out there, he knew whoever was out there was smiling from the thrill of the chase.

It was then he heard a name called in a sing song feminine voice.

“Taaaammyy...” It hadn't been shouted, It was more sung and drawn out, sticky sweet. The way cartoon villains sometimes crooned a hero's name. The sound sliced through him, tripping some primal nerve, and his foot caught on a loose brick at the roof's edge. It wasn't his name, but at the same time he knew those speaking were calling out to him.

The momentary distraction was too much, he pitched forward with a yelp as his foot hit the edge of the roof, missing his timing to jump as he had kept running. Tim spun his arms around in windmills, them whirling about almost fast enough to be propellers as he tried to catch his balance, but it didn't come. The moon swung sideways, and then the rest of the world followed.

Tim's stomach lurched as his momentum carried him forward off the rooftop. His first panic was sharp and specific, he was going to land right on

the pigeon spikes. He could already picture himself skewered, not in pain or dead, but stuck like a ragdoll on display. Despite the terrible turn of luck with the fall the moment of dread never landed. Instead, he dropped just past the row of spikes and rammed hard into a taut metal coax cable that caught him across the chest that knocked the breath out of him as it refused to budge. On instinct he gripped onto the cable to not fall despite his breath being knocked out of him. His own momentum caused him to spin forward over it at a rapid pace like a gymnast on fast forward.

It wasn't a singular slow spin, disorienting revolution after revolution that caused everything to whip around him rapidly. Things whipping past him so fast the skyline became streaks of gray and white. The world blurred each spin punctuated by the faint, awful ripping sound as the fabric of his clothing gave way a little more with each turn as his clothing got caught on the very spikes he had been worried he was going to be impaled upon. His hoodie tore first, fluttering away in strips, his T-shirt shredded cotton peeling off his back in the rush of wind. At the same time the denim of his jeans gave way, splitting down the seams with a sharp pop that made him flinch.

By the third rotation, he wasn't sure which way was up. Tim flailed uselessly, sneakers on his feet going flying as he kicked empty air, the disorientation of it all leaving him once more succumbing to gravity. The cold night air slapped at bare skin that hadn't been bare seconds before. Somehow, the humiliation of being naked got through his dizzy mind even as birds seemed to be spinning just over and around his head, that he was pretty sure was a mental illusion even as a blush came to his face. Yet still

he twirled through the air towards another line strung between the building to dry laundry.

The laundry line hit him before he even had time to register what it was.

One moment, the world was still a whirling smear of rooftops and stars, the next something soft yet unyielding snapped tight across his hips. The impact yanked him forward mid-fall, the cord stretching just enough to stop him from plunging before snapping him back like a slingshot.

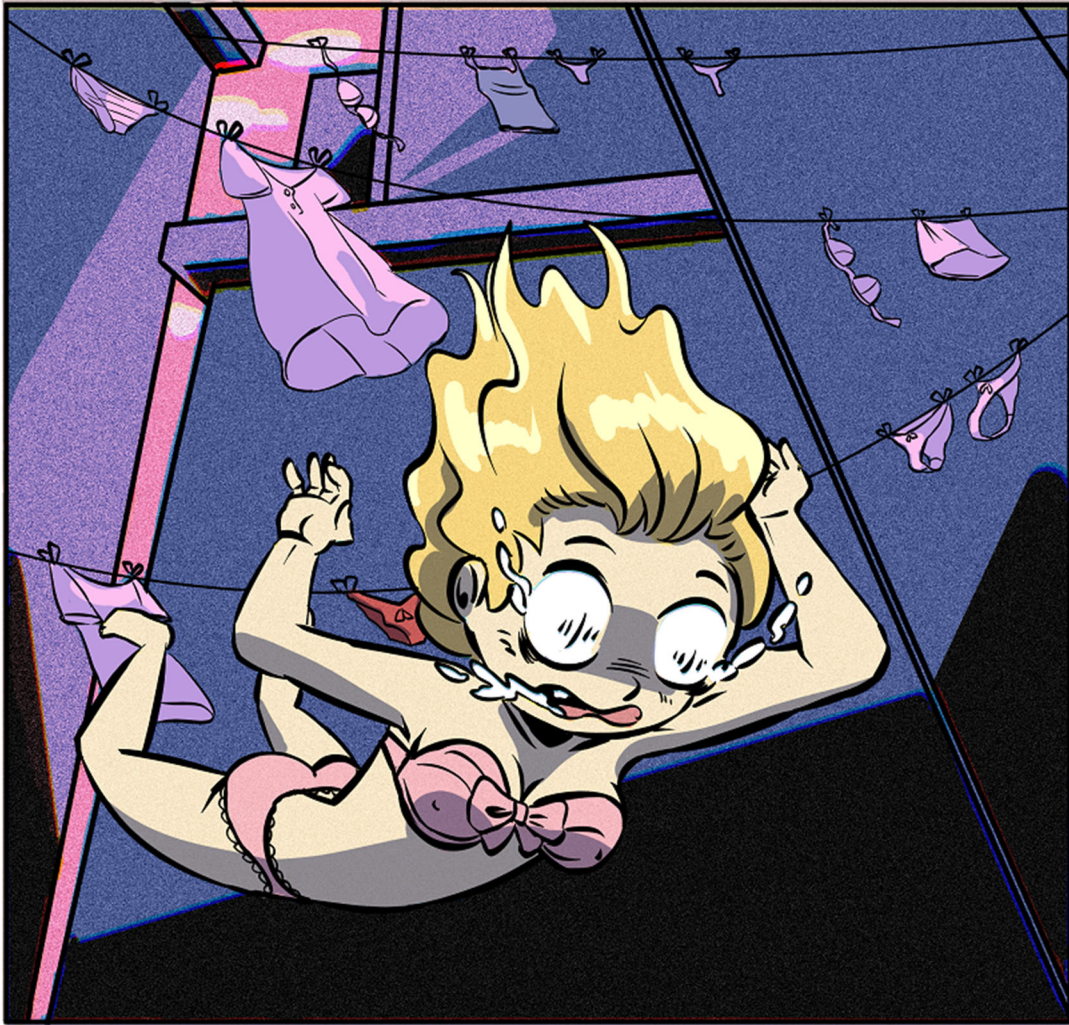
The jolt forced his legs together, his thighs clamping instinctively and then he realized what had caught him, a pair of light blue panties with a little pink bow. Not just brushing against them, not just tangling in the fabric, he was inside them, wearing them somehow from the fall. The elastic waistband had somehow flipped forward and sprung over his hips, and now the silky, cool material clung to him like they'd been pulled on with deliberate precision. The sudden pressure cupped him and pushed everything tight against his body, compressing his groin in a way that sent a sharp, startled jolt up his spine.

His breath, what little he'd regained, vanished again in a short, shocked gasp. The cord still hummed with the tension of the stop, making him bounce in place like laundry caught in a wind gust. There hadn't been a spike of pain as his privates practically were crammed up inside his body, but that didn't mean he hadn't felt a great deal of discomfort as the front of the underwear, now the only thing he was wearing, had a flat, feminine front.

The absurdity barely had time to sink in before the line reached the limit of its stretch and whipped Tim forward once more. The clothespins held a full row of panties that had been hung out to be dry, but the clothes pins holding the panties he was wearing snapped free one after another, releasing him in a flurry of pastel fabric that fluttered around him like confetti.

He barely had a second of weightless drop before his trajectory slammed him into another sagging wire, this one heavy with bras, their cups swaying lazily in the night air as if mocking the speed and violence of his arrival.

The impact with the bra line jolted through his arms as he flailed, instinctively grabbing at anything to stop the fall. Tim's fingers slipped uselessly on satin cups and thin straps, the line swaying under his weight. He hooked one arm over it in desperation, the sudden stop making his head loll forward as the world continued to spin around him in dizzy loops.



His chest pressed awkwardly into the dangling bras, the cups swinging against his ribs with every sway of the line. He tried to haul himself up, but his grip kept sliding, the slick fabric refusing to give him any leverage. Somewhere in the chaos, straps wound themselves around him, he didn't know how, didn't care, he just wanted safety. Before he could get free, the sway carried him sideways toward the building beside him. He slammed into it hard enough to knock the air from his lungs again, his bare shoulders wedging through an open window, and stopping his fall. Tim's eyes practically spun in his head as the world seemed to keep moving, he was so

dizzy that he thought he could be sick.

A wave of warm, perfumed air hit him, hairspray, nail polish remover, something floral filled the room just as startled gasps rang from inside. “Oh, I see you, you little creep!” a woman’s voice barked. “Think you can peek in here?”

Panic flooded through Tim, he twisted violently, his arms pinned awkwardly by the window frame, the line still biting into his skin from behind. His feet scrabbled against the wall, sneakers long gone, toes finding just enough purchase to push. With one final shove, his shoulders popped free and the tension on the line yanked him backward like it was made of rubber. He shot away from the salon window in a blur, the bras that had entangled him pulling snug against his chest as if they’d been fastened there on purpose. His stomach flipped, the skyline tilting, his ears ringing as he was launched toward the next rooftop obstacle.

Tim hurtled backward through the air, but even in the blur of motion, his mind latched onto one strange, impossible fact. His face felt... different. The cool night air didn’t just sting his skin, it caught on something smooth, almost waxy, and the faint chemical tang of hairspray clung to his nose.

When the skyline spun into view again, he caught a distorted reflection in a darkened office window. For a dizzy, floating second, he didn’t recognize himself at all. Wide, dark lashes framed pretty hazel eyes that looked unnaturally big and bright, shaded with a warm sweep of copper and gold. Perfectly drawn eyeliner flicked outward into crisp wings at the corners, giving him a catlike tilt. His lips... God, his lips were painted a deep, glossy

red, the kind of color that looked plucked straight from an old movie poster and the hair.... It wasn't his anymore, not the messy, wind blown mop he'd had when he started running, instead he saw soft, glossy blonde waves curled toward his cheeks in a style straight out of the forties, pinned in perfect swoops that framed his face like a photograph in an issue of House Wives magazine. Even mid flight he could feel the set in it, the stiffness of lacquered curls holding their shape no matter how the air whipped at them.

The absurdity of it struck him like a brick. He hadn't been in that window more than a second, maybe two and yet he was now dolled up like a pin up girl dropped into a rooftop chase scene. No smudges, just flawless, dream perfect glam, like a makeup counter had exploded onto his face and a hairdresser's hands had worked at lightning speed.

The reflection vanished as quickly as it appeared, replaced by the vertigo inducing drop of another gap between rooftops. He didn't have time to process, to think about why he looked like he'd stepped out of a forties beauty ad, the wind was roaring in his ears again, the bra strap biting against his back and shoulders. Tim's breath coming in shallow, useless bursts. His ribs ached from every jolt, his stomach sloshed like water in a bucket.

Line after line passed by that he tried to grab, till he got closer to one lower than the others, angled strangely, sagging under the weight of something heavier, Dresses. Long, swaying dresses in bright colors, their hems fluttering like flags in the breeze.

He tried to twist, to grab, but the momentum had him locked in legs

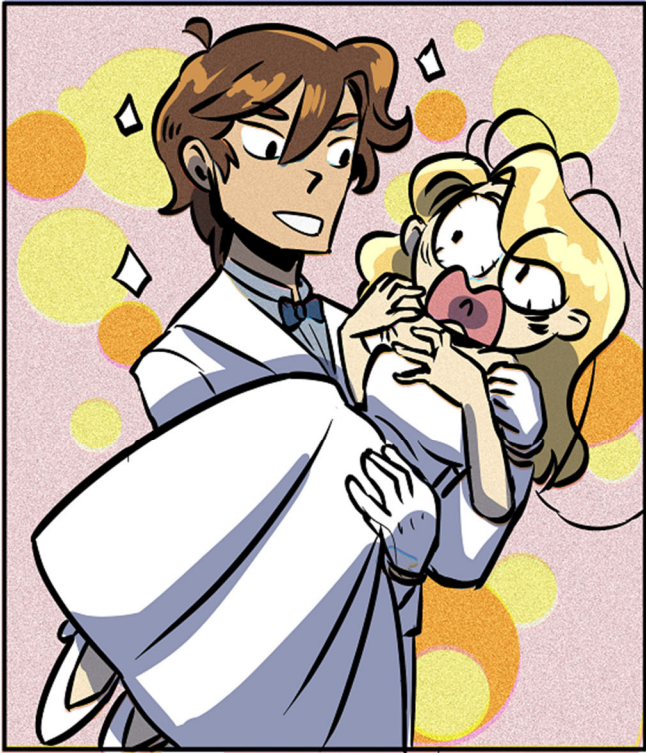
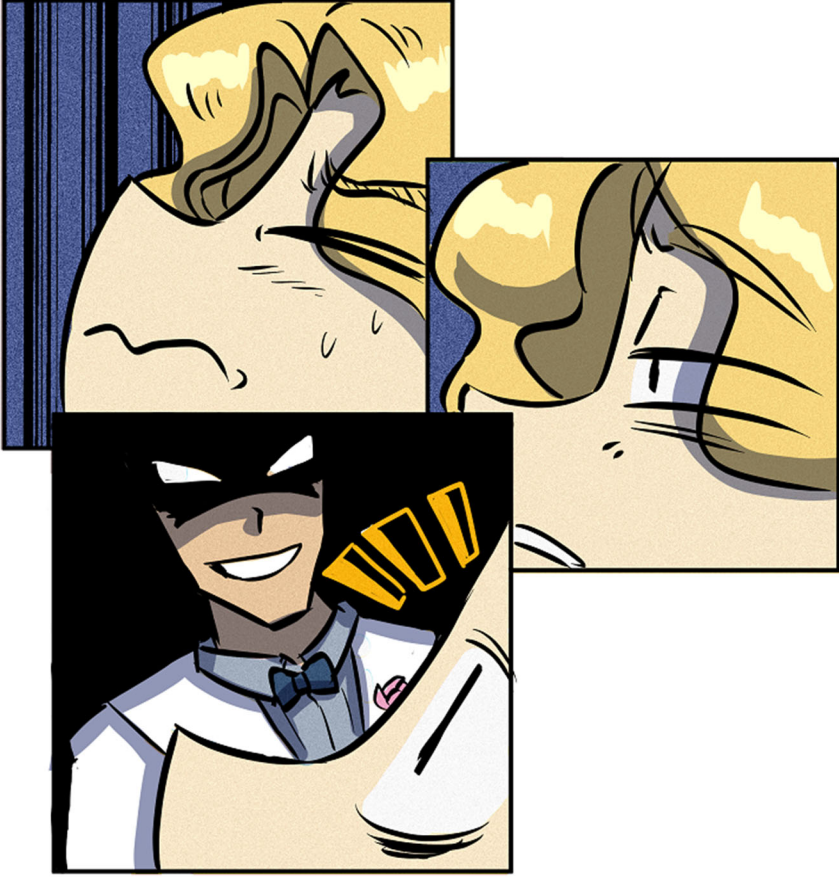
bicycling uselessly. The fabric hit him like a curtain drop, the cool, smooth material slapping across his bare skin and wrapping around him as he tore through the row. A dozen clothespins pinged loose in rapid fire succession, the garments tangling in him as though they'd been lying in wait. A pale yellow one, with a high neckline snagged more firmly than the rest, whipping around his shoulders and chest, twisting tight at his waist before snapping fully free of the line.

The force spun him sideways, the falling dress swirling around him like a parachute before snapping against his thighs. He clawed at it, trying to tear it off, but his dizzy hands couldn't find the seams. Incredibly, impossibly, it settled on him as though it had been tailored to fit. The cool fabric skimming over the bra he had ended up wearing, the skirt settling in swishing folds around his hips. He didn't even know how the fastenings had closed, yet they had.

His vision wavered, the around him rolled past again. Somewhere far below, traffic lights winked like lazy eyes. Tim barely registered the next rooftop rising to meet him, he hadn't even realized he had been flung up more into the air, he had lost all notion of what was up or down as he had been pulled on one line and then the next, each of them moving like they were made of industrial strength rubber instead of twine, but moving as he was Tim didn't land on the rooftop. He'd overshot the edge, smacking into the wall just below it with a head smacking thud, his only protection the cement like styled hair that protected him like a helmet. His fingers scrambled for a grip, finding none leaving him sliding down the brick face, gravity taking hold as he dared to look down.

What he saw was the ground rushing up like a black tide. His stomach dropped straight through him. For one suspended heartbeat he thought, stupidly, about how this is where he would die. Closing his eyes, Tim didn't dare or even care to look. He was so tired from running, at least it was coming to an end, yet still he clenched his jaw, feeling his teeth press tightly against one another, but instead of a hard slam, he felt something else, something lighter.

The air punched out of him as he sank into something warm and solid. Hands, huge and sure, slid under his knees and behind his shoulders, gathering Tim up as if he weighed nothing. He blinked his eyes open, feeling dazed, the action making his flutter his long lashes as he found himself cradled bridal style against a broad chest that smelled like clean laundry and campus gym soap.



“Jake?” Tim asked, shocked to see one of the leaders of his fraternity... one he hoped to become a member of, the man holding him, catching him from falling to his death. “You saved me.”

Cartoon heart eyes actually floated above Jake’s head, little pink bubbles popping lazily, as if the night itself had turned into a panel from some ridiculous comic.

“You know my name? Well, if I saved the life of the most beautiful falling angel, I think I should at least know your name.”

Tim’s eyes went wider, his head was still spinning, but it dawned on him what he looked like. “I... ahh... I need to get out of here.” The older boy’s arms didn’t seem to struggle at all holding his weight, he had said he needed to go, but really he still needed to run but he wasn’t even sure he could considering how bad off he was from the vertigo of the ordeal.

“While you are barefoot? How about I carry you anywhere you want to go. You think I saved you, but taking you somewhere is the least I can do to repay you for such a beautiful girl falling into my life.”

Panic started to overcome Tim, his heart beating more rapidly as their faces grew closer, like Jake was about to kiss him, but before their lips met he suddenly let out a gasp as he sat up right. Once more Tim found himself laying on the floor, between the two beds.

“It was a dream...” he said, even as most of the dream started to fade away like most dreams did for him when he awoke, leaving small fragments

behind that made even less sense out of context.

Chapter 10

Tim woke slowly, drifting up from the tail end of another round of restless sleep. The odd dream hadn't repeated itself, if what he recalled even counted as a dream instead of a nightmare. Part of it still clung to him in fragments, running across rooftops with a cartoon looking moon overhead, falling and being saved by Jake, though he somehow was in a dress.

Even in his subconscious, it rattled Tim that he couldn't escape his forced girlhood. He thought about Jake for a second, the man that had given him a chance at joining the brotherhood. How it wasn't the best... or even a good idea, but it had been his own fault for being caught and how he wished the older college boy could save him now like he had in the dream.

Tim shifted slightly under the blanket, the tape holding his legs together making it more than a little awkward. That's when the pressure in his bladder hit him like a punch. It was bad, the kind of bad where his brain started doing the math on how many minutes he could potentially hold it.

Not fully aware of her surroundings or the sound that had woken her up Sarah stirred in her bed. Sitting up slowly, rubbing at her eyes with the heel of her hand, hair a little mussed but otherwise composed. She didn't even glance at glance in her captives direction, her sleepy mind only thinking of one thing. Swinging her legs over the edge Sarah padded for the door in her pajama shorts and tank top.

“H-hey!” Tim hissed in a harsh whisper, lifting his head from the pillow. “Sarah! Wait! I need...” When the brown haired girl slipped out of the room without even looking back, Tim scrunched his eyes closed at how she had ignored him, or just how oblivious she could have been.

Several agonizing minutes later, the door opened, and Sarah returned looking a little more awake. “Sorry,” she mumbled, still moving with that slow, morning stiffness. “I had to take care of myself first.” She stepped closer and leaned down just enough to whisper with a faint smirk, “You looked fine. I figured you could hold it.”

Tim stared at her, jaw tight. “I can’t. I seriously can’t.”

Sarah tilted her head toward Elaine’s bed, where the taller girl was still buried under her comforter. “Then we’ve gotta wake Sleeping Beauty.”

Sarah crouched beside Elaine’s bed, giving her shoulder a gentle shake. “Up, up, up.” she said in a tone that made it clear she wasn’t ready to be up and about herself.

Elaine grunted into her pillow. “No. It’s too early.”

“It’s not. And unless you want Tammy to make a puddle on our carpet, you need to get up.” she said, her tired mind awake just enough to remind her how neither her nor Elaine considered the idea of the boy having to use the bathroom.

A long drawn out groan came from Elaine, her arm flopping out from under

the blanket, revealing the chaos that was her hair, flattened on one side, frizzed on the other, sticking out in a jagged spray. She finally sat up, eyes narrowed at the intrusion, blinking blearily in the light. “Fine,” she muttered, swinging her legs out of bed. “But I’m peeing first.”

Tim couldn’t help letting out a whine when he heard that, hoping she would be a little faster than the other girl.

Elaine pressed her lips together in a line as she shifted off her bed, seeing the human version of a sad puppy that still sent some guilt through her despite believing he was a creep, even if he wasn’t the real creep behind the attempted panty raid. “Sarah, get the tape off him and take the shoes off him too... he’s not going anywhere fast.” Elaine uttered as she shuffled her way out of the bedroom to at least speed things along so he could get to the bathroom when she was done.

Closing her eyes and feeling like she could still drift off back to sleep while standing, Sarah nodded to what she had been told to do, despite Elaine having already left the room. “Okay, okay, tape, got it.”

Soon tape was cut and the sound of it being peeling away was a relief in itself, though the bigger relief came when she unbuckled the straps of the wedges and slid them off his sore feet. Tim sighed, toes flexing against the carpet, but as nice as that relief was, it was not what his body was demanding at that second. Every second that passed made his bladder’s protest sharper, more urgent.

Sarah was just tugging the last bit of tape free, doing her best to not hurt

the boy, but she could still see his reactions when Elaine returned, shutting the door behind her with a quiet click.

“Alright, my turn’s done,” Elaine said, brushing her hands together. “Now let’s get you moving before you actually ruin the carpet. If you were a pet we would get puppy pads, if you were a baby diapers would help, but as a college girl, Tammy, you can’t be peeing yourself.”

Tim pushed himself up, wincing as the blood started flowing back into his legs, only thinking of getting to the bathroom, the barb from the taller girl not taking root in his mind.

Sarah stepped back, letting Elaine check the hallway outside their bedroom as she asked a question to Tim. “You ready?” she asked, not waiting for an answer before guiding him toward the door.

Elaine stepped back from the bedroom’s doorway, giving Sarah a quick nod before leaning out into the hall to check again. “Clear. Go,” she said in a low practiced voice that she often used when talking into a headset when she was playing Call of Duty.

Despite Tim only being a year younger and her being smaller than him she had him by the wrist, not roughly, but firmly enough to keep him moving. His bare feet padded across the carpet, each step making the pressure in his bladder feel sharper, almost unbearable. They slipped into the bathroom, and Sarah closed the door behind them with a quiet click, before turning around to lean back on the door to play guard duty that actually looked more suspicious than if the bathroom door had just been locked.

“Alright, Tammy, sit,” Sarah waved in the direction of the toilet, not wanting him to make a mess by standing to do his business.

Tim didn’t even think to argue, him so desperate for relief that the fact he was in the bathroom with a college girl was not even a ping on his mental radar of odd activities. Stepping forward and pulling down the soft fabric of the panties as he sat down on the toilet. The cool porcelain against the back of his legs almost made him shiver, but he couldn’t hold back his bladder for another second. The moment he started to go, relief hit him like a wave, the tension in his abdomen finally unwinding. Closing his eyes for a moment, letting his head dip forward as his shoulders sagged.

When he opened them again, still not feeling comfortable without the ability to slouch, thanks to the corset he noticed Sarah was leaning against the wall, arms loosely crossed, wearing a half-smile that made her look more amused than judgmental.

“What?” he muttered, voice still low and tired.

“Nothing,” she said lightly, her tone playful. “It’s just... you’re lucky you pass so well. If anyone spotted you on the way here, they’d just think Tammy was another girl off to the bathroom. Not a second thought.” She gave the name an extra little sing-song emphasis, like she enjoyed how it sounded.

Tim groaned softly, looking away, his eyes focusing on the tiled floor instead of in the direction of the girl that he was positive was judging him.

Sarah tilted her head, her voice still warm and almost conspiratorial, a far cry from how she spoke when she first woke up. “You know, girls don’t just... get up and leave. We finish up, we take a moment, and we make sure we’re fresh... As in, wipe yourself, I don’t get how boys don’t wipe themselves when going pee. It’s just... nicer, as in clean. You should try it, might make this whole thing more comfortable for you.”

He almost told her he didn’t care, but he didn’t have the fight in him for even that. Between the bad night’s sleep and the constant drain of the past day, his defenses were worn thin. When the last of the pressure finally eased, he just sat there for a moment longer, as if lingering might delay whatever came next.

“Go on,” Sarah encouraged, smiling like she was letting him in on a little secret. “Act like a proper lady.”

Tim’s jaw tensed, before he sighed. “I don’t get any privacy at all, even while going to the bathroom?”

Sarah about to answer him, a light blush coming to her own cheeks as it really only hit her that she was practically perving on a boy. Her brain hadn’t fully kicked into gear yet and she hadn’t fully thought things through. Though before she could say a word the bathroom door opened a crack for Elaine to speak into the occupied bathroom.

“Hurry up, we aren’t running a summer camp.” Tim, nor Sarah knew what she meant by the comment, like she was referencing something they weren’t in the loop on, but it had been enough to break the tension and get

Tim moving once more.

Coming out of the restroom, they saw Elaine leaning against the hallway wall, arms folded, still looking more ruffled than awake. Her hair stuck out at odd angles, but her sharp gaze landed on Tim the second he stepped out. “Good. Now let’s get downstairs before anyone else starts wandering around.”

“Downstairs? What about...” he started to ask before the shorter girl bumped her shoulder into him.

