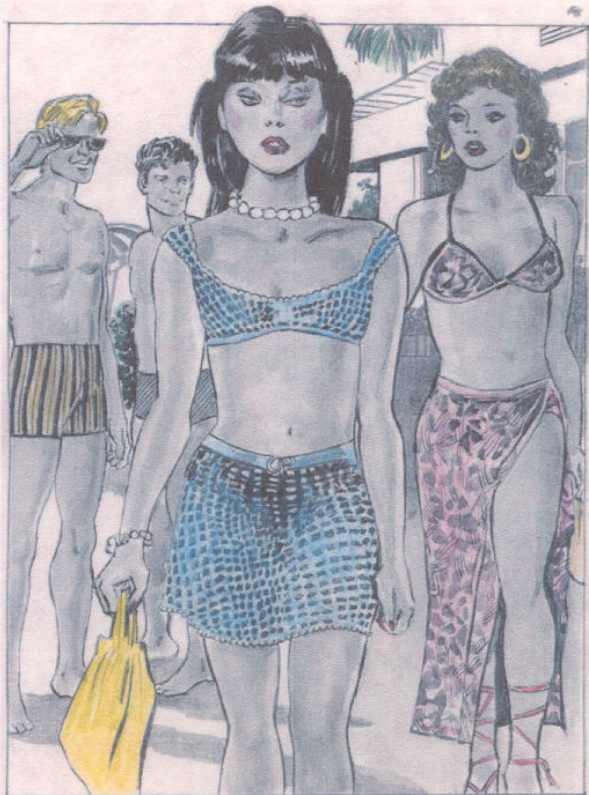


TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"SISSIES TO SISTERS II"



**AFTER STEALING PANTIES, THE SORORITY
TEACHES THE BOYS WHAT BEING
GIRLS IS ALL ABOUT!**

VOLUME 81

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Sissies to Sisters II

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Sissies to Sisters II

By Kristi Love

Chapter 11

David and I were so hyper after arriving home from our shopping trip that neither of us could think straight. This was a day of so many firsts...our first excursion outside in broad daylight wearing dresses, our first time meeting people that didn't know we were guys, and our first time buying new feminine clothes. To our shame, nobody suspected anything was out of the ordinary.

He and I collapsed on the living room sofa when finally in the safety of the sorority house. We were still shaking, our stomachs churning, and small tears trickled down our cheeks. Groaning, we quickly slipped out of our high-heel shoes. Boy's feet aren't made for such shoes, although the girls assured us that wearing them would soon become second nature. Does that mean our feet are becoming feminine?

"What's wrong, girls?" Ms Robbins asked. She sounded sincerely concerned, but the small smile playing at the edges of her lips made me suspicious. "Are you ill?"

"I'm okay," I trilled, my feminine voice seeming almost natural. "I'm just exhausted."

"That's completely understandable, dear. I'm sure you are thrilled too. How many girls acquire completely new wardrobes in a single day? But it's not over. You must sort and hang your new lovelies in their proper places."

"Do we have to?" David groaned. "I don't have the energy to lift a finger, let alone hang all the stuff we bought today."

"Now, now, dear! No self-respecting girl would leave her new clothes in their bags! Besides, you simply must model your new clothes for the other girls. They are so looking forward to seeing the two of you in your new pretties."

"A fashion show? Now?" I groaned.

"Most certainly!" one of the girls clapped. "You must make sure everything fits properly. Something may not fit, and you will want to return it for a garment that properly fits the new emerging you." There was too much of the new me emerging to suit my tastes.

David and I groaned, realizing there was no chance to get out of this new humiliation. We were 'Barbie Dolls' for these girls, and they would have their fashion display. Standing and straightening our skirts, as has become habit, David and I picked up some of our purchases and slowly ascended the stairs to our room. The others, giggling like little girls, picked up the remaining packages and followed close behind.

David's purchases were carefully removed and laid out on his bed and mine on my bed. Under Ms Robbins' watchful eye, we carefully folded and placed our new lingerie in our dressers, each item in its rightful drawer. Bras went into my bra drawer, teddies and camisoles into another, panties into another, and nylons and pantyhose into the hose drawer.

My stomach growled when I saw how many panties of every color I now possessed. Colorful panties were what got us into this mess, and now I had enough to last a lifetime. We would have to embroider each with the Delta Wu seal like all the other sorority girls. Would fraternity jocks be breaking into our room to steal some of our embroidered panties?

Once we finished with our silky lingerie, we started with our new lacy, babydoll nighties, sweaters, short shorts, and finally colorful shoes of every style and heel heights.

Finally we came to our new blouses, skirts, and dresses. I was aghast at the selection of new dresses and skirts that were now mine. They ranged from being obscenely short to a sleeveless, long luxurious satin gown in deep green with a high slit on the left side. The girls insisted that I buy this creation. They were adamant that the color would go wonderfully with my honey red hair and green eyes. Where would I ever wear such a creation? I wasn't going anywhere appropriate for such gown; at least I hoped I wasn't!

Finally David and I had our new purchases properly stored, dresses, skirts, blouses, and shoes in our closets, and

everything else in the drawers. He moaned as the girls selected a particularly frilly dress for him to start our fashion show. I equaled his groan when they selected a sheer mint green blouse and a pearl color miniskirt for me. I would have to wear a camisole beneath such a blouse just to remain decent.

Two girls stayed in our room to help us dress while the others went downstairs to prepare for our show. Fifteen minutes later, I followed David from our room to perched on 4" heels that matched our outfits.

David wore a black cocktail dress that barely hung to 3" above his nylon clad knees. The dress caressed his feminine shape to his hips, and the skirt swirled about his nylon encased thighs in a froth of lace. The sleeveless dress covered his growing breasts and exposed substantial cleavage.

My blouse buttoned up the back to expose my lingerie beneath the sheer material, and my pearl gray miniskirt barely covered my matching mint green nylon panties. I felt my ensemble was almost obscene, making me look like a hooker, but the girls assured me this was the latest craze for dancing the night away. I wouldn't be caught outside wearing such a revealing ensemble, let alone on a crowded dance floor surrounded by hundreds of ogling eyes.

Long hours of practice made both of us quite proficient in our stilt heels as we easily descended the stairs. We thought we would just walk into the room, show the assembled girls how the clothes looked on us, then exit for the next outfit. But oh no! They wanted a fashion show, and a fashion show they were determined to get!

David and I had to sexily walk about the room, twirl about, pose, and continually smile as a girl described in gory detail our ensembles. "Our lovely Susie is wearing a 'classic little black dress', which is perfect for a night of dinner and dancing. What virile young man wouldn't die to take such a lovely lady in his strong arms and guide her about the dance floor? Susie, please lift your skirt to show us your matching black satin panties and slip. Isn't she just precious, girls?"

"And our equally lovely Laura is wearing the perfect combination for a night of hot disco dancing followed by equally hot sex! I know she will have her hands full keeping her date's hands from ravishing her right on the dance floor. Notice how her skirt is long enough to keep her modest, yet short enough to expose her long, lovely legs to her admirers. With such gorgeous legs, Laura should always expose them in the sexiest manner appropriate for the occasion, as it would be a crime against nature to hide them." And so it went for what seemed like hours. One outfit, then another, each displayed with equal fervor. David and I were never allowed to merely show the clothes, but we had to display them.

Around midnight, we finally finished with our last outfits and were allowed to go to bed, but not before carefully hanging each garment in its proper place. To our dismay, every outfit fit perfectly. None would be returned. We were now the "proud" owners of complete feminine wardrobes with nothing even remotely masculine. We had crossed another bridge in our exodus from masculinity and headlong decent into femininity.

Chapter 12

The girls woke us a bit late the next morning. "We know you are just exhausted from the excitement of having so many new gorgeous clothes," Amy gushed, "but it's time to get up, bathed, and ready for a new day of girlhood."

David and I moaned as we slowly crawled from our beds and allowed our babydoll nighties to fall into place about our smooth hairless thighs. "We'll choose your clothes for today while you take your bathes," Julie said. "I saw this absolutely to die for sweater and skirt that is perfect for Susie."



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Every day started with the same ritual of hormone shots or pills. They were having the desired effect. The mirror doesn't lie. David and I were acquiring girlish curves!

I ran to my bath as the girls rummaged through our drawers and closets. We were living in a house full of girls and had absolutely no privacy. An hour later, I emerged from my bathroom after applying morning makeup, and saw David swallow his daily hormone pills. He must have taken a shower because his hair was in a high ponytail, and he was wearing nylon stockings and heels.

Ms Robbins stood beside him saying, "Susie, dear, remember to softly feel your breasts for lumps. You are just as susceptible to breast cancer as the rest of us girls. We wouldn't want our new girl to get that terrible disease so early in her girlhood. Besides, daily kneading of your breasts will keep them healthy and pliable. Boys love girls with soft, supple breasts and large nipples, and you are certainly becoming a full figured young lady." Ms Robbins gave me the same speech. Although not quite as full as David's, my breasts were nonetheless just as feminine, and my nipples were larger and more sensitive.

Chapter 13

A few weeks after the shopping trip and fashion show, David and I were making dinner for the other girls as had become our duty when Ms. Robbins interrupted our chores saying, "Don't make anything heavy, girls. We are going out tonight. Gina is getting married and the sorority is putting on a bachelorette party for her. We leave at 8. Be sure to wear something cute and sassy. We are going to have lots of fun!"

David and I stared at each other. We had barely gotten over the humiliation of the shopping trip and fashion show, and now we were going to be exposed again in public. Would the humiliations never stop? "Uh...Ms Robbins, where are we going?" David asked.

"A surprise, Susie. Be ready at 8 sharp."

David and I were leery of 'surprises' that this devious woman loved to spring on us. We knew that this would be a night to remember...and dread. "Yes, Ms Robbins," we both chimed, and then returned to our chores, only now deciding to prepare sandwiches rather than the meal we had started.

At 8ish, David and I exited our room and glided down the stairways to meet Ms Robbins in the living room. I was wearing a short tight fitting red skirt and a matching pale rose-colored cutoff top cut that exposed my cleavage and most of my now very narrow waist to advantage. My makeup was tastefully done for the evening using darker colors, and my curly red hair hung to my shoulders. My 3" open toe heels exposed my shiny red toenails through my smoky nylons.

David was very stylishly dressed in a sexy prune colored minidress. His makeup was more exotic than mine to highlight his exotic Asian features. He was becoming quite proficient at applying makeup, and he seemed to enjoy the compliments he received from the assembled girls.

We crowded into six cars, Ms Robbins sitting between David and me. "You look absolutely stunning tonight, girls. I am very pleased with your wonderful progress. The other girls will be green with envy when the guys leer at you two and not them," she casually commented.

"Guys? What guys?" I gasped. I held my nicely manicured hand over my mouth. "We can't go where guys will see us!"

"Why not?" she asked. "You interacted quite well with those boys on the escalator on your shopping trip."

"But they were a distance away and going the other direction. I'd die if other boys saw me wearing these clothes."

"Other boys? Nonsense, Laura! Susie and you are *girls*, and as girls, you must learn to interact with boys. I chose this first exposure to boys so that you won't actually have to interact with them...unless you want to."

David piped in, "How will we be exposed to guys without interacting with them? I don't want boys seeing me wearing this skirt and blouse!"

"What you want isn't an option," she smiled evilly. "It's what I want that counts, and I want this to be an evening to remember."

Half an hour later, the car pulled up to a building with the sign, "*SPANGLES*" on the front. "You must be kidding!" David cried. "We can't go in there! Only women are allowed!"

"Exactly, Susie," Ms Robbins answered, "And only women are going to enter, including you two. I'm famished, and the food is fabulous!" The look on Ms Robbins face said that no further complaining would be tolerated, so he shut up.

Why was David so upset? The place seemed pretty inconspicuous, although I didn't understand why it was for women only. I was about to ask when we reached the entrance where a burly guy was checking the I.D. of everyone entering. Following the girls lead, I dutifully removed my new driver's license from my purse and showed it to him. He looked closely at the picture on the license, and then stared intently at me. Surely I was exposed! He could tell that I am a guy wearing a dress! I was doomed! Then with a grunt, he handed me my license and waved me inside without comment. I wasn't exposed! He didn't recognize me as a guy in a dress! He thought I was just another sorority girl! I didn't know whether to be sad, angry, or relieved.

I followed the flow of girls into a dimly lit nightclub. The girls were streaming to front row tables in front of a stage. Was there entertainment with the food? Was this a restaurant or a nightclub? David sat at one table with three girls, while I sat at another with Ms Robbins and two girls. The other girls in our party took adjacent tables.

Girls not part of our group took other tables, and before long, all the tables were filled. Much to my relief, there wasn't a guy in the place. Why was David so disturbed? This would be a cakewalk unless the other girls could see through our disguises.

The side doors opened, and a group of scantily clad guys wearing only swimsuits and bowties entered and started taking orders. I sucked in my breath. There were guys here!

A clean-shaven Adonis came to our table, handed us menus, and asked what we wanted to drink. Ms Robbins and the girls gave their orders, and then she turned to me. "Well, Laura, what do you want?"

"Uh...er...uh..." I mumbled.

"She's quite shy. This is her first time at 'Spangles'," Julie giggled.

I had to speak to give my order. Would this guy recognize my voice as that of a guy? Would he turn to the rest of the crowd and shout, "This is a guy in a dress!"

I quietly stammered, "I'll have an Arnold Palmer, please."

"Loosen up, girl," Amy interrupted. "Get her a green apple martini. She isn't used to the big city."

The guy grinned, "A martini it is," and then left.

"He's not wearing anything," I gasped.

"Of course he is," Ms Robbins disagreed. "I think his bowtie and cuffs are quite elegant."

