

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"SISSIES TO SISTERS I"



**A PANTY RAID GONE REALLY BAD...
THEY GO FROM STEALING THE PANTIES TO
WEARING THEM!**

VOLUME 80

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Sissies to Sisters I

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“*Sissies to Sisters I*”



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QUOTE BOARD

Q. If a man spoke in the forest, and there was no woman around to hear him, would he still be wrong?

A. Yes, unless he was wearing a dress at the time.

Sissies to Sisters I

By Kristi Love

Chapter 1

"Alpha brothers!" Ralph, the outgoing President of Alpha fraternity, tried to quiet the mulling crowd of half-drunk fellow brothers. "I am pleased to welcome two of our esteemed pledges, Larry Daniels and David Lu to our sacred council ceremony."

I couldn't believe it! With the promise of a special role in the election process, David and I had been invited to sit in on the meeting to elect officers for the coming year, so we felt very special. At Ralph's announcement; however, the members bombarded us with empty beer cans and other trash.

"Now I am pleased to present that Big Man on Campus, that Stud of Studs, God's Gift to Women, Reigning Homecoming Hero, and next year's Alpha President, Bob Connors!!" After a roar of approval and a few scattered boos, he continued. "As you know, like Hercules of old, Bob must prove himself worthy of this great honor by undertaking a Sacred Quest."

Bob is tall, handsome, suave, debonair, very blonde, and his expression belied the fact that he had hoped that tradition would be waived, but was he ever wrong! Standing to accept the cheers and jeers of his brothers, he had to dodge a barrage of empty beer cans the same as David and I.

"The committee mulled over the proper quest for such a prestigious candidate," Ralph continued with a sly smile. "Everything seemed beneath his exalted prowess, but we finally agreed upon a task worthy of such a distinguished designate. Gentlemen, Bob must steal three pairs of panties from **Delta Wu** sorority! This quest must be completed within one week, and of course, the proffered panties must bear the famous Delta Wu seal!"

The crowd erupted in a communal gasp! Nobody, but nobody had ever succeeded in breaking into the Delta Wu house, let alone steal any of their famous and revered panties! They have a most elaborate security system, and no guy had ever entered their house sans invitation without being caught and punished!

"But nobody..." Bob started to protest.

"Of course, if this task is beyond your prowess, I'm sure we can find another hero up to the challenge," Ralph taunted.

"No, I accept," groaned Bob. "B...but how...?"

"Great!" Ralph grinned. "These two new pledges have been assigned to help you," he said while motioning David and I to the podium. Needless to say, our stomachs were churning as we hesitantly made our way to join Bob and Ralph.

"You two fine pledges are assigned as squires to help Bob on his sacred Quest. If he fails, you fail, and will not be accepted into the brotherhood. On the other hand, if he is successful, you are guaranteed membership."

"Why them?" Bob groaned. "These dorks are on the 'rejection list'! Hell, I helped make it up! Why did you assign me two geeks destined for rejection? Do you want me to fail?" David and I didn't know how to react after being identified as losers.

"Fail?" Ralph asked with a broad smile. "Hell no, we don't want you to fail. If you pull this off, you will not only be famous within the frat, you will be celebrated campus wide!"

"**Wu! Wu! Wu!**" a chant rose from the audience. Bob was their hero of the moment, and with a quickening heart, he raised his arms to accept the adulation from the guys staggering below.

"Brothers!" he shouted over the roar, "Let's sing the fraternity song together. 'Let's sing, 'It's Great to be an Alpha Male!' tonight, together...as a band of brothers!"

"**Wu! Wu! Wu!**" rose ever higher into the night sky.

That evening, Bob called David and me to his room to see if we could find a way to break into the Delta Wu house. He apologized for his disparaging remarks back at the frat. He said he was upset that some of the older brothers hadn't been assigned to help him with such a difficult quest. "Maybe we can help in ways you hadn't thought of," David suggested.

"That's right," I agreed. "The Delta Wu house is protected by a sophisticated security system, and we've already tapped into the main frame. If we figure a way to shut it off, we'll have a much easier time breaking in."

"Good!" Bob exclaimed. "That's the kind of thinking we need. Maybe you two will come in handy after all."

<<OO>>

The sorority house was a huge mansion situated on a large tract of land with a high wall surrounding the entire lot. A long curving driveway led from the street through well-manicured lawns and woods to the front door. Our first task was getting past the security cameras guarding the walls and closed gate.

"Hurry!" Bob whispered.

David rapidly pushed buttons on his lap top computer to instruct the system to unlock the gate and disable the cameras. "If it were that easy, every guy on campus would have his own set of Delta Wu panties," David grumbled.

We three scurried across the manicured lawn, jumping between trees and bushes in case a girl was looking out her window. Finally we reached our point of entry. David worked quickly to unlock the door. "Got it!" he declared.

The house was completely dark, and all the girls seemed to be gone. "We need three pairs of their special panties," Bob whispered as we quietly tiptoed through the kitchen, into the living room, and up the stairs. He knew where to go, having attended many parties in this house.

Silently cracking open a door to one of the bedrooms, Bob slipped inside. Carefully opening the drawer to a dresser, he found a variety of lingerie, including bras, slips, nighties, and

nylons, before locating the coveted panties. Gathering three, each of a different color, he growled, "Let's get the hell out of here!"

Suddenly, a blinding flash announced the presence of a bevy of angry sorority girls! We were caught with our hands in the proverbial panty drawer!

Chapter 2

"Let me guess! This is a panty raid," an austere looking woman sneered as she handed the camera to a girl in the back of the pack.

Too stunned to speak, I searched for an escape. Seeing none, I knew that our 'goose was royally cooked'. We were on the second floor of a restricted sorority house, in a girl's bedroom, and holding an assortment of multicolored panties, a capital offense punishable by expulsion from school. As proof, the girls had photographs showing us holding the panties.

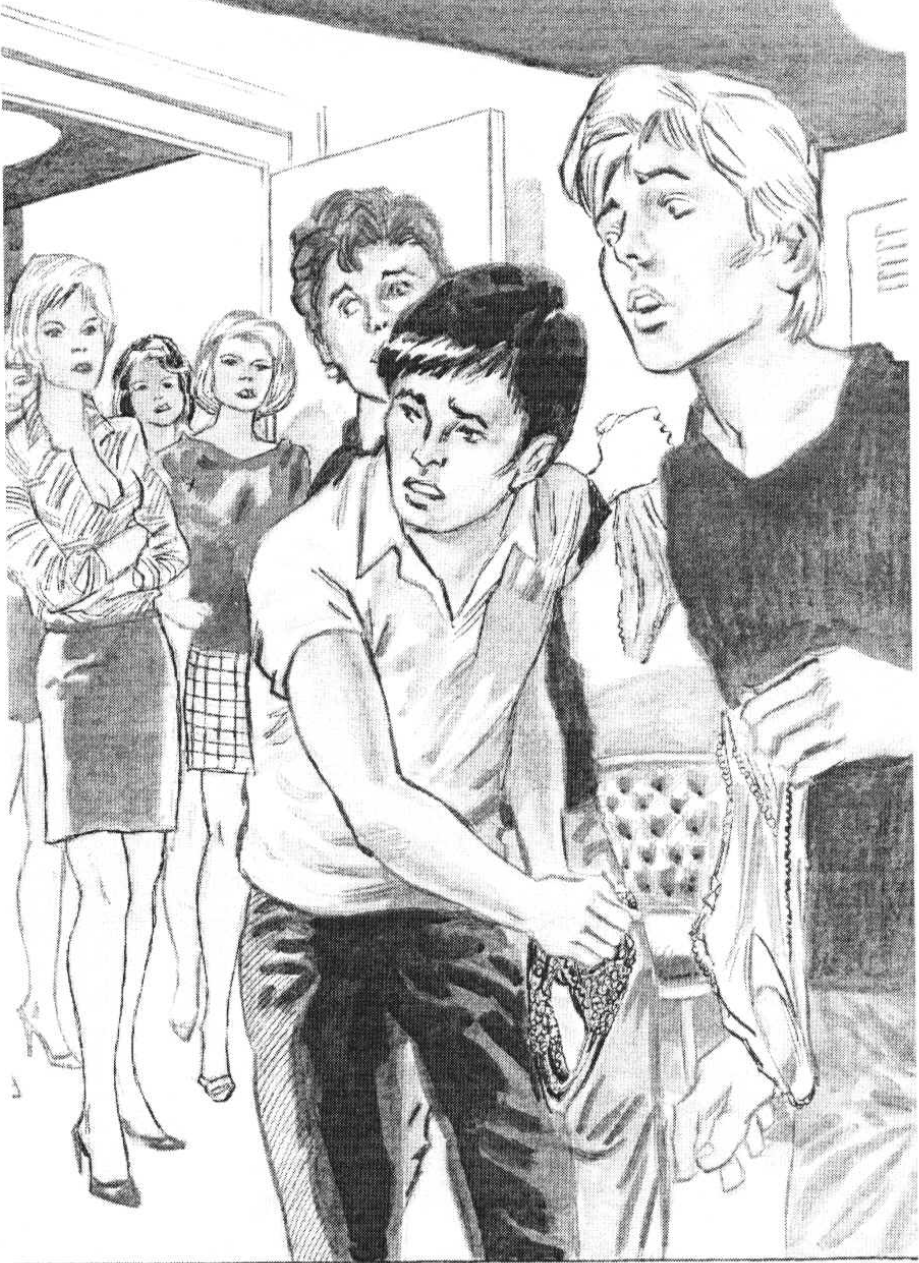
"Bob Connors? What do you want with my panties?" Patti asked as she recognized him.

"You know this boy, Patti?" the older woman asked.

"Uh, yeah, Ms. Robbins, he's Bob Connors, an Alpha fraternity animal and all around jerk! We dated until he moved on to another girl. I heard that he was elected the next President of Alpha."

"The other two?" Ms. Robbins asked. Nobody answered. "My guess is that they are a couple of pledges he recruited to help him." David and I were still dumb struck, so we merely nodded in agreement.

"Let me guess," Ms. Robbins began, "This is a prank sanctioned by that obnoxious Alpha fraternity. You had to steal our panties to prove yourself worthy to be President?"



“What have we here?” a stern looking housemother growled, “Three obnoxious boys who are interested in girl’s panties?”

Thinking that the girls would understand a fraternity initiation prank, Bob beamed his million-dollar smile, and laughed, "Yeah, you got it right. I had to steal your panties to be President of Alpha. Let's have a good laugh. We'll leave the panties and call it a failed mission? No harm, no foul. What do you say?"

"Oh, it failed all right! Since you want our panties so badly, I think we should let you have them," she smiled. The other girls giggled behind her.

"You will allow us leave with the panties?" Bob gasped.

"Not exactly," the woman replied. "We're tired of boys trying to sneak into our bedrooms to steal our undies, so we've decided to have some fun this time."

"Fun?" Bob stammered, not liking this turn of events. "Are you going to call the campus cops?"

"No, at least not just yet. We've decided to let you feel our panties from the inside out, so to speak," she sneered. "Girls, escort our unwelcome visitors to the guest bedroom."

"That's kidnapping!" Bob shouted. "You can't keep us here against our will!"

Two girls each took David and I by our arms and led us to a large bedroom on the third floor. Bob struggled briefly before realizing it was useless as four girls and the woman took charge of him.

"Bob's frat brothers won't miss him for a couple of days," Ms. Robbins smiled. "They'll think he's working on his prank. Find out if anyone will miss the other two. Now, boys, get undressed if you want to leave here without going to jail."

"Jail? It was only a prank!" I finally found my voice. "We didn't do anything that wrong!"

"But you did," a girl smiled. "Try 'Breaking and Entering' for starters. Now get undressed!"

"Sure, babe," Bob beamed, thinking he saw the light. "Obviously you girls have decided to punish us by 'having your way with us'."

"You are just too clever for us helpless girls, big boy," Ms. Robbins smiled.

"You can do anything you want with me," Bob smiled as he pulled his shirt over his head. "Take advantage of me. I'm pretty good. Just ask Patti."

"I bet you are," a girl cooed. "I've heard of your exploits, big boy!" Bob's chest expanded at her obvious reference to his legendary sexual prowess.

Turning to address David and me, Ms. Robbins asked our names and our part in the raid. We looked at each other, at the girls holding our wallets, decided discretion was the better part of valor, and confessed to everything. "We are Alpha pledges," I began, shivering as I undressed to my skivvies.

"Who is responsible for bypassing our security system?" Ms. Robbins asked. "We know it wasn't Bob."

David spoke for the first time, "We worked together, but I designed the loop..."

"You must be very good. Congratulations!"

"Does that mean...?"

"I don't think so," she laughed. "It means that we'll have to watch you very carefully."

We were down to our shorts and reluctant to remove this final piece of clothing when girls approached us from behind, grabbed our shorts by the waistband, and abruptly pulled them down to our feet.

Neither David nor I are particularly well endowed compared with Bob, making us more embarrassed to be exposed before this bevy of beautiful girls. "Oooh!" David gasped as he abruptly brought his legs together and covered his deflated genitals with his hands.

"Ms. Robbins," Gail squealed, "They even stand like girls with their knees together and hands covering their crotches. They would really be in a quandary if they had breasts to hide too."