“It will be fine, we were being cautious before, but really, no one is going to say anything about you staying over last night Tammy.”

Not feeling like things were going to be okay, or liking being called the girl's name, Tim still followed the orders... the marching orders as it were, moving quickly but not frantically, Elaine in front, Sarah taking up the rear. Tim was glad for the absence of footwear he had been forced to walk in and sleep in, his bare feet padding against the carpet much easier than the wobbling steps from the previous night. Still, every movement made him aware of the corset cinching his middle and the panties clinging to his hips. He wanted to pull at the hem of his oversized shirt, but with both girls flanking him, he wasn’t sure if he would be drawing more attention to pulling at the shirt to cover more of his exposed legs by doing so.

The closer they got to the kitchen the stronger the smell of breakfast filled the air, scrambled eggs with something else that Tim couldn’t place at first. At the stove a cute coed he didn’t recognize stood with her long hair pulled

back in a neat ponytail, stirring eggs in a skillet. Beside her on the counter sat a bowl of cucumber slices sprinkled with salt, waiting to be added to the hot pan to be mixed with the eggs..

She glanced up when the three of them stepped inside, her brow lifting briefly. “Who’s your friend?” the girl asked before looking back to her task.

Tim froze, his stomach tightening, but Sarah answered without hesitation, her voice light and cheerful. “Just a friend who wanted to join us for breakfast.”

Elaine added a small nod, her lips tugging into something that might have been a smile. “She stayed over, thought we’d bring her down and not hide her away.”

The girl gave a simple shrug and turned back to the pan, mixing the pieces of salted cucumbers to the fluffy eggs, giving it all a little stir before looking back. “Cool,” she said, no trace of suspicion in her tone and no second glance spared.

Tim’s throat went dry, it somehow being both a good and a bad thing that she hadn’t questioned it at all, not even for a second. To her he wasn’t a boy in borrowed clothes, he was just another girl. The thought hit him like a ton of bricks, not even the first load his weak will had to endure. He knew he was short, he knew he didn’t look tough, but he was still supposed to be a guy.

“Sit,” Sarah murmured, guiding him toward the table. Tim sank into the

chair, his legs spreading automatically, only for Sarah to nudge his knee under the table with her foot. “Closer together, Tammy. Ankles in. You’re such a tomboy sometimes.”

Elaine chuckled as she sat down across from him. “One of those girls who never learned how to sit right. Don’t worry, we’ll teach you.”

Tim clenched his jaw but pulled his legs together, the oversized shirt draping awkwardly over his thighs in a way that covered his borrowed underwear but not long enough to cover nearly enough. His eyes darted to the sorority girl he didn’t know the name of, afraid they had given away too much, but she hadn’t even given him a second look.

The girl at the stove gave the skillet a last thoughtful stir, cucumber half slices among the folds of egg. “By the way,” she said without looking over, “would have been nice to know a sleepover guest was joining before I planned how much to cook.” Her voice stayed light, but the edge was there, showing her passive aggressive jab.

She tipped the pan as she gave a final stir to its contents, then glanced back. “Name?”

“Tammy,” Sarah answered, knowing what she meant by the abbreviated question. .

“Got it. Not Tammy’s fault,” the girl said, turning back to the burner.

“Just... a heads up next time before I portion for the house.” Steam curled up as she slid part of the batch to one side of the skillet and began plating

three servings. She set one in front of Elaine, one in front of Sarah, and kept one for herself, then nodded toward the still-sizzling half left in the pan.

“That stays. It’s for the others when they wander in.”

Tim’s gaze snagged on the pan anyway, he had walked into the kitchen smelling the food and his stomach had immediately let him know that it expected to be filled with the delicious aroma. Sitting there at the table, everyone else getting a plate of food felt like a push too far. It was such a minor thing, he had gone without breakfast many times, this just felt like the proverbial straw on the camel's back, causing his lip to quiver.

Seeing the house guests' reaction the morning cook rolled her eyes, more weary than unkind. “Seriously, not trying to be a jerk. I just portioned things by how many people live here.”

Sarah moved first. She pulled a clean plate from the rack, lifted her fork, and eased a neat third of her eggs onto it. “Easy fix.”

Elaine followed after a small pause, pushing a third of her serving beside Sarah’s on the new plate. “No one goes hungry if I can help it.” she said feeling a small pang of guilt as she recalled something from her own childhood, how there was always room at the table for one more if someone was around, expected or not, that just meant everyone else could go with a little else. “Just don't make a big deal about it.” her comment directed to both her little captive and her house mate who was being passive aggressive about things.

With both of them giving Tim a third of what was on their own plates it left

them each with an equal share of the offered food. Tim stared at the pale yellow curds threaded with warm green chunks, the cucumber still crisp where it peeked through. He folded his hands in his lap, ankles tucked together like Sarah had nudged, and tried to ignore the feeling that the world had to keep reshaping itself to make room for him, even as he felt grateful for what had been given to him.

Tim's fork felt heavier than it should as he finally lifted a bite to his mouth. The pale yellow eggs were still steaming, flecked with the faint green of cucumber. He hesitated for a heartbeat before sliding the food between his lips, chewing once, then twice, and his eyes widened in surprise. The eggs were soft, almost creamy, the whipped texture melting against his tongue. The cucumber slices, still crisp, broke with a fresh snap and spilled their tang of salt. The combination had sounded strange at first, but in his mouth it was bright and rich at the same time.

Compared to this, breakfast at the frat felt like a joke. There, "breakfast" usually meant fighting over a box of day old bagels, maybe some cold cereal if no one had already drunk all the milk at three in the morning. He couldn't remember a single morning in his short time there where food had been portioned for everyone, let alone cooked with care.

"This is..." he mumbled around the large bite of food still in his cheek, the words muffled, "really good. You guys always eat like this?"

Elaine's head turned sharply, her eyes narrowing as if she had been waiting for him to slip. "Tammy, don't talk with your mouth full," she said, her tone cutting. Then she leaned forward just enough that only he could hear her.

“Remember how you practiced speaking.”

Straightening, Elaine gave a smooth laugh and turned toward her housemate. “She was just saying she wants us to help her be more ladylike. Not such a tomboy anymore.”

Turning her head slightly to the side, the girl gave both the house guest and Elaine an odd look, finishing her own bite of food before swallowing.

“Okayyyy,” she said slowly. “Thanks, I guess. It’s just eggs. I add whipped cream cheese, makes them fluffier. I don’t put in salt, because the cucumbers are salted ahead of time, so when you cook them with the eggs, they stay crisp and take care of the seasoning.” She shrugged lightly, glancing between them. “And yeah, we eat like this most of the time. Some of us are better than others... Elaine.” Her mouth tugged into a grin at the slight, before she pointed with her fork. “But some of us are great.” She gestured toward Sarah, then herself. “I’m okay. Still, we order out more than we should.” She paused then, her expression softening from guilt before she looked straight at who she thought was named Tammy. “Sorry for being a bitch earlier. Stress. It wasn’t... isn’t your fault, and I shouldn’t have taken it out on you.”

The words hit harder than Tim expected. First Elaine and Sarah had split their food with him, and now this apology felt real, something unforced. Most of the time girls did not notice him at all, or were socially polite white not giving him a second glance. At the frat, the only gesture that came close to this was someone letting you scoop a spoonful of spaghetti before they hoarded the rest for themselves. Nobody cared if everyone ate, or at least no

one had for him. Here, even when portions were tight, everyone still ended up with a share.

The thought made the food taste even better. He chewed slower this time, savoring the contrast textures. The conversation drifted around him, light and easy in a way the frat house never managed in the mornings. It wasn't that there wasn't conversation, it just felt different.

By the time his plate was nearly empty, Tim hesitated before looking up, as he lifted the plate. "Do I need to do anything, I can wash my... our dishes?" he asked, wanting to pay back the kindness.

Sarah spoke up before anyone else could. "Nope. Someone else is on the chore wheel for dishes today." She gave him a small smile as if to reassure him, grabbing his hand, giving it a light squeeze.

The other sorority girl nodded. "Thanks for offering, though. That is sweet of you."

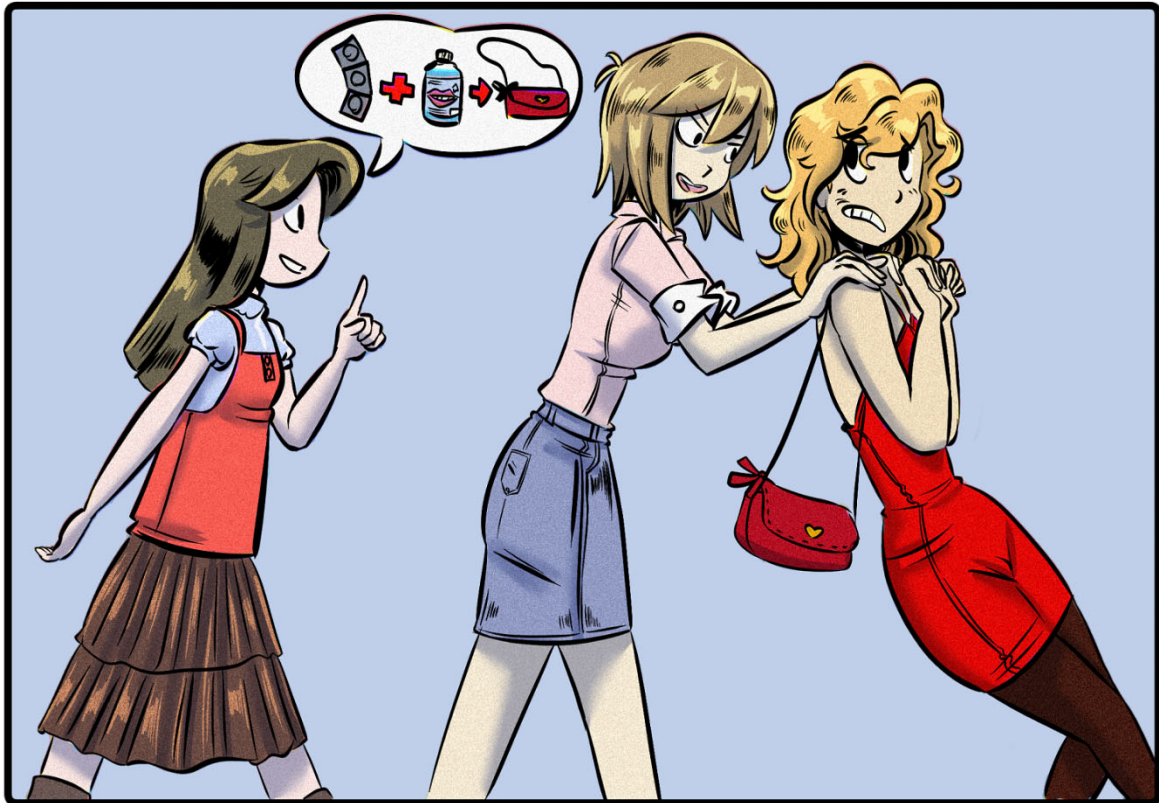
Tim lowered his gaze, not sure if the warmth in his chest came from embarrassment or from something dangerously close to liking how they treated him.

Chapter 11

The borrowed heels Tim wore heels clicked sharply against the pavement as Elaine's hands pressed firmly into his shoulders, steering him down the sidewalk outside the sorority. One foot stepping in front of the other, heel toe, heel toe like he had been taught, moving like he was a doll being guided on stage. His legs wobbled inside the glossy red heels, each step precarious

and forced, the pointed the pointed toe shoes with the four inch heels were wrong for a male like him to be wearing, but he could admit looking down at his feet in them was a bit of a turn on, only it was his own feet, making his own feelings adding to the wrongness. The clinging of pantyhose against his thighs only made him more aware of every movement, the material on his legs a new and exciting experience, not that he would ever voice such a thing. The slinky spaghetti-strap dress clung snugly across his chest and hips, the hem swishing indecently high against the middle of his thighs, the brushed lightly over his nylon covered legs with every movement. Almost every few steps he darted a glance down at himself, as if hoping the outfit might miraculously cover more than it did.

Sarah trailed behind with a bright grin, her voice far too cheerful for the pit of dread curdling in Tim's stomach. "Tammy is going to have so much fun tonight," she sang, swinging the little red purse hanging from her fingers before pushing it against his side. "I'm a bit jealous, well not with who you are going out with Tammy, but I'm thinking about a date in the near future for myself." The petite brown haired girl said, looking over the feminized boy as her friend helped guide him down the path to where they were going. "We made sure you are ready for whatever you get up to. Condoms so you don't end up pregnant, mouthwash in case you want to go down on your date. Gotta keep your options open, right? I mean, one of your goals is making him happy, and with how you are dressed I'm sure he will have ideas of things he wants. Boys are like that, perverts that get ideas on what they want and deserve."



Elaine glanced back at her friend, agreeing for the most part with what she was saying, but keeping it to herself how she knew more than a few girls with just as dirty minds and not wanting to do any self-introspection on the topic.

Tim meanwhile held his pretty makeup covered eyes wide as if paralyzed that way. He stumbled, the heel of his shoe catching in a crack on the sidewalk before Elaine steadied him with a semi gentle shove forward. “I... I can’t do this... I don’t want to do that, please don’t make me?!” he whined in the feminine voice he had been practicing, it sounding like it was both a statement and a question. His face burning as if the entire neighborhood had just overheard what they had been talking about, seeing a boy in a dress, being pushed off to meet up with a guy he was going to have sex with. The purse’s strap slid against his bare shoulder, the little heart-shaped clasp glinting in the morning sun.

Neither girl slowed, Elaine’s guiding hands like iron against his back while Sarah’s grin widened with every word. “Relax, Tammy. We aren’t making

you do anything.” she said, her tone light and playful, but carrying just enough weight to remind him this wasn’t really a choice, despite what she was saying out loud.. “We’re just making sure you’re prepared. You know, for when you decide you want to feel his... girth inside you.”

As she spoke Elaine had a difficult time not laughing. “A good sorority sister doesn’t show up unprepared for a date.”

Tim swallowed hard, his throat dry. Just hours ago, breakfast had seemed almost... normal. In fact despite the situation he had been in, breakfast has been better than normal. Awkward, humiliating, yes, but still nice in more than a few ways. Now here he was, being shoved out the front door in a skin tight red dress walking in heels, that made him feel like he was going to fall down despite all his practice, while listening to Sarah talk about him having sex like it was the most natural thing in the world. “This can’t be happening to me...” the thought ran through Tim’s mind. He was a virgin and they wanted him to be with another guy, not that he told them he had never been with, let alone kissed a girl before.

His stomach knotted as he thought back over the day before, how it had all spiraled to this moment. Yesterday had gotten worse and worse, this morning hadn’t been pleasant, with a calm within the storm he seemed caught up in, that was breakfast. After that they’d drilled him again, making him sit straighter, cross his legs at the knee, at the ankles when sitting. Soften his voice like the night before, practice smiling and giggling until his jaw ached. Then came the news. The “good news,” they’d called it. A date. Tammy had a date.

And now, with each forced step where he moved with a wiggle to his hips down the walkway, Tim felt the dread settle deeper into his chest. He wasn’t Timothy Thompson anymore. Not to them. Not tonight, whoever he was meeting would only see Tammy.

Tim’s chest tightened as he walked, the sway of his hips no longer just clumsy stumbling but a practiced, unnatural rhythm. Heel to toe, hips rolling slightly, arms kept soft at his sides. Every step was borrowed, an echo of what Elaine and Sarah had drilled into him upstairs. The glossy red heels pinched at his toes, forcing his arches high, while the thin pantyhose slipped inside the shoes with each step, making him feel unsteady no

matter how carefully he moved. The sound of his footsteps echoed sharp and clean, the kind of clicks that could only belong to a girl's shoes.

Every muscle in his legs burned from the posture, but worse was how easily his body obeyed. Even when he wanted to stomp or slouch, his body kept falling back into the motions they had hammered into him. His mind scrambled back to the hours that had carried him here, trying to piece together how everything had unraveled.

After breakfast, the calm ended quickly. Elaine had him standing once again on the duct-taped line in their bedroom, his feet now in a different pair of shoes, but very much still heels. Elaine had her arms folded and her voice sharp as she spoke to him more like an odd drill instructor that was obsessed with making him more feminine. "Voice, Tammy. Softer... little breathier. Try again."

Sarah lounged on her bed, chin propped in her hands, eyes sparkling like she was watching a favorite show. "Don't stiffen up so much. Just let it roll off your tongue, like you're saying something fun." She raised her own pitch in a sing-song imitation. "Hi, I'm Tammy, I do love shopping!"

Tim's falsetto cracked as he repeated it. "Hi... I'm Tammy." he tried to mimic what she was saying, feeling like he was one of those speaking dolls and they had just pulled the cord.

Elaine's head shook immediately. "Too flat. You sound like you're being strangled." she demonstrated by pretending to strangle the air.

Sarah giggled and leaned forward. "Hey, it's still better than last night. Then you could barely get through a sentence without croaking. Now it's... I don't know, halfway cute?" she said trying to play down her own thoughts.

Heat crawled up Tim's face as he kept trying, the blush being pretty much continuous as they made him practice, each correction making him feel smaller, but there was nothing else he could do.

When Elaine gestured for him to sit, he dropped into the chair too quickly, legs spreading wide until Sarah nudged his knee with her foot.

“We went over this. Tammy, sometimes I think you have the memory of a gold fish and we need to improve that to at least blonde bimbo level. Now, legs together so that your thighs are touching and cross your ankles. We at least need you sitting like a girl, before you can sit like a woman.” Elaine coached in her not so gentle tone.

“Pretend you’re wearing a skirt. Because, well, you will be.” Sarah offered, looking at the blonde boy still wearing the same thing he had to sleep in with his legs exposed.

Tim obeyed, the corset pressing into him, though the compression felt less like a vice and more supportive than it had the night before. That wasn’t to say it wasn’t a problem and something he did not want to wear as it forced his back straighter, the boning holding him upright whether he wanted it or not.

Elaine circled him, eyes sharp. “You’re improving,” she admitted at last, though her tone made it sound closer to a warning than praise. “But you have a long way to go little girl.”

“How long is this going to go on? I mean... are you ever going to let me go?” His voice cracked closer to his real one, the words spilled out before he could stop himself.

Sarah tilted her head, her smile softening. “We told you, Tammy. You can’t just walk out half-finished. Training takes time.”

Elaine took in a slow breath. “We are going to give you a test, once Tammy proves she... you can really pass as the kind of girl people expect, then things will change for the better.”

Tim bit his bottom lip, looking between the two girls, feeling as if the words were dangling before him like bait. “What kind of test?” They had kept him compliant with their threats, still what they had said they would do weighed heavily upon him. It would ruin his life to come and being embarrassed, much as he didn’t want to go through all this, it was the better option.

Sitting down on her own bed Elaine cracked her neck to one side and letting

out a happy groan at the release. “The kind that you will fail if you continue to act like a tomboy. So simple question Tammy. Are you the type of boy that will steal girls' panties to join a frat, or the type of girl who would have fun with her friends in a sorority?”

A light giggle escaped Sarah's lips at the odd question. “I think she looks more like a girl.”

“I'm...” Tim stated and then stopped. What he was about to say felt wrong, but so much of everything in his situation was wrong. Him getting caught on the very pantie raid Elaine was mentioning, possibly going to jail if they reported him, being kicked out of school, disappointing his family, never having even the smallest chance of getting friends at the fraternity because he had not been cautious enough. He needed a way out and that meant pushing through his pride, little that he had. “I'm Tammy, of course I would rather join a sorority.”

Tim didn't know if his lips were actually dry or if it was just a subconscious feeling after what he had just said, but he licked his lips as the softer more feminine voice he had been using played out in his own mind. ‘I'm Tammy, I'm Tammy, I'm...fucked.’ He hated himself for saying it, but he had to do something to improve his situation.

Elaine's smirk spread slowly, satisfaction written across her sharp features. “There we go,” she said, leaning back on her bed. “Finally admitting it. Our little Tammy is starting to understand where she belongs.”

Sarah's giggle bubbled out, as she wiggled happily. “See? I told you she looked more like a girl anyway.”

Tim hunched slightly, or as much as he could with what was wrapped around him. He wanted to take it back, to say it was just words to keep them happy, that was the truth of it but that didn't matter and speaking the truth wasn't going to help him at all.

“Well, since you're so eager to be one of us,” Elaine began, her tone shifting into something falsely bright. “We've got good news.”

Tim doubted it was good news, but if it led to his freedom and escaping the threat of the police getting involved then he was all for it. “I could use good news”

Sarah perked up too, eyebrows lifting. “Ooh, what is it?” She hadn’t been in the loop for her friend's idea of a test, just having been going along with it till questioning things now.

Elaine raised one hand in the air, moving it around in a circle before letting it fall so she could point directly at the blonde college freshman. “Tammy has a date.”

“A... a date?” His voice cracked high, close to his real one, and he scrambled to pull it back down into the softer tones they had drilled. “With who?” He had never been on a date and the idea of it being one of the girls he was in the room had its appeal. Both of them were pretty in their own way, he didn’t have a great deal of money to take either of them out or really anyone out, but if they wanted him to act girly to go out he could... he really didn’t want to, but it wouldn’t be that bad. That led his mind down the path of wondering if one of them, or both of them were more into girls than boys or they liked both.

Elaine only shook her head, wagging a finger. “Doesn’t matter. What matters is you’ll be out in the world, with a boy, and he’ll see you as the girl you are.”

Sarah’s mouth formed a perfect O before she broke into delighted laughter. “Oh my God, seriously? That’s... Wow. Wow, wow. Talk about a test run.” Her blue eyes locked onto his hazel ones that looked practically large enough to be dinner plates with how wide they were. “Your first date, Tammy.”

Tim put a hand to his head, taking a step backwards, him not even noticing how he didn’t stumble or twist his heeled foot at all as he did so. “No. I can’t do that. I’m straight! And... and someone outside will know, it’s too much.”

Elaine’s voice cut him down, calm but with a sharp edge. “Yes Tammy, I know you're straight. Think carefully. Why did you admit the truth that you

are Tammy, not some tomgirl trying to join a frat, or worse... The creepy boy who tried to steal panties? Or would you rather be the cute new girl who gets asked on dates?"

Tim's throat worked, but no sound came. His own words from a minute ago twisted around him, a trap he had freely walked into thinking it was his salvation. 'I'm Tammy, I'm Tammy...' not for the first time or the last his own words repeated in his mind. 'Elaine is using me against me! This isn't fair, this isn't... I don't... have a choice.' he cocked his own head back, looking up to the bedrooms ceiling. "I do have a choice." he whined out loud as he corrected the thought, but knowing the consequences between those choices. Go along on this date with a boy to earn his freedom, or refuse and be doomed.

Sarah leaned forward, her smile softening. "It's not that scary. Girls go on dates all the time. Think of it like... trying to find the one, you know someone to be your boyfriend. Sometimes we have to kiss a few frogs to find our prince."

Elaine raised an eyebrow, already knowing the answer to her question before she asked it. "Oh, found a lot of princes?"

Sarah gave her stupidly tall and pretty friend a partial frown as she slumped her shoulders. "Just frogs and you know it, but we will see."

Elaine stood, circling behind the upset boy again like she had during femininity drills, her hand brushing over his shoulder. "This is the test, Tammy. You said you'd rather be a girl with friends in a sorority than a boy caught as a creep. Or something close to that..." She closed one eye trying to think, not able to come up with his exact words so she powered on forward. "So prove it. Prove you're the right kind of girl. All you have to do is smile, talk pretty, laugh at your date's jokes, flirt a little but mainly make your date happy."

His heart thudded painfully. "And if I do?" he asked, his voice barely audible.

"Then things change," Elaine promised, her tone firm.

Sarah clapped her hands together, unable to contain her excitement. “So... you want to go on a date with a cute boy, right Tammy?”

The way she looked at him, expectant and eager, made his insides twist. He couldn't say no, not now, not after everything. Slowly, he nodded, each word scraping out of him like it cost a piece of himself. “I... I want to go on a date.” he swallowed hard, taking a breath before forcing a smile to his face and speaking with a false chipper voice. “But, only if he is cute.”

The girls beamed, their satisfaction filling the room like sunlight. “Great!” Sarah said practical with stars in her eyes. “So you tell us, what would you like to work on next? Do you want to practice flirting?”

Tim knew he had no real skill with flirting, tips on how to be better on it would be helpful, but what they were offering was not a skillset he wanted to learn. How to pick up boys and keep their interest was not on his agenda, not that he could really say that right now. “I just want this to go as painlessly as it can, whatever you say.” Tim's voice came out soft, the practiced lilt in his voice as he spoke, his very voice sounding out of place to himself.

Bouncing her head from side to side Elaine's dirty blonde hair that she still hadn't taken the time to tame yet that morning bounced about as she considered the answer and how to proceed before giving a short nod as if that were the answer she had been waiting for. “Good girl. Then it's time to get you ready.” Her gaze swept over him, unimpressed. “That t-shirt might work for sleeping, but you're not impressing your date in it.”

Sarah perked up immediately, bouncing to her feet. “Finally, dress up time.” She hooked her fingers into the hem of the oversized shirt and tugged it upward. “Arms up, Tammy.”

With little choice in the matter Tim still hesitated before lifting his arms, his face once more becoming a shade of pink as Sarah peeled the shirt off over his head, to leave him mostly exposed. The cool air of the room hit his skin, leaving him standing in few articles of clothing, none of them his own and none of them fit for a college age boy to be wearing. Panties, the same ones he attempted to steal the night before, bra, a corset and the high heels he had just been practicing walking in. His chest felt bare despite the bra

straps biting into his shoulders, the unease having him cross his arms over himself instinctively.

Tugging his arms down firmly, Elaine shook her head. “None of that. You wanted this to be painless? Then stop trying to cover yourself, after all you are a pretty coed getting ready for your date, you should be happy, not self conscious.”