The drinks arrived, and we each ordered food. Salads were the selection of choice. If I ordered anything else, I would probably be overruled, and would hear about it when we got home, so when the waiter asked, I merely whispered, "Cobb salad, please."

The food was good and the drinks continued to flow. Every time I got close to finishing my drink, a fresh one appeared. I felt quite tipsy by the end of the meal, and I was beginning to feel confident that this evening might not be too bad. We had gotten past the guard at the entrance and the waiter without being exposed, and with the evening winding down, maybe Ms Robbins wasn't being her mean self. Perhaps David and I were merely sharing a prenuptial dinner with the other sorority girls.

Finally the dinner plates were removed, and I thought it was time to leave, but that's when the overhead lights dimmed, and stage lights brightened. "It's show time, ladies!" a male voice announced, and the girls started screaming, clapping, and whistling loudly.

"What's going on?" I asked. "Aren't we leaving?"

"Why, Laura, dear, the night is young. It's time for the entertainment," Ms Robbins replied.

"Entertainment? What entertainment?" I had to shout over the din of screaming girls, many crowding toward the stage.

"Ladies!" the announcer continued. 'Spangles' is proud to present **Jeff**, our first dancer for the night!"

Suddenly loud dance music started, a curtain parted, and one of the waiters came onto the stage dressed in a policeman uniform. The girls at the table he waited on stood up and screamed as he started gyrating to the music.

I almost fell out of my chair. This was a male stripper club. No wonder only women were admitted! I glanced at David, and he looked every bit as uncomfortable as I felt. Ms Robbins started clapping, and nudged me to join in. As I tentatively started clapping, some girls shouted, "Take it off!"

Jeff responded to their screams and started to remove first his jacket, then his shirt. The girls went hysterical as he exposed his rippling biceps and pectoral muscles. "Take it off! Take it all off!" they screamed, including the girls at my table.

"Join in, Laura!" Ms Robbins ordered. "If you don't scream and look at the guys with lust, some girls may notice and wonder why. The best way to blend in is to do what everyone else is doing."

"But I don't want to scream for a man to remove his clothes. I'm not interested in seeing his muscles. I used to have muscles like that before you..." I decided not to continue.

"Oh, you never had muscles like that!" Ms Robbins pointed at Jeff, "and you certainly don't now, so start screaming like an excited girl before I get angry and punish you right here in the club!"

Knowing the punishment would be both severe and embarrassing if I didn't comply, I tentatively squeaked, "Take your pants off...take them off."

David was starting to encourage the guy to remove his clothes too. Jeff was soon down to his boots and an amply filled G-string. He swayed before the crowd of shouting girls,

and they started stuffing dollar bills into his G-string. Luckily, I wasn't made to do the same.

After a few minutes, Jeff left and was followed by another fellow who more or less duplicated his routine. The announcer introduced the third dancer shouting, "Let's hear it for Nick!" The curtains opened, and our waiter danced seductively onto the stage. The girls at our table stood and started screaming for Nick, who was dressed as a construction worker. After a poke in the ribs from Ms Robbins, I too had to stand and shout encouragement to Nick.

He looked at our table, smiled, and began his strip. When he was down to his pants and heavy boots, he started gyrating. I was getting into the excitement of the moment, and actually screamed for him to "take it all off".

He smiled and motioned for me to come to the stage. Ms Robbins nearly pushed me away from the table. "Go, girl!" the others shouted encouragement.

My stomach was doing summersaults as I tentatively climbed the steps in my short skirt and heels to where he was standing. As he stood gyrating before me, he pointed to his pants zipper. To my horror, I realized he wanted me to lower his zipper for him. Embarrassed to my roots, I grasped the zipper and slowly lowered it. I was helping a man remove his pants. I nearly fainted from the humiliation!

I couldn't let him know of my embarrassment, so I managed a wiry smile, and feigned excitement as I performed my task. All the girls shouted encouragement for me to help him out of his pants. "Lower his pants for him!" they shouted. Even David was screaming for me to remove Nick's pants.

I was trembling from head to toe when Nick presented himself to me! Hesitantly, I fixed my shiny red nails under the waistband of his pants and slowly lowered it over his rear and down to his knees. To do that, I had to daintily kneel. Suddenly I realized that I was staring directly into his crotch, and I turned three shades of red.

He laughed and thanked me, as he grabbed the pants and tore them from his legs. As they ripped away, I realized that

he could have easily removed them at any time by merely tearing them off. I didn't have to actually lower them!

The girls in the audience were in a frenzy of shouting and screaming, and I noticed that David had joined in the excitement. Standing in only his jock strap and boots, Nick escorted me off the stage and gave me a parting kiss on my cheek, while assuring that my hand brushed across his bulging manhood. I had never been so embarrassed in my life!

When I joined the girls at my table, my face was nearly as red as my hair. I was in complete shock as I took my seat and watched the other girls at our table stuffing money into Nick's jock strap.

After Nick left, other guys came on stage, and the stripping scene was repeated, always to the shrill screaming of dozens of girls. I was nearly over my shock at being exposed on stage with Nick for all to see, when the finale began. "Ladies, now all the dancers are coming on stage. Greet them and show your appreciation for their talents."

The curtain parted, and 9 dancers came on stage, each heading to the area in front of their respective tables. "Show your appreciation for Nick's talents, Laura," Ms Robbins prodded.

Puzzled, I looked at her, then at Nick gyrating on the stage in front of me. "Here is five dollars. Be a good girl and put it where it belongs!" she insisted, shoving the money into my hand.

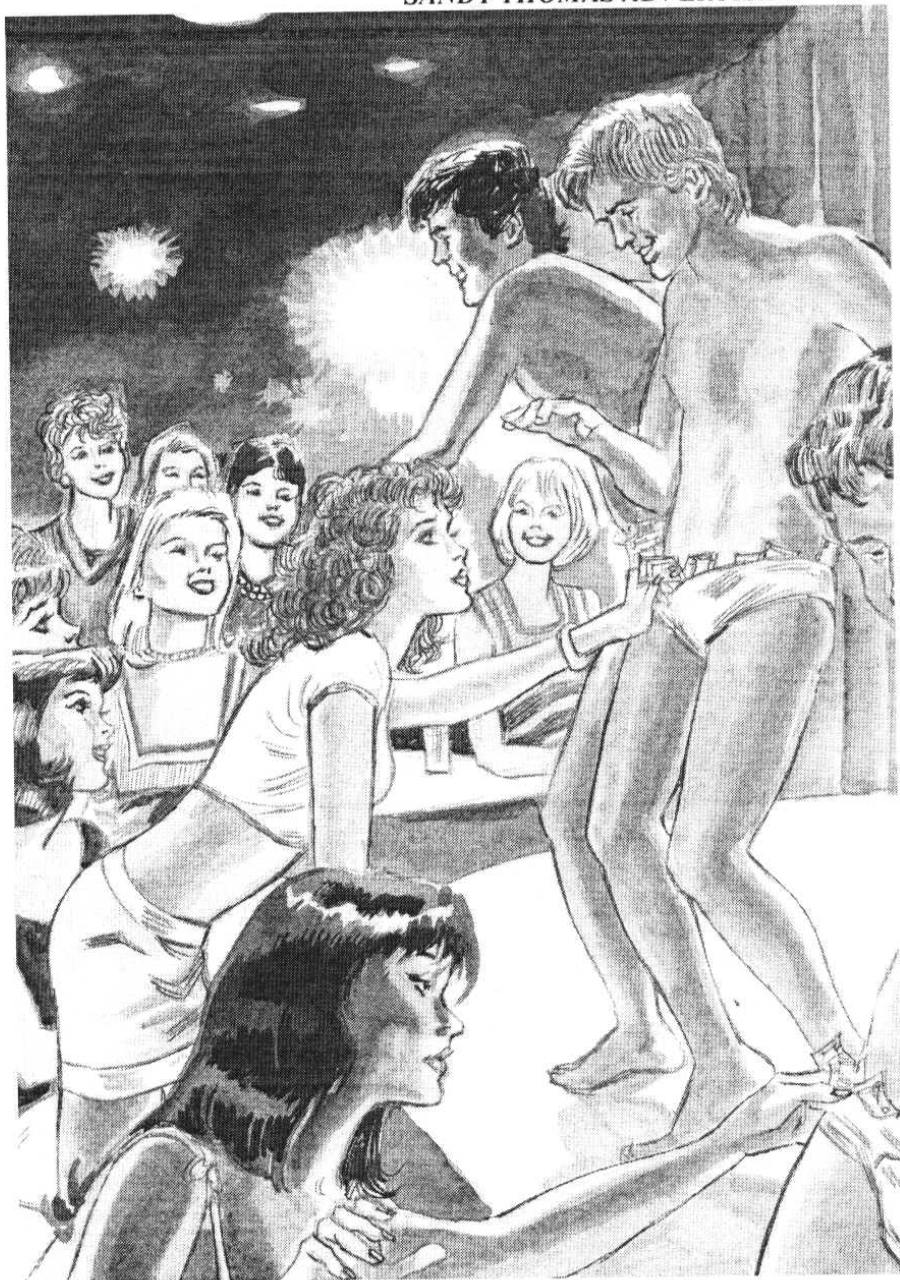
"Oh, I couldn't do that!" I said, but the screaming women near me drowned out my protest.

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“Stuff their jock straps with dollars, girls. Don’t be wimps,” Julie shouted. I nearly died of embarrassment. I didn’t want to stuff money in another guy’s shorts.

I was shoved to the front, standing directly below Nick. I looked back at Ms Robbins, and she sternly motioned for me to continue. Having no other choice, I gave Nick my biggest smile, and reached up to stuff the money in his jock strap. The narrow garment did little to hide his enormous manhood, and it was impossible to reach the top of the strap without brushing against his massive organ. To my embarrassment, it responded to my touch by growing even larger. I blushed knowing that it was much larger than mine ever was, and certainly enormous compared to the shriveled organ that lay dormant in my silky feminine panties!

"Oh, look, girls," Ms Robbins screamed, "Nick has a thing for Laura. She really has him turned on!"

I nearly died as I tentatively stuffed the money into Nick's jock strap. I noticed that David was stuffing dollar bills into the front of his Adonis' shorts too. Although he was smiling, I was sure he wasn't any happier to be in such an embarrassing position, performing such a humiliating task than I was!

The evening finally wound to a close, and David and I followed the girls to our cars. We had survived the evening, but at what price? More of our masculinity had been stripped away. Would we be able to return to being normal guys when this shameful ordeal was over?

Chapter 14

Our routine returned to normal after that awful night at the male strip club, even though David and I continued to be the butt of lots of jokes about how we made the strippers horny. "Laura got her man hard without even trying. She must have the medusa touch to have that affect on a guy like that Nick. What's your secret, Laura?"

"I didn't get him hard," I tried to explain. "I was just trying to reach his shorts to stuff the money in."

"Sure you were," they giggled. "Some guy is going to get a real hottie when he gets you, girl. Wait and see!"

"He turned so I couldn't avoid touching him!" I huffed. "I'm not interested in guys! I'm a guy myself!"

“Oh, sure you are,” another laughed. “Every guy I know has B+ breasts, legs to die for, and speaks in a high lilting voice. Face it, girl, I’m as much a guy as you are, and I *sure* am not a guy!” she finished.

It was useless to argue with these girls. They would always get in the last word, so the best thing to do was to shut up and return to my daily lessons. Today’s lessons included more makeup sessions, learning to walk with more of a wiggle, and for some reason, flirting.

“The best way to attract male attention is to look innocent and vulnerable,” Ms Robbins instructed. “Shyly lower your eyes, slightly bow your head, and bat your big lovely mascara laden lashes. The guys will fall all over themselves trying to make it with you.”

“But, Ms Robbins,” David argued. “We may dress like girls, act like girls, and even look like girls, but we aren’t interested in attracting boys! Wearing girl’s clothes won’t change our sexual orientation.”

“Then you have nothing to worry about by learning your lessons, have you?” she countered. “Okay, let’s try again. It also helps to speak in a whisper or a little girl’s voice. Learn to cross your legs and accidentally let your skirt creep up to expose an extra expanse of attractive thigh. Even a little tear at the right moment does wonders. Men can’t resist a girl when she combines all these tactics.”

Our lessons entered into the night, and by bedtime, we were experts at batting our eyelashes, pursing our lips, cooing in a soft seductive voice, and allowing our skirts to reveal our soft, shapely legs. I hoped to heaven that I’d never have to use these lessons in a real situation with another guy. I’d die of embarrassment if I had to lure a guy on with these learned feminine wiles.

Chapter 15

“Girls, next week is the annual Greek festival where the sororities and fraternities compete with each other to see which can collect the most money for our favorite charities,” Ms Robbins announced to a gathering of all the Delta Wu sisters, including David and yours truly. “Delta Wu will have two booths as in prior years, and I expect us to uphold our yearly tradition of winning the sorority competition.”

The girls started whooping it up, and discussing how they came out on top the previous year. “As tradition dictates, one booth will be covered by pledges and the other by sisters. One booth will sell pies, and I’m still working on an angle for the other booth.”

David and I looked at each other. Ever since our captivity, we had carried the burden of cooking meals for the other girls. “I guess we now know what all those hours in the kitchen were for,” he sighed. “We’ll be baking and selling pies until they come out of our ears.”

I nodded in agreement. “I wonder what the other booth is doing?”

“Who cares,” he moaned. “We’ll surely get stuck baking and selling pies, like little Susie homemakers!” I had to giggle at the use of his assumed name in such a context.

Ms Robbins confirmed our fears, “Since our newest pledges have been doing such a bang up job in the kitchen, it is only appropriate that they spend the next week baking the pies...along with their other lessons and duties, of course.” She received almost universal agreement, with David and I the only ones who didn’t enthusiastically endorse her idea.