David and I looked at each other, and then at Bob who was standing to the side, not particularly hiding his well-endowed manliness. I was about to ask this imposing woman what she was going to do with us when a girl handed both David and me a pair of silky panties. "You're so shy, but these pretty panties will keep you modest."

"You want us to wear panties? Girl's panties?" David gasped.

"Why not?" a girl piped in. "A few minutes ago, you were ready to steal them."

Not wanting to cause more problems, we took the proffered panties and examined how to put them on. In the absence of a fly in the front like boy's underwear, we were in a quandary as to which was the front.

"Boys!" Gail sighed in exasperation; "They can't find anything unless there is an opening in front for their prized manhood!" The other girls giggled as she showed David the front of the smooth, silky garment.

Red with embarrassment, he stepped into the panties and drew them over his hips to settle around his waist. His smallish manhood barely made an impression on the front of the garment.

"Since you are the leader of your little gang, it's only appropriate that we finish with you," Ms. Robbins sneered while taking Bob by the chin. "I'll bet you are just fabulous."

"I'm not bad, if you know what I mean," Bob smiled while reaching for his manhood.

Both David and I wished we had his confidence until Ms. Robbins handed him a pair of the panties he had stuffed into his coat pocket and said, "Slip into these. You were anxious enough to steal them."

"Not on your life!" Bob shouted, suddenly realizing that the girls weren't interested in sex. "I'm no sissy like...like those two!" he wailed while pointing to David and I.

"We'll see about that," Ms. Robbins smiled. "Girls, I think our young stud needs some help."

Deciding it was now or never, Bob quickly turned and bolted toward the door, but several of the girls blocked his way. Three girls grabbed his arms while a fourth lifted his feet to pull the panties up his hairy legs. He growled and tried to kick the girl away, bruising her arm.

"Enough of that!" Ms. Robbins shouted. "Girls, take him to the bed. I've got just the thing to get his attention."

Without hesitation, the girls dragged Bob to the bed and forced him to lie face down with his feet hanging over the edge. Ms. Robbins came up behind him with a hazing paddle and whispered in his ear, "Do you recognize this? It's an Alpha paddle. I'll bet you have applied one of these to the rear end of many a poor pledge. Now, it's your turn."

"Listen here, you dumb bitches!" Bob screamed. "You can't do this shit to me!"

A ball gag was stuffed into his mouth to suppress his profanity, and then she started to soundly apply the sturdy wooden paddle to his bare behind. It took six swats before tears started cascading down his flushed cheeks. His ass was as red as a poker as Ms. Robbins continued to apply well-aimed powerful strokes to his tender rear.

At last, she stopped and asked, "Now, will you step into your panties without struggling, and keep your language free of profanity, like a proper young lady?"

His ass burning, his cheeks flushed red from anger, Bob desperately looked for an avenue of escape. Seeing none, he decided to bide his time. Nodding obediently, he gruffly grabbed the flimsy garment and stepped into it as instructed. His manhood tented it out, even though he was far from aroused.

"Very good, Bob," Ms. Robbins growled. "Maybe you will listen the next time we tell you to do something." Bowing his head, he nodded. "Good," she beamed triumphantly. "Then, drop this lovely nylon slip over your head like a good girl."

His face turned red again from embarrassment and fear, rather than his former arrogant self-confidence. His posterior burning from the paddling, he realized the fruitlessness of

any attempt to resist. Hesitantly, he took the offending garment and tried to pull it over his head like a sweater.

"Oh, no!" Julie exclaimed, "You'll rip your pretty slip if you do that! Girl's intimates are fragile and must be treated with care. Here, I'll show you how to hold it."

She took the silky garment from Bob's trembling hands and demonstrated the proper technique. "You slip your arms into the garment, making sure each arm is properly positioned outside a strap. Then, hold your arms above your head and allow your slip to drop over your head and shoulders. Once it is past your shoulders, lower your arms and delicately help the skirt to cascade about your waist and float over your hips and into the proper position."

She handed the garment back to Bob, and he reluctantly followed her demonstration. Even so, it was a struggle to get the flimsy garment past his wide shoulders and large chest. Finally, he succeeded after a valiant struggle, to the amusement of the sorority girls gathered to watch this spectacle.

He was thoroughly humiliated as the silky garment caressed his skin and lapped about his upper thighs. Without breasts, the top of the garment hung limp over his chest. "You look rather gross in that garment, Bob," Ms. Robbins giggled, "Let's take some photographs of our femmy looking jock."

"No! Not pictures! I'll be the laughing stock of the campus if they ever get out!" he shouted as the first flash burst before his astonished eyes.

"I'm sure you will if we release the photos," Ms. Robbins calmly agreed.

"You mean that you won't..." he sighed with relief.

"If you follow instructions and do as you are told, we will consider not taking this matter to the police," Ms. Robbins smiled diabolically. "As you might imagine, they along with the college administration will view this as a very serious matter. Therefore, I suggest you do as we say if you wish to stay in school and out of jail." I didn't like her smile, as it gave her the look of a woman in control, in control of us.



“Boys,” Ms Robbins haughtily observed, “I’m sure you didn’t plan on becoming this intimate with our under-wear when you snuck in here tonight.”

"Okay, Bob, sit back and relax in your pretty panties and silky slip while we return to your partners in crime," Ms. Robbins instructed as she turned to face David and I. Silently, she sat on a couch surrounded by four girls and stared at us as we held our hands over the front of our embarrassing panties.

"Please, Ms. Robbins," I begged. "This wasn't our idea!"

"Larry, is it?" she mused. "We have the cutest pink satin babydoll top for you. Karen will help you into it, since it's hers."

Reluctantly, I held my arms out and allowed the pretty blonde to pull the silky garment over my head. As it floated down my body to just below the lacy hem of my panties, I noticed that it was quite diaphanous and covered very little of my body or my panties.

While I blushed over my humiliating attire, Ms. Robbins said, "So you won't feel left out, David, we have a pretty red one for you." Like I had previously, David blushed for all he was worth as the silky see-through feminine nightie was pulled over his head.

"Boys," Ms. Robbins haughtily observed, "I'm sure you didn't plan on becoming this intimate with our underwear when you snuck in here tonight, did you?" Our faces blushing crimson with shame as we stood before the room full of cute sorority girls dressed in the flimsiest, silkiest feminine undergarments.

"This blonde wig should look great on you, Bob, or is it Barbie now?" Ms. Robbins turned the screws on her most masculine captive. "Let's see how it looks." Panic filled his eyes as he contemplated having to wear the long flowing blonde wig she held, and he instinctively backed away.

"Okay, we'll let our little thieves think on their crimes over night. The bed is wide enough for you two," she said indicating David and I. "Barbie, you can sleep on the couch. Girls, check the database to make sure the windows and doors are locked and secured to the alarm system so they can't be opened without the proper code."

"Sleep? Here?" Bob gasped. "You mean you aren't forcing us to leave dressed in these awful clothes?"

"We have to spend the night here?" David cried. "You aren't returning our clothes?"

"Afraid not. Sleep well, BOYS, and don't even think of removing your frilly nightclothes. We may check on you during the night, and you wouldn't like what will happen if you aren't properly dressed," Ms. Robbins said as she locked the door behind her.

Chapter 3

Knowing that we were in over our heads, we tossed and turned the entire evening. We knew that Ms. Robbins was in control, and she didn't seem like a person to forgive and forget. On the other hand, we knew we would be released eventually. After all, it would be kidnapping to keep us prisoners. Still, we sensed that this determined woman could and probably would embarrass us no end before that happened.

We awoke the next morning filled with anxiety about what lay before us. The door was locked so, except for trips to the bathroom, we elected to stay in bed, not wanting to parade around in our frilly girlish clothes. Even Bob was noticeably quiet.

Finally, the door unlocked and half a dozen girls paraded into the room. "Rise and shine, boys!" Ms. Robbins gushed. "We girls had a very busy night while you were sleeping."

"Okay, let's get this over with," Bob groaned as he rolled out of bed and stood before the scheming females in his panties and slip.

"Get what over with?" Ms. Robbins inquired in an innocent tone.

"We know you are going to embarrass us somehow before you release us. Have you shown those photos to our frat brothers? To my girlfriend?" Bob growled.

"Why, no, dear, we wouldn't think of doing such a dastardly thing, unless of course, you aren't sweet and obedient."

From the steel look in her eyes, Bob decided that he would rather do whatever she said in order to leave with his reputation intact. "What do you want from me?" he groaned.

"Nothing right now," Ms. Robbins said. "I think we will start with Larry."

"Me? What do you want from me?" I was startled to animation.

"You are about to learn all about wearing girl's clothes," one of the girls giggled.

"I don't understand," I backed away as three girls approached.

"You will soon enough," Ms. Robbins grinned. "Bring him to the room we prepared. The rest of you watch over these two. Give them some breakfast, but not too much. We don't want them to gain weight and lose their girlish figures."

When the three girls took me by the arms and directed me forward, I resisted with a shout, "Why me?"

Wasting no time, Ms. Robbins slapped me across my face, took my chin in her hands, and growled, "Either you quiet down and follow the girls without resistance or your mother will find out about your little panty raid."

"Mom?" I suddenly jerked to attention. "How do you know about her?"

"We checked your name against the University database and cross referenced them against our records. We learned that she not only attended this college, but also was a Delta Wu sorority sister. We checked our books last night and talked with her on the phone."

"You told mother that I..." I turned white as a sheet.

"Not yet," Ms. Robbins smiled. "On the pretense of updating our records, we talked about the sorority, its history, and its traditions. Why, she even told us about catching two Omega boys in the act of conducting a panty raid. In lieu of reporting the matter to the police, they dressed the boys as girls and made them serve as sorority maids for the remainder of the school year. They even made the boys attend the

spring dance in long flowing gowns, high heels, dark evening makeup, and wigs in exquisite feminine styles."

"Is that what you plan to do with us?" I asked near panic, as I tried to envision myself in a maid's dress or an expensive evening gown. "Turn us into maids?"

"No," Ms. Robbins thoughtfully replied. "We have something more sophisticated in mind for you, as you will soon find out. Now, back to your mother, she seems like such a nice woman, and she was so proud that her son was attending her Alma Mater. She fondly remembers her days as a Delta Wu girl. It's just too bad about her heart condition."

"Heart condition? What heart condition?"

"She was diagnosed with a heart murmur last week," Ms. Robbins informed. "She said that she has to keep the trauma in her life to a minimum until the doctors get it under control."

I groaned inwardly. I couldn't allow my mother to learn of my indiscretion. She wouldn't understand my participating in such a juvenile prank. "Okay, I'll go along with you," I sighed in resignation. "Just don't tell Mother about this."

"To be sure, as long as you cooperate!" Ms. Robbins warned as I meekly allowed the girls to lead me from the room.

My first glimpse of this new room sent butterflies fluttering about my stomach. The room had two poster beds, two mirrored vanities, and two closets, a typical coed dorm room. What I didn't like was the ominous looking slanting table covered with a sheet in the middle of the room.

"Let me help you out of those nightclothes, dearie," one of the girls offered.

"I can't undress in front of you girls," I stammered.

"Why not?" another asked. "Those frillies are so sheer that we can see everything you have. I must say that it is not too impressive."

I blushed deep red at her reference to my not too impressive manhood trapped in its silk prison. Reluctantly I re-

moved the sheer top, and then stepped out of the silky panties. "Lie on the recliner," a girl ordered, "Ms. Robbins will be here in a couple of minutes."

"What are you going to do?" my voice cracked.

"Don't worry," she grinned, "It won't hurt."

Remembering Ms. Robbins' warning about my mother, I slowly lowered myself onto the table. What option did I have? Ms. Robbins greeted me as she floated into the room. "How do you like this bedroom? Isn't it the frilliest, most feminine room you've ever seen?"

"I guess so, ma'am," I blushed in my nudity. "I haven't seen many girl's bedrooms."

"Oh, you poor dear," she gushed, "We'll just have to do something about that. Now let's begin."

"Begin what, ma'am?" I stammered, while looking at the smiling girls' faces surrounding me.

"With your transformation!" she gushed, gesturing for a girl carrying a jar with some type of lotion to come forward.

"Transformation! What transformation?" I cried, becoming truly afraid for the first time.

"Never mind, dearie," Ms. Robbins gushed. "Gina will start by applying this soothing lotion. When she is finished, we have warm shower and a nice soothing bath waiting for you."

"What is this stuff?" I tried to rise from the recliner, but two girls held my arms and feet while a third securely taped them.

"All will be revealed in time," Gina giggled, attacking her task with vigor.

The lotion had an obnoxious smell, and the girl spread it liberally everywhere except above my neck. Ten minutes later, my skin started to tingle, and the girls untapped my arms and legs and allowed me to run to the shower to wash the irritating lotion from my body.

"All my body hair is floating down the drain!" I yelled from the shower. Even my wiry genital hair was gone, leaving me as smooth as a baby.

"Hurry out of there," a girl yelled back, "We have a soothing bath waiting for you."

Not waiting a second longer than necessary, I abandoned the shower and gingerly stepped into the hot, steaming bath water. I was fully submerged before realizing that piles of bubbles floated on the water.

"This is a bubble bath!" I riled. When I attempted to get out, the girls pushed me back into the perfumed water.