Sarah gave him a reassuring smile before walking over to the shared closet and pulling out a slim red dress. The thin straps dangled from the hanger, the cotton blend fabric shifting slightly as she walked closer. Then she stopped, tilting her head. “Wait. I’m getting ahead of myself.” She gave an apologetic smile to the boy that was about to pretend to be a girl, though he didn’t really pick up on her own embarrassment.

Blowing out a breath of air, Elaine moved toward a dresser. “Good point. No boy wants a date who still looks like she just rolled out of bed.” She slid open a drawer and pulled free a fresh pair of panties. “Tammy is going to borrow these... They match the dress.” Elaine glanced over to her friend, seeing her wince slightly before shrugging. They both knew Tim didn’t have any panties of his own to wear and Sarah’s would fit a lot better than Elaine’s underwar. with a small bow stitched at the waistband. She tossed the undergarments in a way that they landed on the frozen boy’s face, the little bow on the waist band on display. “Change, and don’t hide yourself, we are all girls here.” Elaine didn’t really have any interest in seeing his little penis, but the boy seemed so shy that she was sure it would bother him.

Pulling the panties into his hands he felt the thin fabric between his fingers and nodded slowly, agreeing. He got through life by trying to put his best foot forward when someone asked him to do something, but it was hard for him to just go along with this, despite his agreements. “I... do I really have to...”

Elaine’s eyebrow arched, daring him to continue.

With his lips pressed tight, Tim peeled off the old pair, his body twisting slightly as he stepped out of them. Quickly as he could, he pulled the new panties up his legs, the underwear feeling cool as he stepped into them, the

silky fabric pulling snug around his hips until the little bow at the waistband sat squarely against his front. It stood out like a mocking reminder, a detail no boy should be wearing.

Sarah held in the mega-watt smile that wanted to show on her face, though she couldn't fully contain it as she watched the boy slip into her panties, her underwear covering his manhood.

“Okay, that is cute.” she said, her eyes lingering towards his groin.

Elaine was already reaching for the next piece. She held up a strapless bra, the cups lightly padded. “Arms through.”

Things were happening quickly enough that Tim had enough time to be uncomfortable, but not enough to over think things as he slid his arms into the bra straps. The underwear felt different than anything he had worn in his normal life. He had worn a pair yesterday, they just like what he put on down was forbidden and yet comfortable. The bra on the other hand was something only girls wore making it more than a little taboo, making him once more swallow hard, as it was adjusted, the thing clinging to him.

“Hmm, tha looks looks good.” Elaine nodded, her seeing Sarah doing so as well so she continued wanting to tease him a little. “Boys pay attention to these things.” Elaine said, poking the fake artificial cleavage.

The touch caused Tim to flinch, he couldn't actually feel her touch, but he could feel the pressure of it through the glued on assets that filled out the bra cups.

Elaine stepped behind him again, fingers catching the laces of his corset. “Time to up the gear on your waist training, everyone has unrealistic expectations of how us girls should look... Breathe in.”

While Tim sucked in a sharp breath, Sarah gave her friend a questioning look, the taller girl always having a natural figure she envied as her own lack of self confidence let itself be known.

The laces tightened, the boning pressing harder against the teens ribs until

the pressure made him wince. “Again.” Elaine said, holding the laces tight, them wrapped around her fingers. After another pull a knot was made to hold everything in place. Almost like magic the shapewear helped transform the boy. Not much had changed from the outside, the adjustment only getting another half inch off his waist, but it was indeed narrower than before.

“There,” Elaine said, giving his side a pat. “Now you actually have a figure. Still not much, but no one’s going to take one look at you and think boy.”

Tim let out a shallow breath, his chest restricted, each inhale shorter than the last. The corset forced his shoulders back and his spine straight, holding him rigid whether he wanted to be or not. None of that was different than what he had endured while even sleeping in the thing, but he had grown more accustomed to it, now it was back to square one.

Sarah finally returned with the dress. Her eyes glittered as she held it open for him. “Now you’re ready for this.”

His lips pressed tightly together, knowing he couldn’t fight this and needed to do everything he could to make his tormentors happy so it didn’t get worse. So he did what he always did in life, smile and do what he needed to to get along to go along. “That is a super cute dress, are you sure I can borrow it?”

Not for the first time Sarah’s eyes practically lit up, the question raising her level of excitement. “YES!” She blurted out before clamping her hand over her own mouth. “I mean, yes, I don’t mind at all.” The dress itself had been one her aunt had bought for her, hoping Sarah would open up more in college and go to parties, but it had mostly just sat in her closet till now.

The dress hugged his waist and hips, then stopped at mid thigh, indecently high as far as Tim was concerned or at least he thought so when it was on him. Sarah smoothed the fabric down with both hands, smiling with a pure chipper attitude as she did.

Sarah stepped back to admire him, then clapped her hands once. “Almost there. But a girl like you never goes out without her nylons.” She bent to

retrieve a fresh pair still in the package from her drawer, the thin square of plastic crinkling as she tore it open.

Tim's stomach tightened. He had seen pantyhose countless times on girls in real life and on TV, their legs shimmering faintly under skirts or dresses, the sheen catching light in ways bare skin never did. He had said out loud or even really gave it much thought, but he had always noticed, his eyes lingering longer than he meant them to. Now Sarah was kneeling in front of him, holding out the gossamer fabric. The pretty petite girl kneeling in front of him had its own train of thought as he sat on down on the edge of the bed and his hormonal mind had a hard time parsing both the sight of the girl smiling kneeling in front of him and what she was about to put on him.

“Sit,” Elaine ordered, giving him a command for something he was already doing on its own, resting her hand on his shoulder, giving it a light squeeze that might have been reassuring to others, but not to Tim in that situation.

Sarah shuffled a little closer, her crouched gracefully, bunching the pantyhose with practiced fingers. “Point your toes.”

As Sarah began to slide the pantyhose up his leg, Tim felt a rush of sensations he had never experienced before. The cool, smooth fabric glided over his skin, the slight tension as it stretched to fit his form sending shivers down his spine. The material was surprisingly thin yet remarkably strong, the delicate weave clinging to his legs with a gentle, almost intimate pressure. He could feel every slight movement, every shift of the fabric against his skin, the sensation both exhilarating and slightly unsettling. The pantyhose felt like a second skin, enhancing the sensitivity of his legs, making him acutely aware of every touch, every brush of air. He tried to keep his expression neutral, to hide the flush of arousal that threatened to betray him, but the sheer sensation of his skin was almost overwhelming. Sarah's fingers, gentle and sure, guided the pantyhose up his thighs, the sensation of her touch through the thin fabric sending waves of heat through his body. He could feel the material hugging his legs, the slight give and pull of the material as he moved, the way it accentuated the slight curves of his smooth shaven skin. It was a strange, intoxicating feeling, one that he knew he would never forget.

It was unlike anything he had ever felt. The fabric was so thin that it

seemed to amplify every sensation, making him hyper-aware of the faintest breeze from the air conditioning. As the brown haired girl continued to pull the pantyhose up, he could feel the material tightening around his thighs, the gentle pressure sending a thrill through his body. He tried to focus on his breathing, to keep his composure, but it was impossible with the garment restricting him under the dress, making the eroticism of the moment too much to ignore. The sight of Sarah, her blue eyes locked on his, her hands gently guiding the pantyhose, only added to the intensity of the experience. Tim had never been touched like this and could once more feel the heat rising in his cheeks, a blush that wasn't just embarrassment but a flush of desire spreading across his skin, and he knew that she could see it too.

Tim swallowed, each of his shallow breaths coming rapidly as he shifted slightly. The silky texture of his thighs touching one another making his groin cause a bump that looked out of place on the tight red dress, making the wrongness mix with his personal excitement to add confusion to it all.

Before he could process it, Elaine was crouching at his feet, the red heels already in her hands. She slid one onto his nylon covered foot, the fit smoother now than when he had the feminine footwear put on before, making him not sure how to act, only hesitation filling him.

Elaine's eyes swept over him, her lips curving faintly. "Good... Huh, I wasn't expecting that." her eyes holding firm on the tent that was being made in the dress.

Drawing attention to it only made Sarah burst out into laughter, her covering her mouth trying to hold it in and failing miserably. "Oh..." she laughed some more. "Tammy, you look..." she continued to laugh. "That isn't lady like, you are going to need to calm down." Despite how funny she found it, another part of Sarah was feeling intense feelings of her own that she wasn't sure how to grapple with.

"Okay, okay." Elaine looked between the two. "We still need to do her hair and makeup, but Tammy here getting excited is the perfect time to transition to a talk about what is expected on her date."

Chapter 12

Tim found himself staring at the two girls beside him as they made their way across campus, the same ones he hated himself for being attracted to after everything they had put him through. No matter how much he wanted to deny it, the feelings rose up anyway, and that only made him despise himself more. The contrast between their outfits alone made him stand out, for people to look at. At any moment he was afraid someone was going to ask why he was crossdressing or yell out some slur. The two coeds were dressed so much more casually showing off their personal styles, while the style he currently possessed had nothing to do with who he really was.

Elaine looked sharp in her fitted pink button-up, the mock-rolled sleeves fixed neatly with crisp white cuffs. Her tight jean skirt cut off two inches above the knee, casual yet flattering, and the plain white sneakers gave her a relaxed but commanding air. She carried herself like a woman who never had to try for attention; it simply followed her.

Sarah offered a softer kind of beauty. Her blue high-collared blouse with puffed cap sleeves peeked from beneath a red tank that buttoned neatly across her chest. A dark brown pleated skirt with two tiers fell just past her knees, paired with calf-high leather boots that gave her a steady, practical presence. She looked approachable, even warm... she had been much nicer to him, but that hadn't changed what she was forcing him to do.

Then there was him... Tammy, dressed for her date with someone he didn't have the name for yet, other than knowing it was someone here at college. The tight red dress hugged in ways that felt more exposing than flattering, yet it showed off the feminine curves created in his thin frame by the taut corset beneath. Pantyhose clung to his legs with a sheen that made him think everyone was going to look with every shift of his body, every step he took in the four inch high heels. That wasn't even counting how much makeup they had put on him compared to what they were currently wearing. Standing beside Elaine and Sarah, he did not feel like one of them. He felt like a doll... a puppet that had to do as they commanded, he only hoped that he really did look as much of a girl as he saw in the mirror. It had been painful in its own way to see the reflection of Tammy looking back at him, the makeup doing such a great job of making her eyes pop, his hazel eyes looking alluring in a way he wasn't comfortable with.

The two putting on the outfits had been an experience that both demeaned

and exhilarated him, a memory that lingered in his mind like a haunting secret. They had undressed in front of him with an ease that denied his maleness entirely, as if he were no more than another girl in the room, a silent observer to their intimate ritual. Elaine, with her tall, lean frame, stood confidently as she peeled off her clothes, revealing her smooth, pale skin. Her dirty blonde hair, cut in an uneven bob, framed her face, and her brown eyes sparkled with a mix of mischief and amusement. She was a vision of confidence and allure as far as he was concerned and the fact that she was so well aware of his lingering gaze and acted like he didn't matter did things to his mind as his body had its own reaction as her body a testament to her vitality. Her breasts, full and round, swayed slightly as she moved, and her hips, narrow and toned, accentuated her long, slender legs.

While Sarah acted more hesitant as she undressed and left parts of herself covered, the act of disrobing in front of the hormonally charged teen boy had grabbed hold of his attention just as strongly as her taller roommate. Her petite frame, standing at a mere five foot three, was a stark contrast to Elaine's towering five foot ten. Her long, brown hair cascaded down her back, framing her delicate features. Her blue eyes, wide and innocent, met his with a mix of curiosity and a bit of shyness of her own that only deepened the need he felt growing. She was a picture of innocence and vulnerability, her body a testament to her the kindness she shared with everyone around her. Her breasts, small and perky, smaller than Elaine's but like any boy he liked them all the same. As she undressed, her movements were hesitant, her eyes darting to his, a half-smirk playing on her lips, a look that promised something more, something he couldn't quite place.

The sight of their bare skin, revealed so casually, pushed them in his mind from simply pretty to almost painfully hot. His stomach knotted with shame. They had treated him like just another girl, stripping without concern, and that indifference only deepened the sting. Elaine had moved just as boldly now as before but in a new way he hadn't expected, while Sarah had taken her time, more hesitant, and that half-smirk she gave him still burned in his thoughts. He could not decide if it was teasing or something else, but it left him rattled, caught between humiliation and a stirring he did not want to name.

It had been minutes since Sarah's hands had been sliding up his now

smooth legs as she slid the nylon fabric up, and thoughts of it returned with a flush of heat. That weakness of his body reacting on its own, much to his shame now haunted him. There was nothing he could do about what they were doing, what they were making him do, nor his physical reaction to it.

Tim gave his head a small shake, feeling the loose sway of his blonde hair as its slightly wavy curls brushed against his cheeks. The movement dragged him back into the present, away from the lingering memory of Elaine and Sarah undressing in front of him. The sharp click of his heels on the pavement filled his ears, each step sounding too loud, the footwear he was forced to wear looked wonderful on a girl, but the sounds they made as he walked made him know he was just calling out for people to look in his direction.

‘What do people see? A boy... fuck I’m not even a man, just a crossdressing boy. Will they see that or would they pay more attention to the tits on my chest that look too much like the real thing thanks to the addition of makeup.’ The strapless bra he wore eased some of the weight from the glued on breast forms, but their pull was still there, a constant reminder of the curves forced upon him. All while the pantyhose added another layer of strangeness, the nylons wrapped around him brushing with every step as his thighs touched, sending shivers up his spine no matter how hard he tried to ignore it. All while his feet still ached in the four-inch heels, though he was steadier now, his body beginning to adapt. But that steadiness only deepened his shame, each step was carried out with a semi practiced feminine gait, a sway in his hips, a wiggle that Tim was aware drew the male eye, him having admired such a thing on many an occasion, and now it was him moving that way.

The two college coeds walked easily at his sides, the trio taking up the full sidewalk as they moved. Elaine’s fitted pink shirt and short denim skirt gave her an effortless style, her white sneakers making Tim feel as if what he wore stood out even more. Sarah’s layered blouse and pleated skirt gave her a softer, more thoughtful appearance, her boots clicking quietly beside him. Both looked natural, each in her own way. Tim, by comparison, felt artificial, forced into a version of femininity that was exaggerated, yet he knew what he saw in the mirror. Tammy appeared to be a pretty young woman, and yet he still couldn’t shake the feeling he was going to be outed for a pretender.

The dressing wearing young man kept his eyes down, convinced that every passerby was staring, that any second someone would shout out that he was a man, or some slur in his direction. The sound of the heels on his feet, the tug of the dress, even the faint touch and scent of makeup seemed to announce what he was. His chest grew tight with panic, causing a line of sweat to run down his compressed body.

At first Tim paid little attention to where they were headed. All his energy was spent on the simple act of doing as he had practiced back at the sorority, not even taking a single glance at anyone they passed in fear of it drawing attention in his direction. Sarah telling him to relax, how the only thing anyone would see is a pretty girl, didn't in fact make him relax at all.

It was only when the path began to feel familiar that unease crept into his chest. The sidewalks, the curve of the road, the shape of the trees—he knew them. Timothy's breath quickened as he dared a glance up, praying he was wrong. 'Don't be here, don't be here, don't be...' the thoughts came to a crashing halt when the street opened ahead, and he found himself exactly where he didn't want to be. The Omega Omega Kappa house loomed up ahead like a bad omen of what more was to come.

Once the OOKay house had been a place he longed to belong within, a home he thought would make him somebody. Now, dressed as Tammy, paraded forward by the girls at his side, it stood as the cruelest destination imaginable. Each step toward it tightened the knot in his stomach. His humiliation was leading him back to the very doorstep of his own fraternity, closing the circle in the most brutal way possible.

Jake had been sitting on the porch steps with his elbows on his knees, watching the three figures come down the walk. Looking over them he tried to put names to faces. A girl named Elaine had been the one who messaged him online, mentioning a friend would be with her, another member of Tri-Sigmas, would be coming by to introduce him to a cute pledge of theirs. How they were doing her a favor by setting her up on a date with him. How she thought he was cute, and a way to bring their houses closer together. Two birds with one stone, was the phrase she had used.

Even so, a tightness sat under his smile. He had sent a pledge of his own to their house... Tim Thompson was sent on a raid to steal panties the day

before and the kid never came back, making the timing of things suspect. This all seeming a bit like an attempt at payback, fallout from what happened. Like this Elaine was trying to organize a time where she could confront him. Jake could picture some fat cow of a girl reading him the riot act in front of his own house. Wanting to look unbothered by the possibility he kept his posture loose and easy, but watching them now the tension he felt was already starting to ease. None of the three were overweight, pimple faced cows, already making things better than his worst predictions.

Staying in place as they drew close enough he lifted a hand and pointed lightly at the brown eyed girl that had dirty blonde hair in an uneven bob cut. “Elaine Donalds?” He guessed, having a fifty-fifty chance of getting it right before motioning to the petite brunette. “Sarah Johnson?” He wanted to be sure he had it right.

Then his eyes settled on the third girl, examining her even as the two confirmed his guesses. Golden blonde hair with a soft wave, bouncing slightly as she walked. Hazel eyes that seemed glued on him as she came closer, her wearing a tight red dress that hugged her narrow waist. Dark pantyhose covered legs that ended in heels that clicked with each step. As his brown eyes met hers she dipped her chin, glancing away as if she was nervous about being caught staring at him. The way her lashes fluttered as she did made his own uneasy smile become something more genuine. That little hint of her being drawn to him and shy about it made her seem sweet.

The combination of it all loosened wariness enough for it to be washed away. They really had brought a pledge of their own, a pretty little thing that clearly had a crush on him.

While Jake admired the pretty girl being set up on a date with him he had no idea he was reading the situation so wrong. Tim being all nervousness, embarrassment and a strong desire to flee all mistaken for a shy girl who was interested in him.

The tall twenty one year old looked the three over once more, and came to a final decision. ‘So, not a trap, no setup for revenge.’ With that last thought he put the over eager pledge out of his mind, assuming he had just chickened out. Standing up he brushed his hands on his jeans before stepping down from the porch with his normal easy smirk in place.

Stepping off the last stair, Jake's smirk widening as he looked over the three of them. He gave a quick nod to Elaine and Sarah, enough to be polite, but his focus slid straight to the blonde girl clutching her small red purse like it was the only thing keeping her upright. "And..." he turned his head slightly, already confirming the two others names, but they had never given him the name of the girl he would be going on a date with. "Could I have your name? I'm Jake, Jake McGraff." he said in a way James Bond often gave his name in the movies. "But you know who I am, I just haven't been lucky enough to learn your name yet."

Tim's heart pounded hard enough he was sure Jake could hear it. Out of everyone he could have been thrown in front of, Jake was the worst possible person. He kept his head slightly bowed, hazel eyes darting up once before lowering again. His throat tightened as panic clawed at him, his thoughts in a frenzy. 'Jake is going to... he will... No, no, no! He will see through it all! He knows, how could he not!? Me being a girl is flimsy, it is obvious I'm not..., he will see right through me. If he doesn't he will... he will... why is he smiling at me? Lucky enough to learn my name? He knows my... No... he couldn't be buying this. Is he? Shit... okay, okay, just smile, just be Tammy, she is supposed to like him and needs to keep him happy. God, I can't think about what they put in the purse. Need to just make it through this without dying or letting him figure me out... That being the same as dying, shit okay, okay.'

"Hi," Tim forced out, his practiced voice catching for just a moment before smoothing into something higher, softer. "I'm Tammy. You can call me Tammy, because that's me, Tammy." he let out a nervous laugh.

Jake's grin curved into a lazy chuckle. "Tammy, okay. Just Tammy? One name, huh? I can get that." His eyes roamed over her face, catching the way she blushed and ducked her head, lashes flicking nervously. To him how she acted was textbook. Tammy was a girl with a crush, trying hard not to make a fool of herself in front of someone she liked.

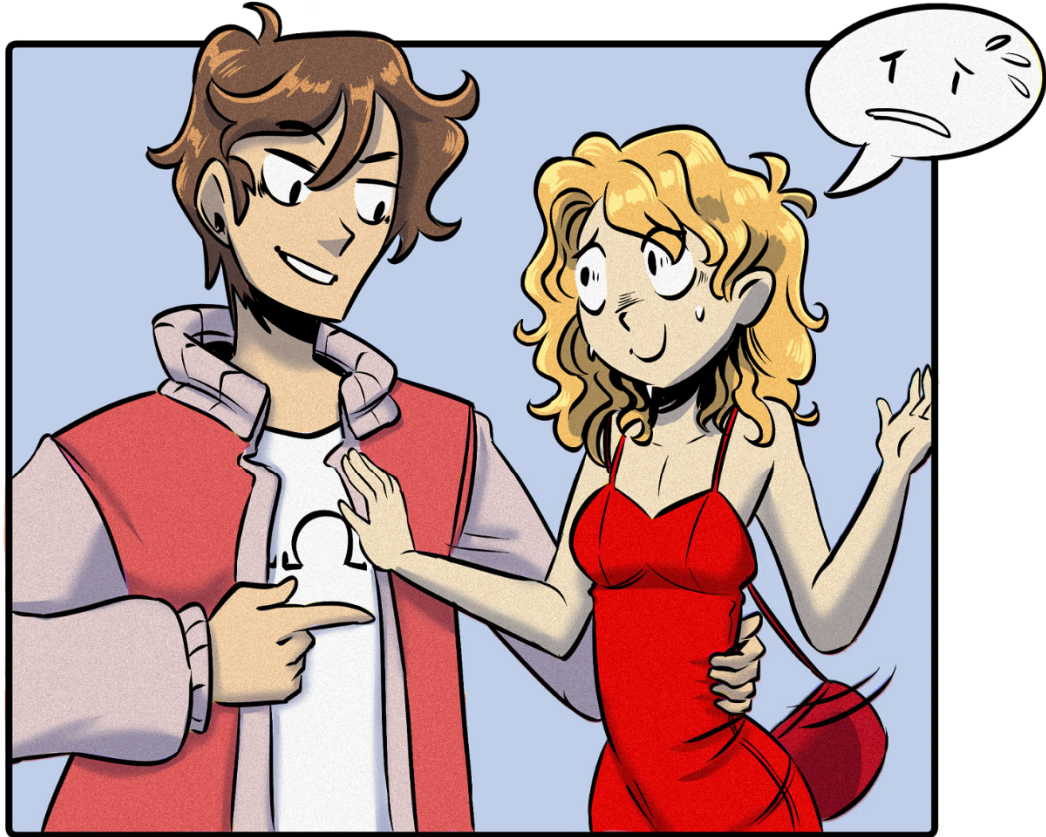
Tim gripped the strap of his purse tighter, fighting to keep his hands from trembling, every fiber of his being screaming to run. Jake had been someone he once looked up to... he did look up to. They were someone he wanted to impress as a pledge and here he was needing to do the same on a date, while pretending to be a girl. Now the same man was standing close

enough to touch him, smiling at him, teasing him, and Tim could barely breathe between the stress and the ever so helpful corset.

Jake noticed none of the panic hidden behind her eyes. All he saw was a pretty blonde in a tight red dress, shy and bashful, and clearly made up just for him. Her coyness only stroked his ego, confirming everything he had already been told about Tammy, that she liked him, that she thought he was cute. In his mind it was easy to picture how it had all happened, a late-night sorority sleepover, Tammy confessing her crush to the other girls, and Elaine deciding to step in and play matchmaker by arranging the date.

Jake's grin lingered as he stood beside her, moving with the easy confidence of someone who expected the world to follow his lead. His arm slid around the blonde's waist as though it belonged there, the unprompted gesture showing how certain he was. The faint shudder that he felt passing through her body told him everything he wanted to know. The excitement, Tammy practically vibrating with pleasure at his touch. The blush rising in her cheeks sealed it in his mind. She wanted this, she wanted him, and now it was clear to anyone watching that she was his for the night, perhaps longer if he chose.

Tim's every muscle locked up as an uncontrolled shudder of revulsion ripped through his entire body. The corset kept his back straight and his stomach drawn in, but inside he felt like he might explode. The heat of the older boy's hand against his side seeped through the thin fabric of the dress, burning into his psyche. When his muscles unlocked instinct betrayed him as his own hand lifted and rested against Jake, a reflex to steady himself. His own move surprised him, yet all he could do was to force a small smile onto his face, eyes darting to the two girls who had brought him here, pleading silently for help from those who had trapped him in this moment.



Before Tim could even think another thought, the brown-haired young man leaned down and brushed a quick kiss against his cheek. The contact was brief, almost playful, but it sent a shock through him all the same. His skin tingled where the lips touched, bringing forth a wave of humiliation that spread like wildfire until his face burned with the deepest blush he had ever known. He wanted to wipe the spot clean, to shove Jake away, to run. Instead, he stood frozen, aware that Elaine and Sarah were right there, watching. The knowledge that they were witnessing his first kiss from a non-relative, even if it was just one to his cheek and it coming from another boy made the shame unbearable.

“Thanks for setting me up with such a pretty girl,” Jake said, turning his

grin toward Elaine and Sarah. His tone full of easy charm, the kind that came naturally to someone who had never doubted his place in the world. “I owe you one. Feels like everybody wins here.”

“I couldn’t agree more, all those that deserve a win are getting one.” Elaine smiled back at the cocky frat boy in front of her.

Tim swallowed hard, the words hitting him like another blow. ‘A pretty girl... he really does think I’m pretty.’ he thought, knowing he had a similar opinion on what he saw in the mirror. It was what girls wanted to hear, or so he presumed.

“Have fun together.” Sarah looked between the two in front of her, before focusing in on the tormented boy. “You two make a cute couple.” She beamed, her smile overly large, all while she thought being the one to spend time with the crossdressed boy a year younger than herself, her mind losing track of the point of the setup.