Thus began one of the longest weeks of my life. It seemed as if we spent every waking hour in the kitchen slicing apples, mashing fruit, baking crusts, and assembling pies of every make and size. The other girls were more than willing to take our creations to the freezer for storage, but none lifted a finger to help beyond that!

Of course, Ms Robbins insisted that David and I dress appropriately for our extended stay in the kitchen. She

insisted that we wear typical Donna Reed 50's type dresses whose skirts were fluffed out with double petticoats. We soon learned to wear at least a nylon half-slip to prevent the crinoline of our petticoats from scratching our legs. To protect our pretty dresses, we were forced to wear frilly aprons that we embroidered during sewing class.

Of course, we had to wear full makeup, nail polish that matched our lipstick, and our hair carefully styled each morning as befitting a proper 50's housewife. It was terrible blow to my dwindling male ego to look in a mirror at the end of the day and see a pretty feminine face with flour smears on my cheeks and strands of curled hair flopping about my eyes.

On top of that, we had to wear nylon stockings held up by a garter belt instead of pantyhose, and 3" heels all day, every day. By the end of the week, my ankles and calves ached from constantly standing in those feminine torture devices. Traipsing about the kitchen in my heels, with my skirt and petticoats swirling about my legs as I turned from one task to the next was totally disconcerting. It was even more depressing to see how feminine David looked in his ultra feminine finery and realize that I looked every bit as feminine.

While David and I attended to the pie cooking, the sorority girls busily set up the booths for the two-day event. After returning from class each day, they would traipse off to the fair grounds dressed in jeans, a top, and slippers. How David and I envied their freedom to dress comfortably.

By Friday, we had over a hundred pies ready for the festival starting the next day, and the girls announced that the booths were ready for the event. David and I spent a restless night, our stomachs churning, as we were sure these evil women would force us to sell the very pies we had labored so long to bake while wearing our dated fashions!

That would mean being exposed as girls before throngs of milling people. Surely there would be some Alpha brothers amongst them. Would they recognize David and me as fellow brothers? Would they try to rescue us? Whatever happened, it was sure to be a landmark event.

Saturday morning dawned bright and warm. The girls woke us early, saying that we had to prepare ourselves for an exciting day at the festival. Since manning the booth would mostly involve handing out pies and taking money, we hoped that the girls would allow us to dress casually in girl's jeans or shorts and a modest top. To our sorrow, we soon learned that such was not to be the case.

After our morning bath, we entered our room to find Ms Robbins and three girls preparing our attire, and we moaned when we saw what we were expected to wear. An hour later, I stood before my mirror to look for flaws in my appearance. I wore a light green form-fitting t-top with '*Need a Hug*' on the front, and it was set off by a dark green pleated miniskirt that swirled about at mid-thigh.

My legs were favorably displayed atop open toe slings with 3" heels, the open toes displaying my colorful toes that matched my fingernails. My hair was styled to hang about my shoulders in flaming curls; my makeup was modest, but applied to hide any facial flaws, not that there were any that would betray my true gender.

David was similarly dressed. His tank top didn't expose his breasts, but it was so tight fitting that they seemed to explode from its tight confines. Across the front was written, '*Never been Kissed*'.

He wore a short, tight fitting white skirt and was perched atop similar high heels. His makeup was a little darker than mine to highlight his delicate Asian features, and his long flowing straight black hair was brushed into a high ponytail.

"Why do we need to dress like this to sell pies?" I whined, as I replaced an errant curl.

"We will surely stain these nice clothes with pie by the end of the day," David sighed.

"Pies? What makes you think you are selling *pies*?" Ms Robbins asked with mock astonishment.

"We naturally thought that since we baked..." I stammered, now totally confused.

"You girls did such a wonderful job with baking the pies that you must be sick of them. We recruited Angie and Valerie to attend that booth today." Those two girls came forth dressed in the jeans, tops, and low heel slippers that David and I so desperately wanted to wear.

"Then what will we...?" David finally found his voice.

"Man the other booth, of course," Ms Robbins trilled. "And I say '*man*' in only the most obscure sense. The two of you are anything but men now."

"The other booth...?" I gasped. "What will we be doing?"

"Let's be on our way, and you will soon find out," she took my arm and glided me out the bedroom door. "Oh, girls, please make sure our two lovely pledges have plenty of makeup, including lipstick in their purses. This just might be a busy day."

David and I looked at each other, and the small hairs at the back of my head stood on end. What had these devious women planned for us? Whatever it was, we were sure not to like it.

Fifteen minutes later, we bailed out of the cars at the fairgrounds. The festival was just starting to perk up, with small bunches of students standing before various booths, preparing them for the opening in half an hour.

We soon learned that walking on the soft earth in our stiletto heels was quite difficult, even though we were accustomed to wearing heels. We had to be very careful not to turn an ankle as we made our way to our first booth

When we passed one of the Alpha booths, we saw them preparing a "Dunk the Alpha Male" event. People bought opportunities to throw baseballs at a bull's eye. If the bull's eye was hit, a chair holding an Alpha brother above a tub of water would collapse and send him to a watery finale. The event was sure to be a crowd pleaser, since most students

thought the Alpha guys to be snobs and would love the opportunity to send one to a watery bath.

Bob was talking to a couple of his fraternity brothers, and he looked up as we walked by, as did all the guys at the booth. Not surprisingly, we were greeted with catcalls and wolf whistles. Suddenly Bob recognized David and me, and he yelled, "Hey! Who are the two new girls? Are they pledges? Wow, where did you find such gorgeous ladies, and why haven't I seen them about campus?"

"Yes, aren't they absolutely gorgeous?" Ms Robbins replied. "You'll be seeing more of them during the coming term, but you can really meet them today at our booth #2, where they will be the main attraction."

"You mean the k...?" Bob gasped, before Ms Robbins cut him off.

"Yes, Bob, that booth. But remember that it will cost \$5 to get a sample."

All the brothers whooped it up, screaming, "Wow! I can't wait to try that out! When do you open?"

"The same time as everyone else," one of the girls announced, "and be sure to try our nice pies too. They are being sold at booth #1. These two girls cooked all the pies, so they are guaranteed to be delicious."

"What are they all worked up about?" I whispered to Ms Robbins as we approached booth #1.

"Oh, nothing. You know how boys are around pretty girls. It's just their hormones talking."

"But...what will D...uh...Susie and I be doing that would get those guy's hormones in a frenzy?"

"You'll soon see, Laura, dear," she discretely smiled.

We dropped Angie and Valerie off at the #1 booth to cover the pie sale with the promise that they would be relieved in a couple of hours to take in the sights. "We can't wait to see how much business booth #2 gets," Angie giggled as the rest of us walked to our next destination.

David and I felt like we were walking the plank as we wondered what these devious women had in store for us! We rounded a corner to be met by a line of guys at least 30 feet long. I asked, "What are those guys standing in line for?"

"Why for you two new girls, of course," Ms Robbins answered while pointing to the front of the line. "Ah, here's our booth!"

"Aarrggghhh!!!" David and I nearly fainted when we saw a big sign in front of the booth that announced,

**Delta Booth #2 - KISSES: \$5 each.
Guaranteed to please!**

"You can't be serious!" we whispered simultaneously and desperately. "We're guys, Ms Robbins!" I protested. "You can't expect us to kiss all those other guys! I won't do it! I can't!"

"Then we will have to tell your poor sickly mother about her sissy son," she countered evilly.

"You wouldn't!" I gasped. "It would kill her!"

"Oh, I don't know if that is true. Let's find out, okay?" she sneered.

"No, no!" I backed off. "I can't do that to her."

"Also, an anonymous note could be sent to a certain Chinese mob as to the whereabouts of someone they would love to find."

"Please, not that, Ms Robbins!" David implored. "They would kill me! You know they would!"

"Then get yourselves ready for some serious kissing, *girls!*" Ms Robbins spat. "You have a long day ahead, and no pecks on the cheek or lips! A guy expects a long lingering kiss if he pays five dollars for a kiss, so give them their money's worth! Remember to freshen your lipstick after every kiss!" Turning to Gina she inquired, "Did you bring their extra supplies?"

"Yes, Ms Robbins," Gina giggled, holding out a purse stuffed with all types of makeup supplies, especially lipstick.

“Okay, boys,” Ms Robbins announced to the guys standing in line. “Our girls are here. Give them a few minutes to prepare.”

“Which girls are attending the booth?” one guy asked.

“Let me introduce our two new Delta pledges. Say hello to Laura and Susie,” Ms Robbins said as she brought David and me to the forefront.

Gasps of pleasure, wolf whistles, and a few lewd remarks greeted us. “Wow!” “They are gorgeous!” “I can’t wait to wrap my lips around those luscious lips!” “Hey, do they have boyfriends?”

What was wrong with these guys? Can’t they tell that David and I are guys like them? Well, maybe not *exactly* like them. Even so, I wanted to shout, “Open your eyes! I’m a guy like you!” but I didn’t. I couldn’t put my poor sickly mother under such exposure, as that would surely kill her. Instead of dissipating when Ms Robbins announced David and me as the *girls* attending the booth, the line started to grow longer!

David and I meekly went to the back of the booth and allowed the girls to repair our makeup in preparation for the opening of the festival. Finally the time arrived, and we were escorted to the front.

Ms Robbins sat on a chair supervising the event, Amy attended the ticket booth, and the bouncer from Spangles stood imposingly off to one side. “Okay, boys,” Ms Robbins announced to the line of eager guys. “Remember, only one kiss per ticket, no fondling the girls, and definitely no French kissing. Other than that, give it your best shot! Guido here will maintain order and deal with anyone who doesn’t follow the rules.”

David and I tentatively approached the front of the booth where two openings allowed us to stand before the boys as they received their kisses. There was a small tussle at the front of the line as two guys tried to be the first to buy tickets, but Guido quickly straightened it out.

“Okay, this booth is open for business,” Ms Robbins announced, as the first two boys approached David and me. I

had this sinking feeling as the first guy took me in his arms and pulled me towards him. "Easy does it, son," Guido cautioned, "You bought just a kiss, not her."

The guy, someone I'd never seen before, drew me into him and planted a big wet kiss on my lips. I stood frozen with my eyes wide with terror. When he tried to insert his tongue into my mouth, I tried to yell for help, but his mouth covered mine. I clamped my teeth shut and struggled to break free, but he was too strong for me.

I was about to faint when Guido appeared from nowhere and grabbed the guy by his collar and lifted him from the ground and away from me. "The lady said no French kisses, and no manhandling the merchandise," he growled. "Anyone who doesn't follow the rules will have to deal with me."

I finally gained enough composure to notice that Guido was escorting two guys by their collars from the booth. Ms Robbins took their wallets, noted their names, and then extracted another \$25 each. "That's for the extras you two took," she said as she gave them back their wallets.

"Both of you are 86'd from this booth for the remainder of the festival," Guido growled as he tossed them at least 10 feet away, one with each massive arm.

I looked at David, and noted that he was as flustered as I was. He was gasping for air, and wobbly at the knees. "Okay, guys, I think the girls need a few minutes to regain their composure, then we'll begin again. Take a lesson from those two. No touching the girls other than on the lips, and no French. Understand?" A murmur of agreement swept through the line as the guys eyed Guido standing by the booth with his arms defiantly folded.

David and I staggered to the back of the tent, where two girls came to our rescue. "Some guys don't know when enough is enough," one girl seemed to sympathize, although I noted a gleam in her eyes. "Boys can be such animals, can't they?" she finished as she helped me replace my smeared lipstick.

"Yeah, but there are others that you can't wait to surrender you mouth to," the other girl giggled as she helped

David repair his lipstick. "I'm sure you two lovelies will find the second kind in due course."

"We don't want to kiss any guys, and I certainly will never willing surrender myself to one!" I moaned. I looked at David for confirmation of my statement, but he was preoccupied with applying new color to his lips. If he heard me, he didn't acknowledge it.

"Shall we try this again, *girls*," Ms Robbins stated. "You made a wonderful start. Now, get out there and continue your good work!"

"Wonderful?" I gasped. "We were nearly raped on our first kiss. How is that wonderful?"

"Why, you've only given two kisses, and we've already raked in \$60 for our charity. I think that is the most we've ever gotten for two kisses," she smiled. "At this rate, you two will set a record for the amount of money collected over a two day period."

When we returned, I noticed that if anything, the line was longer. Neither our first encounter, nor Guido's warning had discouraged the guys from purchasing our kisses. My next guy was someone I vaguely remembered. He wasn't from the fraternity, but rather a fellow geek I'd run into during my initial days on campus. Would he remember me? Would he expose me in front of this crowd of horny guys? They would surely go on a rampage if they learned that the two girls they were paying five bucks to kiss were really guys like themselves. I was sure that if these guys ever learned that, they would do us physical harm, maybe even kill us!

With that in mind, I went into survival mode and resolved to do everything possible to make sure they never suspected that I was even remotely masculine. The guy, named Henry, shyly reached up and gave me a peck on the lips, then made ready to leave.

"Oh, Laura, I think he deserves better than that, don't you?" Ms Robbins said. "We want to keep the customer's happy." I knew what she wanted, and the look in her eyes made sure I obeyed. I took Henry by his shoulders and

planted my soft lips on his for an excruciatingly long time, but I didn't open my lips, and neither did he.

"Now, that's better," she agreed as I broke the kiss.

Henry was blushing from head to toe, but his eyes sparkled. "Gee, thanks, ma'am. That's the best kiss I've ever had!" he stammered.

"Laura! My name is Laura, not ma'am," I responded, as he walked away, his head in the clouds.

"Thanks, Laura," he gushed. "I'll remember that kiss as long as I live."

'You would remember it even longer if you knew who you really kissed,' I thought as my next customer advanced. I saw Henry three more times during the two-day event, and each time he insisted on kissing only me, and each time his kisses became better and more pleasurable.