"We don't want any trouble from you, so soak like a nice sissy," Ms. Robbins instructed. "I'll return after I look after your friends. Gina, make sure he shaves his underarms before you allow him out of the water."

"Yes, ma'am," Gina grinned, "I'll have him run a razor over his legs as well to make sure the lotion didn't miss any spots."

Twenty minutes later, I was given a huge fluffy pink towel to pat myself dry with. "Now the fun begins," Julie nervously giggled. "Ms. Robbins will be here shortly. In the meantime, massage this lotion into your skin to keep it soft and smooth."

Completely subdued from the soothing bubble bath, I saw no way out of my predicament. With the towel wrapped around me for modesty, I massaged the moisturizing cream into my skin. I didn't like the way the girls whispered and giggled as they waited for Ms. Robbins return, but what choice did I have?

"Gina, you start with his hair while Julie takes care of his face," Ms. Robbins instructed. "Isn't his honey colored hair absolutely to die for, girls? It's so full and thick."

Aghast at this turn of events, I sat stunned as the girls attacked my body. Gina started by rolling small rollers into my longish hair. For the first time I truly regretted not getting that haircut I had procrastinated on for so long. I had little

time to worry about that as Julie approached my face with tweezers. "What are those for?" I gasped.

"Your eyebrows are much too bushy," she answered with a toothy smile.

As the girls concentrated on my head, Ms. Robbins started to work between my legs. "What are you doing?" I cried, automatically trying to cover my exposed manhood.

Slapping my hands away, she calmly stated, "Don't worry, I'm just going to attach a little garment to make you more modest around us girls."

Gina diverted my attention by rolling my hair a little too tight. "Ouch, that hurt!" I cried trying to brush her away.

"We must do something with your nails," Ms. Robbins observed. "Cathy, give our guest a manicure and pedicure."

The next hour was occupied with the buzz of girls whirling about, as I tried to understand all they were doing. Obviously they had a plan to make me look feminine, but to what end? Surely I was too much of a guy to look like a girl, even under all this powder and paint!

Finally, Gina removed the rollers from my hair, Cathy finished with my toes, and Julie, being satisfied with my eyes, patted my face with powder.

Ms. Robbins approached my blushing face with a lipstick. "Pucker up, darling. You'll look ravishing with this bronze lipstick. It compliments your fiery red hair to a tee."

Resistance was futile, so I did as she instructed, allowing her to apply the perfumed lipstick to my lips, followed by blotting away the excess on a tissue.

"Now for the coup de gras," Ms. Robbins smiled, approaching me with a flesh colored garment made from the thinnest opaque material. "I slip this over your offending manhood like this," she muttered as she performed her task.



Larry was confused as the girls swirled about him performing a myriad of tasks, all making him more feminine looking. Surely they would fail. He was too much a man to become a girl with just paint and powder.

I was profoundly embarrassed when she took my manhood in her hands as if it were a sausage and stuffed it into a pocket in the garment. I was so aghast at what the girls were doing that I didn't even react as a man would under normal conditions. I remained as slack as a noodle as she positioned it in the pocket before drawing the garment tight between my legs. She smeared some liquid about the edges, and tightly held the garment against my body for nearly five minutes. "That should do quite nicely," she smiled in satisfaction as she examined her handiwork.

I was allowed to rise slightly to look at what she had done. The short hairs at the back of my neck sprang to attention. My manhood was gone! "What did you do to my...?" I cried.

"Don't worry," Ms. Robbins soothed, "I just hid it for the time being beneath a marvelous garment that mimics a girl's privates. Note how realistic your maidenhood looks. The garment is positioned so you can perform your bodily functions as long as you sit like a girl."

"Why?" I gasped.

"Because the girls don't want to see your pathetic thing as you traipse about. Believe me, it isn't much to be proud of."

"How do I remove that thing to free my..."

"You don't," Ms. Robbins smiled, "I have the release agent, and it is well hidden. You will do as I say if you ever want to see your silly manhood again!"

"How do I...?" I groaned.

"You can take a bath with it on. The material breathes, and you keep it clean inside by douching every other day. The girls will show you how to perform that little task."

"Every other day? I'm leaving here today, aren't I?" I quickly picked up on her statement.

"What gave you such a silly idea?" Ms. Robbins smiled. "You worked so hard to enter our sorority house that we felt it only right to allow you to stay for a while."

"Stay? That's kidnapping! You have to let me go!" I yelled.

"Listen, girly," Ms. Robbins roughly grabbed my chin and held it tightly. "I don't have to do anything! You are trespassing! I'm sure your mother would love to see her sissy son all painted and polished! Now you cooperate and you may return to your classes soon. Fight me, and I assure you that you will be kicked from school, plus your mother is sure to have an adverse reaction at seeing her son all prettied up like a girl."

I was understandably confused, as the girls swirled about performing a myriad of tasks; all making me look more feminine. Surely they would fail, as I was too much a guy to look like a pretty girl under just paint, powder, and lipstick, even if they had hidden my genitals away! Completely subdued, I nodded that I would cooperate. What options did I have? I couldn't allow those damning photos to reach mother, her being in such a delicate condition.

"Now stand up, girly," Ms. Robbins ordered, noting my subdued response to her ultimatum. "Let's see what we have to work with."

Knowing that the girls had effectively concealed my manhood, I wondered what else they could do. I got up from the chair, somewhat unstable on my feet what with the unfamiliar plumbing between my legs. The girls took my arms to help me find my equilibrium.

"Okay, girls, it's time to dress our creation. Get *her* into *her* new clothes while I take care of the ringleader."

"I'll get his panties and bra," Gina giggled. She returned with a pair of silky panties and a garter belt in one hand and a matching bra draped over the other. "You put the garter belt on before you slip into your panties," she explained.

"I don't want to wear those," I gasped. "Haven't you girls had enough fun yet? I want to leave."

"We have just begun our fun," Julie giggled as she wrapped the garter belt with the four hanging straps about my waist. "Wait till you see the dreamy dress we selected for you."

"Dress! I'm not wearing a dress!" I gasped.

"I think you will," Gina helped me into the lacy panties after straightening the garter straps to hang correctly. "You don't want your poor sick mother to see what a sissy her only son is becoming, would you?" With a sigh of resignation, I allowed her to raise the soft silky garment up my legs and about my hips

"The nylons are next," Gina observed holding a pair of the lightest, almost gossamer pair of nylon stockings. "We don't want you ruining these lovely stockings, so follow our instructions precisely or we may get mad. You know what happens if we get mad, don't you?"

Visions of the girls crowded about my sickly mother showing her damning photos of me wearing girly garments was enough to get me to quietly sit on a stool and carefully roll each stocking up each of my smooth, hairless legs. When completed, the girls showed me how to attach the reinforced tops with the snaps of each garter strap.

The shimmering stockings felt so soft and sleek as they encased my legs. It was a feeling unlike any I had ever felt before, as was the soft coolness of the silky panties covering my naked hips. 'These clothes feel so soft, so sensual.' No! I've got to fight such thoughts. It's unnatural for a boy to think such thoughts!

"Okay, girlie, time for your bra," Julie brought me from my thoughts. "Hold out your arms so we can put it on you." Without thinking, I did as instructed. A moment later, I felt firmness about my chest as a girl closed the snaps behind my shoulders.

"Our 'girl in training' needs help upstairs," Gina muttered observing the collapsed bra cups.

"What do you mean by 'girl in training'?" I perked up immediately.

"Never you mind, sweetie," Gina answered, returning with two foam falsies, which she inserted, one in each bra cup.

Just then, Ms. Robbins returned, followed by Bob, who in turn was followed by three girls. "What a sweet little girlie our little panty raider has become," she smiled. Leading me to

a vanity mirror where I could observe my reflection from the waist up, she added, "Come, sweetie, observe what a lovely young thing you have become with just a little powder and paint."

I was aghast at what the girls had done. "What did you do to me? What did you do to my hair? That can't be me!" The girls had succeeded at making me look like a girl, in fact a fox! My hair was curled into an undeniably feminine style. My eyebrows were merely a shadow of their former selves, my eyes were framed in shades of gray and charcoal, plus my lashes looked huge after being painted with mascara. My cheeks had a feminine glow, and my lips seemed huge under the creamy lipstick that truly complimented my hair color.

"You see, we girls can make a 'macho' guy like you into a pretty girl, although in your case, the term macho is a little overstated," Julie giggled in my ear.

Ms. Robbins remarked, "You must have female hormones flowing in your blood."

"No, I don't!" I nearly shouted. "I'm a guy! 100 %!"

"I have my doubts about that right now," she snickered.

As a girl finished off my hair, Bob, still wearing the short slip he had slept in, stood in the background absolutely floored at what the girls had done to his fellow raider. "Shit!" he spat in disgust. "You made him look like a girl!"

"What do you think of your friend now?" Ms. Robbins asked with a leer.

"What did you do to him? He looks like a real girl!" Bob groaned.

"Not yet," Ms. Robbins smiled, "but our Laura has real potential, don't you agree?"

"Laura?" I gasped.

"You hardly looks like a 'Larry'," she countered. "Laura Anne Palmer sort of rolls off your lips, doesn't it?"

My ears perked up. "Palmer? That's my mother's maiden name."

"Yes, she said that she was using her maiden name now that your father left her for a younger woman. She was hurt that you kept your father's sir name."

"It is the one I was raised with. All my records have that last name," I defended.

"She said you always were your father's son. Maybe she'll like you better if you become your mother's daughter."

Squeezing my right bra cup, she said with a sinister laugh, "I'm afraid you're a little light in the tits department, and your titties are a little spongy, dearie. Oh well, we can correct that with time."

I was completely transfixed by my image in the mirror, while Bob was aghast that these conniving women could make a normal guy into such a convincing girl in so short a time.

"What do you mean...?" I started to panic. "What can you correct with time?"

To my chagrin, Ms. Robbins ignored my question and turned her attention to Bob saying, "You and I have a few things to discuss, young man." With that, she took Bob by his arm and led him from the room. "But before we do, why don't you change back into your boy clothes?" Turning her attention back to the girls, she instructed, "Let Laura rest and consider her plight while you start on our other candidate!"

The roomful of girls giggled and laughed at her comment. "Yes, let's see what type of girl your Asian friend will make, 'Miss Laura'."

"My name is Larry! Are you going to do the same thing with David?" I asked.

"Sit down and don't ask so many questions, girlie," Gina instructed.



“Your titties are a little spongy, dearie,” Ms Robbins laughed, “but don’t fret...we can correct that with time.” Larry was completely transfixed by his image in the mirror, while Bob was aghast that these conniving women could make a normal looking guy into such a convincing girl.

Chapter 4

Three girls escorted a very confused David Lu into the room. He didn't see me sitting between two girls on a corner sofa. "Where are Bob and Larry? Have you released them?"

"They are preoccupied," Nancy, stated, leading him to the innocent looking sheet covered reclined chair. "Lie down while we wait for Ms. Robbins."

Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, other than he wearing the red babydoll nightie, that is, he did as instructed. He realized that he couldn't leave without the girl's permission, and that permission wouldn't be forthcoming unless he did exactly as instructed.

Once comfortably settled on the recliner, a girl approached him from both sides and his arms and legs were bound. "After his shower and bath, we should start with his hair, then proceed onto his hands and face," Wendy suggested.

Nancy slathered a lotion over his body below his neck, and he was helpless to resist with his limbs bound. That didn't stop him from protesting, but to no avail. He finally realized the futility of his protests, and layback to allow the girl to finish her task.

"You will be ready for a shower in about 10 minutes," Nancy stated as she screwed the lid back on the lotion jar. "We will release you if you promise to not try to escape."

"Escape? While wearing panties and a girl's nightie! I hardly think so!" David agreed to their terms.

True to her word, 10 minutes later, the itching became unbearable and he flew to the bathroom and into the shower. The relief was nearly palatable until he saw all his body hair float down the drain. The tiny hairs at the back of his neck stood on end. What was that stuff? What have these girls in mind? Where are the other guys?

"Time for your bath," Nancy called through the door. He reluctantly wrapped a towel about his waist and followed her to a steaming bubble filled bath.

"Why a bath after a shower?" he asked lowering himself into the comforting bubbles.

"Baths have their benefits," Wendy smiled as she handed him a lady's razor. "Shave your legs smooth, as well as under your arms."

"That goop you smeared on me took it all off," David growled.

"Then it won't be difficult to remove any remaining stubble."

David reluctantly did as instructed, and then washed all over with a smelly soap before the girls allowed him from the tub. "Pat yourself dry with this towel, then join us on that chair," Nancy handed him a huge fluffy yellow towel.

"And the straps that bound my limbs?" he asked.

"We won't use them," Wendy smiled. Why didn't he find any comfort in her reply?

Back on the recliner chair, sans his nightie, one girl started on his hair while another started on his toes. "What are you doing?" he questioned, realizing the girls were working towards some end known only to them.

Ms. Robbins returned to perform her ministrations between his legs. He protested loudly as she started, but he couldn't do anything to stop her with four girls holding his arms and legs.

As the girls worked on his body, he soon realized their purpose. They were going to dress him in girl's clothes. They were brushing out his hair and applying polish to his nails. He struggled mightily to rise from the chair, and would have succeeded, but Ms. Robbins took his shoulders in her strong hands and shook him until he was dizzy. "Stop this silly struggling or I'll be forced to inform certain people in the San Francisco Chinese mob of your whereabouts."