“Right.” Jake nodded, giving his date a gentle push with his hand around them to move away from the little gathering to actually start the date. Hearing the click clack, click clack of Tammy’s heels as they walked he glanced back at the two coeds. “Thanks again, I will make sure we both have a fun night.”

Chapter 13

Jake slid into the driver's seat of his Mustang, the leather creaking under him as he settled in, his easy confidence being clear as he draped one arm around his wheel. "Tonight is going to be fun." he said, giving his pretty blonde date a wink before his other hand wrapped around the gearshift, fingers drumming once, his eyes still on the coed in his passenger seat. Tammy sat stiff as a board, that little red purse clutched tight against her lap like it might fly away if she let go. Her hazel eyes flicked up at him, then dropped again almost instantly, a blush spreading across her cheeks. The way she looked at him and then looked away made him want to lean over and kiss her now. The bashful little attitude when they both knew she was into him drove him wild.

Jake smirked. 'Classic. Seen that look a dozen times on other girls. Shy. Nervous, And oh so eager. Exactly the kind of thing he expected when he went out on a date with a pretty little thing that thought she was dating someone out of her league like him. Mmm, she's already worked up just sitting next to me, and the night hasn't even started yet. Elaine has done me a solid with this setup.'

Turning the key, the Mustang's engine growling to life, a sound he always loved and knew made an impression. "Relax, babe," he said, voice low, smooth. "You just sit there and look beautiful and I will do the rest and if I do say so myself... you are doing a great job so far."

The way she glanced up to him, the small smiling flashing on her face told him his compliment had landed home. He watched as Tammy's hands tightened on the purse strap, like she was expecting her to gun it in his car.

Her lips parting like she might answer, before shutting them again only drew his gaze more to her lipstick covered lips as she even fluttered her lashes. Jake read it as another checkmark in his favor. ‘Little nervous, but she wants me.’

Grinning wider, he eased the car into gear and rolled them down the street. One hand stayed loose on the wheel, the other resting easy on the shift. From the corner of his eye, he caught her still stealing glances at him. The way she looked away quickly, cheeks heating, told him plenty.

“See, that’s cute,” he said casually, flicking his eyes towards her, giving her a little smile. “What you're doing, I notice you, noticing me.” he said, his eyes sliding to her pantyhose encased legs, then back to the road. “The way you get all shy around me. Don’t worry, Tammy. I like girls who blush.”

He let the words hang there, savoring the quiet that followed. Her silence told him he had hit the nail on the head.

By the time they hit the main road, Jake’s grin had settled into his normal easy grin. “So,” he started, one arm stretched along the top of the wheel, “you probably already heard about that last Delta party, right? The one where things got a little... messy?” He shot Tammy a sidelong glance, catching partial shrug, smile still in place. To him, it wasn’t obvious if she had heard or not, but either way he was sure she was dying for him to tell the story.

“You see, this guy comes up to me, big mouth, no brain. Starts yapping about how OOKays are washed up, how we couldn’t even fill a house

without begging. Real original, right? I kept it cool, gave him a chance to back off, but he wouldn't shut up. Finally swung on me. Stupidest thing in the world for him to do, really I had hardly said a word back to him, but I guess he took offense and you see I barely had to move. Bam, he hit me, but it was hardly a blow and a sucker punch at that, then though... I dropped him clean with one shot. Room went quiet for a second, then boom! Place erupted. Everyone cheered my name..." Jake paused for a moment, as he thought back to the party. He had been pretty drunk, but he was sure his name had been cheered, or at least yelled and his partial memory told him it might have been an angry sound to the voice or voices. "Still..." Jake continued. "Bartender sent me a drink on the house. I mean, it is just one of the people there handing me a shot, but they are sort of like a bartender when they do that. Well the Delta boy had to be dragged out by his buddies. Haven't seen him show his face at a party since."

Tammy's lips curled into the faintest smile. "Oh yeah," she murmured, just enough for him to catch. Jake smirked, his chest swelling. That was all he needed. "Yeah," he said in return, tapping the steering wheel with his thumb. "That's the thing about me, sweetheart. I don't start fights, but I finish them. Girls like knowing they're safe with a guy like that. Makes 'em feel protected. You don't have to worry about anything when you are with me."

"Tell me more" Tammy said, making Jake feel like a king.

"Protection's not the only thing I bring to the table, though. You should've seen the rush week mixer last year. Everyone was trying to impress. But

who had the spotlight all night? Yours truly.” He flashed his teeth in a grin, eyes back on the road but soaking in the silence he took as awe. “Pulled the hottest girl in the room onto the dance floor, had every guy there watching like I’d just stolen their Christmas morning. Pretty as she was Tammy, I would have chosen you over her any day of the week.”

He caught another glance of Tammy’s lips parting as if to respond, then closing again, and laughed softly under his breath. “See? You don’t even have to say anything. I can tell you get it. Most girls, I mean what’s her name at the party didn’t, but most girls they play hard to get. But you? You’re sweet. You don’t hide how much you like me.”

The words hung heavy in the air, Jake letting them sink in while the Mustang roared down the road. Shifting gears with a casual flick of his hand in a practiced motion. Tammy, with her soft blush and whispered answers, was exactly what he needed on a week where he had to deal with some annoying pledges. In his mind, the date was already on rails, and he was the one driving it straight to the finish line.

“You know,” he said, letting his voice dip lower, more intimate, as he thought of the girl he had met at that party and what she had done to him up in his bedroom. “You’re beautiful. I can’t help my eyes be drawn to your lips as we talk and I was told you’ve been into me for a while. That’s why we’re here, right?” He gave her a sideways look, grin tugging at his lips. “So let’s not dance around it. What do you think about a BJ tonight?”

There was a pause, just long enough for Jake to feel the thrill of having dropped it so casually, then Tammy’s voice came soft, almost distracted:

“Oh yeah.”

Jake’s grin spread wide, pride flaring through him like fire. That was all the confirmation he needed. Hell, it was more than he expected this early in the night and as soon as had asked the idiot question he was kicking himself, but it seemed to have worked out in his own favor. Tammy seemed to know what she wanted, and that was him.

“Thought so,” he muttered, mostly to himself, his eyes back on the road. “Knew you were something special.” He relaxed deeper into the seat, smug satisfaction written all over him. The art museum, the wine, the music, they weren’t going to exactly be window dressing, but more of foreplay. The real night would start later, Tammy was his, and she had just admitted she was eager for his cock.

The Mustang purred beneath them, streetlights flashing across the windshield, and Jake couldn’t stop the grin that settled across his face. He’d won before the date had even started.

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Tim sat rigid in the passenger seat, purse pinned tight against his lap like it could shield him from everything closing in. The fact the purse held within it condoms an object of protection didn’t make the purse, a thing he shouldn’t be carrying around any better, it made things worse. His chest rose and fell in shallow bursts, each breath too loud in his own ears. The moment Jake slid behind the wheel, all easy confidence and charm, Tim’s throat locked. That wink, that casual “Tonight is going to be fun,” might

have sounded harmless to anyone else, but to Tim it landed like a threat.

He glances at the older boy, then snapping his eyes away before their gazes could meet. Every time Jake's warm brown eyes might line up with his, Tim looked down at the purse, at his lap, anywhere but at him. All he could think was that if Jake looked too close it would all be over. 'Jake would see... How could he not? He would know. How can Jake not know already? Would he laugh? He would laugh... Or worse, he would tell everyone!' The thoughts went on and on, some repetitive, others building on one another in a vicious cycle.

The Mustang roared to life, its engine shaking the seat beneath him, and Tim flinched. Jake's smooth voice slid over the rumble. "Relax, babe. You just sit there and look beautiful, and I'll do the rest." Tim's lips pulled into a strained little smile, the kind he practiced in front of the sorority mirror, but it did not feel real. He prayed it looked convincing enough to pass.

When Jake's eyes flicked over him and the compliment landed, Tim's face burned hot, the blush rising whether he wanted it or not. He could feel Jake watching the reaction, and he wanted to crawl out of his skin. His hands squeezed the purse strap so tightly his knuckles ached.

Jake's next line twisted the knife. "See, that's cute. I notice you noticing me." Tim's head jerked, panic prickling through him. He had not meant to stare. He had only been checking, terrified that the disguise was paper thin and falling apart. His blush deepened, but not from shyness. It was fear, the kind that made his whole body stiffen. He forced his eyes away and raised another smile he did not mean, terrified that his silence would betray him

more than words.

By the time they reached the main road, his cheeks still burned and his throat felt tight. Jake's grin stayed easy, while Tim sat beside him silently screaming, convinced that every second brought him one heartbeat closer to being found out.

As the Mustang hummed along the road, Tim sat stiffly in the passenger seat, his nylon covered legs pressed tightly together with the borrowed purse clutched so tightly in his lap that his knuckles ached. Every sound felt amplified to him, the growl of the engine, the faint rattle of loose change in the console, even the rush of his own breath as he tried to keep it steady, as if he was an exposed nerve.

“So, you probably already heard about that last Delta party, right? The one where things got a little... messy?” Tim heard the young man, one of the very leaders at the frat he was supposed to be reporting to say.

When he saw Jake's glance slid his way, Tim's heart lurched. He didn't know what Jake was talking about. There hadn't been any Delta party this year that he was aware of. Though he hadn't heard about much of anything that happened at the level Jake lived on, that he wanted to be part of. His throat locked up, words refusing to come. Tim a noncommittal shrug, trying to keep his lips in a smile despite his level of anxiety. ‘What party? Maybe it was something some of the others... or maybe...?’ Thinking hard about it Tim had a slight memory of people talking about a Delta party, but he couldn't recall any details. ‘Maybe Tammy wouldn't have known about it either?’ Tim thought, unsure if it would be enough of an answer.

It felt like a bit of a relief when Jake seemed satisfied and went right on talking, his voice filling the space between them. Names, places, details. Tim caught none of it. His mind was too loud. Every second was another chance to be exposed. Another chance Jake might look harder, hear something wrong in his voice, put it together.

Then the bragging stopped. The silence stretched, heavy, and Tim's stomach dropped. Jake was waiting. Expecting something. An old trick back from high school surfaced, one Tim had used to fake his way through classes when he hadn't been paying attention and the teacher insisted on participation. Say something vague, and the teacher would move on.

"Oh yeah." Tim muttered, the words spilling out in the practiced feminine voice. It was easier to speak in it now than the night before, but it felt wrong to hear coming out of his own mouth. A thing that caused yet another mental spiral and the risks it could bring to his situation.

All the while, completely unaware of the mental war inside Tim's mind, Jake picked up talking once more with what oozed of smugness. Tim nodded faintly, still gripping the purse strap as Jake went on about safety, about how girls liked being protected with him around. Every look in his direction reminded Tim of the guillotine hanging over his own head, and when it happened in a pause in the talking, Tim did what came natural to him, still having no idea what the older boy was talking about.

"Tell me more." Tim said, pushing the words past the tightness in his chest. Sitting there he flexed one of his feet, his foot stuck at an angle thanks to the footwear, feeling the heel of the shoe slide along the floor mat.

A bead of sweat ran down Tim's back, things were going well? He guessed when Jake went back into whatever it was he was talking about.

“Protection's not the only thing I bring to the table, though. You should've seen the rush week...”

The rest of what the taller man was talking about was lost on Tim, at first he questioned the word protection and what that had to do with a party and now not sure he was even talking about the same subject and then that faded on the two words that shook him to the core 'Rush week? Does he know? Is he testing me? No, he wouldn't do that, it would make him look bad... would it? No, there is no way it would, but it could. Right? Can't second guess myself, tonight I have to be Tammy, too much is riding on this. Just be Tammy, she likes him. Of course she would like him. Just look at Jake, tall with broad shoulders and a smile that actually gets returned when he looks at girls. Not like me... no, no don't think like that, Tammy wouldn't think like that. Have to be Tammy, not my loser self, can't be Tim, be Tammy, be Tammy.'

Despite Tim trying to get himself into the right frame of mind it continued to spiral and give him a growing sense of unease that he wouldn't have guessed at room to grow at all. Tim's mind continued spin, still caught on rush week comment he heard, not having room to grasp or come to terms with it being a fragment of a scrap of a sentence. Still he was trying to keep together, to glue the Tammy disguise more in place, all while it felt paper-thin. Pulse throbbed in his ears, drowning out whatever it was Jake's stream of words were until he stopped speaking once more. 'What did he

say? Shit I still wasn't paying attention... get it together, get it together... he said the word tonight.' Only fragments having made it into his consciousness left the question completely open. The uptick at the end told him it was a question, and questions needed answers.

Panic surging, it practically flowing in his body like an ocean, it crashing forward in moments like this in waves. "Oh yeah," Tim breathed, the uneasy forced smile not having wavered as the car moved on to their destination.

Jake's grin widened, smug and satisfied, and Tim's stomach twisted. Whatever the question had been, Jake thought he had his answer. Tim shifted in the seat, looking away from the young man next to him, seeing streetlights flashing across the windshield having no idea what he had agreed to, but sure it couldn't be worse than the bargain he followed along with from Elaine and Sarah to avoid a proverbial end to his life.

Chapter 14

Jake pulled the Mustang into a space near the front, the headlights sweeping across the stone façade of the museum before cutting out. The faint beat of music slipped through the glass doors even from here, a muffled thrum that seemed to pulse in Tim's chest. He had spent the entire ride gripping his little red purse like a lifeline, counting down every second until they arrived. Before the engine had even been turned off, the very moment the gearshift hit park, he couldn't stay inside a second longer.

Shoving the door open and stepping out quickly, the disguised college freshman found himself almost losing his balance. A night and afternoon practicing in high heels hadn't exactly made him a master in balancing in them and with the rapid movement and the slick surface of the lot he was close to taking a tumble. Stomach lurching, ankle bent, Tim slapped his hand against the roof of the car to steady himself. The sudden stumble yanked his eyes downward, to the hem of the short dress brushing against his thighs, to the dark nylon stretched over his legs, to the way the glossy heels pinched his toes together and forced his calves taut. For an instant he saw himself exactly the way anyone else would, a girl scrambling in her date's car door, nearly toppling because she was too eager to get out. His mouth went dry.

Seeing Tammy practically jump out of his car, in a hurry to get the date started now that she saw where they were, brought his normal smirk into something much wider. They had already talked about where things were going and the fact she slapped the roof of his car as she got out to make him move faster only encouraged him more. "Yes ma'am." he said to himself, turning off the car and getting out.

Walking around his vehicle with an unconscious swagger in his stride Jake took his date's hand in his own. Walking around holding a girl's hand wasn't exactly his preferred way to spend his time, but he knew girls loved the little touches like that and that always led to what he actually wanted. "I thought you might like to look at some art, you seem like the type of girl that is more cultured than a brute like me." Jake laughed, the destination picked long before he had ever met the girl, it bringing success to his dating life more than once in the past.

Tim's fingers disappeared inside Jake's. The difference was startling, Jake's palm more than a little broader than his own, his grip firm enough to guide without asking. Tim's own hand felt dainty by comparison, the way it had to look, his hand... a girl's hand snugly inside her date's'. The click of his borrowed heels against the asphalt sounded painfully loud with each step, echoing between the parked cars, and every sharp tap reminded him he was not walking like a man. 'It is just a hand... it is just a hand, no big deal, just one foot in front of the other.' Tim thought, wanting to pull away, shove his hands in his pockets, though there weren't any, just a purse that held things he really didn't want to think about. None of that was an option, not really

far as he was concerned. ‘Tammy would like this, right? Yeah, I would want to do this if I was with...’ Tim’s mind trailed off, he had never been on a date in his life till now so his thoughts of what he would want to do with a girl didn’t matter. ‘Tammy, like this and I’m Tammy, just be Tammy... easy, super easy, soooo easy... Fuck.’

Ahead, the museum glowed under floodlights, its wide glass entrance spilling warm light across the sidewalk. A cluster of people stood outside laughing, their voices lifting over the faint strains of jazz from inside. Tim’s stomach tightened at the sight of them. ‘What if one of them looks too closely? What if someone recognized me?’

Despite the burst of panic, Tim, as Tammy continued on, unable to do anything else when hand in hand with the taller boy.

Inside the foyer the light was soft and golden, banners for A Night of Art and Wine hanging above the desk where a woman waited with a roll of tickets. Jake let his grip loosen to free his hand from Tammy’s and pulled out his wallet to cover both admissions.

Tim hadn’t even considered paying, considered money at all. Jake had paid before he even had time to think about paying his own way, he wasn’t even sure there was money in the purse, Tim wasn’t even sure if anything from his own wallet when the girls had strong armed him was in the bag. The simple act made him wince. ‘He might as well have stamped his ownership across me...’

Swallowing hard and lowering his eyes, trying to make himself small, trying to let Tammy take over. ‘Tammy is supposed to be shy, Tammy is supposed to be quiet, Tammy is supposed to smile, she likes Jake... her date. My date...’ It was the only way to survive, so when they stepped past the desk and into the open lobby, Tim forced himself to do something that twisted his stomach into knots. He slipped his hand back into Jake’s on his own. Not because he wanted to. Not because it felt right, but because Tammy would, Tammy would enjoy it.

Moving together through the open lobby, the faint jazz swelling louder with every step until it filled the air, the kind of music that made everything feel more sophisticated than it really was. Jake thought of it as elevator music,

not caring for it, but the first time he had taken a girl here she had said how she loved it, how soothing it was. He wasn't exactly the biggest into music, he liked what he liked, but was willing to endure or ignore others if a pretty little thing liked it. Inside past the banners and the ticket desk, the wide entrance opened into the first gallery, where tall round tables stood scattered between sculptures and canvases hung along the walls. The crowd was thin enough that each cluster of people had space to breathe, for him to work his charms on Tammy, and other girls before her.

For Tim the band that played added background sound, a slight cover for the two of them, giving him something else to focus on and lively enough that the museum felt alive in a way he had never experienced before.

Jake steered them without hesitation to one of the high-tops near the front. From here, the band was clearly visible, the polished brass of a saxophone catching the lights, while just beyond them a collection of abstract paintings splashed wild color across a white wall. Tim didn't know what any of the art meant, but he also didn't put much thought into it, having more than enough on his mind. He kept his head bowed slightly, purse hugged to his side, heels clicking against the marble floor as he slid onto the tall stool next to Jake as the brown haired young man held the seat out..

"Let's get this started right," Jake said, signaling to a server with a raised hand. "When you can, and no rush, bottle of the house red."

Tim's stomach tightened. Wine. Drinking. He hadn't even thought about it. His mouth opened before he whispered to Jake. "I... I'm not twenty-one. I can't drink."

The words tumbled out, his pulse hammering the whole time. In his mind's eye he saw flashes of the fraternity house, of parties he had imagined when he pledged, of red Solo cups sloshing beer, of someone lifting him up onto a keg for a keg stand, while everyone cheered. That was what drinking was supposed to look like. Loud. Masculine. Fraternity-born. Not wearing a little red dress, sitting on a date with a boy, a bottle of wine coming his way and an ID in his purse that said he was Timothy Thompson, not Tammy. Not that he was even sure his own ID was in the bag.

Jake leaned a little closer to his date, his easy smile, that smirk ever

present. “Don’t worry about that, babe. Nobody here’s checking. They see a pretty girl with a guy like me, they don’t ask questions.” His voice dropped just enough to sound smooth, or at least that was his intention. “Besides, you carry yourself like a woman who belongs here, belongs with me and I’m truly happy to be here with you tonight Tammy. You don’t have to worry about a thing, they’d never think to card you.”

Heat crawled up Tim’s neck at the compliment, his mind spinning. ‘Jake, he is a paragon at the frat... he is THE man and he is happy to be here with me?’ He wanted to snap back that he wasn’t a girl at all, not someone he would actually want to hang out with, hardly anyone ever really did, but a small part of him enjoyed the idea of it, despite the lie, despite that he wasn’t suited for anything here. ‘Tammy is though... maybe? She would like this, Tammy would like this, I like this, I like this...’

As Tammy, Tim smiled, sat there and nodded. “Thanks, I..., this place place is nice. Thank you for taking me here.”

Brushing her blonde hair slightly to the side, Jake kissed Tammy’s cheek before clasping her closest hand between both of his own. “This is just the start. If I have it my way we are going to go to many places together. Have adventures, fun and so much more.”

The server returned with the bottle and two glasses. Letting go of his Tammy, Jake poured with exaggerated care, filling hers first before his own.

The glass trembled slightly in Tim’s hand, an odd feeling in him that he couldn’t describe ran through his mind from Jake’s words. The deep red liquid in the glass catching the lights above. Without a thought he brought it up to his lips, feeling like he really could use a drink, needing the drink to calm the storm inside of him.

The wine rolled across Tim’s tongue heavier than he expected, smooth at first with a faint sweetness, then turning dry and biting at the edges. It coated his mouth in a way that beer never had, at least from his limited experience. Leaving a tannic film that clung to his teeth and throat. Each swallow sent a gentle burn downward, not like the fiery punch of the shots of Fireball he had on his first night at the frat, but a spreading warmth that bloomed through his chest. The aftertaste of the drink was something more

rich and strange, almost overwhelming, yet carrying a heat that made his nerves slacken in spite of themselves.

Jake watched, eyebrows lifting, amusement flashing in his eyes. “Damn, Tammy,” he chuckled, lifting his own glass, taking a sip. “Didn’t think you’d be the one trying to drink me under the table.”

“Ahh...” Tim opened his mouth, making the sound before closing it and starting again. “You know us girls... we like wine.” Somewhere in his mind he just knew girls liked wine more than beer, he wasn’t sure if it was just something from movies and tv shows or if it was a real thing, but felt he had to be closer to the truth when he wasn’t corrected.

“True, and I can tell you are the type of girl who likes to party and I for one like that.” Jake said, filling his date's glass up once more.

It wasn’t long before the server returned, balancing a tray of charcuterie, little wooden boards lined with slices of cheese, curls of lunch meat, and bunches of grapes. The sight hit Tim the moment the board was tilted his way, sharp cheddar and salty ham making his stomach tighten. His body betrayed him with a low growl, loud enough that Jake’s eyebrows lifted in amusement.

“You want one?” Jake asked, nodding toward the food. They were more expensive than he liked for how little food, but considering what she was planning on doing with him, it was a small cost to keep her happy.

Tim’s throat tightened as his mouth salivated at the offered food. He wanted nothing more than to say yes, to grab the board and fill the empty ache gnawing at his stomach. He hadn’t eaten enough earlier, not even close, and the wine was only making the hunger worse. But he could already picture the mess of it. Worse, he could imagine greasy fingers, crumbs, anything that would break the illusion of Tammy being neat and pretty. ‘I’m supposed to be pretty... Jake said I was pretty.’ Tim thought, his own misplaced ideas of girls leading him down a path away from what he actually wanted to do, to say. Lips pressed together, and Tim shook his head quickly, enough for his styled hair to bounce about. “No, thank you. I’m fine.”

Jake leaned back in his chair, smirk softening into something closer to indulgence. He had heard her stomach, knowing she was hungry, but the refusal made sense to him in another way that was far too common for girls in his opinion. ‘Another girl on a diet.’ he thought with faint amusement. They were all the same, always watching their figure. ‘A whole board of food like that? I would scarf that shit down it down... if I ever ordered one just for myself.’ He never had, or imagined he would ever do such a thing for himself. The art that he didn’t really care for, music he couldn’t care less about, adding some wine and pretending to care about it all. That was for them, to put his best foot forward with a girl. He wouldn’t really lie, he would tell them he didn’t get it, but he also wouldn’t say he didn’t like it either, no the focus was always on them. Girls really were the fairer sex, so pretty and desirable. On his own... Real food was a burger and fries, while he watched a game. Not meat and cheese on a slab of wood. He let the thought pass with a shrug, he couldn’t help a private smirk at the idea of ever going out with a girl who actually ate. ‘Course I wouldn’t want to go out with a fatty...’ Jake mentally added to the idea of a girl actually eating her fill.

“Nothing for us tonight, just going to enjoy the company of someone I don’t deserve and hope she doesn’t wisen up to the fact that she is too beautiful for me.” Jake half laughed as the server moved on to try and push the offered food to another visitor. Turning back to Tammy he poured a little more in her glass, topping it off as he saw it was half gone already.

‘I am not!’ Tim thought as the older boy spoke to the employee, one he hadn’t even glanced at to have even the slightest idea of what they looked like. Being talked about in such a manner wasn’t the easiest thing for him. It wasn’t just the fact of being referred to as a girl or pretty, but also that he just wasn’t used to getting compliments and hating himself a bit for liking the fact he was getting them. With another large swallow of wine going down his throat he accepted the refill without hesitation, lifting it back to his mouth. Tim could feel the slight shake, the tremble in his hand and placed it flat on the table after another long pull of the drink. He had no awareness of the fact no one else in the room was doing more than just taking a few sips of the drink.

Moving his hand once more, Jake brushed his fingers lightly along Tammy’s arm, trying for his touch to be casual but clearly deliberate. “I

have said this before, but you look good tonight. It isn't just about how you look, but all the effort that was put in, I appreciate it and you for it." he said, letting the compliment roll easily from his tongue. A girl had shown up for a blind date in sweat pants and a hoodie before on him, not even bothering to put any makeup on, that had been upsetting, he deserved more and the worse part was, she was hella cute and if she just had tried she could have been a knock out. Tammy on the other hand, she knew how to present herself and he was loving it.

Tim tilted his head from left to right, the smile on his face wasn't the largest but it was real as he laughed lightly. It wasn't funny specifically, but the situation of it all and how much real effort went into him looking this way was absurd. "You have no idea how much had to be done."

Moving his hand up across her forearm and up to her shoulder, Jake gave her a light squeeze of his hand as his finger tips played slightly with the strap of her dress. "I don't, not really, but that only makes me appreciate it more. Why don't you tell me about it, help me be a bit less ignorant."

Glancing at the hand on him, Tim forced himself to look back at Jake's face, not realizing in doing so he leaned a little closer to the man, giving the impression of not just acceptance but enjoyment. "You want to know how a girl gets... how I got ready for tonight?"