"See, Laura, you can bring a boy so much happiness with just a simple kiss," Ms Robbins secretly smiled, as I turned to my third boy of the morning.

The rest of the day was a blur. I don't know how many kisses I gave, but by the end of the day, we had brought in nearly a \$1000. Of course, David and I didn't do it all. After an hour, two other girls relieved us, and so forth until the end of the day. David and I put in 4 shifts, and I wondered, 'How many boys can you kiss in 4 hours?' I didn't know, but by the end of the day I was kissed out. Strangely enough, I didn't feel the revulsion with the last kiss that I had felt with the first, probably because I was so tired that I didn't care if I were kissing a cow by then.

We fell into our beds that evening after only a small snack prepared by the other girls. The girls were profuse in their praise. I guess some of it went to our heads because we fell to sleep with smiles on our red lips.

The next morning we were again awakened by a flurry of girls preparing our clothes for the day. This time, we weren't surprised that our clothes for the day were as sexy as the day

before. We knew what was required for another day tending the kissing booth.

I wore a flimsy red polka dot silk top that swooped down in front to expose the top of my developing cleavage, and a cream miniskirt that did nothing to hide my long nylon clad legs. Again my colorful toenails were exposed in my 3" heels.

David wore another t-top, only this one said, '*Born to be Kissed*' on the front. His miniskirt almost revealed his frilly satin panties, but both of us had learned over the past months how to handle these clothes without revealing our undies.

We weren't so apprehensive as the day before. The previous day had taught us that nobody, but nobody, could tell that we were guys in dresses. I didn't know whether to be happy or sad over that turn of events. I was happy that I wasn't beaten to a pulp by the deceived crowd of horny guys, but I was sad that I could so convincingly perform as a girl that hundreds of fellow students, some who had known me when I was a guy, didn't suspect who I really was.

The morning went much like the previous day with the exception that Guido didn't have to excommunicate the first two guys in line. I was by this time quite used to being kissed by guys, and it wasn't any longer a bit deal. I actually found some of the kisses somewhat enjoyable, but I would have preferred the person I was kissing to be a girl.

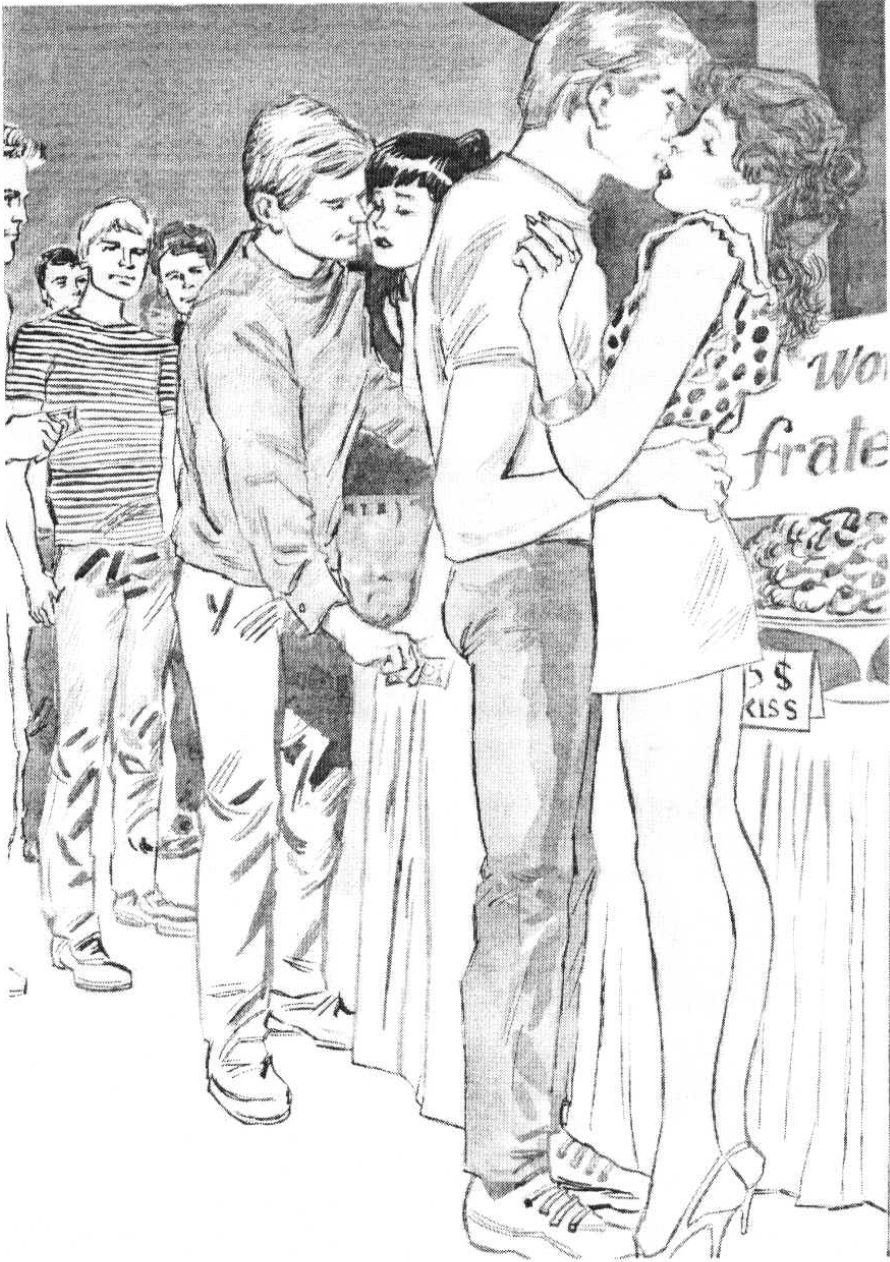
I was halfway through my third shift when Bob appeared in line with another Alpha brother. "Wow, look at these dishes," the guy crowed. "Where does Delta come upon these lovelies?"

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



\$5 a kiss! The guy responsible for getting me into this feminine slavery was kissing me. Bob's lips pressed hotly into mine and I had to meekly return his kiss.

Bob smiled, and answered, "Oh, they probably snuck in one night, and couldn't get away."

"Yeah, sure," his friend said, "Those two wouldn't need to sneak anywhere to get what they want. I'd let them sneak into my tent any night."

Bob and his friend paid their money, and his friend went for David while Bob approached me. "Well, hello, Laura, honey," he crooned. Then he whispered in my ear, "My, but aren't you blossoming into ripe womanhood. The hormones must have found a willing and receptive body for you to turn out so gorgeous in so little time."

"Bob..." I started to protest, but he took me by my shoulders and drew me into his waiting lips to seal off my pending protest. I wanted to struggle, to break the kiss, but I didn't. Actually, I found it rather pleasant, to my disgust. What was wrong with me? This is the guy responsible for my being in this position, wearing these clothes, developing this body, and thinking these awful thoughts. I should kick him in the groin for what he did to me, but all I could do was nearly swoon under his insistent kiss.

"I see that you have developed in more ways than just bodies, Laura," he whispered after breaking the kiss. I was still in limbo, still feeling his lips against mine. His voice broke the spell, and I opened my eyes wide to his wide grin.

"How could you do that?" I whispered back. "You got us into this, now get us out!"

"Oh, I can't do that," he laughed. "You are too far gone to change course now. I'm afraid both David and Larry have been removed from the school and fraternity records. It's as if they never existed here. On the other hand, I understand that two cute coeds are starting school next semester. I'll see you on campus, Laura," he laughed as he and his buddy, grinning ear to ear, left for another part of the festival.

I looked over at David, and he too was flushed from his last kiss. He had the back of his hand over his lips as if to wipe off the feel of the guy's lips, but he didn't wipe anything away. He seemed to be pressing his hand into his lips.

"That's enough kissing for our new pledges for today," Ms Robbins announced, coming to our rescue. "Those last two studs seem to have had a particularly spellbinding effect on our lovelies. Gale and Mitzi, please spell off Laura and Susie." Both girls eagerly took our places. Neither had participated the previous day, and both were eager to get some serious kissing from the line of guys waiting their turn.

"Well done, girls," Ms Robbins congratulated us at the back of the booth. "I've never seen such an enthusiastic response to our event. The festival is almost over and the guys are still lining up for more."

"Ms Robbins, Bob said something about David and me becoming coeds next semester. What did he mean?"

"David? I don't know any David," Ms Robbins narrowed her eyes.

"I mean, Susie..." I quickly corrected myself.

"Oh, don't worry about that," she changed to a smile. "You have so much to learn before you are ready to for that."

"Learn? Learn what? We've learned just about everything needed to pass as girls," David cried.

"Ah, but you haven't graduated yet," she wickedly suggested.

"Graduated? Graduated from what?" I asked.

"Why graduated into womanhood, of course. You haven't become full-fledged sorority sisters yet, but your progress is remarkable."

"Uh...will we be able to return to being guys when we...uh...graduate?" David asked.

"Don't be silly, Susie," she gushed. "You simply must forget that awful idea about being boys. You are lovely girls now, and soon to become Delta Wu sorority sisters."

Chapter 16

Jill rushed into the house and announced, "Alpha challenged Beta to a football game in two weeks, and they asked if Delta would lead their cheering section."

"That's a wonderful idea," Ms Robbins gushed. A chill raced up my spine when she looked at David and me. "We already have two volunteers for cheerleaders."

"Of course!" Jill squealed. "How precious, and somehow appropriate."

"Get four other volunteers," Ms Robbins instructed. "Nancy can start on uniforms, and Megan can teach our two volunteers the moves and cheers. She can lead the crew."

It was futile to protest. Once Ms Robbins made up her mind, protests were a waste of air. Nonetheless, I couldn't help pointing out, "But Ms Robbins, David and I have never gone to a sporting event, let alone cheered. Surely we will make mistakes that would expose us as boys in dresses."

"This game is just a feud challenge between fraternities, not the school team. There probably won't be enough people in attendance to make cheering worthwhile. Besides, Delta has always supported Alpha when asked." She didn't elaborate on what form that previous support took, but David and I were examples of the effectiveness of their latest "support".

The next two weeks were a hubbub of activity as Megan spent an hour each day teaching us basic moves and cheers. Thankfully, she kept them simple. Another hour each day was spent doing aerobics to limber up, so we could do the jumps and handstands that go with cheering. My muscles were sore for the first week, but by the end of the second, I was quite limber.

An hour each day was spent training our voices to yell and shout at a high pitch without breaking up or cracking. That was difficult! It is easy enough to demurely talk femininely in a soft voice, but to maintain the pitch while screaming at the top of our lungs is much more difficult. Nonetheless, by the end of the first week we were able to screech and yell at a soprano pitch with the best of them.

At the end of the first week, Jill entered our bedroom carrying two packages. "Here are your cheerleader uniforms, girls. Try them on so we can see how they fit. See you downstairs in half an hour."

My heart leaped into my throat when I finally got my package open. "I can't wear this!" I gasped. "It's obscenely short, and the color..." I held up a deep pink skirt to my waist to see where it hung. It would barely cover my panties.

"Oh, no!" David gasped. "Look at the panties they want us to wear with it!" He held up the frilliest pink panties. Each leg and the waistband were trimmed with frilly silky pink lace. They were the girliest panties I'd ever seen.

"Oh, Gawd, we will never be able to hide those panties in this skirt," I cried. "What does the top look like?"

"About two sizes too small for one thing," David moaned, as he held up a midriff length pink top with a bullhorn across the front and our girl first names in bold robin's egg blue print across the back. "I'll never be able to hide my breasts in this tiny top."

"It exposes half our bellies too," I moaned, as I started to undress. Not showing up downstairs wearing this obscene outfit was not an option, unless we wanted another painful punishment, and then we would still have to show up wearing these clothes, only with red stinging rear ends.

I was nearly beside myself with embarrassment as we slowly descended the stairs. We wore white girl's tennis shoes and ankle socks with pink lace fringe. As we thought, the skirt barely covered our panties. Even descending the stairs made the skirt sway enough to expose our frilly panties. The top was obscenely short and tight, and since we couldn't wear a bra beneath, our nipples were clearly outlined.

We had to display our cheerleader look by posing, jumping, and doing practice yells, all under Megan's close supervision. "Our pledges will do wonderfully," Ms Robbins finally gushed. "They are sure to inspire those Alpha boys."

"Inspire them to what?" Nancy giggled. "Probably to distraction."

Neither David nor I were anxious to leave the house on Saturday afternoon to go to the game. We were wearing our cheerleading outfits, as were the other cheerleaders, but their uniforms were in pale blue with pink lettering, just the opposite of David and me. This would only make him and I stand out in the crowd.

A slight breeze played about our legs as we crowded into the cars for the ride to the field, sending shivers up my spin that I did not need to put me further on edge.

David and I froze in our tracks as we turned a corner to enter the sidelines of the field. The bleachers were overcrowded with spectators! And most of them were boys! "Where did all these people come from?" I whispered.

"They must be here for the game...or they heard a rumor that Delta Wu girls were leading cheers for Alpha," Ms Robbins speculated.

"I can't imagine where such a rumor would originate," I scoffed. "David and I can't appear before that crowd wearing these clothes."

"Of course you can, and you will!" Ms Robbins didn't respond to my first observation. "Now, girls, run to the sidelines and prepare the crowd for the game!"

The other girls urged David and me forward so we were in the middle of the pack when we reached our location on the track surrounding the playing field and at the center of the spectator stand. "Okay girls, let's get this crowd warmed up for the game! "Give me an A!" she started jumping up and down, and twirling, exposing her plain pink panties.

At first, David and I were extremely reticent of joining her and the other girls, but we soon realized that we stood out more by not participating than we ever would by joining in. So most reluctantly, we started to jump and yell. "Give me an L!"