David suddenly stopped struggling, his face becoming quite frightened. "What do you know about that?" he asked.

"That you used your computer skills to pilfer a substantial amount of money from the account of one of the largest tongs.

You didn't think they would find out, did you? Do you know they have a contract out on you? In fact, they have been snooping about campus checking out all the Asian students."

David's face drained of all color. "I've got to get out of here. I'm dead if they find me!"

"Fear not! We plan to protect you. They would never look for you at our sorority house," Ms. Robbins wickedly smiled.

"But I can't stay here forever. They will surely find me once you let me go. Please release me at night so I can quietly slip away. Those guys know no mercy!"

"Where would you go? They have long memories."

"I've got my money locked away where they will never find it. I'll get lost just like I did the last time."

"Oh, you mean the money in three banks under assumed names?" she smiled. "We found it before the mob and moved it to a really safe place."

"You can't...!" he shouted, and then realized that they could and did.

"Don't worry. We don't want your money," she soothed. "But I'm sure it will come in handy over the next four years."

"What do you mean?" David calmed down, realizing these girls were willing to protect him and weren't after his money. "When will you release me, like you did Bob and Larry?"

"What makes you think we released your friends, dearie?" she smiled. "Now we need your attention while we help you get dressed."

"Dressed! Finally I get my clothes back!" his face brightened.

"Yes, dear, and the first clothes we want you to don are your new nylon stockings," she smiled.

"Nylons! I can't wear nylons!"

"Of course you can," she smiled, "like your friend, Larry."

"Larry wearing nylons? He would never allow," he started, as she pointed towards me sitting quietly in the corner. The

girls helped me to my feet. Wearing only panties, bra, garter belt, and sheer nylons, I stood teetering in 3" high-heel shoes.

When David saw me standing between the two girls, he emitted a slight screech, "That can't be Larry!"

"You are certainly right," Ms. Robbins responded, "His name is now Laura Anne."

"Larry? What did they do too you? Why is your hair all curled? You have makeup on your face! You are wearing girl's clothes!"

Blushing deep red, I lowered my eyes, as I tried mightily not to trip or twist an ankle with my impossibly high heels.

"As you will be wearing soon," Ms. Robbins interrupted.

"I'm not wearing that sissy stuff!" David defiantly stated.

"Either the clothes or the mob!" Ms. Robbins challenged.

The bravado drained from David at her words. "Do I have to wear makeup too?"

"Of course," she answered, "How else are we going to convince those awful hoodlums that a boy is not staying here? They certainly won't be looking for a lovely Chinese girl named Susie Mai Wong from Hong Kong."

Completely crushed, David followed instructions on how to roll the offered nylons up his smooth legs after Wendy snapped a garter belt about his waist. He was actually thankful for the offered panties as they gave him some semblance of modesty.

"Why do I need a bra?" he cried.

"All girls your age need one, silly," Nancy giggled.

"But I'm not really a girl and I don't need..."

"Not right now, but you must become used to the feel of a bra tightly wrapped about your chest. You will be surprised how sexy you will look once we fill the cups with falsies."

Realizing that further resistance was useless, he allowed the girls to finish dressing him in the soft, sexy lingerie. As they led him back to the recliner, he glanced at me trying to

master my heels, and realized that he too would soon be trying to walk in heels. Sighing with resignation, he allowed Nancy to apply makeup to his face.

"You'll look gorgeous when I'm through with you!" Nancy cooed.

"Gawd, your eyes are absolutely gorgeous!" Nancy gushed. "Their oval shape is perfect! You are going to be a heart breaker! Guys are going to trip over each other chasing after you!"

David didn't like the idea that other guys would see him like this or find him attractive. He would never allow such a thing to happen! The guys would laugh him from campus, he'd die from fright, and worst of all, he'd lose face! No, he could never leave this sorority house wearing girl's clothes and this awful makeup!

"Pucker up while I apply this lipstick," Nancy continued. "This dark red is a perfect match for your black hair and tawny complexion!" As David did as ordered, she gushed, "A light dusting of powder to take away the shininess, and we will be finished!"

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Bob couldn't believe that these two emerging 'girls' were actually his accomplices from the prior night's panty raid. Larry was pretty, but David was becoming a ravishing beauty!

Chapter 5

Bob entered the room escorted by two girls. He was dressed in his boy clothes, and was floored when he saw Larry and David. Bob couldn't believe these two emerging 'girls' were actually his accomplices from the prior night's panty raid. Larry was pretty, but David was a ravishing beauty! "What have you witches done to my two partners? Both looked like girls! Gorgeous girls!"

The air was taken from his balloon. He couldn't allow these girls to do this awful thing to him. He would never live it down! "Bob, you have finished dressing," Ms Robbins pretended to just notice his presence.

"What are you doing with my brothers?"

"Have a seat while we complete our tasks," she didn't answer his question. "You should learn what we can and will do to you if you don't cooperate."

Her statement wasn't a request, so he took a seat on the sofa while the girls returned to their labors. Goose bumps rose on his arms as he saw what they had done to Larry and were doing to David. Larry was lovely, but David was becoming an exotic beauty!

"Bob, you and I must talk while the girls finish up with your friends," Ms Robbins led him to an adjoining room. "What do you think of your two friends? Aren't they quite lovely?"

"Are you planning to do that to me?" he shivered.

"That depends. We'll help you if you help us."

"Help you? How?"

"Simple. We plan to transform your two friends into Delta Wu pledges and we need your help."

"Delta Wu pledges!! They are guys under those girlie clothes!"

"Maybe, but we've decided to see if they can successfully become Delta Wu coeds. I believe we can succeed if you are willing to help us towards that end."

"Me? Help you make sissy girls out of two brothers?"

"Pledges! They aren't Alpha brothers yet. Our needs are not asking much in exchange for our silence and keeping certain photos from public exposure."

Sighing deeply, he asked, "What do you want from me?"

"Not much. For now all you have to do is tell your fraternity brothers that these two didn't participate in the panty raid. You don't know what happened to them, but you heard them say that they were leaving school."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite. You will use your influence to change their school records to 'female' with names of 'Laura Anne Palmer' and 'Susie Mai Wong'.

"Laura? Susie? I can't change their permanent records! What will happen when they return to being guys?"

"You assume too much," she smiled.

"Of course you will release them as soon as you grow tired of this silly game," he growled.

"Let us worry about that," she soothed. "Will you agree to our terms and accept your 'get out of jail free' card?"

If he accepted her terms, he would be abandoning his brothers and condemning them to whatever was planned for them. On the other hand, he had his reputation to think of. If he refused, the women could do the same awful things to him. He wouldn't look very convincing as a girl with his size and height. Besides, he had the Presidency of the Alpha fraternity waiting for him upon his return with the panties. Those two losers were going to be rejected as Alpha pledges anyway. Maybe he was doing them a service by leaving them here.

"Do I get some panties to take back as trophies to show the brothers that I was successful in my quest?"

"Of course, dear boy!" Ms Robbins smiled, knowing she had won.

He didn't realize it then, but he was hers as surely as if she had her ring in his nose. He would later realize that Ms Robbins wouldn't have gone forward with her plans if he had stood by his friends. She would have been forced to release all of them when his Alpha brothers started looking for them, but with his assistance, the sky was the limit. But he didn't realize that then.

Chapter 6

"Girls, let's select extra sexy clothes for our young recruits' first day as girls," Ms. Robbins announced upon reentering the room and seeing the girls milling about David and I trying to decide what outfits to dress us in.

"Recruits?" I said. "We're not recruiting for anything."

"You were Alpha pledges?"

"Yes..." David hesitantly agreed.

"Those jocks will never agree to let such feminine creatures join their stud farm, so we girls have decided to give you a chance to pledge our sorority."

"Become Delta Wu pledges?" I was completely confused. "We can't do that! We're guys!"

"Merely a technicality, my dear," Ms. Robbins continued. "Look in the mirror and see what we've done already. We will erase the rest with time."

"But I don't want to be erased," David stammered. "I like being me!"

"So you will learn to like being the new you," she smoothly answered. "Let's finish dressing. We have a full day planned for our new pledges."

Faint headed, David and I were like zombies as the girls whirled about us chattering about this piece of clothing or that. None of this made any sense to either of us. How could these girls get away with such a dastardly scheme? Surely we

would be missed. "My mother would never allow such a thing," I finally found my voice.

"Your mother might enjoy having a daughter pledging the sorority that she was so proudly a member of. Sort of like following in her footsteps, and even with her last name. You would be the second generation Palmer girl pledged to Delta Wu!"

"This is stupid!" David growled. "We can't be Delta Wu pledges. Anybody can tell that we are really boys under these clothes and makeup. Hell, we don't even sound like girls!"

"That will be resolved with time. Both of you are prettier than you realize. Girls, have you picked out their outfits?"

"We've decided on their clothes, Ms. Robbins. We are now selecting their jewelry. We don't have much in the way of clasping earrings amongst us, as most of us have pierced ears."

"Choose from what is available. We'll take care of their ears in a little while."

The next half-hour was a whirlwind of activity as this coven of determined girls wrapped a multicolor textured skirt about my hips. A matching top that bared my midriff to expose my bellybutton followed that. The blouse was sleeveless with a plunging neckline that showed a hint of non-existent cleavage caused by my bra compressing my chest muscles to form a slight depression.

David had to step into a white form-fitting dress, and the girls raised it over his body, his bra, and about his shoulders. It too was sleeveless and tight fitting down to the hem, but not quite as plunging as my blouse. Both my skirt and David's dress were very short, the hems ending 6" above our knees, and barely covering our stocking tops. Luckily we were on the thin side, so the feminine garments actually fit us about our waists, although our hips weren't full enough to give the garments proper shape.

"I can't wear this!" David cried. "It's almost obscene."

"You will find that the length is perfect for a lovely girl who takes pride in displaying her shapely legs to the boys," Nancy giggled, as she zipped up the back of his dress.

A pearl necklace was placed about my neck and a small heart shaped charm on a gold necklace adorned David's. Bracelets were snapped over our wrists, and small delicate rings slid up our thin fingers. Sweet scented perfume was strategically placed, and then we were forced to touch up our lipstick while a girl stood by to give detailed instructions.

"You will learn to instinctively apply your lipstick. No self respecting girl would think of being seen with her lipstick smudged," Ms. Robbins said, as she critically examined us from the top of our head to the tip of our high-heel encased feet.

David and I were exhausted from protesting our treatment, so we took her observations without comment. Obviously neither one of us would leave Delta Wu house soon. We only hoped that the girls would soon tire of their game and return our boy clothes so we could leave as properly chastised boys.

Ms. Robbins finished her inspection and pronounced both of us ready for our first day as girls. "We have a full day of lessons lined up for you," she finally said.

"What about Bob?" I finally found my voice. "Surely as the future fraternity President, the Alpha brothers will be looking for him."

"Looking for us too!" David piped in; realizing Bob was our ticket out of here.

"I almost forgot about your fellow raider," she smiled. "I'll get him."

David and I assumed that what the girls were doing to us was happening to Bob in another room. We wondered what he would look like all dressed and made up. Thus we were completely floored when he followed Ms. Robbins into the room completely dressed in the boy clothes he wore when he started this panty raid the previous night.



“Learn your girlie girl lessons well, boys,” Bob laughed as he exited the sorority house, “and I may line you up with some manly men.”

His hair wasn't curled, he wasn't wearing makeup, he wore his comfortable sneakers, and he actually had some facial stubble from not shaving that morning.

"I have my quota of Delta Wu panties in here, but I see you two are wearing yours," Bob laughed as he held up a bag for us to see. "Learn your girlie girl lessons well, boys, and I may line you up with choice dates with some manly Alpha men."

"What?" David stammered, as Bob shook Ms. Robbins' hand. "Why is he dressed like that?"

"You can go now, Bob," Ms. Robbins ignored David's question. "Remember our deal. Also remember what will happen if you should forget."

"I will, ma'am," Bob answered with a slight blush as he started for the front door.

"Where are you going?" I stammered. "You can't leave us like this!" I swept my hands down the length of my feminine skirt.

"Sure I can," Bob smiled as he reached into the bag and waved three pair of multicolored panties at David and me. "I have the panties I came for."

"What about us?" David gasped. "They've got us dressed as girls, and they don't act like they will give us back our boy clothes anytime soon." He futilely tried to pull down the hem of his skirt to cover his exposed legs.

"I bet both of you will soon have plenty of personalized panties, only you'll be wearing them," Bob heartily laughed as he ran down the stairs toward the front gate.

Ms. Robbins brought David and I from our stupor. "Laura and Susie, wake up, girls! We have a full day of lessons lined up for you."

"My name is NOT Laura," I growled, "It's Larry Daniels!"

"What a silly notion," Ms. Robbins laughed. "Whoever heard of a cute girl with a male name like Larry. No, you are now Laura, and you will answer to your mother's Maiden last

name unless you want her to see her son in a dress, makeup, and high heels!"

As I sulked at her threat, David piped in, "Where did you find the name, 'Susie Wong'?"

Ms. Robbins turned her attention to him, "David Lu is American, but Susie Wong is a Hong Kong girl, just like in the movie. Unless, of course, you want the local mob to learn of David's whereabouts."