"Sure." Jake said, leaning a little closer, his free hand moving up, index finger touching just under her chin. "I just want to hear more about you. I want to get to know the person behind that smile that lights up the room." he said before leaning in, his lips kissing her lightly.

Tim's eyes went wide as their lips met. It hadn't even lasted a full second and it took even longer for his words to sink in after the small intimate moment. "Emmmm!" The worried sound escaped Tim's closed mouth before taking another swig from the wine.

The second bottle of wine appeared on the table without Tim really noticing it being ordered. The server refilled both glasses, Tim's fully empty glass and Jake's half drunk one before leaving the bottle. Tim of course didn't protest, the beverage was not to his liking specifically, but whatever its alcoholic content, it made his anxiety feel like less of an issue. Not that it

went away, but just less of a problem. The first bottle had left his head light, his body loose, and another glass seemed like the best way to keep steady in the whirlpool his mind had become. 'He kissed me... Jacob freaking McGraff kissed me!'

While lost in his own thoughts, Tim felt something unexpected. Jake's hand settling on his knee.

The heat of it bled straight through the thin nylon, heavier than any of the thoughts dancing around in his mind, pulling him back to the present and causing him to fully freeze in place. The weight, the warmth, the deliberate pressure of a man's hand on his leg, the thumb moving slightly up and down. Every nerve under the pantyhose came alive, a tingling awareness spreading up through him. 'That feels good...' Party him felt like melting in a way some did when getting a massage, his already intoxicated mind just wanting to move with it even before Tim knew he was already that far gone with the wine before something snapped to the surface. 'Too good! It shouldn't feel good... but oh..' The silky barrier of the nylons seemed to amplify every shift of the palm, turning a simple squeeze into something electric. Tim's chest tightened in panic even as his body betrayed him with a low, traitorous thrill. "Oh..." The word came out with a long breath.

Tim knew he did not like guys, not in the way, he wasn't gay. He knew he liked girls... loved girls, had touched himself more than once to them online. Still the shiver that ran down his spine was undeniable.

Jake read her little shudder, along with the sound escaping her little lipstick covered lips, as the permission he needed. Sliding his hand up higher, fingers tracing lightly over nylon as if savoring the texture. He could hear Tammy's breath catch as her lips parted, her bottom lip quivering.

Looking into his eyes, Tim forced his mouth closed as he whined. Not just from the pleasure that ran through him that he knew shouldn't be there, but the pure wrongness of it all. He had felt so turned on earlier from the material and that had been wrong enough on its own and yet it somehow got worse. Not fighting back, pushing the hand away he once more took a long pull of the wine glass like he was trying to drown his pounding heart was the beverage.

“Gmmm!” Mouth full Tim almost lost it, spit out as the hand on him slid back down and then up again. The sound itself, a mix of almost spitting it out, choking and the unwelcomed and unintended sound of pleasure bubbling up as the fingers trailed along his leg.

“Cute,” Jake murmured, fingers touching her hair lightly as she acted all shy again. “You blush so easily.”



Tim shook his head quickly, too quickly, trying to deny his words, the feeling, and the entire situation. The next thing he knew, the hand at his leg shifted, Jake's other hand rising once more to catch his chin, tilting his face upward. The kiss... another kiss landed softly at first, lips pressing and testing. Jake's mouth was warm and faintly tasted of red wine. His lips were firmer than Tim expected.

Tim's body stiffened, panic spiking sharp, yet not nearly as sharp as the anxiety let it spike at the man's first time, the wine dulling things. Then the hand at his thigh squeezing again and the sensations collided. The silky friction along his nylon covered legs, the spreading warmth of alcohol, the

slow deliberate press of Jake's mouth against his own. It sent a dizzy wave straight through the nineteen year old. 'No! Its wrong! Wrong, wrong...' The shiver that ran down Tim's spine did not feel wrong at all.

Jake deepened things gradually, coaxing the girl more as she melted into him. His lips parted, brushing and tasting, trying to draw her more into things. While he didn't care about the others around, he also knew the girl was nervous about the date, the shy little things and he wanted her to focus just on him.

Tim had never kissed anyone before. He did not know how to angle his head or when to part his lips and found himself just following Jake's lead, letting himself be guided by him so easily. It felt good enough that he fell into the rhythm he was led into. His inexperience only sharpened every sensation, every press of lips, every faint tug sending heat racing through him. The softness, the warmth, the faint taste of wine shared between them. Kissing felt good, no matter what his mind told him it was shockingly good.

"Mmmnnnnnoooo" He made a muffled pleasurable noise that slowly morphed into a protest. In desperation Tim pulled back and without even looking at the person who had been kissing him, Tim lifted the glass again, drinking it fast, as though the wine could excuse him, as though it could give him a reason not to kiss back even as his lips tingled slightly in enjoyment from what they had just been participating in.

The more Jake touched, the more Tim drank. His glass emptied in quick pulls. He did not notice how fast until Jake laughed softly against his mouth. "Cheap date," Jake teased, his thumb stroking Tammy's cheek.

Tim's head spun, dizzy with alcohol and new sensations. Jake's arm sliding around his waist, pulling him in closer, lips pressing in again with more insistence. His other hand still caressed along Tim's nylon-clad thigh, stroking upward, tracing deliberately higher with every pass. The silky texture made it worse, made it better, every shift of fabric over skin setting off sparks his body could not deny.

Tim leaned without considering anything, drunk enough that his body sought warmth and pleasure where his mind screamed retreat, though his body acted as if it hadn't heard the command. Jake's words and touches

wrapped around him like the music itself, slow and deliberate, filling him with panic and arousal together.

‘Tammy would like this. Tammy would smile. Tammy would... would... Oh his hand and and... his tongue feel so good.’

His lips tingled and his legs trembled. When Jake kissed him again he did not pull back. It was awkward and clumsy, his first kiss, but it felt good all the same. The taste of wine on Jake’s mouth, the warmth of another’s lips guiding his, the hand stroking his thigh through smooth nylon, the alcohol buzzing through his veins. Together they overwhelmed every thought he tried to cling to. For all his panic, for all his protests, his body knew the truth of what he felt.

Jake’s smirk deepened as he slid an arm around Tammy’s waist.

Tim didn’t react, not to a touch less intimate than what was already happening but without a reaction he was unprepared for what came next. Jake’s other arm scooped under his knees, lifting him clean off the stool in one fluid motion.

Letting out a startled gasp, Tim’s arms instinctively clutching at his aggressor’s shoulders. He had never been picked up like this before, not by anyone, not like a girl carried across a threshold. The intimacy of it stole his breath, the casual strength behind it making him feel light as air, weightless, weak, powerless in Jake’s hold. His heart pounded as Jake shifted him, settling him neatly into his lap as though he belonged there all along.

Perched on Jake’s thighs, the hem of his dress riding higher, nylon shimmering under the warm lights. Jake’s hands were on him instantly, one steady at his waist, the other gliding down his leg to stroke along the smooth fabric. Tim’s body went rigid like it had on the first kiss, his face hot, yet the deliberate caress of fingers over legs sent a shivers racing through him all over again.

Then Jake’s mouth found him once again.

This time the kiss carried no hesitation. Jake wasn't probing, seeing if she liked it, he already knew and wanted more of the little eager girl. Lips pressing firmly, parting, tasting. Her surprise, her stiff body pressing into him, clutching him softened soon after as he parted his lips, sliding his tongue across her own as he deepened the kiss.

The feeling of Jake's hand sliding higher along his leg, moving just past the hem of the dress even as it was pulled up higher thanks to the unexpected seating change. The touch along the nylon surface of his smooth shaven skin magnified every bit of it until Tim's nerves lit up in sparks and exploded in fireworks. His thighs clamping together as blood started to rush down from his mind to his lower reaching, every part of him quivering under each squeeze of the older boy's hand, every turn of his head, at every kiss. Heat pooled low in his belly, his hips shifted, rocking without thought slightly as he sat in the man's lap. None of it was a thought, it was all just action and a dulled distracted mind.

The kissings, the touching, the groping deepened further, their tongues colliding and brushing against one another the entire time while Tim... Tammy made a muffled noises. Some of them could have been half protests from his fading mind, but most of it was from pleasure. It hadn't been pure lips touching one another, there had been breaks for breathing, and Tim knew he had drank some more of the wine, not that Jake had ever stopped kissing him in one way or another during those times, but at the same time he couldn't also recall later any specific time while sitting in his lap that he had pulled away. His lips stayed caught, tingling, clumsy but eager. Time blurred, losing track of how long they sat like that, tangled together, kissing as though the crowded museum had vanished around them.

A sharp sound cut through the haze. "Ahem."

Tim jolted, eyes flying open. A man in a suit jacket stood nearby, clipboard in hand, his polite smile hiding disapproval. It seemed like they were a manager, but at the same time he was feeling woozy and hadn't ever looked at the server before, making him unsure if it had been the same person.

"Perhaps" The voice said with some firmness in it. "the two of you might like to continue your evening in the galleries. And if you're ready, we'll settle your tab here."

Flushed scarlet, Tim scrambled off Jake's lap, nearly stumbling in the process. His lips still felt the effects from what they had just been doing, his legs trembled, and his chest felt tight with embarrassment, but was unable to truly think of other things than the lingering pleasure.

Jake only leaned back in his chair, utterly unbothered. He reached for the bill with, sliding cash into the folder before the manager slipped away.

Tim glanced at the table and froze, seeing three empty bottles that stood in a neat row. His own glass, sitting there full and Jake's empty. His head spun as he tried to count back. 'Did I drink too much? No... Jake really drunk that much? Wow he can really hold his alcohol.' He thought, not realizing nearly all of it had been his own actions.

When Jake rose, he caught Tammy at the waist again, steadying her.

It caused Tim to blink rapidly, appearing to be Tammy fluttering her mascara covered lashes, when he was just trying to get a grip of himself. The floor seemed to tilt so the hand around his waist had actually been helpful for a change instead of something unwanted. Still uneasy and not wanting to fall, Tim leaned on the taller and clearly stronger man for support.

"Come on," Jake said with an easy grin. "Let's go see some art."

"Hmm... yeah..." Tim said, reaching over to take the glass from the table with him. Hearing the clicking of the heels once more as unsteady as he had been, Tim looked down at his feet, a thought skipping his mind and going right to his mouth. "I like seeing a girl wear heels, they don't always, I mean they should wear them more, I mean... Even my feet look hot in them and I'm a boy." he said, not just failing to parse what he said unfiltered but also failing to notice the small bump, the little bulge in the front of the red dress at his own excitement."

Chapter 15

Tim blinked hard, the words tumbling from his lips before his brain caught

them. The sentence echoed in his ears, sinking in a moment too late. His stomach lurched as panic clawed at the wine's haze. He had said something out loud that he shouldn't have, shattering all the effort he had made to keep the truth hidden. The destruction of it all had come from his own mouth. "Nooo..." Tim's shoulders sagged as he whispered, feeling the weight of the fake breasts glued to his chest as defeat pressed in.

Then the strangest thing happened. Panic and stress had been raging in him constantly, but it didn't build back up in a way he felt like he might explode or have a stroke, it didn't come at all. As if the fear and anxiety had broken. In the fog of alcohol a heavy sort of calm stayed in him that he hadn't really noticed had smothered his worries. Elaine and Sarah already had him trapped, his earlier failure only echoed to now. Just like before he was close to succeeding, but could only really fail. Soon the sorority girls would go to the police, and when they did, he would be finished. Expelled, arrested, his life at school wrecked beyond repair. There was no salvaging it. Compared to that, what Jake thought or who he told hardly mattered at all. The secret was doomed to come out one way or another.

For a few slow heartbeats, the relief held. His shoulders eased. His jaw wasn't clenched and he no longer had to force a smile on his face. Even drunk, perhaps partially or fully because he was Tim felt a strange lightness of surrender. It was already over, so there was nothing left to lose.

That was when a sharper fear crept back in his mind. Not about what he would do after this, not what his father would say, it was a fear of what was about to happen in the moment. About Jake himself. A man that would even self describe himself as a jock, with Jake's size, specifically his fists and the raw strength he could bring to bear and what he might do with it now that he knew he had been on a date, had kissed... Made out with another boy. Tim's breath caught in his chest, thinking about the possible pounding he could receive. The relief bled away, turning into dread as he waited, half-braced, for the older boy's smirk to twist into violence

Jake touched the pretty girl at his side, chuckling, her smirk not moving at all. "We can both agree on a girl's choice of footwear and about your little feet looking hot, just like the rest of you. Though considering the girl I'm getting to know tonight, I don't know about you ever being a tomboy. I picture you more as a shy girl who didn't know until recently how beautiful she really is. Honestly, I hope you feel that inside."

The words slid into Tim's ears like warm honey. Instantly his cheeks heated before a hiccup escaped his lips, the sound small and humiliating. "Shy girl... I'm not... Beautiful..." he mumbled, drawing out words as he half repeated what Jake had just said but in a denial. His lips twisted into an uncertain smile. "I never really thought of myself like that and you keep saying... but you are just being nice. You are always being nice to me." He thought of the offered bed in the frat house on the first day they met and all the kind words now, though none of his thoughts were all that clear.

Jake shook his head, voice firm with a hint of amusement. "I am not just being nice. It is true. You are pretty, Tammy. Anyone saying otherwise is full of crap."

The smile that spread across Tim's face came unbidden, not like anything he had forced throughout the ordeal. He felt the warmth of it reach his chest in a way that the wine alone never could. "It does feel good... to actually get a compliment." he admitted.

"Then stick with me," Jake said smoothly, brushing his thumb across the back of her hand as if sealing a deal. "As long as you do, the compliments will keep coming."

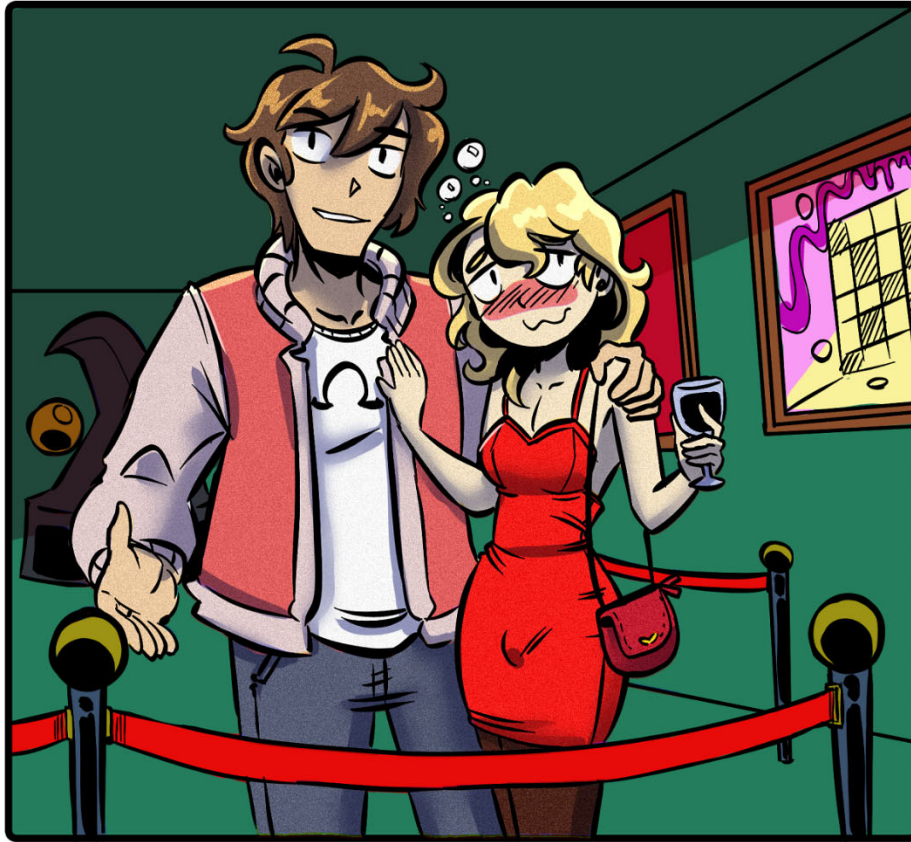
Tim's eyelids felt heavy, his head pleasantly fogged. Belonging, the word pulsed in his mind, fragile but sweet. He tilted closer, smiling faintly. "I would like that..."

The two moved deeper into the museum, Jake's arm a familiar weight at Tim's back. The lobby narrowed into corridors where light softened and the music thinned to a distant pulse. Velvet ropes looped between polished posts, red fabric catching the glow of spotlights and making sure everyone was aware to not cross them and get close to the pieces of art. During the day things weren't so much like this, just a precaution with people walking around with their purchased beverages. Tim watched the ropes sway slightly as they passed, the small fences making the art feel sacred, like the rest of the world had rules they were beyond them.

Keeping one hand on Jake to steady himself, fingers curled around the taller man's sleeve, while he sipped on the last of the wine, that very beverage making his grip feel warm and lazy. Each step felt almost

dreamlike as once more he could hear his own footsteps. Every now and then someone would pass with polite murmurs about a painting, their shoes whispering on the floor. For the first time all night Tim noticed how being with Jake folded him into a shape that seemed to fit. He was close enough to the taller boy's side that he could hear the slow cadence of his breathing. The presence was a small tether in the fog. All the stress seemed to be gone, it wasn't that things were perfect, he was a boy in a dress, yet Jake looked at him in a way that made him feel truly welcome that he wanted to hold onto.

With Jake taking the lead they soon paused in front of a piece that looked like a riot of color trapped behind glass to Tim. People lingered at a respectful distance, their conversations hushed. Jake leaned in, his voice low and private even in the public room. "You see this?" he asked, nodding to the canvas. "Art. Honestly, I don't get it, it doesn't mean anything, just... chaos, but people like it. No one needs to explain it, no need to explain things, it just abstract and it is what it is. You can stand there and pretend to get it. Or you can just feel it." Jake shrugged. "Or maybe I'm of crap too, and you get it and it is all just beyond me." He looked at the blonde girl leaning into him, before looking back at the painting. "Tonight, I want you to feel like that. I can't imagine you not getting complimented all the time, but you don't need to explain yourself. Tonight all you need to be is just you."



Tim smiled before he could stop himself, trying to cover it up by sipping more from his glass to try and answer without just blurting something out he shouldn't. What he said was a complement, but not something that felt blunt like most of the things the older boy had been saying. "I feel..." Tim said, his voice soft, though the words felt thick... or perhaps it was his tongue with excess of wine. When Elaine and Sarah had walked him right up to his own frat, to Jake, the tall man seemed to loom over him, a threat of what could come. Now he felt safe, someone he could trust, despite still very much needing to keep his secret, though now the reason for it felt different. Tim wanted Jake to keep telling him how pretty he was, that he was special, not just some loser. "I feel it." he continued, whatever he had tried to say being lost on him, only aware enough to know he hadn't

finished whatever it was he started to say.

When Jake leaned in for another kiss, Tim gladly accepted it, feeling desire from someone the first time in his life. He still wasn't attracted to men, but he could admit his frat mate was handsome in a way he never could be. It didn't matter right now though, he wasn't scrawny loser Tim, tonight he was Tammy and they were someone accepted.

Moving on through the museum, Jake kept a steady pace. He had been here a few times and every time the girls really hadn't liked his little idea and the art, wanting to look at everything they could. It was a good thing, he didn't like boring girls, wanting them to have personalities of their own and he didn't think Tammy was any different on that front, but considering how the date started and how the evening was going she seemed much more interested in being with him than what they were currently doing. So he moved her through one of the exhibits, not rushing her, giving the little thing time to stop and look at anything she wanted, but when he didn't feel or see any sign of resistance he started their trek to the exit and for what was to come.

As they drifted through one gallery and then through another, Tim not knowing if he was being led somewhere specific, he had a sense of being wrapped in Jake's orbit and being held firm within it. The compliments kept coming in small doses, each one a little anchor that kept Tim from wanting to be anywhere else. Tim answered with half-laughs and stolen glances, unable to and unwilling to pull himself free of it all. It couldn't last, and Tim knew he shouldn't be experiencing it at all, he wasn't actually

Tammy. This night was for her and he would let himself, herself... enjoy what she could. ‘Tomorrow I will be Tim, I will be me... Me,me, me.’ The repetition turned into a mental rendition of the vocal singing exercise, his inebriated mind having a hard time staying fully on track even if he tried to correct it. ‘I’m straight and shouldn’t like this, but Tammy is straight and... and I have to be her or my life is ruined. So, it's fine, for one night I can be her and be happy... right?’

Tim asked himself, not even being aware of his surroundings as he was escorted outside of the building and into the parking lot. All the while seeking permission from himself and unable to answer with his alcohol drenched mind, while not even being sure if he could be out of his own way enough without it to have found any enjoyment in what he was doing.

Chapter 16

Tim barely noticed when the museum’s hushed glow gave way to the cool press of night outside the building. The wine and Jake’s steady hand at his back had steered him along so smoothly that by the time awareness returned, the polished facade and velvet ropes were behind him. A faint breeze teased at his hair, carrying the distant hum of traffic, only then did he realize he was no longer being escorted around to look at paintings that he had hardly even paid attention to when near them. “Are we...” Tim craned his neck to look back to the glass doors they had just walked through. “Umm, leaving?”

“Yeah, but don’t you worry your pretty little head, our time together isn’t over.” Jake said while his mind was thinking more about what they would be doing shortly and what she should have her mind on. ‘While not worrying your pretty little head, you can think of what you are going to do with my little head, while you give me head.’ he thought, chuckling at his

own joke.

The Mustang loomed only a few steps away by the time Tim caught his bearings, dark metal catching fractured reflections of the parking lot's patchy lights. His head tipped slightly as if the car had appeared out of nowhere, surprise flickering through the haze. He couldn't even remember crossing the last hallway before the exit, only that he had been walking, tucked close against Jake's side, listening to his footsteps echo. 'Its not over? But we are leaving...' despite dreading and feeling like he wanted to crawl into a hole to die when this forced date started, now Tim felt a sense of loss. One he didn't fully understand and didn't have the wherewithal to process.

Before he could gather his thoughts, the hand touching his lower back shifted and cinched tightly at his waist. In a smooth motion, almost like it had been practiced, the taller boy turned him, pressing his back against the Mustang's cool frame. The chill of the car's surface didn't make it past the extra layer of the corset, but above that it seeped through the thin dress, clashing with the heat that flushed his cheeks. The purse sliding down his arm.

Then came a kiss, one that landed seemingly just as he had finished the turn. Tim found himself pressed between the vehicle and the strong man, causing Tim to let out a a muffled gasp into Jake's mouth. "HHMMM! Mmmm..." The shock fading as he sagged against the car as Jake's lips moved over his own, Tim clutching his hands, grasping Jake's jacket and shirt, not caring that he couldn't move from the spot. 'That feels... he is so confident, I wish I could... just keep feeling this...' Tim's mind went on, shifting from one thought, it left unfinished before moving to another and getting lost in the moment. The faint taste of the red wine spilled between them, heady and sharp, while Jake's thumb stroked slow circles at his hip. The steady grip holding him in place, giving Tim a sense of being small and fragile, but for the first time it wasn't a bad thought about himself, it was something good, something that Jake clearly liked.

Tim opened his mouth, lips parting without thought when he felt Jake do the same, a touch from his tongue to his lips making the nineteen year old follow the more experienced person's lead without a moment of hesitation. Their mouths tangled, tongues brushing, wet and messy until his chest

burned for air. Tim twisted his head aside, panting against Jake's cheek. "Breathe," he stammered, the word coming out in a pant and heavily slurred. "Gotta... breathe... and... I need to sit down." His hand drifted weakly toward his aching calve, it was much easier to raise his leg pressed up against the car and steady in Jake's arms. "Shoes... my feet... they hurt." he winced, it wasn't a sudden spike of pain, but one that had been growing since the first step in the shoes.

Jake chuckled, something he found himself doing a great deal around the pretty little blonde, her stumbling admission was the cutest thing. "Alright, babe." His voice didn't have even a hint of annoyance at the stop to what they were up to, he knew they weren't done, he wasn't done and knowing she had more she wanted to do to him tonight. Reaching past her, swinging the passenger door open, he gestured with a flourish. "Your chariot awaits ma'am."

Tim sank gratefully into the seat, the hem of his dress pulling higher across his thighs as he got into the car in a rather unlady like fashion that left Jake grinning wider before closing the door with a heavy click.

"Hmmm" Tim closed his eyes, leaning his head back into the seat as he pulled the heels of him, before flexing his pantyhose covered toes at the sudden freedom from the imprisoning footwear.

Jake slid into the driver's seat, the Mustang rumbling to life with a low growl as he turned the key. He didn't even bother touching the gearshift. Just letting the car stay in place, engine idling, headlights not even bothering to turn on the headlights, wanting him and his date to stay in the protective shadows in the parking lot. Only a few lamps still burned at the far end of the lot, casting a dim light at best. Tammy sat there, shifting slightly in his car, her eyes closed and a contented smile on her face. 'Adorable...' he thought, taking her in.

Curling against the seat, Tim's pantyhose covered toes flexing with relief as he wriggled them more, still feeling the dull throb left by the heels. His chest rose and fell fast, though not in a gasping motion the tight grip of the corset no longer felt as if it was a vice, but something that helped give him support all while the wine buzzing through his head. The quiet between them should have let him slip off to sleep with all he had, but instead it

made the heat from earlier spread deeper in his chest. Opening his eyes, Tim blinked a few times as he glanced toward Jake, his date... unsure of what came next. "We are, umm not done?"

Jake's hand found the back of the passenger seat, his body leaning just slightly across the divide. His smirk in place, but being something more predatory than just his natural smugness. "I'm not done, and you have work to do, Tammy. Come here."