The crowd started to stir and join in the yell, but not a few of the guys started emitting wolf whistles. At first I thought

the whistles were for all the girls, but a few started pointing at David and me, and yelling, "Wow!" "Look at those HOT chicks in pink!" "Who are they?" "I've got to meet them!"

The other girls looked more than a little perturbed that David and I were receiving the lion's share of crowd attention, but I decided, "Screw them! They put David and me in this position. Let them stew!"

Once it became obvious that the crowd only saw us as girls, David and I calmed down and started to get into the cheering. We performed spins, twirls, and back flips while following the chant Megan led, ending up with "**Yeah, Alpha!**"

Suddenly the teams took the field, with the Alpha team running past a line formed by us six cheerleaders jumping and yelling to encourage them on. A few of the Alpha players tripped over each other when they caught sight of David and I in our hot pink outfits. "Gawd, Bob!" one guy babbled as Bob helped him up. "Where did Delta get those **Babes**? They are **GORGEOUS!**"

Bob laughed at him, "I hear that they are Delta girls in training!" He gave David and me a wide smile.

"Ooow! I'd love to scratch his eyes out!" I fumed as he took the field with his team. "How could he allow these girls to do this to us? We should be on the field with him, not on the sidelines wearing teensy dresses and playing cheerleader."

Nonetheless, he was there, and we were here, and we soon settled into a routine of encouraging Alpha onto victory. Most often, David and I were in the front facing the crowd, while the other cheerleaders were in the background. During these times, displaying our frilly undies was most embarrassing, since we were closest to the spectators and they could see every little detail.

More than one of the opposing team came over and propositioned David and me to switch teams and cheer for their side. I, for one, would have gladly changed sides if it would get me out of being a Delta pledge, but there were

always Delta girls around us, with Ms Robbins hovered on the fringes.

One time, Bob, who played quarterback, ran for a long gain. Megan had David and I jump up and down loudly cheering him on. I was so embarrassed and pissed to have to cheer on the very guy responsible for my being in this situation. I wished I could run onto the field, trip him up and...and give him a piece of my mind for what he did to us!

By the end of the game, my voice was starting to crack from all the shouting and yelling. Exhausted, David and I left the field, again to a constant stream of wolf whistles and requests for our phone numbers. We had passed another test of our girlishness, again we had passed as girly girls without question, and again our girl training had advanced another step, but to what end?

Chapter 17

After cooking and serving Friday night dinner to the sorority sisters, and doing the dishes, Ms Robbins called David and me into the common room to make an announcement. "Girls, I'm pleased to announce that our newest girls, Susie and Laura, begin school next Monday."

The girls screeched and clapped their hands, but my heart stopped cold...and I passed out. A few seconds later, I gained consciousness as a cold towel was applied to my forehead. "I thought she said that David and I were starting classes on Monday as girls," I looked for reassurance of my error.

"Yes, isn't it exciting?" the girls giggled. "You fainted from anticipation of finally being able to continue your studies."

"We are going to school...as *girls*?" I croaked.

"Of course, as girls," Ms Robbins stood above me. "Help me get her to the couch," she asked one of the nearby girls.

David was sitting on the couch when I joined him, my head finally clearing. He didn't look much better than I felt. "Your itineraries have been selected. Of course they aren't anything like what you started the school year with. No self

respecting Delta Wu girl would be caught dead in some of those classes...especially computers and boy's gym. We straightened that all out, and you are taking classes like 'music appreciation', 'art appreciation', 'homemaking', and of course, 'girl's gym'."

"Girl's gym?" I gasped. "We can't take girl's gym! We would have to undress and shower with girls. They would detect us as guys in a second."

"Don't be silly, Laura," Ms Robbins assured. "Have you looked in a mirror lately? Nothing about you indicates your original gender. You are girls, and nothing will convince you of that like taking girl's gym."

"Or get us thrown in jail as perverts..." I responded.

"That should be incentive enough for you to make sure that nobody detects you as former boys, shouldn't it?" she ended the conversation.

My stomach was boiling all weekend as we selected what we were going to wear on Monday. I chose a conservative blouse and skirt, and low heel slippers. I would have preferred a sweater and pants, but the girls vetoed that outright.

The Delta Wu sorority house is located just off campus, so it is only a short walk to my first classes. A chill raced up my spine as I stepped out the front door on Monday morning. A slight breeze whipped my skirt about my knees, which I quickly brought under control.

I only had two classes and both were in the morning. Since this was the start of a new semester, everyone would be new to the classes. I planned say that I transferred from another college upstate. There shouldn't be any problems if only I could convince them that I was a girl.

I took a seat near the back of the class, trying not to be too conspicuous. Most of the students were girls, it being the 'art appreciation' class. "Please stand and tell us your name," the teacher started.

When it was my time, I rose on wobbly legs and cleared my voice. Everyone in the class turned to watch me as I softly said, "My name is Laura Anne Palmer. I transferred from State U." My palms were sweating and my stomach was full of butterflies as I finished.

"Welcome, Laura," the professor greeted, and just like that it was over. The introductions moved to the next student and I quietly took my seat, dutifully sweeping my skirt beneath me as I did so.

Both classes were equally uneventful, to my relief, and my utter dismay. I was *relieved* that nobody jumped up, pointed at me, and shouted, "She's a MAN!" On the other hand, I was *dismayed* that nobody jumped up, point, and shouted, "She's a MAN!" Everybody took me to be a girl. Was I really that undetectable as a girl?

That evening, I compared notes with David. His story was similar to mine. His classes were uneventful other than the stares he got from the guys. Not stares of recognition, but stares of lust. Was every guy alive a ravenous, girl lusting idiot? I don't remember being like that when I was a guy. What did I just think? 'When I was a guy!' This charade was affecting me. I was starting to look at guys as 'the other sex'!

David and I took girl's gym together. I guess the girls took pity on us and put us together to support each other in that most feminine of areas, the girl's locker room. Actually it wasn't that different from the guy's locker room.

The room was filled with giggling, talking, screaming, laughing girls when we entered to change for soccer. We selected lockers somewhat removed from the bulk of the girls, but there wasn't any area completely devoid of girls.

I slowly, oh so carefully, started to undress, first my blouse, then my skirt, followed by my shoes, stockings, and then finally my bra and panties. Completely naked, I glanced first at David who was in a similar situation, then at a nearby girl. She wasn't paying us the least bit of attention. She glanced our way once or twice, but nothing in her expression indicated she saw anything out of the ordinary.

I wanted to shout, 'Come on, girl! Are you blind? Can't you see that we are guys...naked in the girl's locker room?' But her casual glances indicated that she didn't see two guys naked in the girl's locker room, she saw two naked girls. That was so depressing!

David and I played horribly. We were pretty good soccer players before Delta Wu captured us, but now we seemed so spastic as we ran up and down the field...or rather traipsed over the field. One would hardly call our run a run; it was more of a sissy saunter. Our bobbing breasts were so distracting and our widening hips so disorienting that the best that could said about our performance is that we would make great *cheerleaders*.

<<OO>>

As the days turned into weeks, the days got warmer, and our confidence to pass as girls grew stronger. As our confidence grew, our clothing shrank. The sorority girls laid out skimpier and skimpier clothes with each day.

One day they laid out sarongs. "We can't wear those to classes," I gasped. "The teachers will kick us out of class."

"Don't be silly, Laura," Ms Robbins laughed. "Most girls wear this type of clothing in warm weather. You would really stand out if you continued to wear those skirts and blouses. It's time you blended in with the other girls."

I wanted to argue that I hadn't seen any girls wearing such revealing clothes when three girls passed our room wearing sarongs similar to what was laid out for David and me. "See you on campus, *girls*," Jill called out as they descended the stairs to go to their classes.

"I'll see both of you downstairs in half an hour wearing the clothes I laid out for you," Ms Robbins stated as she left our room.

"Yes, Ms Robbins," we submissively chimed. It was useless to protest when she used that tone of voice.

An hour later, David and I were walking to our late morning classes dressed in the skimpiest of sarongs. Our

dresses had long flowing skirts with slits up the side that displayed our soft curvaceous legs. The midriffs were bare showing our pierced bellybuttons that displayed small diamonds. Our tops were off the shoulder to show off our thin delicate shoulders and a hint of our budding breasts.

It seemed like every jock was on campus, and they all gave David and me the eye. Wolf whistles followed us wherever we went to the point that we would duck into a building just to get away from the constant attention.

Chapter 18

That evening, Ms Robbins gave her approval of our progress. "Everyone tells me that you have comported yourself as ladies all week, girls, even under the most trying circumstances," she laughed, as did the other girls at the table. Obviously someone had reported on our run-in with the campus jocks. "You are established as coeds with a full schedule of classes, and nobody has questioned your femininity. I told you that you could do it." David and I nodded our heads. It was obvious that we were becoming real girls. We were establishing new lives as Delta Wu pledges and coeds. "To celebrate, we are having a pool party this Saturday. We have asked Alpha fraternity to join us. Later in the evening, we will attend a dance at their frat house."

"And Susie and I...?" I started, trying to envision us in bikinis.

"Of course, Laura," Ms Robbins said. "You are part of our sorority, and a party would be lacking without you."

"But we don't have swimsuits," David tossed out a weak protest.

"Another wonderful reason for shopping!" a girl giggled.

David and I groaned. Not another shopping trip. Although no longer embarrassed to visit girl's boutiques, we were in *'shop shock'* from so many shopping trips in so short a time. Nonetheless, shopping we went. I suggested nice conservative one-piece swimsuits, but the girls would have

nothing to do with that idea. We were destined for bikinis, and our protests couldn't change their minds.

Saturday afternoon, David and I strolled into the swimming pool area surrounded by the other Delta Wu girls. "Hi, boys," the girls squealed as we passed a group of Alpha brothers, including Bob.

"Whoowie!" the boys returned. "Wow! The scenery has definitely improved. Hey, Jill, who are the new chicks?" one boy asked, referring to David and me.

"Oh, Tom, haven't you met Susie and Laura, our newest pledges?" Jill giggled, as the girls parted to expose us.

"Delta attracts the most gorgeous women," he admired.

The other girls dispersed, leaving David and me to fend for ourselves as the horny fraternity jocks descended on us. Bob was in their forefront. "Laura and Susie, is it?" he almost laughed. "I agree, you two are the pick of the litter at Delta house."

I wanted to scream that he was the one responsible for us being 'the pick of the litter', that he was a coward for leaving us to this feminine fate, and that he should be doing all in his power to rescue us, but I remained silent. Bob was in Ms Robbins clutches as much as David and I, and he would never do anything to jeopardize his position as President of Alpha. Besides, such an outburst would surely get back to mother, and who knows what affect that would have on her health. Also, David would be exposed for the mob to exact their revenge. No, we were now girls into the foreseeable future, and we had to live with that.

"We are just Delta Wu pledges," David cooed, giving his hips just a slight shimmy.

"Yeah, and big fraternity jocks like you guys wouldn't be interested in lowly pledges," I continued.

"Silly girl," Bob laughed, "We always make exceptions for girls as gorgeous as you two. Be sure to come to our dance this evening."

"Oh, we couldn't..." I started to decline.

Ms Robbins was hovering nearby, and when I started to decline, she pitched in, "The girls would love to go dancing, wouldn't you, girls?"

David and I submissively lowered our heads. Ms Robbins' suggestions were orders. Bob knew that too, and finished with, "It starts about 8, and goes until who knows." He flashed a huge smile as he and the guys returned to their huddle to discuss guy things that now excluded us. How I yearned to be able to join them as a guy. I would love to discuss the latest ball games, fishing, and who scored with whom, but alas, such was no longer my option. As a girl, I was expected to be ignorant of such things, and only be interested in looking pretty, and where to shop for the latest fashions.

The girls were gathered on the other end of the pool, and as I rejoined them, the guys erupted in loud, boisterous laughter. The girls glanced at the boys and started to giggle, and one girl pointed out something admirable about one boy.

David and I removed our covers to reveal our bikini swimsuits. Ms Robbins insisted that we wear our bikinis to show off our feminine bodies. "Nothing will convince others that you are girls better than a bikini," she laughed. "A well chosen bikini hides the essentials, but exposes your feminine curves, not that either of you need to prove you are girls."