David and I realized that rescue was not immediately forthcoming, and escape was out of the question. We passed on continuing our protests and meekly nodded agreement, hoping for early release for good behavior.

"So, girls, tell me your names," Ms. Robbins refused to let us off her hook.

"David L..." David growled, then saw anger swell in Ms. Robbins' eyes, and he meekly finished with a whispered, "Susie Wong."

Turning her glare towards me, she glowered. "Uh...my name is L...Laura P...Palmer," my voice trembled.

"Very good, girls," Ms. Robbins finally smiled. "I'm sure that with time you will come to accept those names as your only names. Now tell me your gender."

David and I looked at each other, knowing the answer she wanted. Not wanting to antagonize her further, we whispered, "F...female?"

"Very good! Remember that and we will get along famously. Now we want you to keep up your energy, so drink this juice. We have a busy day ahead."

We must finish one last task before our new pledges are ready for their first day as girls," Ms. Robbins grinned. "Patti, please get the piercing needles."

"Piercing?" I gasped. "What are you going to pierce?"

"Your ears, of course," she smiled. "Every self respecting Delta Wu girl has at least two ear piercing, and so will our new recruits."

David and I groaned at her proclamation. Pierced ears were so visible and permanent. Two holes, along with our thin arched brows would announce that we were at least sissies when we finally left this awful sorority house and returned to our male lives.

We sat next to each other, and as the girls held us tightly in the chairs, Ms. Robbins began her awful task. Of course the ear piercing hurt, but the humiliation of having two feminine holes in each ear was far more stressing!

She finished up by placing gold "keepers" in each hole until the holes healed. "Now our new girls are well on their way to femininity," she cooed. All I could think was that femininity hurt!

"Ms. Robbins, how long will you keep us like this?" I swept my hand across my extremely feminine attire once we were allowed to rise from our chairs.

"Keep you, girls? This is your proper attire," she said as if I had asked the most foolish question.

"You know what I mean," I meekly persisted.

"We intend to change you into lovely girls," she stated matter-of-factly, "and as such, you will be able to wear whatever you want."

"But we are boys," David summoned a little courage.

"Were!" she interrupted. "You were boys, but that is changing. You admitted a few minutes ago that you are no longer boys, and that you are now girls. As girls, you will wear the most feminine of clothing." The tone of her voice indicated that her patience was growing thin, so we tabled further protest, meekly nodding agreement.

David and I realized that nothing could be gained by confronting her at this time. They couldn't constantly watch us, and we would make our escape when their guard was down. Meekly bowing our heads, we took the offered juice and quickly drained it. "May I ask a question?" I submissively asked.

"Of course, darling," she cooed, her ruffled feathers now neatly back in place.

"Why did you let Bob go?"

"Good question! We had to release him since his fraternity brothers knew where he was, but before releasing him, we came to an agreement."

David suddenly came to life. "He is going to help us?"

"So to speak," she smiled, "but not like you think. He agreed to help you sweet things on your road to girlhood."

"Oh?" a chill suddenly raced up my spine. "Like what?"

"All in good time, Laura, all in good time," she smiled. "Now it's time you two learned feminine grace. You have girlish potential, but you are altogether too awkward and boyish to ever pass as girls, especially Delta Wu girls."

"We are willing to forget about it if you are," David quipped. "It will save you time and not traumatize us."

"Cute, Susie," Ms. Robbins smiled. "Now we don't want to be poor hostesses, so before we start your lessons, let us give you a short tour of your new home."

Taking David and I by our arms, she led us from the room up three flights of stairs to a bedroom away from the stairway. Walking in my high heels felt so strange. I had a terrible time keeping up with her without falling, especially with my tight skirt hindering my walk. On the other hand, the smooth silkiness of my undies felt delicious against my sensitive skin. The soft hiss of my nylons as they brushed against each other with each step was so distracting.

"This is your new bedroom. You will room together. It is fully furnished to suit the tastes of lovely young ladies, although a little devoid of proper clothes for fastidious young ladies, but that will soon be fixed. Also note that the windows are barred. It is a drop of thirty feet to the ground. We wouldn't want our new pledges to "accidentally" fall from such a height."

"Your concern for our safety is touching," I growled.

Ms. Robbins smiled wickedly. "We will remove the bars once your attitudes are properly adjusted. You may not fully appreciate the wonderful opportunities we are giving you. Few guys experience what we have prepared for you." I didn't comment further, not wanting to find out what punishments her fertile mind was capable of conjuring.

"Let us finish the house tour before you fully explore your new bedroom. I just know you can't wait to see what lovelies are in the drawers and behind the doors."

She led us from the room and down the stairs to the kitchen. "Of course, as Delta Wu girls, you are expected to perform your share of the housekeeping chores, maybe even more than your share at the beginning, since you have so much to learn."

"This is our exercise room. We have a special set of aerobic exercises for you new girls. You simply must lose weight, trim your waists, and gain flexibility. No more heavy weights for you. Ugly bulging muscles are for boys, not delicate girls like you are to become."

"The laundry room is where you will properly maintain all your lovely clothes. You must relearn how to take care of your clothes now that you are wearing clothing much more delicate and fragile than those ugly trousers and cotton briefs you are accustomed to wearing. The girls will teach you how to properly wash and iron your lovely panties, slips, nighties, and nylons, along with your dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters to keep them in pristine condition."

"Finally we have the recreation room where you can interact with all the other Delta Wu girls, read proper magazines tailored for young, upscale women, and watch videos to teach you the social graces expected of Delta Wu women."

As she led us back to 'our' new bedroom, David asked, "What about our schooling? Surely questions will be asked when we don't return to our classes on Monday?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about such things, Susie dear," Ms. Robbins smiled. "That is being taken care of as we

speak. All you need to concern yourself with is learning to become a prim and proper young lady.”

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Finally, Ms. Robbins left us to explore our new bedroom. I noted that she locked the door once she exited. As soon as she was out of sight, both David and I tossed off our high heels and started to remove our clothes. Before we got too far though, we decided to see what was in the room to replace them with. He took the closets while I rummaged through the drawers. Panties, bras, slips, half-slips, camisoles, teddies, garter belts, nightgowns, nighties, nylons, and other garments unknown to me, but all silky and feminine greeted my frenzied search.

“There are dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters in here, but not one pair of pants,” David shouted from a closet. “The same in the other closet.”

We traded tasks, but before long we gave up. Nothing was to be gained by removing our present clothes. Everything in this room was as feminine, if not more so, than what we were wearing.

Finally in exasperation, David chose a bed, and I took the other. Sprawled out on the ruffled comforter that covered the bed, I didn’t notice or care that my skirt was pushed up to reveal my silky panties or that my skirt and blouse were getting wrinkled. Apparently, David didn’t give a thought to his dress either.

“How do you think Bob got them to let him put his clothes on and leave?” I asked.

“I don’t know, but I wish they had let us go too,” David sighed. “I hope he comes back after us.”

“Surely he will,” I assured. “He wouldn’t have been elected president of a popular fraternity like Alpha if he wasn’t a stand-up guy.”

“I hope you’re right, but if he’s such a stand-up guy, why did he wave those panties at us and taunt us for wearing ours?” David mused.

"He was putting on a show for those bitches, so they'd let him go," I countered. "He'll be back."

"Yeah, he'll be back for us," David agreed.

The emotional roller coaster of the morning was too much for us, and without realizing it, we dosed off. I don't know how much time passed before we heard Ms. Robbins' gruff rebuke, "Lying around in your pretty clothes is no way to treat them!"

We groggily woke to a bevy of girls surrounding us. "You must learn that proper young ladies never lie around in their expensive clothes or expose their panties to the public!" Ms. Robbins growled. "Girls, teach these two a lesson they won't soon forget!"

Several girls grabbed each of us, threw us across our beds, raised our short skirts, and began spanking us with sorority paddles through our thin panties. As the hard blows landed on their intended mark, I cried out, "Stop! Stop! I'll do as you say! Just stop spanking me! Please!"

"Me too!" David squealed. "I won't wrinkle my dress again! I promise!"

"Okay girls," Ms. Robbins finally instructed. "Let them up, and we'll see if they have learned anything."

"What do we do if we want to lie down?" David scowled. "Take all our clothes off, and go to bed naked?"

"Certainly not!" Ms. Robbins scowled. "You remove your outer clothes, place them on a hanger, and store them in your closet. Then, you take a nice negligee or nightie from your drawer and slip into it before lying down. Now that you have been warned, I don't expect to see this scene repeated!"

"No, ma'am!" we answered in unison as tears streaked our makeup and we massaged our stinging buttocks through our skirts and panties.

"Good!" Ms. Robbins smiled in triumph. "Now girls, help them change clothes and repair their makeup."

The girls obediently helped David from his dress and me from my skirt and blouse, only to quickly replace them with

equally feminine clothes. Now I wore a dress and David wore a blouse and skirt.

After they removed and replaced our makeup, Ms. Robbins stated, "Since you wrinkled your pretty clothes, your first lesson will be the proper treatment and care of feminine clothes, starting with learning how to iron delicate things."

After stepping into our uncomfortable high heel shoes, we were led to the laundry room where two ironing boards stood ready. A girl followed close behind carrying our discarded clothes, including our lingerie. David and I spent the rest of the afternoon learning how to iron delicate blouses, pleated skirts, silky slips, and ruffled lace hems. We also learned to hand wash delicate lingerie and hang it to dry. When we were adequately proficient, the girls brought us their delicates. By the end of the day, we had washed and ironed more girls' lingerie than we had seen in our lifetimes!

"Have you noticed that most of the panties we've washed and ironed have the Delta Wu seal?" David asked.

"Yeah," I sighed. "Things really change. Yesterday, I would have given anything for a pair of panties with that seal. Now, all I want is to forget it, get back in my clothes, and get the hell out of here!"

Having not eaten since breakfast, David and I were really hungry as time for dinner approached. To our chagrin; however, while Ms. Robbins and the girls ate meat and vegetables, we were served cottage cheese with a fruit topping and a small tossed salad.

"You new girls have to learn to watch your figures so the cute boys will watch them," Nancy tittered.

"That's right," Gina agreed with a giggle. "A moment on your lips, forever on your hips. Remember that!"

After dinner, David and I were drilled in feminine comportment. Even though our feet were killing us from wearing high heels all day, we were made to walk about the room with our forearms at waist level, our wrists limp, our hips swaying, and placing one foot directly in front of the other. Before we were allowed to sit, we had to brush our skirt beneath us, ad-

just the hem across our nylon-sheathed thighs, and sit with our knees together.

"This is the way you will walk and sit as you grow accustomed to wearing dresses, skirts, and silky lingerie. Failure to do so will result in severe punishment," Ms. Robbins informed us as she smacked a sorority paddle across her hand for emphasis. "Tomorrow we will start with higher speech tones and the use of feminine vocal inflections. This training will help you develop lovely lilting voices."

At bedtime, the girls had David and I remove our clothes to the skin, and then they made us dress in the skimpiest babydoll nighties and matching panties one could imagine. They taught us to remove our makeup, cleanse and moisturize our faces, and to care for our hair so it wouldn't get scraggly during the night.

When we were in bed, Ms. Robbins came by to check on us. "Sleep tight, girls," she smiled as she turned off the lights, and closed and locked the door. We knew that it was useless to try to escape from our feminine prison, so first David, and then I quietly slipped into troubled sleep.

Chapter 7

Sunlight filtering through the window awakened us to our second day in dresses. I didn't want to leave the comfort of my bed for the certain embarrassment that faced me with the new day. I had tossed and turned the entire night. Unfortunately, the girls who ruled my life at the moment weren't concerned about my comfort or my embarrassment. "Time to start a new day of girlie lessons," Julie announced much to our chagrin.

I mumbled something about being left alone, but the comforter was ripped from my grasp, revealing my flimsy pink babydoll nightie for all to see. "Isn't wearing such delicate silky garments to bed to die for?" Nancy enthused.

I didn't want to agree, but I had spent half the night trying to stop my arousal. When my manhood tried to become erect beneath my sheath, it was quite painful, and the sheath

always won. It's surprising how pain can stop an impending masculine thrill.

"An invigorating shower to greet the morning, followed by lessons on how to apply your makeup and take care of your hair is the first business of the day," Ms. Robbins greeted us. "Now, chop-chop, girls."

I rolled out of bed and reluctantly followed Nancy and Gina to the bathroom. "Uh...what about my...uh?" I pointed to the sheath effectively giving me a girlish front.

"What about it, Laura?" Nancy asked.

"Don't I have to remove it before...?"

"Not at all, girl," she laughed. "That's the wonder of it. It's permanently fixed until we release the bond."

"But how do I clean..." I asked.

"The same as all us girls, silly," she giggled. "You are about to be introduced to the wonders of feminine hygiene."

An hour later, thoroughly embarrassed, yet sparkling clean even in my most intimate parts, I exited the bathroom with a towel wrapped about my chest and waist, and another wrapped about my hair.

"You are next, Miss Susie," Ms. Robbins announced, much to David's chagrin at being called such a feminine name.

While David learned the wonders of feminine hygiene, I was instructed to select a matching bra and panty set from my dresser and put them on. After I inserted the foam pads in my bra cups, Gina selected a pink diaphanous mid-thigh length negligee and told me to slip into it. While I tied the sash around my waist, I noticed that nothing was hidden! My panties and bra were in plain view, but at least, the garment was warm.