The dress wearing teen felt his stomach flip. Those last two words landed like an order more than some suggestion, and before he even thought about it, he was leaning across the console, being pulled in even closer by Jake's powerful arm. Their lips met once more, something soft for a heartbeat before Tim felt Jake press in even harder all while pulling him in even more. 'Is this what happens on all dates? I really need to... yeah, that would be nice.' His thoughts went to the girls he had been so close to seeing fully nude while staying in their shared room, kissing the tall athletic Elaine with her lean but strong body, before it was Sarah, the petite little thing that could allow him to pull her in. Telling her to come here, just like the confident Jake that... the image shifting in his mind of the man he was pressing into, being controlled by him. The kiss became something more passionate all too quickly, Jake's tongue sliding against his, and Tim's whole body jolted at the wet, messy contact. "YEMMM!" The feminized boy groaned, trying to say the word yes with his mouth full at the same time letting out a sound of pleasure. He had never kissed like this before, never kissed someone before at all, and the sloppy rush of it overwhelmed him. He blew out air through his nose, able to still smell the wine that was heavy on his own breath and it spilling into the kiss as drool slicked the corner of his mouth.

Jake seemed unbothered, his natural confidence coming through even as he lost himself in their passion, the rhythm, coaxing Tammy, his girl to follow. Each tilt of his head, each tug of his lips had Tammy scrambling to keep up, her small hands clutching at him like she needed him as a lifeline and it just revved her personal engine that much more, driving him wild with lust.

Taking her wrist, Jake pulled her hand down downwards in his lap. Without breaking the kiss, he pressed her palm firmly against his crotch. Against the denim covered bulge that she had created, he wanted her to feel

what she had done to him, what she was going to see too in a moment. Holding her hand there he bucked his hips twice slowly. 'God yes!' he thought with a desire that felt more like a need than a want.

All the while Tim felt the warmth of something firm in Jake's pants, the texture of the jeans, it felt off, something wasn't right but he also couldn't spare a thought, only closing his eyes as the touch of Jake's lips on his own faded before it came again, this time on the base of his mostly exposed shoulder. Then another a little higher up and another. "OH!! AHH!" Tim's pulse hammered in his ears. Heat rushed lower, his own body betraying him. He was already hard, already leaking into the thin panties, the dampness seeping through to the front of the dress. "Yes! Yeeeahhhhaa!" The fabric tented slightly from him having one new experience after another, like cum shooting from himself without even touching his dick, it still not really processing what was happening while touching someone else's.



Jake didn't notice what was happening with Tammy... Tim. He was all too focused on his own enjoyment and the eager girl telling him how excited she was as he pressed her hand into his dick. "You are so fucking perfect!"

Tim whimpered into the air as trailing kisses moved up to the nape of his neck, drool slipping down his chin as Jake pushed things further. 'It's wrong,' he thought, dizzy, clinging to Jake with one hand, squeezing the other on his jeans, feeling something different as he did. 'It's so wrong, I'm... I'm fucking cummnig, oh god, oh god, this is... but it feels so good. I have to keep Jake happy. Yes, yes... Elaine and Sarah told me to. I need to... I need to...' His thoughts tangled as Jake's hand squeezed his tighter against the hardness in his jeans, it not processing that he was adding not just friction but a firm pressure to Jake's hardon.

His hips shifted restlessly in the seat, dress riding higher, thighs trembling as the mess between his legs spread warm and sticky. His body didn't care about the excuses anymore. It only cared about the closeness, about Jake's commanding presence filling the dark, and within it all the very air in the car felt thicker, heavy... Tim didn't know if it was the air blowing from the vents or him just feeling overheated from what was going on.

Jake's hand slid from Tammy's shoulder down to his own lap, fingers tugging at the zipper of his jeans. The sharp rasp of metal teeth sounded louder than the muted engine rumble, pulling his date from her own inebriated and lust full daze from all the kissing. In the dim light he could see her hazel eyes go wide as she focused in on what he had pulled free even as he continued to adjust his pants.

Tim's breath hitched. The hard length of the male member... Jake's cock, it stood out stark against the shadows, swollen and flushed in a way that no screen, no late-night video on his laptop had ever prepared him for. He gasped softly, a raw sound that slipped past his lips before he could even swallow the excess of saliva in his mouth. Dicks he had seen, not that he had been really looking for them or at them with any purpose, porn was a thing, he had seen things, but it was forgettable. This was right in front of him, he was practically leaning over it, leaning over Jake's cock and it was only inches from him.

"This," Jake said with quiet triumph, his smirk sharpened into something hungrier, "is what you do to me, Tammy. So just like you wanted... this is all yours."

The words pierced straight through the fog of alcohol. Tim's head spun as those words tangled with his own thoughts, it all jumbling and crashing together too fast to sort. 'I didn't...I never... he thinks I want this... him?' The contradictions tumbled until they burned away under a single truth. Jake was hard because of him. 'He is turned on because of me!?' The thought seemed so strange, his own arousal and what was happening in the panties he wore not coming into the picture at all. 'I turned him on...'

As the thoughts sprang up, and then mentally spoke over or clouded over, Tim's eyes stayed locked on what he was seeing, unable to look away from the dick that was not just longer than his own, but thicker. 'He is a real

man...' A dizzy wave of shock mingled with something warmer, heavier, that curled low in his belly. "I did that? Me?" His legs pressed tighter together, the wet cling of the panties against his leaking tip a sticky reminder of his own state. He had never thought he could turn anyone on, much less someone like Jake, a man of pure confidence, a man that seemed to just snap his fingers and get some hot girl to come to his side or at least that was how Tim thought of him.

Tim's lips parted, not in protest but in awe, his chest tight with the strangest, most impossible pride. "Your... so big!" The dress wearing boy was going to say hard, but with one thought commingling with another the sentences came together in an unintentional way.

Jake's hand lingered on the base of his member for a moment, hearing Tammy tell him how big he was did great things for his ego and the way she just stared at his dick, her lips quivering a bit of drool still sliding down her mouth made him unable to resist stroking himself once as she watched him do it. "Go on, Tammy. You know what I want. What you want."

Tim's mouth didn't go dry, his saliva production had increased so much from the kissing and now he felt it sliding from his mouth, as if it was going to drip down onto what he was unable to tear his eyes from. 'He thinks I want this... Do I? NO! No... I can't I wouldn't, I like girls, but, but I made him hard and I... that was just from the kissing though, it felt good I can't be blamed for that but... He's hard because of me. I made him like this... I did this. Elaine and Sarah said I had to, but... I kind of... I want to... Fuck... I do want to.'

Swallowing the excess saliva, Tim shifted in the seat to move from sitting to being on his knees, not truly looming over what he had created, what he had done to Jake... to another boy. 'Its okay, I have to do this, Elaine even gave me condoms, she knew... its fine, its fine, Tammy would want this, yeah I do, fuck I can't believe this.' His knees pressed into the leather seat as he shifted, trembling with the effort of moving closer. The smell of Jake, cologne that he had paid almost no attention to before was there, along with something more, something raw, a description that made little sense to him but it was still the word that came to him as his pulse started to race faster.

Jake's hand slid into his date's wavy hair, coaxing and guiding her to her goal that he was aching for her to give attention too. "That's it," he said, voice almost a growl. "Be a good girl for me."

Tim swallowed once more, this time much harder. His lips parted. The world narrowed to the warmth of Jake's hand at his head and the impossible heat radiating inches away. 'I shouldn't... no, this isn't right, I'm not gay, I like...' he thought more, but as he pressed his legs together, his ass in the air as he leaned down he could feel how sopping wet the underwear he was wearing was from his own explosion of cum. It was hard to refute the desire he felt from Jake, all the care, the attention. He was so much stronger, that much more confident of a man and Jake wanted him. 'It isn't being gay... Tonight I'm just Tammy and Tammy would want to do this for him. She would want to make Jake happy, just like Elaine and Sarah said, yeah, so it isn't gay. It's just a girl with her date. Nothing wrong there, her just happy to make him happy. Yeah...'

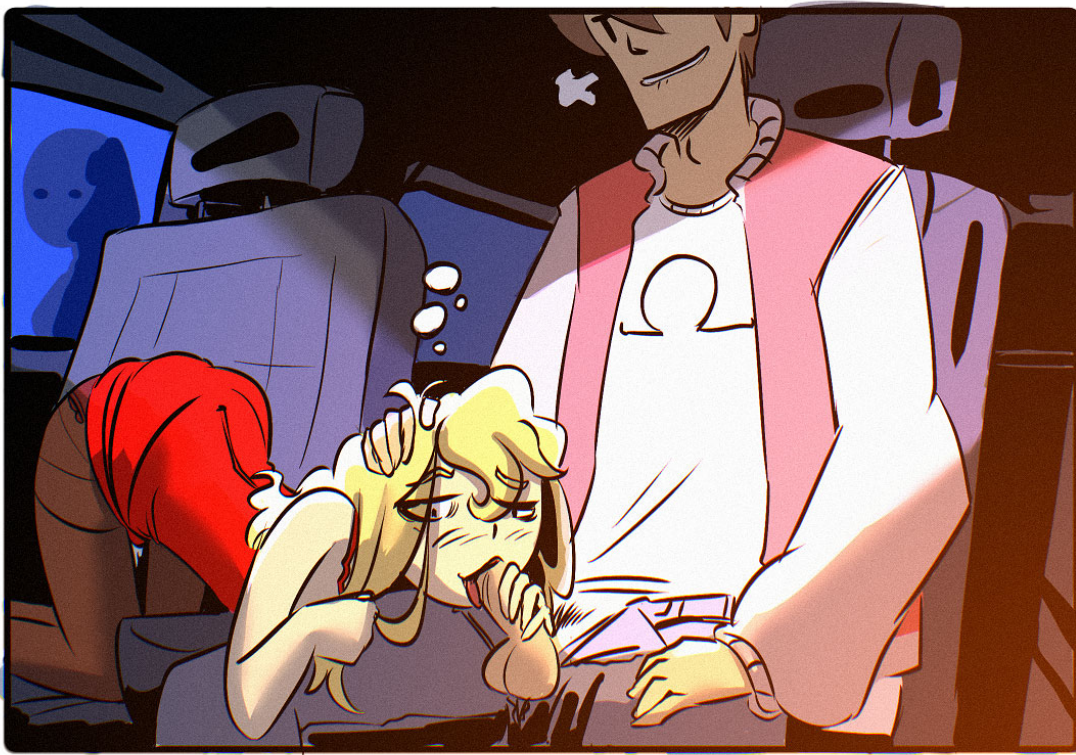
Not really sure what he was doing, his own mind babbling on and on to justify what he was about to do, Tim kissed the top of the dick in front of him, even then doing it wrong, with his mouth already partially open and ending up giving only part of the tip a kiss, but still one with much more saliva than he was expecting. Feeling the fleshy, spongy substance with his lips was yet another new experience for the nineteen year old, one he wasn't going to back away from. Often in life he went along to get along and right now he wanted... Tammy wanted to get along and really wanted to go along with it all.

Reaching out with one hand Tammy, because he couldn't think of himself as Tim, he was a nobody, Tammy was the one that people, that Jake actually wanted. Tammy kissed the tip of the cock again, this time her mouth closed. Reaching out to grab the base of it, feeling the girth of it all in her fingers, the warmth of the dick that was so much bigger than her in an almost comical way, or at least it would be if Tim wasn't a joke of a man, no like Jake. Things hadn't started as hero worship, just Tim trying to do his best for him, to impress him, wanting to be friends with someone like him, but it had grown to something more and a lot of that could have been feeling like he was finally belonging to something, as Tammy he could, she could belong.

She slid her hand up from the base of the cock, his ball sack tight over his dangling bits that made Tammy giggle drunkenly as her hand light touch trailed up to the tip and then back down again. “I really made you hard.” She said, her voice in a half whisper, as her hand tightened more to feel what it was like to add a tighter pressure.

“Yeah... yeah you did baby.” The hand that Jake had on his own member moved to the girls lifted ass and slid it along to the edge of her dress before sliding it back up, but this time under the red fabric to slide along her pantyhose covered ass, feeling the lines of her panties underneath as he gave it a little squeeze.

“OH! Hmm.” Tammy sounded, glancing up at the man that wanted her, feeling him squeeze her ass before turning her attention back to what he wanted, what she was supposed to want. Even trying to ignore who she really was, and with her own horniness she still couldn't proceed without hesitation, though it didn't last long before she started again, holding out her tongue and sliding the member in her hand across it. Sliding it to the left and then the right, the fleshy member had a taste that wasn't exactly appealing, but feeling it pulse in her hand sent a pulse of euphoria at Jake's enjoyment.



Not long ago it had been Tim rushing around trying to impress the upper classmen, trying to outshine the other pledges. So often in life he had been ignored, he just didn't fit in. At one point in high school he had tried to think ahead and did research on some computer RAM after hearing some of the nerdier classmates discussing it. He found a great deal on a website, seeing the sticks were on sale and tried to insert himself into that same groups conversation with his little nugget of information, but he wasn't one of them. Just an outcast, not tech savvy, or brilliant and soon as they asked a probing question about the type of RAM he was at the end of his rope, not even knowing there were different types.

College was a place to reinvent himself, to at least be part of something and with luck and effort perhaps be part of a popular crowd. His own father said this was a time to grow up, to put childish things behind him, to become a

man. Yet here he was, finally getting the acknowledgment he wanted, he deserved but he was hardly becoming a man... Tammy was getting the attention, the praise, she was pretty, while he was just plain Tim. The mental illusion that he was Tammy, a girl, she, her, girl, young woman on a date, all of that couldn't stay in place for longer than a few seconds. Lack of concentration, a mind that felt like it was trying to think through a bog didn't help the self deception, but still hearing someone groan in pleasure at his efforts was a reward that brought in a sense of pride. He wasn't Tammy, but it felt like she was still there, she needed to be here for Jake. College wasn't helping him become a man and against his own will it was reshaping him into a woman... at least of a sort.

Opening his mouth, saliva dripped down before descending to welcome the member inside him, Tim sucked on it, turning his head from left to right before pulling free. It wasn't so gigantic that it didn't easily fit in his mouth, not like some insane things he had seen in porn before, but it still was more than a little... impressive compared to what he had been not so blessed with.

Groaning happily, Jake kept one hand held firm on the girl's rear end as he glanced down. It was more like she was teasing him, just giving him a hint of what he wanted and as pleasurable as it felt he wanted more. When she had just finally taken him into her warm wet mouth, she had pulled back off him, her hazel eyes looking back up to him. The animal part of his brain just wanted to shove her back down, to fuck her face, hard and fast, but she was having her fun too, she had made herself clear on what she wanted. He had been bold... too bold and a bit stupid to bring up the topic of getting

head at the start of the date, but it had paid off. She had slapped the roof of his car when they arrived at the art museum as she practically jumped out before he had even put it in park. Tammy had been in a hurry for what she wanted and then had practically turned the museum into a two person party as she took in the wine.

“Am, am I doing a good job?”

Jake heard her ask, unsure if this was that shyness, leading to uncertainty in the girl or if she was just teasing him more he answered all the same. “You are amazing, what you are doing is amazing.” His chest rose and fell rapidly, not from some great effort, but just from how his own motor was running.

‘Amazing, I’m doing an amazing job!’ Tim thought, sliding the fleshy object back into his mouth and lowering himself down onto it more than before. He had watched girls do this so many times before, never in person, but it always seemed like such a sexy thing. Seeing their lipstick covered lips stretched out over a man, them moaning enough that it was clear they were getting off from it as much as the man was. That part wasn’t happening at all for Tim and he just assumed it was a natural girl thing, having no life experience to tell him how much of it was just a show for the porn production. Still he emulated what he had seen, making sounds that felt like music to his ears when he was beating himself off.

It was more difficult than he imagined, not that he imagined doing this before. Breathing was difficult, keeping his jaw open was a strain that was unexpected and he felt like he was going to gag and that was with only

getting half of the thing in his mouth. Still he kept up the effort, the head tilt thing seemed to be something Jake liked and already he had tasted something new, something slimy and salty. It wasn't a strong taste, but what had started to leak from the cock in his mouth was unmistakable. He was actually making Jake cum, or at least the first hints of it. The praise of doing something he had never done before and being amazing at it made him redouble his efforts when he tasted the proof of the man's words.

“MMmmmmm, MEEEE!”

With all the excitement in the car, neither person had an inkling of an idea of what was going on outside the vehicle, let alone what events transpired in the parking lot itself. Even before they had walked across the mostly dark parking lot they had preoccupied and hadn't noticed someone watching them, following them. Elaine hadn't gone into the museum to watch the little date, to see her revenge. It wasn't that she wouldn't have liked to, but her own budget was tight and paying for entry to the night time event hadn't been something she had budgeted for. Outside she had leaned against the building, glancing in through the windowed front, hoping to catch them and take photo or better video evidence with her phone, but mostly she just waited.

The entire time building up what little Tammy was doing with her big strong arrogant piece of shit frat leader. He wasn't the top of the food chain for his little boys club, but he had been the one to kick off events with sending Tim into her house, making him violate them and go through things that were private, were intimate. The freshman had done it all willingly so while he was a pawn, he still did it willingly. Her turning that

pawn to her side of the game board to use as a weapon, it only made things better. It hadn't really been her plan all along, but she also wasn't the best at long term plans. Everything that happened so far, what her and Sarah had done for a little payback and what was going to happen to make that little payback become a true retribution was going to happen.

A panty raid, that was a relic of the past, not things that really happened anymore. It was like that old *Revenge of the Nerds* movie that had some funny moments, but over all it was cringy and at the worst down right rapey. She wasn't going to tolerate that crap being done to her, she was not a victim and would never let herself be. Briefly she amused herself with the line from that *Breaking Bad* show about being the one who knocks. She could be the bad guy, the anti-hero, so long as those that were the real problem, not just here, but in life as a whole, like Jake McGraff got a true reckoning.

The young blonde's head lifted, lips swollen, chin damp, his hazel eyes glassy in the dim light. His chest heavier than it had ever been from the forms glued to his chest and the excessive effort, it heaved like he had run a sprint, though the dizzy warmth in him came from something else entirely. He collapsed back against the passenger seat, a dazed sound escaping before he could stop it.

Jake meanwhile leaned back, smugness radiating even in the shadows, one hand dragging lazily over and through Tammy's hair before patting her cheek. "Perfect. Just perfect. Tammy... you are perfect." His tone thick with satisfaction, a natural post nut tiredness coming over him, his grin sharp

enough to cut through it and his date's drunken haze.

Tim's own body thrummed, still leaking into the ruined panties, still hot from everything he had just done. His thoughts swirled, the enjoyment of what had just happened was there, but also an internal agony at it, the wrongness of it coming back with a much larger force than before, it made him feel desperate to pin the moment on Elaine, on Sarah. They had told him he had to do this... though that was much more on Elaine, Sarah seemed just all too happy with it, with him being Tammy. 'Tammy!' The name jumped in his head, like it was her fault, like she was another person to push the blame onto, anyone but himself. But she wasn't real, no matter how he tried to frame it, he couldn't escape the dizzying truth. Jake wanted him and that felt good. Jake praised him and that felt even better. For the first time in his life, someone made him feel wanted.

All while outside, a shadow shifted near the edge of the car. Elaine's phone camera clicking, her having collected more than a few pieces of evidence of the act. A bit of shock in her that little Tim, her creation, Tammy had actually done it. "A blow job on the first date, you are a slutty little thing." She wanted to laugh at her own comment, but held it in, afraid those inside the idling car would hear her or that she would graduate to true villain status as her laughter turned from normal into maniacal laughter.

Chapter 17

Jake eased his Mustang to a slow stop in front of the Tri-Sigma sorority house, the headlights catching the white columns and wide porch steps before he set the vehicle in park. While not a conscious thought, he hadn't

cut the engine, as he had no intention to stay.

The sudden stillness left the sound of the muscle car, the chirp of crickets and the distant hum of traffic. Tim blinked blearily at the house, recognition dawning with a jolt of unease. His stomach twisted, from stress and all the alcohol he had drunk on an empty stomach. He hadn't thought about coming back to this place. Somewhere in his drunken haze he had imagined the night ending and everything just going back to the way it was and the bridge between those things had never crossed his mind. Instead, the glowing windows and familiar silhouette of the sorority loomed like a reminder of the previous evening when he had snuck into the house, the trespass that had started everything.

Jake shifted in his seat, putting one arm behind the passenger seat, his hand resting on the headrest as he glanced at his date. "Here we are, babe," he said, his tone final.

Staring at the house, the exhausted nineteen year old's mind swam. In movies, in shows, a date ended with a kiss in front of the girl's house. Something sweet, but he wasn't a girl, yet the date had gone so well. His chest tightened with the certainty that Jake expected the proper goodbye, the so called goodnight kiss. His hazel eyes flicked to the door, and panic spiked at the thought of Jake walking him up to it. He couldn't go back in there, couldn't face the girls again, not that he would be welcome, not like this, not ever really. 'Do it here, yeah, then he won't walk me up to the door, its just a kiss, we have done... we kissed earlier, it's just one last... one last kiss.'

Moistening his lips nervously, Tim turned slightly in his seat, and leaned toward Jake, his date... Tammy's date, eyes half-lidded, mouth parted to end the evening he was ready. Yet no kiss came, Jake not only hadn't leaned in, he had leant away the steady smirk that was often on his face wasn't present as the taller young man shook his head.

"I enjoy kissing you, babe, truly," Jake said, voice even, the smiling coming back to him, though it looked more awkward than normal. "But right now... you got some cock breath."

The words dropped like a stone in Tim's stomach. He froze, lips still half-puckered, heat flooding his face. A thousand excuses screamed through his mind, but none made it past his throat. Shame came harder through him than the wine ever could, sharper than any of his many humiliations. 'Why did I try to kiss him? I shouldn't... I shouldn't want a kiss from a guy! Cock breath... because I... of course he doesn't want to kiss me. Oh God! I just, we just, oh, oh, fuck.' The suddenly distraught Tim's mind babbled as his eyes started to well up with tears that made him feel so stupid for even happening.

"Right... yeah," Tim muttered, fumbling for the door handle and grabbed the red heels from the floorboard, clutching them in one hand as he rapidly stepped out into the night. The cool press of concrete seeped through the thin nylon of his aching feet, a small mercy against the throbbing soreness. He staggered once, catching himself with the car door before shutting it a little harder than intended.

Inside, Jake watched her go, running a hand through his hair with a low

sigh. “Think I upset her... maybe next time she’ll have mouthwash or something. No guy wants to taste leftover cum, on a girl’s lips or not.” He shifted the car into gear, the Mustang purring before easing away from the curb, leaving his date alone in the wash of the porch light.

Tim stood on the sidewalk, heels dangling from his fingers, tears blurring the glow of the porch lights. Jake’s words still echoed in his head, the cruel comment being said so casually. ‘Cock breath, my mouth smells like his...’

Stomach lurching as he thought of it again, his gaze fell to the little purse that had hardly left his arm all evening. With fumbling fingers, one of the heels fell to the concrete sidewalk when he pulled it open for the first time. “Fuck!” he exclaimed, bending down in an unladylike fashion before fumbling to get inside the bag. The contents alone felt like a judgment upon him, it was a quiet judgment, but it was still there. Two crisp twenty dollar bills, more cash than he ever remembered carrying in his own wallet the night before, a compact mirror he dared not open, lipstick present to repair what was more than likely beyond such things after all the kissings and other things he had done, making him sure it was smeared beyond repair, a small roll of condoms that made his cheeks burn high enough that he felt it in his ears, and finally, the thing he sought. A travel size bottle of mouthwash.

Twisting it open, Tim let the cap fall to the ground, in his drunken haze he failed to use it as directed. Instead it was tipped back and swallowed. The searing burn slid down his throat and made him cough and splutter, but it did not wash anything away. He could still taste the cum. Worse, he could

still feel it coating his tongue, the back of his teeth. 'I have cock breath...'
Sniffing, he wiped at his face with the back of his hand, smearing more of the makeup as Tim told himself how stupid he was. 'You are not some love sick girl pining for a kiss. You are a man!'

The thought crumbled as quickly as it came. 'A man would not be standing here in pantyhose and a dress after choking down another guy's cock. A man would not be left at the door of a sorority like he belonged there... and I don't. Not like I can go back to the frat... not looking this way, not after failing the raid, not after betraying the mission...'

Taking in a deep breath the drunk and exhausted young man felt like he was about to sob even as his mind went on. 'Dressed like a girl so I can't go back to my frat, one I didn't even really get it, not yet... ever... Not a girl so I can't go in here and... and... Maybe I can just call home. Dad won't be happy, but it doesn't matter... I'm not a real man, not a woman, I'm nothing to myself... let alone anyone.'

Unknown to Tim, like most of the night so wrapped up in his own thoughts to pay attention to much else the sorority door opened with a soft creak, spilling light across the steps. Tim flinched, from the light, but instead of paying attention to it, he only turned his body so it wasn't in his eyes. He didn't want anyone to see him for a number of reasons. The light itself was like being caught in place like a thief, but unknown to him it was only Sarah stepping out onto the porch. Her blinking into the dark, gaze finding Tammy.

The sight of the dress, the stricken face, the wet shimmer on her cheeks

made Sarah move without hesitation. She came down the steps and wrapped her arms around her... around him, around Tim.

The hug broke something loose in him. For a moment Tim stood frozen, shocked, to find himself being embraced by the shorter girl but with hesitation his own arms rose to hug her back, clinging to her desperately, like he had been waiting all night for someone to hold him.

Sarah leaned close, her voice soft at his ear. "Come in. I'll make you some tea. Maybe a hot shower too." she said in what Sarah hoped was a comforting voice at the clearly upset person. Her own heart lurched at the outpouring of emotion she saw from them, feeling a terrible wave of guilt for being one of those responsible. She didn't let go when she pulled back enough to look at him. Her hands slid down, catching his own and holding on. With one hand she pulled the shoes from him, to hold onto them as she held onto his other hand with a firm grip.