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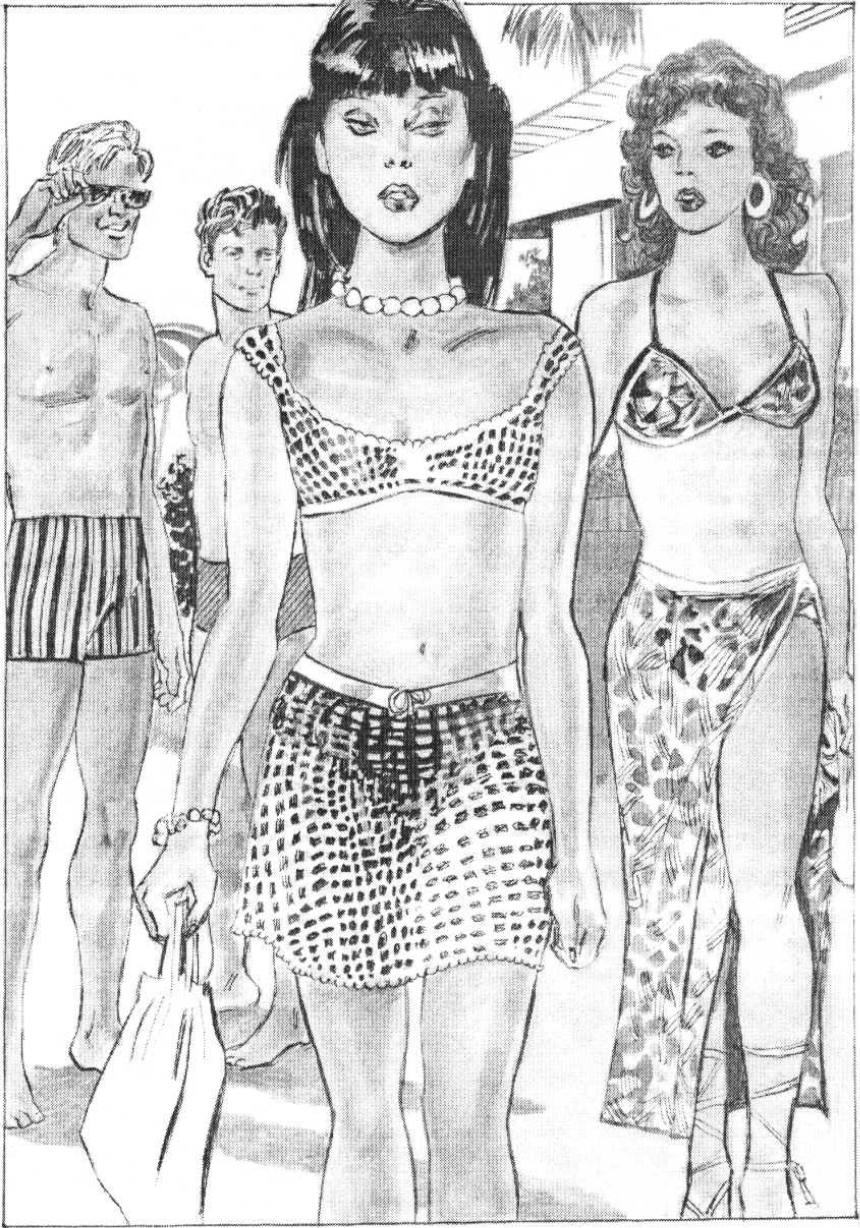
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“Wow! Hey, girls,” Bob laughed, “let’s see your bikinis. I bet you fill them out just fine. You are Delta Wu babes!”

I nearly died when I stood next to David wearing my skimpy patterned emerald green swimsuit. The top barely covered my breasts, and the bottom was a strip that barely covered crotch. The device Ms Robbins applied to my crotch hid only my manhood, but my groin hair had grown back. Ms Robbins insisted that we keep it nicely trimmed and waxed. In fact, she hinted that our 'bikini lines' were the focus for our next electrologist appointment.

David looked hot, hot, hot in his equally revealing bikini. His long raven hair hung past his shoulders matching his swimsuit to announce to all observers that he was a girl on the verge of womanhood and her name was Susie. Where had David gone?

The boys were soon in the pool, rough necking about, and trying to pull each other under the water. They would shout for us girls to join them, and a few girls did, but most declined, not wanting to get our hair wet.

David and I didn't go swimming; not while wearing such revealing swimwear. Splashing around in the pool would surely slip off our tops to reveal our breasts. I would die of embarrassment if the boys saw my breasts, especially Bob. It would reveal to the guy most responsible for my transformation how much of a girl I had become. We joined the girls basting in the warm sun, occasionally rubbing sunscreen on each other's body.

The boys finally tired of their games, and a few brought their towels over and joined us girls. I shaded my eyes in envy at their tanned, strong, muscular bodies. I used to have a body like that, but now I was soft, curvaceous, and womanly, like the other girls in our group.

As we broke up in the late afternoon, the guys reminded us, "Don't forget the dance tonight, girls,"

"We won't!" a couple of girls exclaimed.

"Be sure to bring your pledges too!" Bob said.

"They will be there," Ms Robbins stated.

"I think Bob has his eyes on you, Laura," one girl giggled.

I gasped at the very idea. "He's a pig!" I exclaimed. "I'd never date him!"

The girls laughed at my outburst, all knowing that Bob was responsible for David and me being in our present situation. "He may be a pig," one girl laughed, "but he is a hunky pig!"

Chapter 19

We arrived at the Alpha frat house at about 9 PM. "You don't want to arrive too early," the girls informed David and me. "The guys would get the wrong idea. It's always better to be fashionably late."

David and I were holding each other's hands for support as we walked up the fraternity house steps. It seemed a lifetime ago that we had walked these same stairs for our Alpha pledge initiation. We were guys then, and looking forward to 4 years of being college studs. Now we were looking forward to 4 years as college chicks.

A slight breeze played my wispy dress about my legs as I tried to keep it under control with my free hand. I was wearing the tiniest print dress. It felt like a feather on my body, as it barely covered my breasts, and hugged my body to flow from my hips to mid-thigh. It even had a side slit to expose more thighs while walking.

David's dress was as revealing as mine or more so. His dress was a colorful patterned silk that plunged to expose his deep cleavage while strategically hiding his large nipples, and then hugged his fabulous feminine body to mid-thigh too.

Of course, we wore our highest high heels, sexy pantyhose (nylons would be inappropriate in such revealing dresses), full makeup, and our long, feminine hair styled in the latest fashion.

We *girls* had spent the past 3 hours preparing ourselves for the dance. I still found it hard to believe that it takes so long to put on so little. We carefully checked ourselves in a full-length mirror. David and I despaired about ever finding the boys hidden beneath all this girlish femininity. But we

didn't have time to dwell on it, as we were hustled from Delta house to our night of dancing at Alpha house.

"It feels so strange to return to Alpha house as girls and Delta Wu pledges," David whispered in his now high girlish lilt. "Will the guys recognize us as their former frat pledges?"

"I doubt it," I said. "We were here only once, and they barely gave us a glance. Bob would never share anything with the other guys. He is too protective of his 'image'."

"I hope you are right," his voice quivered. "I would hate for anyone to find out that I'm not really a girl. I'd love it if everyone accepts me as a girl." I wondered about his statement, but didn't have time to ask, as the door opened to Alpha house.

Bob greeted us at the door. "Ah, our Delta sisters...and their newest pledges. Come in. Drinks are on the left, dancing on the right, and gratuitous sex upstairs. Anyone want to start upstairs?"

"We'll start with the drinks, Bob," a girl spoke for all of us. "Hopefully it hasn't been spiked with that date rape drug."

"What? I'm hurt," Bob laughed. "This is Alpha."

"Exactly!" another girl said, as we turned left.

The party was well on when we started mingling. David and I held back, not wanting to become too conspicuous, and not really wanting to talk with any of the Alpha guys. But such was not to be the case, as Bob strolled up to us with a muscular Asian guy in tow. "Susie, I'd like to introduce you to a visitor. He asked about you when he first saw you enter the house. His name is Chang Wu, and he is visiting from San Francisco."

"Pleased to meet you. Susie, is it?" Chang smoothly picked up on the introduction. "Actually, I'm here on business. I'm looking for a student who did business with my boss."

"Oh, really, one of our students has business dealings in San Francisco?" David nervously asked.

"Of a sort," Chang said. "His name is David Lu. Do you know him, or have you seen him around campus?"

David's heart leaped into his throat, and the blood drained from his face. "Ah...no, I can't say I have..." he nearly gagged on his words. "Of course, I'm pretty new to this university myself."

"Ah, yes, Hong Kong isn't it? You speak remarkably good English for someone not brought up in the States," Chang didn't act suspicious, but his questions were probing.

"Hong Kong was a British colony until recently," David tried to recover, "and I've been in America for a few years, staying with relatives."

"Well you are absolutely stunning. Hong Kong's loss is America's gain," Chang smoothly finished. "I hope you will reserve a dance with me later. I need to speak with some other people as part of my job," and he and Bob strolled off to another group, which also had an Asian guy.

David's legs grew wobbly, and I had to discretely help him to a chair before he collapsed. "Ms Robbins was right!" he stammered, "The mob is still looking for me. I'll never be free of them."

A Delta girl had seen the encounter and joined us as soon as Chang left. "David will never be free of them, but Susie isn't even in their sights," she commented after David had gained his breath. "Susie Mai Wong hasn't anything to worry about from the mob."

"But that means that I have to..." David's eyes were as large as saucers.

"...Remain a girl? Of course!" the girl giggled. "Besides, it is impossible for you to be anything else now. Nobody will ever mistake you for a boy with a body like yours." Then she wandered off to where a boy she knew was standing alone.

It wasn't long before boys started besieging us for dances. Ms Robbins warned us that we had to dance with the boys to deflect suspicion about being anything other than Delta girls. After David's brush with the mob character, we were more than willing to follow her suggestions, even though dancing in high-heels...while wearing a flimsy skirt...backwards...and being led by a guy felt...strange. The girls had given us lots of

instructions over the past months on dancing like girls, but that is nothing compared to the real thing.

The first boy nearly dragged me onto the dance floor, and then forgot me in the frenzy of his jumping, twirling, and being entirely enraptured with himself. The second boy tried to dance with me, but he had two left feet and exactly zero rhythm. Finally the third guy could carry a tune, and also acknowledged that I was his partner on the floor. That was the first song that I actually enjoyed dancing to.

David was having about as much luck with dance partners as me, although he did luck out with his second partner, who was a real stud, not too taken with himself, and could actually dance.

The fourth tune was slow, and as I tried to make my way to the sidelines, Bob cut me off at the pass. "Hey, cutie pie, let's dance," he took my arm and nearly pulled me off my feet, as he dragged me back to the dance floor.

"Gawd damn, girl, but the Delta girls sure did a number on Susie and you! What was it like?" he whispered in my ear so nearby dancers couldn't hear.

"Hell! Why didn't you rescue us?" I cried. "You were supposed to come back for us!"

"Well, circumstances being what they were, I was barely able to fend for myself," he sneered. "It doesn't look like the you two did too badly for yourselves. Hell, it may have even saved David's life." He nodded to the outside patio where David was locked in the arms of the Chinese mobster. "He is serious about finding David. I'd hate to be David if he ever found out that the chick in his arms is his prey." A shiver raced up my spine at the thought!



“Oh!” David cried as his dance partner pulled down the top of his dress and squeezed his rear end through his flimsy dress.

I was startled when Bob brought his hand to my ass and gave me a quick squeeze. Suddenly David emitted a high pitch squeal, and I saw Chang's hand give his ass a squeeze through his thin skirt. The top of poor David's dress was draped over one shoulder to reveal more than just a little of his expanded feminine breasts. David was torn between wanting to slap the guy's face, and not wanting to make a scene with this very dangerous man.

The song ended, and David twisted from Chang's arms and ran for the restroom. Chang's laughter followed after him. I excused myself and followed after my friend. "Oh, Laura, did you see what that beast did?" David cried. Luckily we were alone in the bathroom.

"You were smart not to make a scene," I cautioned. "It's better that he forgets you once he leaves campus."

"I never treated a girl like that when I was a boy," David continued to sob. Again David spoke like he was really a girl now. We did have to talk, but not right here, right now. "I bet I have bruises all over my ass."

"Lift your dress and lower your panties, girl," I soothed. "I'll check."

David did as requested, and other than a little redness, his ass cheek was as plump, soft, and unblemished as when we left the house. "You are okay, girl," I soothed. "I think we better get back to the party before the Delta girls miss us."

We checked our lipstick, dabbed a little perfume, readjusted our dresses to hang properly, and then exited to join the party that was so far gone that nobody had missed us.

We unsuccessfully tried to find a place to hide out for the rest of the party, and were soon back on the dance floor, wrapped in the strong arms of half inebriated frat studs. My first partner nearly draped himself over me, since he could barely stand, but my second guy was actually quite nice. He reminded me of myself before...

The dance seemed to go on forever, but like all bad experiences, it finally ended, and we dragged ourselves back to the Delta house, but not before receiving atrociously sloppy

kisses from some of the drunken frat brothers. I couldn't wait to wash my mouth out with Listerine.

As David and I lay in bed, trying to fall asleep after this awful experience, he whispered, "Actually that wasn't such a bad time, Laura...once I got rid of that awful Chang guy. Some of the Alpha guys are really hunks, aren't they?"

"David? What are you talking about? It was awful!"

"Maybe for you, Laura, but I had fun too...and my name is Susie, remember?" and he turned over and quickly fell asleep with a slight smile on his lips.

Chapter 20

Congratulations, girls on your first time dancing with boys. I understand that it was an educational experience," Ms Robbins smiled. "The other girls said that you were a hit with those horny Alpha jocks."

David and I blushed deeply. "I don't know what was most embarrassing, constantly being hit on by the guys, or not being recognized as former Alpha pledges," I moaned.

"You should learn from both experiences," she lectured. "Obviously you are no longer guys or Alpha pledges, but now are very attractive girls, and Delta Wu pledges."

"I guess..." David sighed, "Anyway that's what it seems."

"And congratulations, girls!" Ms Robbins gushed. "The girls and I took a vote, and because of your fantastic progress towards becoming real girls, you have earned the right to become full fledged Delta Wu sorority sisters," The other girls broke into cheers and loudly clapped.

David and I were taken aback at this news. "How can we become Delta Wu sisters?" I gasped. "We are supposed to become Alpha brothers."

"Silly girl!" Ms Robbins stated. "David and Larry were to become Alpha brothers, but nobody has seen them in months. Alpha fraternity has wiped their names from their rolls, and

nobody has a clue as to where they went. Rumor has it that they left school to see the world."

"But..." David's face fell to his shoulders.

"But Laura Anne and Susie Mai are becoming quite well known about campus. They are the talk at Alpha after their fine performances at the festival, pool party, and last night's dance. We will be proud to call them fellow sisters."

David and I were speechless! We always figured that the girls would tire of their little prank and set us free, but this latest news was so...so permanent. They would never make us full-fledged sisters if there were any chance of breaking free of our feminine bonds. We were going to be girls for at least the next 4 years. What would I tell mother when I returned home for summer vacation? What...

"I can see both of you are overcome with joy," Ms Robbins interrupted our thoughts. "The ceremony will be next Saturday night here in the common room. You are welcome to invite friends and relatives to share this experience."

"Share? Friends? I would die if anybody I knew as a boy learned that I was becoming a sorority girl," David gasped.