I spent an hour learning how to brush and style my hair in the most feminine styles, followed by intense instruction on applying and removing makeup. I was in my third attempt when David exited the steaming bathroom, similarly attired in two towels. After dressing in his panties, bra, and negligee,

he was taken to his vanity to begin his introduction into the feminine art of makeup and hair styling.

Two hours later, we were properly made up with our hair femininely styled. The embarrassment of these past hours was that we had done it all ourselves, everything from styling our own hair to applying our own makeup. I had outlined my eyes with brown eyeliner and coated the outside half of my upper and lower eyelids with sable brown shadow. Several coats of black mascara made my lashes look long and full. Finally, several coats of bronze lipstick gave me just the right feminine look.

Next, we were told to select our clothes for the day, but when our choices didn't meet with the girl's expectations, we had to listen to a lecture on the error of our ways. Then, we had to try again until finally we were fully clothed as they wished.

In the end, I wore a white pleated skirt with the teeniest flowered top possible and still remain decent, while David wore a black leather skirt and a beaded turtle top blouse. Our skirts were micro-mini, barely hiding our lacy panties, and the tops were cut high to fully expose our waists and navels. Pantyhose and slippers with 3" heels like the day before graced our legs and feet. As I looked at my legs when I passed a full-length mirror, I realized that these were the same legs that ran and played ball in the past, but I sure wouldn't be doing any of that in these heels!

We both were embarrassed beyond words to exit our bedroom wearing these just too feminine clothes while being led and followed by our constant attendees. I still could not get the hang of the damnable heels, as I seemed to trip and nearly sprain an ankle several times on our descent to the kitchen.

"Drink your juice, girls," Ms. Robbins smiled as she extracted something from a kitchen drawer.

Once we did as she instructed, she continued, "Please take Miss Susie into the next room while I work with Miss Laura." When David was gone, she said, "Now, Laura, please bend over, raise the back of your skirt, and lower your panties."

Thinking this was the start of my hazing as a sorority pledge, I did as she instructed. Just as Nancy and Gina firmly grasped my shoulders, I felt a needle enter my rear end. I was startled, but the girls prevented me from moving. "What was that for?" I cried.

Ms. Robbins removed the needle, and then said, "I just gave you an injection of 'girl juice', Laura dear. It will speed your transition into girlhood and make your clothes fit much better."

"Girl juice?" I stammered, "What's that?"

"Hormones, Laura darling," Nancy whispered in my ear. "Female hormones."

"W...why did you do that? I don't want female hormones in my body. I'm a guy. I want guy hormones!"

"It's too late for that, darling," Ms. Robbins said with finality. "The dosage I just gave you is more than enough to stop production of your male hormones so the estrogen can take control of your development. We will follow this shot with additional booster shots as warranted, but for all practical purposes, you are now chemically a girl! Accept it, young lady!"

I was too stunned to respond as I was guided to another room while David was taken to Ms. Robbins. Half an hour later, both of us sat quietly on a sofa, our legs and heels primly together, our skirts properly smoothed and tucked to not expose our panties, as Ms. Robbins explained in detail what to expect from this totally unexpected curve ball.

"Girls, for that is what you will rapidly become, the injections are long lasting and the results are semi-permanent. You will feel nausea for a few days, and as it passes, your skin will seem to glow. In a few weeks, your nipples will begin to tingle, and then a knot will form behind them. This is the precursor to developing breasts."

"I don't want breasts!" David whined, but neither of us did anything overtly aggressive. For some reason, I felt so mellow and calm, almost as if I was sedated. Was there something in our morning juice?

"Nonetheless, both of you will soon begin developing quite feminine breasts. They are just part of the changes you will experience."

"W...what else will happen?" I asked.

"Curves, darling," Ms. Robbins chimed. "You will develop definitely feminine curves. Your waistline will decline while your rear-end will expand. These are exciting times for you. I know you will come to appreciate the new you as you learn to enjoy your new clothes...and feelings."

Her revelations crushed our already heavily bruised self-images. What was to become of us? When I asked her, she replied, "For the near term, you are our guests, pledges to our sorority. If you should refuse to learn your lessons well, you will fail your pledges and be rejected as sorority sisters. Now, you may think that is a good plan to get back into boy clothes, but consider the downside. The physical changes will continue, and you will still develop as if you were girls. The best that people will think of you is as sissies. Certainly nobody will take you for manly men. Your fraternity brothers will surely reject you, and you will be out of school with no money or skills. On top of that, we still have the photos for your mother, Laura, and you will still have to face the mob alone, Susie."

"I don't care!" I growled. "I'm not going to stand by and allow you to change me into a girl! Besides, I don't believe you talked to my mother, and I don't think she's sick! I don't believe you really shot female hormones into us, and I refuse to cooperate any further! I'm mad as hell, and I refuse to take it any longer!"

David quaked at my side. He shared my feelings, but the girls really had him over a barrel with the mob thing. He would get killed if they told the right people the wrong things. I didn't have as terrible a situation. They threatened me with my mother, but I doubted that they talked with her. I was calling their bluff!

Ms. Robbins was at first taken back by my defiance, but a dark cloud gathered over her as she replied, "Such defiance from such a dainty sissy! You will cooperate or we will haul

your sweet ass to your hometown so your mother can see her sissy son in person!"

"You wouldn't dare! Besides, I doubted if you even know where my mother lives." I reiterated my defiance by throwing off my high heels and starting to unbutton my blouse. I was leaving this crazy house, clothed or not!

"Grab his arms, girls," Ms. Robbins commanded. "Our little sissy needs a lesson! Take him to my car. We'll see who is bluffing here!"

Nancy and Gina grabbed my arms before I could remove my blouse, while Julie grabbed me from behind. While they held me, Patti re-buttoned my blouse and Gail forced my shoes back onto my feet.

"It won't take but an hour to drive to New Hallows," Ms. Robbins stated. They knew where mother lives!

I was unceremoniously led to her car, while Ms. Robbins followed with David. I was placed in the back seat between Nancy and Gina. David was seated in front with Patti between him and the door.

Ms. Robbins gave me one last chance to reconsider, but I refused to give in. This debacle had to end now! Let them do their best ...or worst! She started her car and we took off.

Nobody had seen David and I escorted to the car, and once inside, we were hidden behind tinted windows. This was our first excursion outside while wearing girl's clothes, and hopefully our last.

We drove for half an hour without incident when Ms. Robbins announced that she needed gas. She pulled into a full service pump and waited for the attendant to arrive. When he did, she rolled down all four windows so he could see everyone inside. I could have died right there and then. Surely he would immediately recognize David and me as guys in dresses, and the embarrassing questions would begin. "Fill it up," Ms. Robbins requested.

He glanced at all of us seated together, and asked, "You girls belong to a sorority or something?"

"Why yes, young man," Ms. Robbins smiled, "How can you tell?"

"We don't get to see a car full of gorgeous girls around here very often. Where are you going?"

"We are taking one of our pledges to visit her mother in New Hallow," Ms. Robbins answered.

"I'm from near New Hallow. Which girl is it?" he poked his head almost into the car.

"Why it's Laura Palmer," she waved her hand towards me sitting in the back seat.

"Hum, I don't know anyone by the name of Palmer. Are you sure you're from New Hallow? I'd remember a pretty girl like you."

I lowered my eyes and blushed profusely; unable to answer him for fear that my voice would give me away as a guy. "She's a little shy," Ms. Robbins smiled. "Many new pledges are. We are going to visit her sick mother who just recently moved to New Hallow."

"My name is Bill Harris. Maybe I'll see you this summer. I can't miss a girl as pretty as you," he returned to top off the tank.

I was aghast as Ms. Robbins returned to the open road, still headed for New Hallow. Maybe she did talk with mother. She sure seems confident about where we were headed.

Half-hour later, we pulled into New Hallow, and she headed straight for my neighborhood. I was taking shallow breaths as she pulled up in front of my house. She did know where I lived! Maybe she really did talk with mother!

I was wavering in my determination. Maybe this was a bad idea? Ms. Robbins exited the car and came to the side and opened the door. "Get out, girls," she said. "I want you to escort our little sissy to the front door."

As Nancy and Gina roughly removed me from the car, it took all my energy to merely stand on my heels. "Uh...don't make me do this! I don't want Mom to see me dressed like

this!" Nonetheless, Ms. Robbins and the girls forced me to my front door.

This was awful! "I can't let mother see me wearing girl's clothes. She would never understand!"

Ms. Robbins rang the doorbell, and a nurse answered the door. "Is Ms. Palmer available?" Ms. Robbins asked.

The nurse glanced at the four of us standing outside, and without a second thought, she advised, "Mrs. Palmer is sleeping just now. I hesitate to wake her, as she needs lots of rest. It's her heart, you know."

It was true! Mother did have a heart condition! Her condition would surely be aggravated if she saw me like this. It could kill her! "I'm sorry to hear that," Ms. Robbins cooed, "but it's important that we..."

"No! We can come another time!" I interrupted, quickly pulling Ms. Robbins to the side. "I'll cooperate! Please don't let Mom see me like this, especially in her condition! There's no telling what might happen to her!"

"You'll do whatever I say?" Ms. Robbins growled. "Wear what I tell you, and go where I tell you? Behave as I tell you?"

"Yes! Yes! Anything!" I stammered. "I can't let her see me like this!"

"All right!" she answered as if she were granting me the greatest of favors. She returned to the nurse, "We will come back another time. Our business can wait." The nurse nodded her understanding and closed the door.

"I hope you have learned your lesson, young lady," Ms. Robbins growled as she escorted me back to her car. "I will not be played with. Either you cooperate or you pay the consequences!"

What choices did I have? I couldn't let my mother see me dressed like this or allow her to look at those awful photos. David couldn't let the mob find him. "I'll try my best, ma'am," I finally sighed.

David had seen and heard the entire episode, and he nodded his head in agreement. Obviously Ms. Robbins was not a

woman to trifle with. If she would expose me to my ailing mother, she would turn him over to the mob.

"Wonderful! That will make it so much easier on all of us," she gushed. "Now let's return home and start with lessons on feminine deportment. Really, Laura, you simply must learn to handle your high heels better. You look like a spastic duck walking in them." The girls laughed at her comment, and even I had to admit she was probably right.

It was a very quiet ride back to the sorority house. I felt as though I had just dodged a very big bullet, but had I stepped on a land mine?

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When we arrived back at the house, Ms. Robbins lost no time launching us into a lesson on feminine comportment. "Remember your lessons from last night," she instructed. "Girls walk much differently than guys because of how we are built and the clothes we wear. You must learn the proper way to carry yourselves at all times or people will stare at you and think something is wrong, especially if you are pretty and are dressed well."

"I can't leave the house again dressed like this!" David gasped. I went wide-eyed and covered my mouth in fright at the very thought of guys seeing me dressed like this.

"Why, of course you can and you will, Susie dear," Ms. Robbins sweetly smiled. "We just returned from a trip outside, and everyone took you for girls. Why a guy actually came onto Laura."

"Yeah," I admitted, embarrassed that I was so easily taken for a girl, "but I was in a crowded car bunched between real girls. It was a mistake by association."

"I disagree," Ms. Robbins stated. "Besides, Delta Wu girls are the most popular on campus. We are invited to simply oodles of parties and social events. All our pledges must fully participate to successfully become full-fledged Delta Wu girls."

"But, Ms. Robbins, we can't...we will never pass as girls at parties!" David gasped. "The other kids will recognize us as guys in dresses immediately!"

"Not when we are through with you," she smiled. "You have no idea how thoroughly we plan to immerse you in femininity. I promise that we will not take you outside these walls unless we are fully convinced that you will pass as pretty, prissy young ladies. After all, you are Delta Wu pledges.

"You can't be serious!" I gasped.

"If it walks like a duck, and if it quacks like a duck, it must be a duck!" Ms. Robbins chastised. "Learn to walk like a lady, then maybe people will think of you a girl and not as a sissy boy in a dress! We have our reputation to maintain. It would never do for people to think Delta Wu would ever pledge ugly girls or sissy guys."

David and I were not convinced, but we had no recourse other than to do as she said, so we again bowed our heads in submission. "Let's start with walking with limp wrists and swinging hips," she instructed as our lesson in girlhood began.

When we were inside, Ms. Robbins added, "Since girls don't have pockets, they carry purses wherever they go. No self-respecting girl is ever found without her purse, so walking while carrying a purse has become an art form. Not only must you walk gracefully, but also you must do so while carrying a heavy purse at times. Let's start with small purses and work up to larger sizes. Girls, I want you to walk hand in hand along that carpet."

Glancing at each other, David and I slowly went to where she directed. The girls handed us each a purse. We had just started to walk when Ms. Robbins commanded, "Take each other's hand! Girls hold hands as a sign of friendship when they walk together. You are in this together, so you should take comfort from one another."



"If it walks like a duck, it must be a duck!" Ms Robbins chastised. "Now learn to walk like a lady, and maybe people will think of you a girl, and not a boy in a dress!"

Tentatively David and I took the other's hand, and slowly started down the carpet. Balancing on my heels while holding my purse proved difficult. Suddenly, I lost my concentration and twisted my right ankle. As I tried to right myself, I forgot about my purse and dropped it to the floor. Luckily, I held David's hand, and he provided me the support needed to right myself before I fell flat on my face.