The warmth of Sarah's small fingers felt steady, at least compared to his own, her grounding him in a sense even as he still felt a tremble in himself. Between the street light outside the sorority house and light shining out from the still open door he could see her small smile. He could feel emotion from it, worry for him, something he didn't deserve. Then there was a gentle tug, her pulling him as she turned toward the open door, intending to bring him inside.

Tim stumbled forward a step before halting, his grip tightening. Panic flared through the haze. "I... I can't go in there. I'm not..."

Before he could finish, Sarah moved back in hugging him once more, tighter this time. Her voice was soft and low with a small bit of firmness as she spoke against his ear. “You are welcome here. Tammy is welcome here. If you want to stay... I would like that. I would really like it if you did.”

He stiffened, blinking down at her, still the pretty girl went on, him able to see her cheeks pink in the porchlight, but not grasping the reasoning behind it.

“It is silly, I know. But I thought maybe you could even move in. Be part of this place. Maybe even a sister...” Her face then moved into more of a pinched expression as she shook her head, her brunette hair spilling about. “It’s stupid, I know I can be stupid sometimes, I just...” She took in a large breath before letting it out. “You can still come in if you like.”

The inebriated boy, standing there in a dress, barefoot and unable to keep themselves from swaying, lips parting, unable to respond to her right away even as she went on past what he wanted to answer to. His thoughts scattered like loose leaves in the wind, a truth cut through so much insanity. “I am very drunk,” he admitted, voice slurred. “But you are not stupid, Sarah. I would never call you that.”

Sarah’s eyes softened. Her own shy smile tugging at the corners of her mouth, relief loosening the guilt in her chest. “You are sweet,” she whispered. “I mean it. After everything you have been through, what we, I mean, what I put you through and here you are trying to make me feel better. I really do want us to be friends.”

That single word, friends, eased something inside him that had been coiled tight since the night began. His throat bobbed as he nodded weakly. “Tea sounds good. And...” Tim looked over his shoulder in the direction Jake drove off too, towards the frat house where he had been staying before looking back. He had been dubbed Tammy to go out on a date, but no matter what he was called he was Timothy Thompson, even if pretending to be Tammy had awoken something in him he wasn’t able to fully understand. “I could really use a friend right now.”

Sarah gave his hand a squeeze, firm and certain, this time when she pulled him toward the door, she didn’t feel any resistance as she led them closer to the door and into the waiting light.

Chapter 18

Jake shouldered his way through the front door of the Omega Omega Kappa house, it didn’t have direct access to any parking spots so he had a few minutes walk to be home and heard the thump of base through the front door, heavy music blared from someone’s speaker and it filled his ears annoyingly. A couple of brothers on the couch gave him nods, he returned one with a lazy lift of his chin. He had a good evening, and didn’t see the need to get on anyone about the blaring music so all he did was tap his ear and make a turning down motion to one of the pledges and send them off to resolve the issue for him.

He tugged off his jacket and tossed it across the back of a chair by the kitchen table, not caring if it slid halfway to the floor. The fridge door swung open as he look inside for anything he could find, the date itself hadn’t been one where he had anything to eat and in this case, he had been okay with it. Now though he was going to fix the little hunger problem and had the fridges door open spilling cold light across his smirking face. Jake snagged a beer, popped the tab with a hiss, and grabbed a half-eaten sub from the shelf without so much as checking whose name was scrawled on the wrapper. “Better not be some veggie bullshit.” He said, acting as if it

had been gotten just for him.

One of the older brothers leaned against the counter as he entered the kitchen, watching Jake bring his beverage to his lips. “So, McGraff. How’d that little date setup go? Was she a good time?”

Jake chuckled around his first swallow of his beer, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “She was shy at first, you know how it is. The demure thing, I love it, but get a girl some wine, tell her she’s pretty... For the record Tammy is and like any other girl she melts like butter. Didn’t take long before she was all over me, and bending over my lap with her mouth full. If you know what I mean. Cute thing too, nice lips and knows how to use em. Actually, she let me know she wanted to suck me off on the car ride out, teasing me from the get go. Maybe admitting to wanting my dick in her mouth to keep me on my best behavior.” Jake laughed. “You can fill in the rest.” His grin was all teeth, earning the expected snort of approval.

What Jake hadn’t said hung quietly in his mind. The way Tammy had laughed, some of it from clear nervousness and when he had mentioned one of the pieces of abstract art looked like a bunch of dicks. It was cruder than anything he should have said and maybe he didn’t get a glare for it because of how much she had drunk, but her laughter, how she almost did a spit take at what he said had been a fun moment. The way she looked at him like he was worth listening to, worth trusting. It had felt good. The date was more than just how it ended and he wanted to see her again, the BJ of course had an impact on that, but he liked to think he was bigger than just a guy wanting to get off, at least some of the time. The thought made him take another long drink, smothering the honesty before it could surface and make others think he was pussy whipped or whatever.

“Hell yeah,” the brother said, holding up a hand. Jake slapped it with a solid smack. “Omega Omega Kappa Gets It Done!”

“Damn right,” Jake echoed, biting into the stolen sandwich.

He’d only taken two chews before a pledge hurried into the kitchen, out of breath. “Uh, Jake? Sir? Sir Jake? Someone’s at the door for you. Some tall blonde. Real hot.”

Jake smirked, pounding down the rest of his beer in one go. He eyed the sandwich with hesitation, then jabbed a finger at the two guys in the kitchen. “Nobody touches my food. Got it?” he said, proclaiming ownership

of the sandwich he pilfered.

He had taken only a few steps before he looked back at the out of breath pledge. “You okay man? You shouldn’t be out of breath to just come from the front door.”

The freshman nodded, tapping his chest and breathing out heavily as he said a single word. “Asthma.”

Grimacing, Jake nodded. “That sucks man, get a drink and sit down. My Mom has that shit, use your inhaler and take it easy. Im not going to be the first vice president of a frat to have a pledge die because they are bad at breathing.”

Looking at the can in his hand Jake pounded down the last of his beer and crushed the can between his hands and let it drop on the nearest counter. He gave the half-eaten sandwich one more possessive glance before pointing at the guys in the kitchen and turning around to head to the door to see who was here to see him. At the front door he pulled it open with a grin already on his face, expecting some random sorority girl who had decided she couldn’t wait until tomorrow, not that he could think of anyone specific. Outside he found the tall blonde standing there, her hair catching the glow of the porch light. Her clothing had changed from the jean skirt he had seen her in earlier to jean pants tight enough to show off her tight body. ‘Too bad, she has killer legs.’ Jake thought to himself as he looked Elaine over, his smile firmly in place. Him taking note of her smirk that made the girl feel a bit too smug for his tastes.

“Well, if it isn’t the man of the hour.” she said brightly. “How was your time with Tammy?”

Jake leaned on the doorframe, letting his gaze sweep over her once more before flashing his usual grin, only increasing in volume as his imagination came up with reasons for her visit.. “Good enough you wouldn’t believe it if I told you. Tammy’s a knockout. A happy girl that seems to warm up fast. Real fun once you get past that little cute shy thing she has going on.”

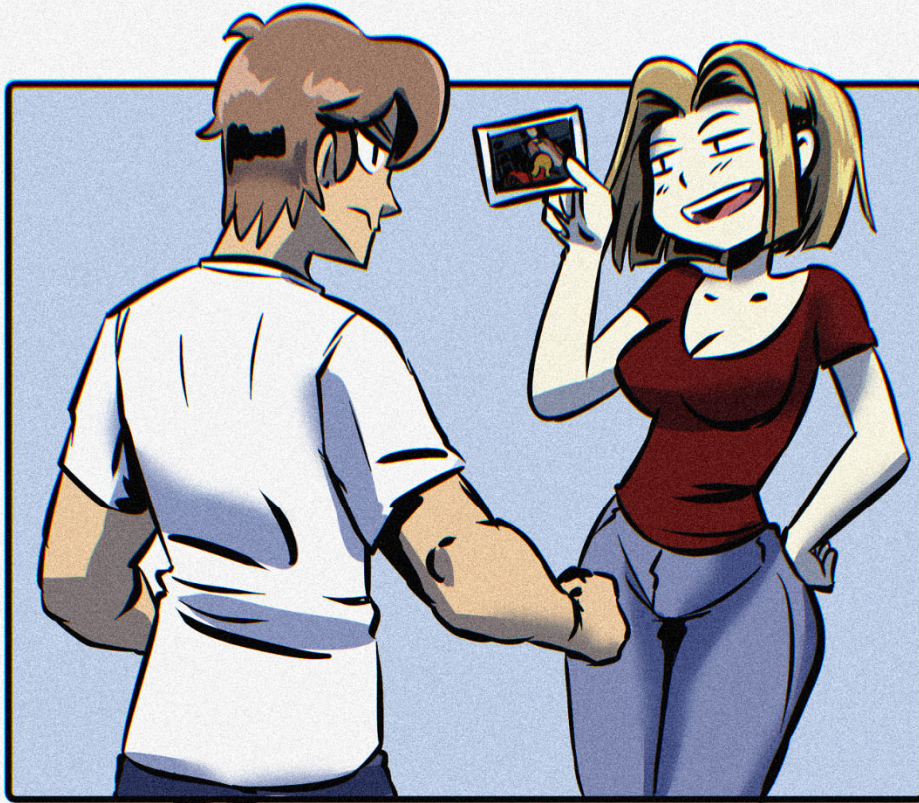
Elaine tilted her head, her smile tightening. “Funny thing though. She looked familiar to me when I first met her. She just might be one of those people, with one of those faces, ya know. How about you, do you think you’ve met her before? Talk to her, even?”

Jake shrugged, unconcerned. “I meet a lot of girls. If she stood out, I’d remember. She didn’t until tonight.” He smirked. “She was a little familiar, but really, I’m glad you set things up. Girl’s got potential.”

Elaine’s smile sharpened, becoming something more wolfish. “Oh! That sounds like girlfriend material. So you’d like to see her again?”

“Hell yeah,” Jake said without hesitation. “Not looking for a girlfriend but i wouldnt mind bending her over to give her the time of her life. Line that up and I’ll be there. Wait, shit, kinda need you for that actually. I forgot to get her digits.”

The entire time Elaine had stood there waiting for the jerk she had kept her hands behind her back, a glossy photo in her hands just waiting to be shown. “Set things up, such a great way to put things Jakey, You are a pig. I did set things up more than you know and I have something else for you.” With the printed photo in hand Elaine held out the glossy paper she had printed the image on so he could see it in the porch light.



Jake squinted, then laughed outright when he realized what he was seeing. It was himself in his car, head tilted back, Tammy bent over with her face in his lap.

“Jesus.” Jake laughed again. “Elaine, you’re a bit of a pervert.” he said, not in some harsh insulting way but with a voice full of mirth. “What, you get off on spying, watching? I can get that, there are some things I would like to watch too, but... You could’ve just joined us, sweetheart. Hell, come upstairs now and I’ll give you the same treatment she got. Or next time, we will make it a threesome.” His grin widened, his crudness fully intentional. While talking Jake did step more out onto the porch to close the door. Hitting on the attractive sorority girl so openly like that was good, but if she rejected him, he wanted to control the story. The entire time though he had no clue what storm was brewing, what he himself had unleashed.

Chapter 19

Jake's sloppy, self-satisfied grin was still in place plastered across his face. The porch light caught in his short, messy brown hair, giving him that careless frat-boy halo appearance he had cultivated. At six foot two, broad-shouldered and comfortably smug, he was used to the world tilting for him, girls wanting to be with him, guys wanting to be him, doors opening for him . Everything was simple when you were Jake McGraff.

Tonight after spending an evening with a cute girl that he liked more than he was willing to admit, her blowing him and now potentially about to hook up with Tammy's taller and hotter friend Jake was riding high.

Elaine, stood a few steps away beneath the porch light, not impressed at all with the asshole in front of her. At five foot ten, she wasn't small, not even close the height difference between them wasn't nearly enough for Jake to loom over her the way he was used to. Her posture was straight, still, and entirely more stand off ish than he could understand. The uneven lines of her dirty blonde bob framed a face carved in cool angles. Her brown eyes, darker than Jake's warm, readable ones, watched him with the patience of someone who'd already decided how the night would end.

Her lack of reaction was the first thing that made Jake's confidence flicker. Causing him to glance behind him to double check the door was closed and to see if any one was spying on him in a window.

He hid his unease with an uneasy laugh.

"Man, you show up here with that pic ready to go, you must've been real eager." He tapped the glossy photo she'd shown him like it was all a joke. "You Tri-Sigs are wild."

Elaine didn't smile. Not really. Her mouth turned up just enough to show she had teeth, but it wasn't friendly. It was like a cat looking at its prey. "That what you think this is?" she asked, voice soft enough to feel like a challenge.

Jake shrugged, shifting his weight onto one foot. His warm brown eyes scanned her up and down once more, , slower this time, registering details he hadn't bothered with earlier the deliberate slant of her haircut, the tension in her shoulders, the way she held herself like she didn't have to prove anything to anyone and yet he couldn't help picturing peeling off her tight jeans.

'She wants me just like her cute shy friend just playing hard to get and I will get what I want from her.' Jake told himself.

"You're here at my house," he said, giving her his best lazy grin. claim the frat house as his own. "Middle of the night. You got that look like you've got thoughts." He winked. "Never known a Tri-Sig who didn't."

Elaine's gaze almost didn't waver but she couldn't keep herself from rolling her eyes at the insult to her sorority. Him acting as if he was God's gift to woman made her blood boil.

"Funny," she said quietly, "I was just thinking the same thing about you."

Jake's grin tightened a fraction. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"That you talk too much and not enough of it's true."

Jake let out a laugh that sounded a little too sharp. "You come all the way here to accuse me of lying? About what, exactly?"

"You tell me." Elaine stepped a little closer not enough to be in his personal space, but close enough she could reach out and touch him. Her shoulders nearly aligned with his now as she squared up to him like there was going to be a fight. She wasn't small. Elaine wasn't some tiny thing like Sarah but she didn't fool herself into believing a physical confrontation was a good idea, even if she wanted to punch him in his smug face.

"You bragged," she continued, tone never rising. "Loudly. Repeatedly. About how you handled Tammy. About how she warmed up. About how she wanted you."

Jake stiffened. "I didn't brag. I told the truth."

"Mm." Elaine's eyes flicked over his face, watching every micro-expression like a hawk. "You are so full of shit you could convince yourself a cis man likes you because he waved and said hi."

Jake's jaw ticked. "I'm not trying to convince anyone and I'm not some homophobe, I can't help it if a gay dude likes what he sees in me. Gay or not, at least he would have good taste."

"You are not listening, spend less time talking and thinking of yourself,

maybe more time listening. I said you are lying to yourself.”

Jake scoffed, but his chest felt tight for some reason. “You don’t know crap about me.”

“Oh, Jake.” Elaine tilted her head, hair shifting in uneven angles. “You’re an open book. A loud one. Specifically one that won’t shut up.”

She stepped a half-step closer, close enough now that Jake actually had to look slightly downward to meet her eyes; it was close enough that it gave him a sense of unease. When girls were this close in his experience things were about to get intimate but with this chick it was like she was trying to stare him down.

“Everything about you,” Elaine said, “is about being seen. Liked. Admired. And when that doesn’t go perfectly, you scramble. You brag and lie. You bark like a small dog wanting every one to think your big. You try to own the room so no one notices you’re worried. Here is the thing though Jakey. I see you, I see the real you.”

Jake swallowed hard.

He hated that she was reading him this easily.

“You think I’m worried?” he scoffed, lifting his chin. “I had a better night than anyone inside that house. You are just some bitch.... I mean your hot as fuck but you just jealous of Tammy.”

Elaine smiled again, holding his gaze. ‘He isn’t even pretending to be nice.’ she thought

“That’s what’s interesting,” she said softly. “You keep saying that. Like you’re trying to drown out the part that knows you didn’t. I’m not jealous of something that is fake.”

Jake’s warm brown eyes flashed an irritated part of him feeling exposed and vulnerable. ‘What does this bitch know?’ He couldn’t hide emotion the way Elaine could. His face telegraphed everything to her, and Elaine was dissecting or so it felt. “I don’t know what game you’re playing,” Jake muttered, straightening, “but I’m not in the mood.”

“I’m not playing,” Elaine said. “I already won.”

Jake blinked. “Won what?”

Elaine's voice dropped. Becoming colder but still full of her own natural confidence.

"You vs me, I won. You lose now you can go fall apart."

Jake felt a cold jolt run down his spine, like the night air itself shifted.

"You think you're the predator here," she said. "But you're not, Jake. Not tonight."

The porch felt smaller somehow to Jake, The night felt quieter. All while he could swear he could hear his own heartbeat. He watched the girl with model looks closely feeling anger bubble up from deep in himself not at her and her audacity to come at him like this but at himself for feeling like he couldn't meet her gaze.

"And the best part?" she murmured. "You haven't even realized why yet." Elaine punctuated her comment by poking him in the chest with her index finger.

Jake's stomach knotted even as he opened his mouth. "We are done here. Offer is off the table, I'm not sticking my dick in crazy and you are way too crazy."

Elaine didn't withdraw her hand when she took in his bravado riddled insult, only shaking her head. If anything, her finger pressed a fraction harder into the center of Jake's chest right over where his heart was hammering. Her brown eyes held him like she was trying to pin him to a board like a specimen with her will alone.

Jake tried to glare back, but his warm brown eyes flicked away, just once toward the closed door behind him. Not to flee. Just checking again that no one could see him being cornered.

Elaine saw his weakness and wasn't going to just let it pass. Her smile sharpened. "Oh, Jakey," she murmured, "we're nowhere near done."

Jake opened his mouth anger ready, insults lined up but before he could say a word Elaine spoke not just first but over anything that he started to say.

"Before I teach you something important," she said, tone almost sweet, "you're going to do one thing for me."

Her finger slid off his chest and down, not teasing just controlling landing above his sternum before she let her hand fall away entirely.

“I’m not doing shit for you,” he snapped.

Elaine ignored his childish rebuttal

“Describe Tammy for me.”

Jake blinked. “Whyt?”

“Describe Tammy,” Elaine repeated, slow and precise. “Tell me exactly what she was to you. Every detail. Every little thing you liked.”

Jake scoffed. “Seriously? Why the hell would I—”

“Because,” Elaine said, leaning in closer voice soft, breath steady, eyes much softer than when she was glaring at him. “I want to hear the fairytale you’re telling yourself before I tear it apart.”

Jake’s pulse jumped. But his ego couldn’t resist the “I got the girl” narrative. Couldn’t resist performing. Couldn’t resist proving himself. He had been with many sexual conquests, but the truth was he had never actually had a real relationship and part of him that he didn’t want to consider wanted that with Tammy, too afraid. His old man boasted about his own encounters yet he was alone and deep down Jake was afraid that would be his own future. He lifted his chin.

“Fine,” he said. “But don’t get jealous. More than you are now I mean.”

Elaine’s laugh was small, sharp, the narrative that she was jealous, seeming pitiful.

Jake pushed on.

“Tammy’s... cute,” he started. thinking of her bashful smile and the way she had a hard time looking him in the eye. “Real cute. She’s got that shy thing going. Quiet voice. Big eyes. That kinda soft look that makes me want to hold and protect her.”

Elaine’s eyebrows lifted, encouraging him.

Jake continued.

“She warms up fast. You just gotta know how to talk to her. When she laughs” His expression softened without him realizing. “It’s real, not something fake. The way she reacts to others around her, she lifts you up. The type of person that brightens not just the room she is in but your heart, making worries seem less important. Sweet. I liked it.”

Elaine didn’t hide the way she noticed that shift in his face all while she gave him an odd look as he described the force feminized young man.

Jake swallowed and kept talking, tone dipping lower, almost confessional.

“She looked at me like... like I mattered. Made me feel like she trusted me.” He snorted quickly, trying to cover his own openness. “Not that it matters now.”

Elaine didn’t blink. “What else?”

Jake frowned. “That’s enough.”

“No,” Elaine said. “It’s not.” her voice growing sterner. “Tell me what Tammy made you feel.”

Jake’s jaw worked, defensive, not really sure what she was getting at.. “I don’t...It’s not...I don’t feel things like that.”

Elaine cocked her head to the side as she put her left hand on her hip.

“You do,” she whispered. “Jakey, you have feelings, you're an asshole not a monster..”

Jake let out a long breath as he shook his own head.

Elaine, wanting the cocky young man to feel off balance started walking around him, each step slow and deliberate so she stayed within arms reach. “Now listen carefully, Jake McGraff.” Her voice dipped with mock sweetness.

“You’re about to find out something... hilarious.”

Twisting his neck to watch Elaine prowl about he felt very done with her shit .”Great tell your joke then you can leave. As the song says it’s closing time, you don’t have to go home but you can't stay here.”

Elaine leaned in until her lips were nearly at his ear as her hand lightly

landed on the back of his shoulder, the moment was upon her and it took more than a little effort to not just blurt it out just to break him..

“Tammy,” she said, the name as if she was not just tasting the letters but savoring them, sweet, shy...cute Tammy... they aren't who you think they are.”

Jake pulled away from the touch and spun around. ”Shitty joke so far, if you are thinking of being a comedian, rethink it.”

Elaine glowered at him, his barbs felt like an attempt for him to regain control and she wasn't going to let that happen. ”Jakey,” she said quietly, ”I am not joking.”

Jake scoffed again, louder than before, the sound too sharp to be real confidence. ”Yeah, right. Tammy isn't who I think she is. What does that even mean? What, she is secretly married? Has a second identity? Allergic to common sense?” He shook his head once. ”Your material is garbage.”

Elaine did not rise to the bait. She watched him with the patience of someone who already had the answer and was only waiting for him to walk into it.

”Describe her again,” Elaine said.

Jake blinked. ”Why would I do that?”

Elaine stepped close enough that Jake could feel the warmth of her body in the cold night air. ‘She just wants me and to be told she is pretty’ He told himself.

”Because I want to hear every pretty word you believe. I want you to remind yourself exactly what you said. Then I am going to show you what is real.”

”Fine. You want details, you get details. Tammy is cute. And by that I mean cuter than you spare me your jealousy. You had the chance to have my dick but your crazy ruined that.” Jake thought about how looked at him as if he was the only other person around, the only one that mattered, while Elaine acted as if she just wanted to fuck with him.

Snapping finger, the unexpected action and sound gave Elaine the moment she needed to push on. ”Jake. Listen to me.” Inhaling once, steady and controlled, then she spoke the truth.

"Tammy is not Tammy. Tammy is Timothy Thompson, you should know him well. The cute girl you are so in love with is one of your own pledges. You sent him to steal our panties, all I did was send him back panties and outfit to complete the look."

Jake went still. His expression did not shift at first. It simply froze, like the words had hit something deep inside him that shut everything down. 'Timothy Thompson.' the name ran through his mind and how the overly eager freshman introduced himself with his full name.

Elaine watched the moment the name sank in. Jake's warm brown eyes widened, then dropped, then widened again. His mouth opened slightly, no sound coming out. His breathing hitched. So to push the arrogant ass harder she repeated the name pulling out the photo she had shown of their activities in the car. "Timothy Thompson."

"No. No, that is wrong. Tammy is a girl. Tammy is not a guy. Tammy acted like the perfect girl." Jake said in denial thoughts of Tammy's adorable laugh making Elaine's claim sound so wrong.

"Acted," Elaine repeated his words calmly. "You fell for the act."

Jake's face went red, then pale. His breathing turned fast and shallow. He looked like he might be sick.

Elaine watched it all with the slow, satisfied expression of someone who had set a trap perfectly and was now watching it snap shut. "You did not fall for Tammy," she said. "You fell for a boy named Timothy Thompson."

Jake's voice cracked on the first word. "Stop. Please stop."

Elaine smiled, feeling a thrill as a rush ran through her as he pleaded. "Tell me again how good your night was."

Jake didn't answer, he just looked out into the night, his mind reeling. 'I kissed him... I let a dude give me a blow job and I liked it,,,'

"No answer, well...How would your so-called friends react to this news?" Elaine asked, twisting the knife.

Feeling backed into a corner and afraid of the answer to the question Jake tried to defend himself "I'm not gay! But even if I was, no one would care that is why they are called friends. He wasn't sure how true that was, but

was pretty sure his dad would disown him.

“Oh?” Elaine said, speaking as if she actually cared about Jake. “Then there is no problem with me going inside right now to share, right?”

Stepping backwards and to the side, Jake stood between the girl and the door, “How about we don't and do that never. And by we I mean you.”

The trap had been set and sprung far as Elaine was concerned, now she just needed to leverage it into control, “Tell you what Jakey, this can stay between us but for a price.”

Feeling beaten down and if he lost something precious Jake answered in a monotone voice. “What do I have to do?”

Knowing exactly what she wanted him to do Elaine shrugged her shoulders. “Well you see my sorority is keeping Tammy. Cute girl with a positive attitude that is always eager to help, she is to fit in great and actually be appreciated. Tammy will be treated like family. I thought... well the house needs some attention, cleaning and that is where you fit in, We will even give you a uniform.

Jake imagined wearing a jump suit like a janitor while pressure washing the sorority house, “Clean the place up and you shut the fuck up?”

“Crude, but yes,” Elaine crossed her arms as she spoke.

Chapters 20

Tim woke to the soft hum of the refrigerator and the dim glow of the Tri-Sigma living room's lamp, the one they always left on for girls coming home late. He was still curled on the sorority's downstairs couch, the same cramped spot he had been sleeping on for the past three nights. A thin throw blanket was bunched up around his legs, half slipping to the floor, and the cushions smelled faintly of vanilla body spray and old textbooks.

It was a great deal better than the floor in the frat house, still this wasn't his house.

It wasn't his room. He was so alone back home but now it was worse he wasn't just alone he was afjn outcast. This wasn't even where he was supposed to be. It was simply where he had ended up, but at least it wasn't

him living on the streets or in jail. very time he opened his eyes, there was that split second where he hoped he would feel like himself again.