"Relatives? I only have my mother. She is the last person I'd invite..." I groaned. "She would die if she saw me now."

"So be it. You will be very busy preparing for this auspicious occasion, and the other girls will be more than willing to help, won't you girls?" she volunteered. All the girls vigorously nodded with big smiles on their faces.

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Ms Robbins was not kidding when she said we would be busy. First and foremost was buying our intimate apparel for the occasion. We learned that the gorgeous evening gowns we bought on our first shopping spree were intended for this very occasion.

The girls took this "graduation" very seriously, and insisted that David and I do too. "This is one of the most important events of your college lives. This is when you become Delta Wu girls. Boys may celebrate getting into a

fraternity with beer and a party, but we girls make it a solemn occasion," one girl informed.

We groaned as they led us on yet another shopping excursion. Is shopping all that girls do? It seemed to occupy a lot of our time lately. We visited lots of intimate apparel shops, and returned with absolutely lovely silky panties, bras, and slips that matched our gowns to a tee.

Then there were the rehearsals. "There are rituals to be performed," a girl patiently explained. Candles seemed to play a major role in this ceremony, but I didn't understand why. So we spent another day learning our parts in the upcoming ceremony.

All the preparations were done along with our daily routines of learning proper ways to walk, sit, stand, talk, write, dress, and apply makeup. Although David and I were pretty good at these things, the girls were never quite satisfied. "Delta Wu girls are the epitome of femininity," they informed us, "and as Delta Wu girls, you too will always present yourself as 'womanhood perfected'."

I don't recall girls acting as 'epitomes of femininity' when I was a boy trying to attract their attention. They dressed more like tomboys in their jeans and shirts, sort of like sissy boys. Where did this 'epitome of femininity' come from?

Saturday arrived with the entire sorority in a hubbub over the pending evening activities. David and I were in a constant swirl with the girls doing last minute fixes on our dresses, last minute rehearsals, and going to the beauty parlor for complete makeovers.

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Four girls swirled about David and me as we prepared for our grand entrance on this night of nights. Never in my wildest dreams had I ever imagined that I would be initiated into a sorority, as one of the girls, but here I was all decked out in my absolutely gorgeous evening gown, and I was gorgeous!

My hair was up in an elegant swirl of curls that framed my nicely chiseled facial features. Large hoops hung from

each earlobe with twin diamonds above each. My body was tightly encased in the most confining corset so I could fit into my shimmering silk evening gown. My gown hugged my every curve from my delicate shoulders, about my expanding bosom, thin waist, expanding hips, to touch the tops of my matching green 3" heels. Although the gown did cover my dollar size nipples, little else was left to the imagination as it exposed my deep cleavage.

A gorgeous diamond necklace adorned my neck and lay against my skin to just above my cleavage. The necklace looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place where I'd seen it before. The girls must have bribed somebody big time to get the loan of such an expensive piece of jewelry.

My makeup was subtle, but exquisite, highlighting my best features, and hiding whatever flaws I possessed. My finger and toenails were painted to exactly match my lips to compliment my honey red hair. As I examined myself in the mirror, I couldn't believe that I was this doll. What happened to the Irish lad with high hopes of pledging Alpha fraternity? He certainly wasn't anywhere to be seen this evening.

"Ta da! Presenting Miss Susie Mai Wong!" a girl trilled, and David entered from an adjoining bedroom where two girls had worked on him for over two hours. I nearly peed in my panties! Who was this stunning Asian girl? What happened to my buddy?

David wore a matching gown that displayed his fabulous figure from his provocative cleavage to his curvaceous legs that peeked from the hip high side slit that opened with his every step. His feet were perched on matching sling pumps that displayed his burgundy colored toenails.

His hair was sexily styled on his head and held in place with a beautiful Chinese comb. His makeup was stunning as it faithfully displayed his gorgeous Asian features from his slanted eyes to his bow lips, which were painted to match his finger and toenails. I let out my breath as I barely whispered, "Gawd, Susie, you are gorgeous! Where is my friend, David?"

A slight smile played on his lips as he replied, "I don't know. I don't feel like a boy anymore."

"Nor do you look, smell, and act like one," Jill interrupted. "There isn't much boy left in either of you."

"You may be right," I sighed, as I added a coat of lipstick to finish my preparations for our debut as Delta Wu sisters.

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We exited our bedroom and carefully negotiated the stairs to just outside the common room. "Okay, girls, you know what you must do, so lets do it flawlessly," Ms Robbins gave each of us one final inspection before taking her seat in the common room to introduce us.

We were each handed a lit candle to hold during the ceremony. Part of the ceremony was to light the candles of the others in the audience, sort of sharing our light with them type thing.

David and I walked hand in hand from behind the curtain to stand together at one end of the room. A dimmed spotlight displayed us to the audience, but the rest of the room was dark with the exception of two rows of lit candles, which outlined the runway we were to follow to where the audience sat. We knew everyone in the audience, so pending any mistakes, like stepping on our floor length skirts or catching our gowns on fire from the candles, the ceremony should go without a hitch.

We took practiced first steps forward, displaying our long, nylon covered legs, and bright smiles on our painted lips. "May I present our two new Delta Wu pledges, Miss Laura Anne Palmer and Miss Susie Mai Wong," Ms Robbins introduced us. "Both are wearing gorgeous floor length green silk evening gowns designed by..." she launched into describing our dresses and ensembles.

I twirled with confidence on my high-heels, posing here, and then posing there, as we slowly strolled down the candle lit runway. "Miss Palmer has displayed a wonderful ability to adapt, and has shown herself ready to permanently take her place with her Delta Wu sisters," Ms Robbins continued as we almost reached the end of the runway where guests were provided with VIP seating.

Ms Robbins was beginning to introduce David when I saw a familiar face at the end of the runway. All my breath drained from my lungs, and my knees nearly collapsed! "Mother?" I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

Ms Robbins stopped her introduction and David halted his walk as mother quickly rose from her chair and caught me before I collapsed to the floor. "Why, I'm here to see my new daughter graduate into womanhood, of course," she said so everyone in the audience could hear.

"But...you are sick...very ill...on death's bed," I gasped, having a hard time keeping my stomach under control. "I don't want you to see me like this..."

"Do I look ill to you?" she laughed. "I've never felt more alive in my life!" she lustily exclaimed. "I've closely followed your transition into a young woman from your first days in dresses."

"You...you knew what Ms Robbins...and the girls were doing to me?" I gasped.

"Of course! I financed it! In fact, I named you. Now I have the daughter I always wanted, and she is joining the same sorority I belonged to when I was in college."

I gasped, "You bought all these clothes...?"

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“Mother!” I gasped upon seeing her sitting in the front row looking very healthy indeed. “I don’t want you to see me looking like this!”

“Silly girl,” Mother laughed. “Who do you think made you look like that?”

"And hormones, and lessons..." she giggled, "and it was money well spent! Look at you! You are absolutely gorgeous! I am so proud of my new daughter! I'll never let her go! My necklace looks so delicate against your soft, translucent skin." Suddenly I remembered where I had seen the necklace before.

My mouth wide open with astonishment, she took my elbow and escorted me to a chair next to her. All the girls in the audience loudly applauded as we stood next to each other.

Ms Robbins gushingly returned to introducing David. "Your girlfriend has turned into a bombshell, Laura," mother whispered as David displayed a very shapely leg, and smiled to show pearly white teeth framed by deep rose-colored lips.

"Mother, neither he nor I wanted to become girls..." I answered as quietly as I could and still put forth my point.

"Maybe so, maybe not, but that's not important, dear," mother soothed, "both of you **are** girls now, and you **must** accept that."

David was fabulous on the stage. He twirled, he twisted, he held his head and shoulders back to display his very feminine bosom, and he smile. I wondered about his smile. Was he really enjoying himself, or was the smile for Ms Robbins sake?

He finally ended by standing between the two girls that helped him get ready for this night. Both girls affectionately took his soft hands in theirs and offered him praise for his outstanding performance.

"Now, our newest pledges will share their light with the rest of us," Ms Robbins stated, at which time, David and I mingled amongst the girls and lit their candles from ours. Mother held the last candle I lit.

"Ladies, I speak for all in attendance that these girls have become women, and are ready for induction into Delta Wu sorority. If any disagree, please speak up now," Ms Robbins announced.

I looked at David, and he at me. I wanted to leap up and render my disagreement. I wanted to shout, "No! I don't want

to be a woman! I don't want to be a Delta Wu sorority girl!" but I didn't, and neither did David. Mother was firmly holding me, as if she anticipated my desire, and the girls surrounding David clung to his arms.

The moment of opportunity passed, and Ms Robbins thrilled, "Then let it be known that Laura Anne Palmer and Susie Mai Wong are now full fledged Delta Wu sorority sisters. Since only girls can belong to Delta Wu, they are now officially girls, and I have their birth certificates that state that both are and always were girls."

The room erupted with applause, and mother squeezed my arm with glee. "My fondest dreams have come true. I've got the daughter I always dreamed of, and she has pledged my sorority. Two generations of Palmer women have become Delta Wu sisters."

I wanted to growl, to scowl, to protest, to tear off these delicate clothes and demand my pants back, but I didn't. Maybe it was because I was so relieved to see that Mother was not on her deathbed, or because of the bright smile that graced her lips, or because I was afraid of Ms Robbins and the consequences of such an action...or maybe, just maybe, because I was pleased to be a Delta Wu girl, and maybe deep down I was happy to become a girl...Nah!

With our official induction, the party began in earnest. Feminine giggles and laughter filled the room as liquor flowed and small party snacks were eaten. Ms Robbins came over, hugged mother like a close friend, and gave me my birth certificate. "Are these papers real?" I carefully examined it.

"Of course, Laura," Mother cheerily exclaimed. "A little money well spent, if I must say so."

I pulled Mother to the side. "Why?" I gasped.

"Why what?" she innocently asked as she sipped her gin and tonic.

"Why the facade of being sick? Why did you do this to me?" I swept my colorful hand across my completely feminine body.

"As I told you, I wanted a daughter, and I couldn't have one the conventional way. You were caught, Ms Robbins found out that I was a Delta Wu girl, she visited and told me what had happened, and then told me what she wanted to do...with my concurrence, of course. I immediately agreed," mother smiled. "My sickness was a ploy concocted to keep you in line until you were too feminine to return to being a boy."

"So...why did you decide to drop the façade?" I asked.

"Girl, are you deaf?" she laughed. "I told you. This is your graduation. A mother never misses her daughter's graduation. Besides, you are way too feminine to ever return to being Larry."

"Too feminine?" I softly groaned. "You mean you won't reverse what you have done to me?"

"Not only won't I, but I can't! Your curves are all yours, Laura. There is no turning back!" she gushed.

"I'm stuck this way? I can't return to being a boy?"

"Susie and you must embrace your femininity. You were meant to become girls or the hormones would never have had the effects that they had. Drop your silly masculine facade, Laura Anne, and embrace your femininity. It is your fate," mother softly cooed. "We will have so much fun together, as you blossom into a young woman."

I couldn't hate my mother for what she did; after all, she is my mom. I stayed near her as we mingled. Everyone was super interested in meeting her, and she was full of stories from when she was a Delta Wu girl.

We strolled up to David talking to two girls. "Susie, I want to introduce you to my mother," I said. "Mother, this is my best friend, Susie Mai Wong, formerly David Lu."

"It's so nice to meet my daughter's best girlfriend," mom took David's hands in hers. "Laura, that's not nice to refer to this lovely girl by a boy's name. I'm sure Susie wants to forget that part of her past."

"Pleased to meet you, Ms. Palmer," David trilled, and performed a slight dip. "Yes, I want to put David behind me. I

am Susie now, a girl, and Delta Wu sister.” He giggled, and performed a perfect twirl, exposing his luscious smooth legs and proudly displaying his feminine breasts. I was astonished by his confession. David wanted to forget about being David? Surely he was saying this for my mother’s ears. Yet he seemed so sincere. I would have to corner him later.

The evening wore on, and by midnight, I was exhausted. I escorted Mother to her car, and bid her goodnight with a daughterly peck on the cheek. David was still partying, so I paid my respects to Ms Robbins and went to my room. Was I really a Delta Wu girl? Was it true that I could never return to being a boy again? Was I truly my mother’s daughter? I was too exhausted to give it much thought, and was fast asleep before my head hit my pillow.

Chapter 21

I groggily got out of bed and made my way to the bathroom, still feeling the affects of too much alcohol from the previous evening. I needed a hot, soothing bath. I was basking in the warmth of my bath when David entered humming a happy tune. “You seem cheery this morning,” I commented.

“Oh, Laura! I didn’t know you were in here,” he came up short, and grasped his chest with his soft hands, his long hair swaying about his head. “I had the loveliest time last night.”

I decided that now was as good a time as any to approach him about his comment to my mother. “Did you mean what you said to mother last night?” I casually asked.

“What? I don’t recall what I said,” David started wrapping his hair about his head in preparation for taking a shower. “But she is the loveliest woman. You are so lucky to have her as your mother.”

“What do you mean? She is responsible for making me into a girl...” not sure he knew of the extent of her complicity in my transformation.

“Obviously she loves you very much,” David finished working with his hair. “I mean look at all the lovely clothes she bought you.”

"And hormones..." I continued.

"I know," he smiled, "the girls told me. Don't you just love what the hormones have done to give you a lovely feminine figure? Don't you love wearing these luscious clothes and the attention you get from the boys?"

"Love?" I gasped, "I now have a woman's body..."

"And a woman's feelings, and a woman's desires..." he wrapped his arms about himself and squeezed.

"You meant what you said to mother about wanting to be Susie for real and put David into your past?"