All the girls and Ms. Robbins burst out in uproarious laughter at my expense. I turned red with embarrassment as I leaned over to pick up the purse. "No! No! No!" Ms. Robbins chastised. "Ladies NEVER bend at the waist. It could expose her undies for others to see. She daintily lowers herself by bending her knees until she can grasp her purse. Now try it the correct way!"

I stooped like she demanded while David stood to the side watching. I turned ever redder as I performed in the spotlight of all these girls and my femininely dressed friend. I even started wishing that I were as graceful and feminine in handling my dresses and skirts as David seemed to be, so I wouldn't have to practice solo before all these laughing girls. Even David allowed a slight smirk to pass his red lips as I stooped to retrieve my purse for the third time.

Later, David was reprimanded for taking long strides like a guy rather than taking short delicate steps with one foot in front of the other. I felt a sense of satisfaction flow through my body as he had to practice solo before those, oh so critical girls. Were David and I starting to compete over who could walk and carry himself in the most feminine manner?

The walking lessons moved onto sitting and standing lessons, which in turn, moved to how to hold our hands, how to carry purses of various types, how to... It was one of the longest days of my life! By the time I crashed in bed, again wearing a feminine babydoll nightie, I slept like a baby!



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Chapter 8

The following days were repeats with new lessons piled on top of those already learned. Color coordination preceded selecting appropriate clothing for every occasion. Neither of us could figure why we needed to know all this stuff. Okay, we might need to know how to walk and sit properly in skirts to avoid drawing attention to ourselves, but why would we ever need to know what dresses were appropriate for informal vs. formal dates? Why did we need to know what long dress was appropriate for a night at the ballet vs. a night out dancing? Neither of us would be caught dead on dates with guys, and we certainly wouldn't be dancing in dresses! The mere thought made me shudder!

Starting with the first day, we were taught to soften our voices to mellower, more melodious tones. At the same time, we were expected to raise the pitch of our voices to a more appropriate feminine lilt. I complained bitterly, "I don't want to sound like a girl! It's not natural!"

Ms. Robbins countered, "I suggest you practice hard, Laura. You will certainly draw lots of unwelcome attention if you speak in your present voice when we take you out in public. It is completely incongruous for a pretty girl to speak in a tenor. People will notice and wonder. Do you want to be labeled as a sissy boy in dresses?"

Not having a handy rebuttal, I caved in again, as did David. We were given audiotape machines with microphones attached. We would speak into them and play back the results for others and ourselves to critique. We were told to practice at least an hour each day or else. I didn't ask 'or else' what. After my many sessions with the sorority paddle on my thin panties, I knew!

I had always been quite proud of how masculine my voice sounded, in contrast to my physique. In the beginning, I was positive that they could never make my voice sound feminine, but as each day passed, I could hear definite changes in the natural pitch of my voice. The changes were small, but over time, compared with how I sounded when we began, I could discern significant "progress".

We practiced not only how to raise the pitch of our voices, but our speech was changed too. We were forced to read aloud from women's magazines to learn voice inflections and word usage. Before long, we were using words like 'dreamy', 'lovely', 'precious', and 'to die for' in our everyday speech, even when we weren't speaking into the microphone. Also we started expressing ourselves using our hands as we talked. It was almost subconscious.

I didn't realize it until one day Ms. Robbins complimented us over dinner. "Your voices are becoming quite feminine, girls, but it's your use of feminine mannerisms and choice of words that really impresses me. You are absorbing girlishness like a sponge!"

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Weeks of this constant training passed without either of us stepping outside the sorority house. We were so busy that we lost track of time. Not only that, but we were becoming part of the group. The other sorority girls seemed to almost accept us as part of them.

Although constantly guarded, it never occurred to either David or me to attempt an escape. Escape where? The girls had closed our previous apartment, stating that we had left town. In the process, they had given away our male wardrobes to charity. Where would we go if we escaped? What would we wear? Dresses? Every day we looked, acted, and spoke more and more girlish.

How would I explain this to my poor sickly mother? Seeing me like this would probably kill her, so I couldn't return home looking and acting as I now did. What could I tell Mom to make her understand that I had no choice but to go along with my transformation at the hands of Ms. Robbins?

David and I were expected to cook our share of meals, keep our bedroom clean and neat, help maintain the other parts of the house, wash and iron our feminine clothes, and maintain them properly. We became so absorbed in our new life that we almost forgot who and where we were and what was happening to us.

Chapter 9

I was walking past Ms. Robbins office one afternoon, when I glanced inside and saw Bob sitting across her desk from her. He seemed quite healthy and relaxed in his trousers, shirt, and blue blazer. Obviously he wasn't concerned about release of the photos the girls had taken of him wearing the feminine finery. They were deep in conversation, so neither saw me. My heart jumped into my throat! Was he here to rescue us from this terrible place? What were the contents of the documents they were examining?

I lingered in the vicinity trying to catch snatches of their conversation. None came my way. Half an hour passed before Ms. Robbins shook Bob's hand and he left. As he passed through her office door, he caught sight of me standing to the side.

"Larry? Is that you?" a puzzled look crossed his face.

"Yeah!" I whispered, not wanting Ms. Robbins to catch me so close to her office.

"Gawd! You look GREAT!" he gushed in a most complimentary manner.

I lowered my eyes and blushed. "T...thank you, I guess," I whispered, not to conceal my presence, but from embarrassment.

I was wearing my sheerest nylons; my tight fitting, mid-thigh length, pale green skirt, and a white puff sleeved blouse with an open circle neck that fell low in front almost to my bra. A thin silver chain with a silver medallion lay on my chest, drawing attention to my noticeable cleavage. Matching pendant earrings hung from my pierced lobes, and I wore my customary pumps with narrow three-inch heels. Ms. Robbins insisted that I wear them constantly until I was completely comfortable walking in them.

My red hair had grown, and hung about my ears and down my neck in flowing curls. My nails were nicely polished to match my lipstick, and of course, I wore full feminine makeup, eyeliner, mascara, blush...the works! Although it

was the middle of the day, David and I were always dressed to the tee.

"Your voice! It sounds so soft and girlish. Are you sure you are Larry Daniels?" he sincerely asked.

"Really...I'm Larry...or I used to be. I'm called Laura Anne Palmer now. I have to wear dresses all the time." I must have looked beet red.

Gawd, girl, you look hot!" he stammered. "What have those bitches done to you?"

"You don't want to know...and don't call me 'girl'," I moaned, seeing the front of his pants start to bulge. "Have you come to get us out of here...I hope?"

"Uh...not exactly," he stammered, coming back to earth. "But I made it easier for you to be the new you."

"...The new me?" I cried, and then quieted down so Ms. Robbins wouldn't hear me. "I don't want to be the new me. I want to be the old me. Get us out of here, Bob. You got us into this mess, now get us out!"

"No can do," he shrugged his shoulders. "That Robbins dame is holding too much over my head. If I tried to rescue you, and I'm not sure I could, they would ruin me. Besides, I'm Alpha President now, and I have to think of the reputation of the fraternity."

"Fraternity my ass! They are changing David and I into girls against our will, and you are worried about the reputation of some stupid fraternity that lost it years ago?"

"Come on, Larry," Bob soothed. "Surely you are overreacting. They can't actually change you into girls. They can mess with your head and force you to wear dresses for a while, but they can't actually change you into girls."

"Can't they? Look at me, Bob! David looks even hotter! They shot us full of female hormones, and we're growing boobs! Despite what you say, they *are* transforming us into girls, and we can't stop them! You have to get us out of here?"

"I've got to go," Bob suddenly stated. "Hang in there. I'm sure this is only temporary."

My shoulders slumped, and I sighed with resignation. Bob wasn't going to help us get away. Our last hope was gone. "What did you discuss with Ms. Robbins?" I asked as he turned to leave.

"Uh...nothing...much."

"Were those documents about us?" I asked.

"I've got to go! Ask Ms. Robbins about them. Give my best to Susie." Before I could respond, he was out the door and down the walkway.

Chapter 10

I didn't dare let Ms. Robbins know that I had seen her with Bob because I didn't want to get on her bad side. I did; however, relate what I saw to David, and became as discouraged as me.

In the interim, David and I were becoming quite proficient at applying our own makeup and styling our hair. Although under constant supervision, we were responsible for our own feminine preparations each morning. If we did anything even slightly incorrect, we would be forced to correct the error, then perform it correctly for half an hour before we were given a rest. Needless to say, we tried hard to perform all our tasks correctly the first time.

Ms. Robbins dropped by one evening while we were preparing for bed. "Take special care with your preparations tomorrow morning, girls. We are going clothes shopping."

You could hear the air escaping from our lungs. "Clothes shopping?" David gasped.

"Leave the house? Wearing girl's clothes?" I followed.

"Yes to all three questions," she laughed. "You have made marvelous progress, so it's time you learned to shop for yourselves. I just know you will love trying on all the lovely dresses, skirts, lingerie, and heels."

"But...we can't..." David couldn't catch his breath. "We'll be recognized as guys..."

"Besides, you said the hormones are changing our bodies. Clothes bought now won't fit in the future," I chimed in.

"Good try, girls, but wrong on both counts," she brushed our objections aside. "You haven't seen the changes like we have. You're too close to them. Believe me, nobody will take you for guys."

"I...I haven't seen a lot of changes..." I stammered.

"What is your weight now, Laura?" she asked.

"Uh...120 pounds," I blushed realizing that I had lost 20 pounds in the last few months, "but so what?"

"Your waist size is?" she asked.

I lowered my eyes. "25 inches."

"And you, Susie?"

"115 pounds and 24 inches," David whispered.

"Exactly. You both may lose a few extra pounds and gain a couple of inches in the hips and bust, but you are close enough now to learn how to forage for yourselves in the wonderful world of fashion. Don't worry, we won't buy a lot, so later, when you reach your final measurements, you can really fill out your wardrobes."

"But...but, Ms. Robbins, I...I don't have any money..." I cried, desperately trying to stop being exposed in public wearing girl's clothes.

"Laura, you have a benefactor willing to buy you all the clothes a girl could wish for," Ms. Robbins informed me. "Susie has her embezzled money to cover her charges."

"Benefactor?" I gasped. "Who? Why would anyone buy me girl's clothes?"

"Never you mind, young lady. Now sleep tight, and prepare yourselves extra pretty tomorrow morning. It will be an exciting day for both of you. Wait till you see all the lovely clothes you'll be trying on."

The next morning was chaos. We knew that once Ms. Robbins had made up her mind, neither of us could change it. She

was determined to take us shopping, and shopping we would go.

Over the past few weeks, my nipples had grown to dollar size and covered a little puffiness beneath. During my morning bath, both of my nipples nearly sent me through the ceiling when the shower spray first touched them. I gasped and covered to protect them from the spray, only to feel how hard they felt.

After the original shock, the spray felt nice cascading gently against them. "Umm, the hormones seem to be kicking in," I sighed as I gently rolled them between my thumb and forefinger. "I could become addicted to this most pleasant feeling," I moaned as shivers raced from my nipples down my spine to my manhood in its sheath. I felt a stirring between my legs, but it remained dormant.

As was our morning ritual, David and I delicately patted our bodies dry after our showers. We wrapped our growing hair in towel turbans and covered our bodies from our chest to our thighs in another towel.

We automatically inspected our legs and underarms for unsightly hair, as even the slightest stubble was unacceptable and would bring punishment. Finding no hair, we coated our skin with soothing lotions. The smooth silkiness of my legs felt so nice and sensual as I smothered my skin with softening lotion.

"Umm," David sighed, "There are aspects of being a girl that are most inviting."

We had spent hours and hours working on our voices. At first, our labors resulted in sore throats, gravely voices, and frayed nerves. Still, the girls never let up in their insistence that we continue. We would read magazine after magazine to each other, always recorded for playback. Then, about a week ago, I felt my voice crack slightly as I described my clothes for the umpteenth time. David giggled when he heard it, but he quickly covered his mouth when his laughter came out a tinkling trill.

After that, the girls forced us to continue our exercises, stating that we were nearly there. I doubted them, but two days later, a shiver ran down my spine as I heard my voice after reading an article from *Seventeen Magazine*. "That can't be me!" I gasped. "Where is my tenor voice? I...I sound alto...like a girl!"

The girls immediately played back my shocked response. My voice had an even higher pitch than when I read the article. Shock at hearing my higher pitched voice had driven it even higher. David laughed at my reaction, and both of our eyes went as large as saucers when his completely spontaneous giggle came out soprano.

Neither of us sounded like guys! Our voices were several octaves higher than when we started, were spoken with a lilt-ing tinkle, and with the use of the feminine phrases that felt completely natural to both of us. In spite of ourselves, we sounded like the other sorority girls. Did I say 'other'?

Since then, practice hasn't let up, and our voices have settled into a comfortable contralto range with occasional rises to lilt-ing soprano. I tried to return to my tenor and failed miserably. I couldn't dip that low, and my throat felt sore from the attempt.

As I slipped on my pink lacy panties, and rolled sheer stockings up my smooth legs, I felt an airy thrill at seeing my painted toenail through the sheer nylon. Feminine thrills seemed to come unexpectedly and from everywhere!