It never came.

He pulled the blanket up and sat slowly against the armrest. The soft cotton of the borrowed pajama shirt shifted against his skin, the fabric thinner and lighter than anything he used to wear. The pants were the same, girl pajama bottoms with a pastel pattern he hadn't chosen. Underneath them, he could still feel the snug, unfamiliar shape of the panties Sarah had slipped into his folded laundry without asking. He hadn't told her no. He hadn't told her anything.

He didn't feel like someone who had the right to refuse.

The house was quiet, the kind of stillness that left room for his thoughts to rise up whether he wanted them or not. He curled his knees a little tighter, drawing the blanket closer, as if that thin fabric was supposed to protect him from the memories pressing in on him.

A few days had passed since that night with Jake, but the shame stuck to him like sweat. It wasn't just the date, or the way Jake had touched him, or the way Tim had leaned in without thinking. It wasn't even the moment in the car that Tim refused to name out loud, the thing he tried to bury every time it crept up behind his eyes. What haunted him most was how he had felt in those moments. How the attention had warmed something inside him in a way he couldn't understand. How the wine had taken the edge off his fear and made everything blurry and soft and confusing. He kept telling himself it was the alcohol. That it had to be. But the feeling lingered anyway.

He didn't know if it scared him more that it had happened or that part of him wished it didn't feel so good to be wanted.

He rubbed his hands over his face, trying to push the thought away. It always came back. So did the memory of how this all started. Not the date. Not the dress. The first moment. The real one.

Him in one of the sorority bedrooms on a mission to prove himself. Then came Elaine's voice. He could easily remember... Still feel really his heart pounding in his ears.

The threat of calling the police.

He had seen the panic in Sarah's eyes, the way Elaine had stepped forward, the way he had been cornered with no exit. He had agreed to anything in that moment. Anything to avoid being marched out in handcuffs. Anything to avoid a record, a scandal, a future-ending mistake.

'That's why Tammy exists' he reminded himself. 'Because I was afraid. It.. Tammy was the path to survival. A desperate trade, one that cost me more than I could imagine.'

Tammy was their mercy for his transgression, but in the end he wasn't sure how he got talked into going on the panty raid to begin with or why he had been so thrilled to do it. He pressed his forehead against the back of the couch and closed his eyes.

He couldn't go back to Omega Omega Kappa. That was impossible. If Jake hadn't talked, he would soon. They all would. And Tim could already picture their faces. The sneers. The laughter. The disgust. The pity. He felt sick imagining it.

He also couldn't stay here. Not as himself. The Tri-Sigma girls were kind, but they weren't blind. He wasn't one of them. Not really. He was a boy and this was sorority.

Shaking his head an intrusive thought crept in. 'Am I even a boy? What kind of man does what I did?'

The living room felt too big and too small at the same time, a place he was allowed to sleep but not to belong. He pulled the blanket up to his chin and curled into the couch cushions like he was trying to disappear into the fabric.

He didn't belong at the frat. He didn't belong at the sorority. And he didn't feel like he belonged in his own skin.

Not for the first time in his life, Tim felt like a person without a place. Or a version of himself he could return to, he felt lost without a map. He whispered into the empty room, barely audible. "I don't know where I'm supposed to be or who..."

The house didn't answer. Nor did any of the sorority members appear. Part of him was terrified that it meant he really had nowhere left to be.

Tim stared at the blank television screen across the room, the gray reflection of his own shape barely visible in the glass. He didn't turn it on. He couldn't stomach the noise right now. It could bring attention to him and that might mean he would be told to leave. The quiet hurt, but it was better than what would come flooding in if he tried to distract himself.

He imagined walking back into Omega Omega Kappa, the thought alone made his stomach twist into knots.

Tim pictured himself stepping through the door, trying to look normal, trying to pretend nothing had happened. He imagined the way the brothers would stare up from the couch, eyes narrowing, the smirks forming as they took in his clothes or the slump in his posture. He imagined someone making a joke, or asking where he had been, or saying Tammy's name with that awful sarcastic lilt Jake could pull off so easily.

He imagined Jake being there.

Jake looked at him.

Jake knowing and speaking "You know Tammy didn't do such a bad blow job, just think the little slut needs more practice. Tim, do you know when she will be around again?"

His chest squeezed tight.

Even if Jake never said a word, even if he kept everything secret out of his own embarrassment, Tim knew he couldn't walk back in there. Not with what he did. Not with how he felt. Not with the memory of leaning in, wanting to feel wanted, wanting to feel... anything.

He hugged the throw blanket closer.

Going back wasn't an option. That home was gone.

He turned his head toward the stairs, toward the space where the Tri Sigma girls slept. The sorority house was warm, welcoming, full of laughter and inside jokes he could hear drifting down on quiet evenings. But that wasn't his world either.

He could imagine walking into the kitchen as Tim... as his so-called self.

His old blue jeans and T-shirt are all normal.

Trying to act confident again.

The girls would smile politely because they were kind. They would try to

include him. But there would be a distance. A pause. A sense of something out of place.

Tim wasn't supposed to be here; this wasn't a place for him. He didn't fit here even if he thought it would be so nice to be around not just attractive girls but because they all seemed to actually care. He didn't belong in their world, their humor, their sisterhood. "I don't belong here or anywhere." Tim said out loud to himself depression clear in his tone of voice.

"Tammy..." Tim said the name slowly thinking of himself as her, here and now as if it was real. He shut his eyes tight, hating the thought before it even took shape.

As Tammy, he had been... wanted, it wasn't real, she wasn't real, But it had still been more than anything he had growing up. More than he ever got at school. More than he ever got from his parents. More than the frat had given him, despite all his work and desperation.

"Tammy was treated with warmth...I was treated that way. Tammy was pulled into conversations. Tammy was helped, touched, included."

Tim swallowed hard at the thoughts, the truth slid cold and bitter through him. The attention hadn't been real, but the way it made him feel was. That was the part he couldn't run from.

A soft, sick feeling curled in his stomach. If Tammy received more kindness in a week than Tim had in years, what did that say about who he was? Who he wasn't?

His throat tightened. He pressed the heel of his palm to his eyes until they ached.

"What kind of guy wants attention like that?" he whispered to himself, too softly for even the lamp to hear. "What kind of guy... likes it?"

He didn't have an answer.

He didn't know if he even counted as a guy anymore. The thought shouldn't have hurt as much as it did. It wasn't about being a girl or a boy. It was about not recognizing the person he had become.

He curled deeper into the couch.

“I don't belong at the frat. I don't belong at the sorority. I don't belong anywhere at all!” The room felt too big around him, but the air felt thin, tight against his ribs. He pulled the blanket up to his chin again and tried to breathe slowly, quietly, like he could hide from all the places he didn't fit.

He felt lost without a map and without a name that felt safe to wear.

Tim didn't know how long he sat curled on the couch, staring at the blank television, trying not to think. His throat hurt from holding tears back, and the blanket was pulled tight around him like a shield that didn't actually protect anything.

He hadn't heard Sarah come down the stairs.

He only realized she was there when the edge of the couch dipped slightly under her weight.

“Tim...?” Her voice was soft, careful, like she was approaching a frightened animal.

The voice startled him, making Tim jerk upright a little too quickly, wiping at his eyes. “I'm fine. Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you.”

“You didn't.” The brunette haired folded her legs up beneath her and leaned in just enough to make Tim feel seen, but not cornered. “You look like you haven't slept at all.”

He shrugged, staring at his hands. “Didn't want to, bad dreams.”

Sarah's hand settled on his arm.. Not gripping him, not holding him there... but she didn't pull away either when she felt him flinch from the touch. Her warm hands, her touch making his chest tighten, but for a change it was in a good way. No one touched him gently like this.. Not even when he was a kid. His parents loved him but they were distant.

After a moment, she spoke again, quieter this time. “You've been avoiding everyone, barely eating, barely sleeping. You don't have to pretend with me.”

He swallowed hard, feeling like he could cry. “I don't know where to go.”

Sarah didn't rush him, didn't push, she didn't even move.

Tim found himself talking anyway, feeling like she was someone he could

open up to at least a little. “I can’t go back to the frat,” he said, voice cracking in the middle. “I can’t. They’ll know something’s wrong, that I’m wrong. They’ll figure everything out. I’ll never live it down.”

Sarah’s eyes softened with something that looked too much like pity. He hated that he needed it. “And I can’t stay here,” he added, rubbing his hands together until they burned. “Not as me. It’s stupid. This is a sorority house. I’m not supposed to be here. I’m not supposed to be anywhere.”

Sarah let out a slow breath. “You’re not stupid.”

“Feels like it,” he muttered, feeling defeated.

Her fingers slid down his arm just a little before settling again to grasp his hand, a gentle stroke that made his throat close. “You don’t have to leave,” she said.

“I can’t stay.” he whispered.

“You can.” Her tone changed slightly, almost imperceptibly to something softer. Her naturally mousy voice making Tim feel warmer. A note of reassurance wrapped around something Tim didn’t recognize. “You’re safe here, but boys can’t live here, but Tammy could.”

The room seemed to tilt for a second. Not in a dizzy way. In a relieved, terrifying, confusing way all at once. He didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know what he felt. Something inside him folded, and something else opened.

Sarah watched his face carefully, searching for his feelings on his face. Just... watching, like she was seeing something important in him. Reaching up and brushing a strand of hair from his forehead. Her fingers lingered for a heartbeat longer than they needed to.

“You were happier,” she whispered. “Not pretending to be tough. Not trying to impress anyone. Just... you. Or the you that isn’t so hurt.”

Tim felt his eyes sting again. “Tammy isn’t real.” he said while thinking just how wrong she was.

“She can be,” Sarah said. “If you want her to be.”

He shook his head weakly. “I don’t know what I want.” the offer to stay

being more than a little tempting.

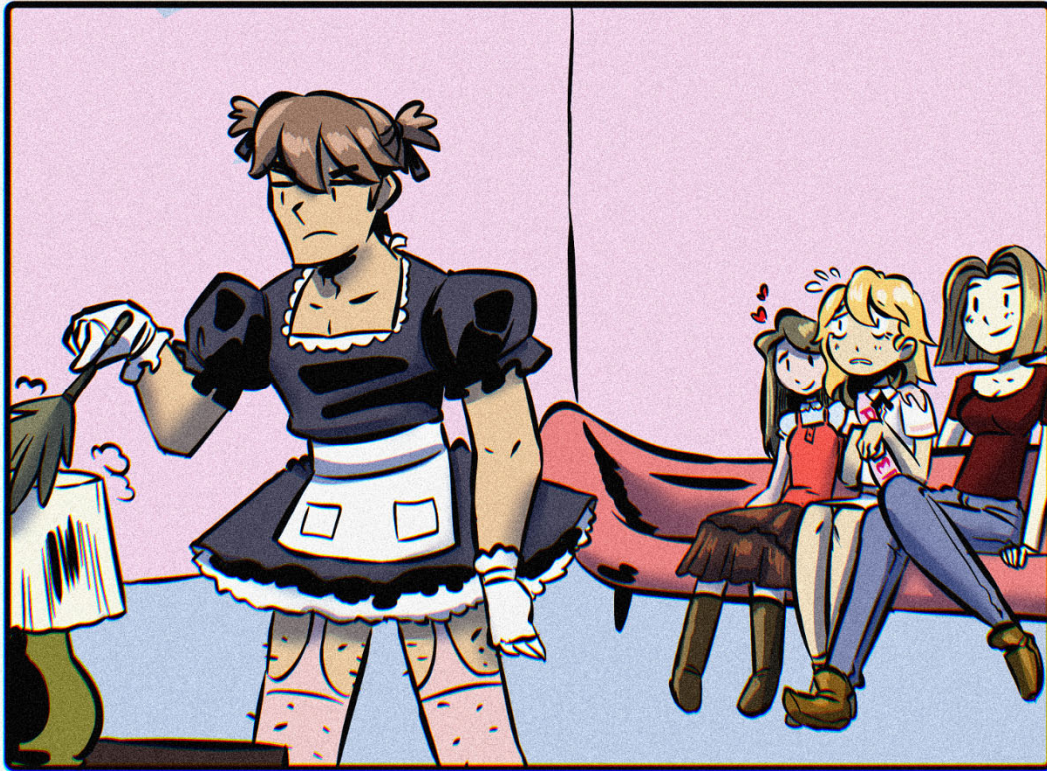
Hearing his sorrow Sarah leaned forward and pressed a small, soft kiss to his cheek.

It wasn't romantic, though she felt affection for him and it broke him in a way nothing else had. "You don't have to know right now," she murmured. "Just don't leave. Tammy, please just stay here. Stay with me. Be Tammy, be you that I see until you feel steady again."

Tim choked on a half-breath, trying to hold back tears, then he felt Sarah wrap an arm gently around his shoulders, pulling him into her side, letting him rest his forehead against her collarbone. He didn't resist. He didn't feel like he could. For the first time in days, the tightness in his chest loosened, the constant anxiety that grappled him had its grasp loosen. Sarah held him there, warm and steady and close. "You're not alone anymore," she whispered, and for the first time since the raid, Tim let himself believe it.

Chapter 21

Jake had no idea how long he had been on his knees, scrubbing the hardwood floor. The lace gloves made the work clumsy, the cheap fabric snagging on the grain every time he moved. Sweat slid down his forehead and into his eyes, but he did not dare wipe it away. The white ruffled cuff at his wrist was already damp and sticking to his skin.



The black maid dress Elaine had forced him into was too tight at the shoulders, too short in the skirt, and too frilly for any dignity to survive. Every shift of his body made the petticoat puff out around his thighs with a soft rustle that was mockery to his male pride. The stuffed bra pressed against his chest, the padding shifting whenever he leaned forward. He felt every useless bounce and pull of the bra straps. The outfit did not flatter him at all. It made him look like a man pretending to be something he was never meant to resemble and doing so badly.

The pink stockings dragged over his unshaved legs, the nylon catching on coarse hair and itching with every movement. The sensation made his skin crawl. The black heels, two inches high and definitely too small, pinched his feet until he wanted to scream. Every small shift of weight sent a fresh stab of pain up his ankles.

Jake knew he looked ridiculous. Yet he felt even worse.

Elaine's voice floated across the room with bright, cruel amusement. "Missed a spot, Jakey."

Jake stiffened. He always did when she used that name. It felt like she was pressing a boot to the back of his neck. He leaned forward again and scrubbed harder. The petticoat rustled against the floor. His dignity felt smaller every time the skirt brushed his thighs.

Elaine lounged on the couch with her legs crossed, sipping from a pink tumbler the scene she controlled in front of her a relaxing morning show. Her perfume drifted across the room in a sweet, sharp cloud that made Jake feel even more aware of how pathetic he looked kneeling in front of her. "You know," she said lightly, "for someone who bragged so loudly about how you can do anything, you clean like someone who has never done a real chore in his life."

Jake clenched his jaw and kept scrubbing. He did not talk back anymore, not after the threat to take him shopping dressed as he was to get correct fitting heels. Better to suffer in private than be exposed to the world.

Her brown eyes glittered. She leaned forward slightly, studying him like a disappointing pet.

"Posture, Jakey. Straighten your back. I won't have my maid looking sloppy with bad posture,"

He did. The corset-like cut of the dress squeezed his ribs when he tried to sit up straighter. The shift made the heels bite deeper into his feet. The stuffed bra shifted again in a humiliating bounce.

Elaine smiled at the sight. "I did not tell you to stop," she added with a sweet, false kindness.

Jake resumed cleaning, holding back the grumbling that wanted to come out. The wooden floor blurred beneath him. His knees ached. His feet throbbed. His pride felt ground into splinters. He had been forced to do cleaning chores as a pledge before, but that was years ago and this was not hazing. This was not something every guy endured, or should.

This was cruel punishment and it made him feel stupid, exposed. Like less than the person he had been only a week ago.

Elaine suddenly brightened.

"Good girl."

Jake froze. Not because she said it.
Because she was not speaking to him.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs.

Jake turned out of instinct.

He watched Tim... no, Tammy stepping into view at the bottom of the staircase. She wore a soft white cotton dress that stopped at her knees. The fabric moved with each step, gentle and clean. A pink sash with the word PLEDGE in curly letters crossed her torso. Her makeup was done carefully, a soft and pretty look that made her seem even more feminine than before.

She was smiling. Truly smiling and despite knowing who she really was and what they did together it made him happy to see her in a good mood, though that seemed to falter in her as their eyes met.

Her expression collapsed. Her smile vanished. Her eyes widened with surprise and something close to pity. She drew closer to Sarah as if seeking safety.

Sarah squeezed Tammy's hand at the same moment Tammy squeezed hers. Sarah pulled her in gently, placing herself slightly in front of Tammy as if shielding her from the sight of Jake.

Jake felt the humiliation strike deeper than anything Elaine had said to him.

Elaine's voice floated across the room with sugary warmth. "Tammy, sweetheart, there you are. Come sit down with us."

Elaine's tone changed completely. It was warm and soft, full of affection she had never used for Jake.

Sarah led Tammy to the couch, settling beside Elaine. Sarah kept Tammy's hand in hers, her thumb brushing slowly across Tammy's knuckles.

Jake could not stop staring. Tammy looked so pretty and sitting there Tammy looked accepted like she was part of the sorority.

Elaine leaned toward Tammy with a bright smile.

"Do not mind him," she said, flicking her hand toward Jake. "He is finally

learning his place. If you want, Jakey can do a courtesy for you."

Jake's face burned. His chest tightened so sharply he almost coughed.

Elaine turned back to Tammy, her voice soft again.

"But you look adorable today, Tammy. That dress suits you perfectly. We are not just happy to have you but are lucky for it."

Jake felt something twist painfully inside him. A mixture of shame, anger, and something he refused to name.

Elaine caught his expression and smiled wider.

"Back to work, Jakey. Tammy does not need you staring at her."

Jake dropped his gaze immediately and resumed scrubbing the floor. The lace gloves slipped uselessly on the wood. His arms trembled. His face burned but he had to endure. Jake kept his eyes on the floor as he scrubbed, but he could not stop hearing every word the girls said on the couch behind him. Their voices floated through the room in soft tones, far too gentle compared to how Elaine spoke to him.

Sarah spoke first. "Did you sleep any better last night, Tammy?"

Jake's hand paused for a second.

He heard Tammy's small, shy voice answer. "A little. It felt easier with you there."

The cleaning rag trembled in Jake's fingers. He forced his hand to move again.

Elaine let out a pleased hum. "Good. You should stay where you feel safe. Sarah is good for you."

Jake closed his eyes for a moment, jaw tightening.

Sarah laughed quietly, a warm, affectionate sound giving her newest sorority sister a hug. "I just like having her close. She curls up in the blankets like a little cat. It is adorable. My new girlfriend is adorable."

Jake felt the words hit him harder than Elaine's insults ever could.

He had been on a date with Tammy.

She had smiled at him.

She had trusted him.
She had leaned in close in the dark.
She had looked at him like he mattered.

Now she was curled up in Sarah's arms at night ' Did she say girlfriend?'

Elaine continued in a teasing tone.

"You two share a bed better than anyone else in this house ever has. You are already closer than half the big-little pairs."

Jake swallowed hard.while his chest tightened painfully.

Sarah brushed her fingers over Tammy's cheek. "We fit. That is all. She belongs with us. I don't know how others haven't seen how amazing they are"

Jake almost lost his grip on the cleaning rag.

He felt something collapse quietly inside himself.

'Belongs with us. She said and that means not with me...'

Elaine added one more soft line, almost like a dagger hidden under silk.

"You made the right choice staying, Tammy. You are loved here." she said ignoring the fact she had created Tammy under the threat of the police.

Jake stared at the floor and scrubbed until his vision blurred. 'I have no right to Tammy. No right to want her attention. No right to even think about that night again.'

'Tammy has a place now.'

Jake had a dress, a mop, and a threat hanging over his head.

Not for the first time since Elaine cornered him, Jake felt something like grief.

Not because he cared about labels.

Not because he feared being gay, though others thinking that about him still felt like a line he didn't want to cross. It was all because he cared about Tammy.

And Tammy no longer cared about him, Tim was annoying while Tammy was a dream he didn't want to wake up from no matter how much he tried not to catch feeling.

Jake scrubbed until his wrists ached, much as he hated the task. He could not bring himself to look at Tammy any more, as we worked though he felt her presence on the couch like a spotlight burning into his back. His humiliation folded tighter around him with each pass of the rag. He tried to focus on the floor. Tried to pretend nothing happening behind him mattered, that it didn't bother him.

Tammy's voice broke through Jake's flimsy concentration.

"Sarah... he looks sad."

Jake's entire body froze for a moment.

Elaine's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Curious about the maid, sweetheart?"

There was a small, nervous sound from Tammy. She had not meant to call attention to herself. Jake could tell by the hesitation in her voice, by the careful way she answered.

"I just... heard him sigh. That is all."

Jake swallowed. She had noticed that. Not his face, not his posture. Just the sound. The small, weak sound he had not meant anyone to hear.

Sarah gently smoothed the skirt of Tammy's cotton dress down over her knees, the soft fabric whispering against Tammy's legs.

"You do not have to worry about him, love. He is just doing chores."

Elaine let out a quiet hum. "Hm... He is fine. He is exactly where he belongs."

Then Sarah whispered softly to Tammy, but just loud enough for Jake to hear. "You are safe here. He cannot hurt you. Let Elaine deal with him."

Tammy spoke again, a bit of hesitation in their voice. "He looks... miserable."

"Oh no not at all." Elaine shook her head. "Jakey wants to do this." Elaine's smile sharpened. "Well then, sweetheart, let me give you something that will cheer you up."

She snapped her fingers lightly.

"Jakey. Front and center. Curtsy for Tammy."

Jake's stomach dropped and went cold. He forced himself to lift his head and turn toward them. His stuffed bra shifted crookedly again, the padding sliding slightly to one side as he rose. The heels wobbled under him, the too-tight leather biting deep into his toes.

Elaine gestured impatiently.

"Come on. In front of Tammy. Right where she can see you."

Jake shuffled forward. The petticoat pushed the skirt out even wider, making each step feel awkward and exaggerated. He could hear the soft swish of the layers brushing against each other. The lace gloves slipped across the fabric when he pinched the sides of the skirt.

He reached the center of the room, directly in front of Tammy and Sarah. He kept his gaze low, not wanting to see Tammy looking at him like this.

Elaine lifted her hand in a slow, mocking demonstration.

"Pinch the sides of your skirt. Feet together. Bend your knees slightly. Show her a proper curtsy."

Jake swallowed hard. His fingers found the hem of the maid dress, the lace scratchy against his gloves. The skirt flared when he lifted it, the stiff petticoat forcing it outward. He tried to lower himself into a curtsy, but the heels wobbled, and his ankle twisted slightly.

He caught himself, face burning.

Elaine clucked her tongue.

"Horrible. Again."

Jake tried a second time. He bent carefully, pinching the skirt as instructed. The petticoat fanned out again, and the heels shifted underneath him. The too-small shoes made his knees tremble as he tried to maintain balance.

Tammy winced softly.

"Elaine... he looks like he is going to fall."

Jake's heart thudded painfully.

Tammy was worried about him.

Elaine waved dismissively.

"He will manage. He needs to learn. Again, Jakey."

Jake's knees ached. His feet throbbed. He lowered himself again, slower this time. The skirt rose slightly as he dipped. The padding in the bra slid again, one side higher than the other. He felt ridiculous and exposed.

"Better," Elaine said. "But you did not smile."

Jake blinked.

"Smile?"

Elaine nodded.

"A curtsy is polite. A curtsy shows gratitude. You will give Tammy a smile to show how willing you are to do your job."

Jake felt the humiliation scorch him from the inside.

He tried again.

Feet together.

Skirt pinched.

Knees bent.

He forced his mouth into a smile. It felt stretched and wrong, but he tried.

The heels wobbled. He almost fell again.

Tammy gasped quietly.

"Be careful... please."

Jake's heart clenched.

She said please.

Even dressed like this, humiliated like this, she still cared enough to say something gentle. The softness in her voice felt warmer than anything he had heard in days. It hit something deep inside him that had been raw and aching.

Elaine stood and circled him slowly.

"Too stiff. Your smile looks fake. Again."

Jake's knees protested, but he obeyed.

'Curtsy, Smile. Hold the stupid skirt steady.' Jake told himself wanting to

get it right so this could end.
He tried to keep his balance even though the heels pinched like vices.

He did it again.
And again.
And again.

By the fifth attempt, the motion made his thighs burn. The skirt and petticoat bounced awkwardly with each dip. He felt sweat slide down his temple. The lace gloves were damp and slipping. Each time he smiled, it felt more forced and painful.

But Tammy spoke again, this time softer and apologetic.
"You do not need to make him do so many. He is trying."

Jake froze mid-curtsy.

Something in him stung.
Not from humiliation though that was there, it was from the kindness that he didn't feel like he deserved.

Elaine smirked.
"Is he making you feel bad, sweetheart? That is not his role here."

Tammy looked down at her lap, smoothing her white dress over her knees.
"I just... he looks tired."

Jake straightened slowly, the petticoat settling around his legs.

For a moment, he let himself look at Tammy.

She looked back, hesitant but gentle. Her dress fit softly around her body. Her makeup was perfect. She looked comfortable, safe, and accepted. There was no sign of Tim to his eyes, Her eyes met him with a softness that cut right through the pain in his feet.

Jake felt his throat tighten.
To be seen kindly while dressed like this hurt worse than the ridicule.

Elaine clapped her hands once.
"One more curtsy, Jakey. Your prettiest one. Make Tammy smile."

Jake pinched the skirt, bent his trembling knees, and forced a soft smile.

Sarah looked between the ridiculous looking Jake and the feminized boy at her side. “This year of college has really just started. Moving forward you will be here with me, Tammy. We can study together, maybe go out to the movies and of course cuddle in our bed. Jake will be here once a week to help clean up. This is the year that I promise will be full of friends.”