Scouring through my vanity, I found the bra needed for today's outfit. I expertly snapped the bra hooks together in front, and then rotated my bra so the cups covered my nipples. If the girls were right, the time would come when simply rotating the bra wouldn't be enough, I'd have to lift each breast and settle it into its proper cup. Thankfully, that time had not arrived. A soothing thrill originated from each of my nipples at the soft silky touch of my bra cups. I didn't have much volume yet, but my very sensitive nipples did protrude enough to fill half of my starter bra.

Our dresses for that day were extremely short, so David and I selected teddies rather than slips. The smooth silky

teddies caressed our tingling skin and brought slight smiles to our lips. Girls certainly had the edge over boys in the underwear department!

As I examined myself in my vanity mirror, a feminine face surrounded by a mass of bouncy curls reflected back at me. Had I changed so much in the past weeks that I looked like a girl, even without makeup? I had set my hair the previous evening in preparation for this trip, so it only needed a few brush strokes to bring it back to life.

I deeply examined my feminine image before I started my makeup. I darkened and shaped my eyebrows with a brown pencil. Soon my eyes looked huge enhanced by yellow and dark brown eyeshadow. I attached false eyelashes, and then coated and curled them with mascara. A little blush gave my cheeks a fresh glow. I finished by coating my lips with a delicious strawberry flavored light red lipstick. When finished, my day makeup and flaming red hair gave me the fresh look of a young Irish girl.

David decided on a different look. He enhanced his features by coating his eyes dark and sensuous, applying powder that gave his skin a soft translucent quality, and finished with a dark plum lipstick. The total effect was the exotic Asian look that drives sane men wild. Did he choose this look to see what affect he would have on the guys we might pass at the mall?

I selected a flowered micro mini-dress with a wide belt and David chose a checked mini-dress of similar length, only his had scooped front and back cowl. We both chose large earrings for our pierced ears, and I decided on a pearl necklace to set off my neck.

We stepped into our three-inch heels, checked ourselves twice in our full-length mirror, brushed a few stray hairs away, and proclaimed ourselves ready for what was about to happen. Butterflies fluttered in our stomachs as we made our way down the stairs where a group of five girls and Ms. Robbins stood waiting for our entrance.

We stood before this group for inspection before exiting this house for only the second time since we arrived well over

three months earlier. A lot had changed in the intervening time. Our hair had grown much longer, our oval painted fingernails now extended well beyond our fingertips, and we stood confident in our stilt heels.

I had to repeat, "*My name is Laura Palmer, and I love being a girl*" three times as the girls checked the tone of my voice. David had to repeat a similar phrase saying, "*My name is Susie Wong, and I too enjoy being a girl*". From painful experience, we knew it was wise to put feeling into our statements. Anyone hearing us would truly believe that we were girls, and very happy to be such. I almost believed it myself.

We had to walk the length of the hallway to show we could carry ourselves as girls. I had conquered my difficulty with walking in heels, and both of us walked the chalk line like pros.

"I believe our new Delta Wu pledges are ready to venture into the big wide world," Ms. Robbins finally declared. "I'm sure they can now comport themselves in a manner worthy of Delta Wu girls."

"T...thank you, Ms. Robbins," David and I replied, not sure whether to be proud or ashamed of our accomplishment.

"I have some papers for our budding girls before they depart on this little venture. Laura, Susie, here are new driver's licenses made out in your new gender, and two credit cards each made out in your new names for purchasing your new lovelies," Ms. Robbins announced.

Our hands covered our mouths as she handed us the unexpected cards. Sure enough, my new license was made out to Laura Anne Palmer, gender female. I remembered when the photograph was taken a few weeks earlier. I was wearing a very pretty dress and my hair had just been styled. Ms. Robbins must really have some clout to get new licenses without either of us actually showing up at the DMV.

I examined David's license while he did the same with mine. His photograph was particularly flattering in his flowered skin hugging dress and raven black hair. His license was made out to Susie Mai Wong, gender female.

My nylon covered knees shook as we stepped outside for the first time in many weeks. So much had happened; so much had changed in that time! My clothes felt comfortable, although I was still somewhat ashamed to be wearing them.

David went in one car with three girls, and I went with Ms. Robbins and two girls. I had to delicately take my seat, and then swing my legs into the car to keep my skirt from hiking up to expose my undies. Ms. Robbins was quite please with how well I performed this most feminine task.

I sat in the back seat with Nancy, and Gail sat in the front with Ms. Robbins as she drove us to a distant mall. "We don't want to stress our new girls by exposing them to their college classmates on their first excursion into the wide world as the girls they are becoming," she pronounced. "Act confident and natural, and everyone will take you for the lovely girl you have become."

I wasn't nearly so confident as she, but I whispered, "Y...yes, ma'am, I'll try."

"You girls will do fine. You have progressed to becoming lovely young women. If you do as you are told, you will become Delta Wu girls. Won't that be wonderful?"

"I...I guess," I squeaked.

She pulled into the mall parking structure followed by the second car. We exited the cars, and my knees knocked together as I stood on the concrete and tried to tug my skirt to a decent length. Looking around, I noted that all the girls were doing the same, so I didn't feel too out of place.

As we ascended an escalator to the second floor, a group of boys passed us on the neighboring down escalator. "Wow! Look at that bevy of chicks," one boy shouted. "Hey, babes, are you from around here?" another asked.

The girls smiled at the boys and waved in their direction. A girl poked me in my ribs and told me to follow suit. "Hello, boys!" I shouted loud enough so they could hear me.

All the girls in our group, including David, turned to face me. Smiling, Ms. Robbins said, "I wouldn't be surprised if you encouraged them enough so they will return to get your name and phone number."

Blushing red, I grumbled, "I'm not giving my name or phone number to any boy!"

"Oh, I wouldn't be so certain. One never knows what the future holds."

"Well my future certainly doesn't include BOYS!" I proclaimed. The girls laughed at my defiant proclamation as we entered a very high-end boutique that carried the very latest in dresses, skirts, blouses, the sexiest lingerie, and shoes of all descriptions.

"Delta Wu girls wear only the most fashionable clothes," Ms. Robbins announced. "I'm sure you will love these beautiful feminine fashions as much as the other girls."

"Wow! I can't afford these clothes," I declared.

"Oh, you would be surprised at your budget," Ms. Robbins announced. "Both of you can feel free to select whatever you like. I'll let you know if you reach your limit."

David and I stared in every direction. Short casual dresses, long formal dresses, swimwear, and lingerie greeted our eyes wherever we looked. This definitely was a girl's candy store, a veritable fairyland of femininity.

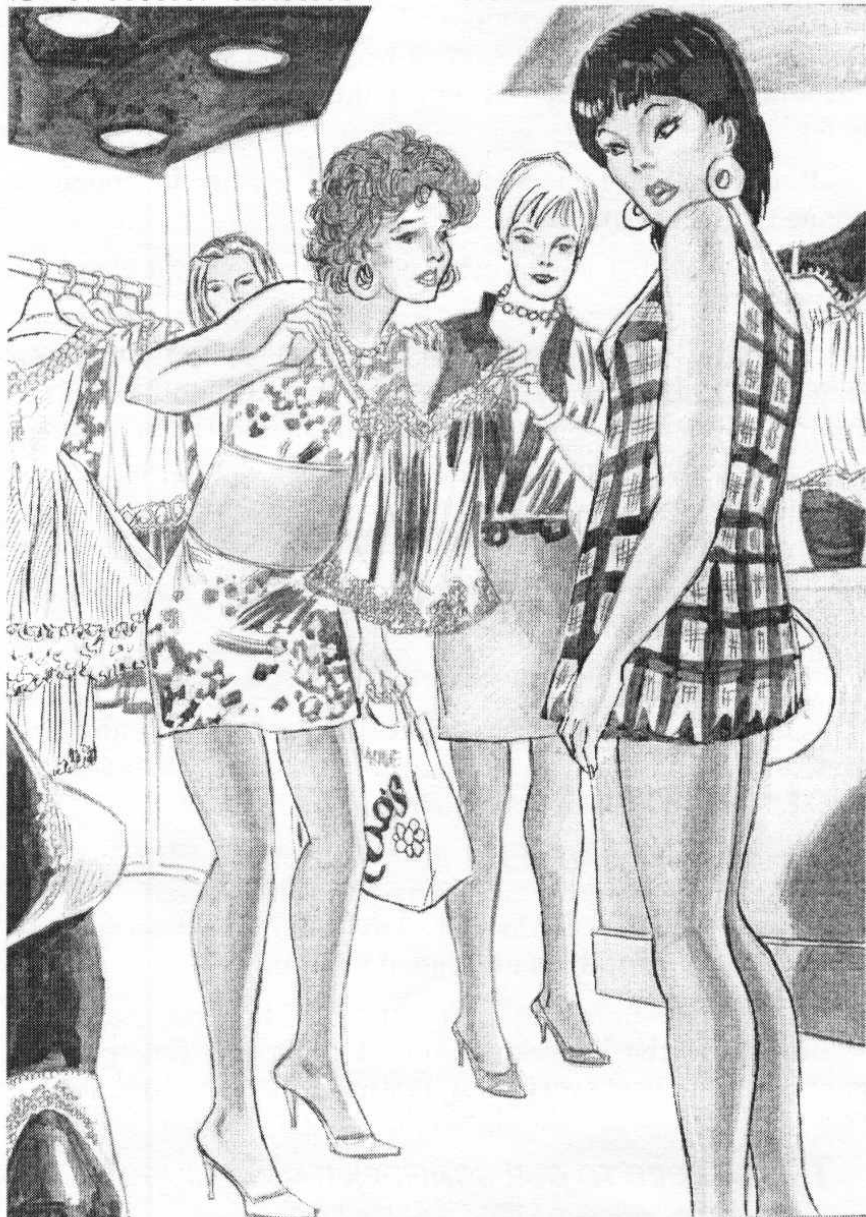
"Let's start from the skin out," Ms. Robbins suggested leading us to the lingerie section. A table was covered with panties and bras of every color, texture, and cut imaginable.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



“Delta Wu girls wear only the most fashionable clothes,” Ms Robbins announced. “I’m sure you will love these lovely dresses, skirts, and lingerie like all the other girls.”

"Finger the material, girls. You must pick a dozen pairs each. You know your sizes."

David and I didn't belong here. A month ago, we couldn't have been dragged to this table, but now we were expected to not only select panties for ourselves, but also enthusiastically describe our selections and our reasons for each selection. We had to actively participate so as not to stand out from other girls who were 'oohing' and 'ahhing' the various silky garments.

I picked up a pair of high-cut panties in my size and acted interested in their look. I held it in front of my hips and examined myself in a nearby mirror. Actually, I did like these panties. They were cute and would feel wonderful against my skin.

I picked up a matching bra and noted it was low-cut too. 'I bet this little number would show a lot of cleavage,' I thought as I held it across my chest, 'that is, if I had any real cleavage to show.' A pleasant thrill flooded me at the thought of wearing this pair of dainties and being able to do them justice. Why did I find that idea so thrilling?

David picked up a silky teddy and held it against his front. The look in eyes showed that he was experiencing similar thoughts of looking sexy in these soft, lush garments.

"Laura, what about this cute babydoll?" Nancy gushed as she handed me a cute little mint green nightie. The garment was adorable! It was covered with lush lace about its bodice and hem. Thin straps were the only means of keeping this lacy gorgeous piece of fluff from floating to my feet if I wore it.

I couldn't help but think these foreign thoughts, to feel these foreign thrills. I loved the feeling of nylon on my skin. Despite my efforts to the contrary, I had come to love wearing soft sexy lingerie. Was Ms. Robbins succeeding at turning me into a girl? I wasn't sure, but both David and I enthusiastically participated in buying full compliments of the silkiest lingerie possible.

"Let's look at some lovely dresses, girls," Ms. Robbins suggested as she guided David and me to another section of the store. Before we knew it, we were nearly naked in the girl's

dressing rooms, trying on one dress after another. After donning each dress, we had to exit and parade before Ms. Robbins and the girls. We were expected to model each selection by walking in our heels before them, turning here, swaying there. Only when we had fully displayed ourselves sufficiently for their taste did we get approval to purchase a garment. Only dresses proper for specific occasions were purchased.

"What a lovely dress, Susie," Ms. Robbins gushed. "Why do you love this dress, and where would you wear it?"

"That evening gown is gorgeous, Laura," she would smile. "I'll bet your boyfriend will fall all over himself trying to please you when you wear that gown."

Both of us blushed profusely at her suggestions, but we had to expand on her suggestions and tell everyone why this particular dress or gown was perfect for the event she proposed. As the day progressed, I willingly projected myself into each situation, and started fantasizing about being the girl.

I became thrilled to buy dresses, gowns, skirts, blouses, tops, silky lingerie, and every style of high heel shoes. David and I had been seduced into becoming what we most feared. Physically and mentally, we had succumbed to the girly girl role Ms. Robbins and the girls desired.

Now that I was thrilled with my new feminine wardrobe, my concern turned to my sickly mother. What would she say when she saw me, her only son, in dresses, skirts, makeup, and high heels? Could I disguise my rapidly growing breasts, ever widening hips, small waist, thin arched brows, long oval nails, my flowing auburn tresses with feminine highlights, my high lilting voice, and feminine vocabulary? Could I convince Mom that I was still her son despite the femininity Ms. Robbins and her girls had instilled in me against my wishes?

The End of Book 1

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