"Oh, I remember now. Yes..." he sighed. "I feel like a girl, and I want everything that goes with being a girl." He giggled and twirled about the bathroom. "I'm Susie Mai Wong now, a coed, and Delta Wu girl. What could be yummier?"

"You don't want to go back to being a guy?" I gasped.

"Don't be silly, Laura," he giggled again. "I can't return to being a guy. My body is too feminine now," he dropped the towel wrapped about his body to reveal his feminine glory. "Can you picture a boy with this body? And why would I want to wear scratchy boy clothes when I can freely wear soft silky undies and all my lovely feminine clothes?"

"But...what about your future...?" I asked. "Things like dating, marriage, you know?"

"My figure is feminine, and my future is feminine," David gushed. "I am a girl, and I plan on doing what girls do."

"But that means boys..." I trailed off.

"Of course, silly," David re-wrapped the towel about his sexy body. "Speaking of boys, how about double dating with me next Saturday?"

"Double dating? Like with boys?" I gasped.

"Of course with boys. Whom else would I date?" he tinkled. "The girls set me up with a boy named Samuel, the son of a local Chinese banker."

"Samuel? You're going on a date with a guy named Sam?"

"The girls said that he's a senior, and stands 5' 10", so he will be taller than me, even in my highest heels," he giggled.

"Haven't you had enough with boys trying to stick their tongues down your throat or trying to feel your ass through your dress?" I asked.

"Not all boys are like that. I remember a certain Henry from the kissing booth that was grateful for your chaste kisses. The girls said he returned four times, and every time insisted on kissing only you. They said that you seemed to really enjoy his kisses by the fourth kiss."

I blushed as I remembered Henry, the nerd, the geek, and one fine kisser. Yes, he didn't take advantage, and his kisses were better each time he returned. "But most boys aren't like Henry."

"But there are a 'few good men', and the girls said they would help us find them. As I recall, you had a gleam in your eyes when you helped that stripper remove his clothes," David giggled.

"Oooo, you evil bitch!" I screeched as I splashed bathwater towards him. "But he did have some fine buns, didn't he?"

"Yes! So think about it while I shower, sis," David giggled, as he turned on his heels and headed for the shower.

I felt hot! David wanted to stay a girl, a sorority sister, and even date boys! Did I feel the same? Why was thinking of Henry's kisses getting me hot? Or was it Nick's buns? "My bath must be hotter than I thought. **Damn bath!**" I decided, as I rinsed my soft curvaceous body free of soap.

Half an hour later, I was sitting at my vanity applying new nail polish while wearing a cutoff pale green 'T' and my shortest white shorts. "So, girlfriend, thought it over? Want to have a boy wine and dine you? All we have to do is look pretty and act helpless," David cooed as he exited his bathroom wearing only a towel wrapped about his body, and another about his head to dry his hair piled high on his head.

I nodded agreement. "But you have to promise that he won't be one of those disgusting pushy Neanderthals."

"Promise!" David squealed. "We'll have so much fun! I can't wait to tell the girls that our double date is a go."

"This was planned ahead of time?" I gasped.

"Only if you agreed," David smiled. "The girls already have your date picked out."

"Oh, and who is he?" I was suddenly very interested.

"Don't know. All they said was that if you agreed, they knew the perfect boy for you."

I was more than a little perplexed as to who they would choose. I didn't know many boys, other than the Alpha brothers, and I had made it clear that they were *ALL* 'persona non gratis'. Still, I was leery. Past experience taught me that humiliation follows when the girls volunteer to help. What did they have planned now?

<<XXX>>

Mother was aflutter when I told her of my date. "Oh, Laura, we simply must go shopping for the perfect dress. I want my daughter to look her loveliest on her first date."

"Mother, this is hardly my first date," I corrected. "I dated lots of girls in high school."

"Oh, pooh! That was when you were a boy!" she spat, "You are my daughter now, and this is your first date as a girl."

"I have lots of dresses, Mom."

"Please call me Mother, Laura darling," she cooed. "A girl never has enough dresses, and you don't have a dress appropriate for such an important occasion." I let her have her way, not wanting to upset her. She might really be ill.

The rest of the sorority was like a gaggle of geese the entire week preparing us for our first real dates as girls. When I asked who my date was, the girls would only giggle and tell me that I would soon learn. Mother, true to her word, and took me shopping for the perfect dress early in the week, so the seamstress would have time to fit it correctly. David came along to choose a dress paid for from his famous fund.

To be truthful, we had a wonderful time going from store to store, admiring all the lovely soft silky garments, and trying on the best. We didn't choose the first dresses we saw or the last, but we finally did agree on absolutely gorgeous cocktail dresses for David and me. I never realized what fun I'd missed by not going shopping with mother, but now as her daughter, we were going to make up for lost time.

Saturday morning dawned with David and I being hauled off to a beauty parlor for a complete makeover. Nothing was left to chance, as they gave us a mud bath followed by a massage that made our skin tingle, waxed anything that resembled a body hair, plucked and trimmed our eyebrows, applied eyelashes, smoothed lotion over our bodies, and cut and styled our hair. Then the real rituals began!

<<OOO>>

Five hours after our arrival, Susie and I tripped from the beauty parlor looking like show queens atop our 3" heels. Nothing about us remotely resembled boys, and truth be told, neither of us felt boyish.

We giggled and chattered like schoolgirls, which I guess we were, as two girls helped Susie and me into our dresses for the evening. Ms Robbins and my mother sat at one end of the room sipping tea and looking as proud as peacocks, as the girls zipped the backs to securely enclose us in our dresses. I felt absolutely girlish as the girls performed last minute checks of our hair and straightened our dresses to hang correctly.

"Oh, Laura, you look so lovely," Mother cried, as I stood before her for a final inspection. "You make your mother so proud." She dabbed her eyes with a delicate hanky. "Tomorrow you must tell me all about your first date as a girl. I can't wait to hear every detail."

"Yes, Mother," I agreed, hoping that there wouldn't be many details to talk about.

"Your dates will be here any minute," Ms Robbins informed, "but don't come downstairs until at least 5 minutes

after they arrive. You don't want them to think you are too anxious."

"Yes, Ms Robbins," Susie answered for both of us. With those final instructions, the girls left in a flurry of giggles, and Ms Robbins and mother exited to greet the boys when they arrived.

"Susie, are we are doing the right thing?" I asked as we paced our bedroom, examining ourselves in our full-length mirrors for flaws in our appearances.

"Oh, yes, Laura, I can't wait to meet my date. The girls say he is really handsome and rich. We are girls now and the boys will cater to our every whim." Susie giggled as she allowed her dress to sway about her nylon encased legs, feeling its silk underslip brush against her sensitive soft skin.

"I hope the guys are as nice as the girls promised," I anxiously offered as I lifted my breasts to show a little more cleavage. "I'd hate to spend the evening fending off a horny boys' hands and fingers."

"Don't worry, Laura," Susie sighed, "the girls said your date is a true gentleman. Maybe he will be too much of a gentleman, and by the end of the evening, you will beg him to caress your thighs, touch your breasts, and kiss you passionately."



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I felt absolutely girlish as my date handed me a bouquet of flowers. "Thank you, Henry," I cooed and gave him a peck on his cheek. Susie did the same with her date.

"I truly doubt that!" I giggled, just as a gentle knock announced it was time for us to make our grand entrances.

"Yeah, but it might be fun...you know having a boy touch your nipples," she giggled as we exited our room.

"You are such a slut!" I tried to hide my embarrassment, because I had thought those very thoughts over the past few days. The idea of a boy touching and caressing my super sensitive dollar size nipples was very erotic despite my supposed reservations about the act.

"Boys, may I present my daughter, Laura Anne, and her best friend, Susie Mai," mother introduced us as we entered the living room. "Susie, this is Sam Fong, and Laura, I'm sure you remember Henry Wilson. The girls say he is one of your biggest admirers."

"Henry?" I gasped looking at the tall, handsome guy.

"Yeah, it's me," he smiled. "Do I look different?"

"I'll say!" I gasped. "I hardly recognize you without your pocket protector. Where are your glasses? You got a new hair style."

It was his turn to be embarrassed. "The sorority girls helped me with my image, which included losing the pocket protector."

"Quite successfully too," I gushed. "And the glasses?"

"Laser surgery," he smiled, "and caps on my teeth."

"You are so handsome in that suit." I couldn't tell him that I had worn a similar suit on my last date...as a guy. The girl had worn a cocktail dress. Now I was the girl in the cocktail dress, and my date was wearing the suit.

"It's not as spectacular as your dress," he handed me a small bouquet of flowers. "You are gorgeous, Laura!"

Now it was my turn to blush. "Thank you, kind sir," I accepted his flowers, and out of nowhere, I gave him a peck on his cheek. Once done, I was somewhat aghast at what I'd done; yet it seemed the right thing to do as a thank you for the lovely flowers.

Susie's date, Sam, was tongue-tied as Susie traipsed into the room and held her hand out in greeting. "Sam, it is so nice to meet you," she greeted in her high lilting voice, as she accepted her lovely bouquet. "Thank you for the lovely flowers," and she lifted herself onto tiptoes and planted a kiss on Sam's cheek that left a slight imprint of her dark lipstick.

"Let me take a few photos of the lovely couples before you leave," mom suggested as a digital camera appeared

I was only slightly embarrassed, which quickly passed, as Henry wrapped his strong arms about my waist and tenderly pulled me into him. "I still fondly remember those kisses from the festival," he whispered in my ear.

"Me too," I giggled.

"Really?" he seemed startled. "There were so many guys vying for a kiss from the beautiful Laura."

"But yours were the most memorable," I smiled. Why did I say that? What was happening to me? My statement could only encourage him. Did I really find Henry attractive? That can't be! I'm a heterosexual guy myself. On the other hand, not many guys belong to the most popular sorority on campus and were going on a date with a guy while wearing the most luscious dress. Mother's flash startled me from my thoughts, and my concerns quickly evaporated. I was a lovely girl going on a date with a handsome man, and that was all the reality I could handle at the moment.

A few more photos, and the guys escorted Susie and me to their waiting car. Since Sam was driving, he helped Susie into the front passenger seat while Henry assisted me into the rear seat.

As I adjusted my short skirt, I couldn't help thinking that Henry is really a handsome guy. Maybe it wouldn't be that bad if he massaged my nylon encased thighs or caressed my tingling nipples a bit.

The boys stood outside the car discussing the best route to the restaurant while Susie and I straightened our skirts and checked our makeup one final time. "Six months ago, who would have thought we would be wearing lovely dresses and

going on our first dates as girls," Susie quietly tittered as she lowered the lighted passenger mirror to freshen her lipstick.

"Certainly not me!" I returned her giggle.

"I'm so happy right now! I wouldn't want to be anywhere else and dressed any other way," she sighed as she snuggled into her seat.

I felt the satin lining of my skirt glide over my silky panties, and my nylon stockings swish against each other as I adjusted my skirt into the 'decent' range. "Me too," I confessed with a blush. "My dress feels so...so right and...so perfect."

"Being a girl feels so utterly wonderful and right!" she picked up on my confession.

"Girl, the next four years are going to be so awesome!" I sighed. "Being Delta Wu girls' guarantees that we will get the most handsome guys."

"The rest of my life is going to be awesome," Susie giggled, "and I'll make sure it is filled with the most handsome guys." We giggled together bonding as girlfriends forever

The dinner was wonderful, and the dancing afterwards was even better. The boys were perfect gentlemen the entire evening unlike the gross behavior we had to endure these past months from the fraternity jocks.

During a lull, I asked Susie to accompany me to the lady's room. "Sure, girl," she smiled, "I'll be right back, Sam. Now don't run away." She gave him a peck on his cheek.

"Not a chance of that happening, babe," he answered, then Henry and he watched Susie and I sexily saunter on our high-heels to the 'little girl's room'.

After checking that we were alone, Susie squealed, "Isn't Sam gorgeous? I must thank the girls when we get home."

"Gawd, Henry has become such a stud since the festival," I giggled. "I've got to thank the girls too."

"Do you really mean it?" Susie asked as she stopped applying a fresh coat of lipstick. "Do you really find Henry attractive?"

"Oh, yes!" I gushed. "I never thought I'd be attracted to a guy, but now that I've accepted that I'm a girl, it seems natural...and right." I joined her at the mirror to freshen my makeup and adjust stray curls. "Speaking of guys, I was thinking of trying out for school cheerleader next year. Want to join me?"

"You? A cheerleader? I thought you hated cheering for Alpha at that ballgame?" Susie stared at me in wonder.

"I hated it at the time, but I've changed. I was so embarrassed to be cheering those manly boys onto victory with my skimpy skirt flying about to expose my frilly panties and my breasts bouncing with each jump. I so wished that I were one of them, but now I realize that I'm a girl, and as such am not ashamed of doing what girls do. It would be so exciting to turn boys on by showing off my soft curvaceous body," I giggled.

"And the fact that cheerleaders date the hunkiest men didn't enter into your decision?" Susie giggled.

"Well..." I shyly hedged.

"I would love to do it with you," she laughed. "I want to experience dating lots of guys. Being a cheerleader is the best way to meet them."

"Oh, goodie!" I hugged her. "We'll have so much fun. Why don't you stay with mother and I this summer? We would love having you as our guest. We can practice our routines together. Nobody will be able to beat us by the time we return to school."

"I haven't made plans for summer break, being such a new girl. I'd love to stay with you if your mother agrees!" Susie gushed, and returned to her lipstick.

"She will agree," I said. "She suggested it when I told her about wanting to be a cheerleader. Oh, Susie, your lip color is to die for! It so compliments your complexion."

"I think so too," she finished applying her lipstick and held up the open tube between her fingers. "I love how it matches my nail color."

"Where did you get it?" I gushed. "Do they have colors to match my complexion?"

"I picked it up last week at a little boutique on my way home from school. They have gobs of luscious colors to choose from, but I love this color the best."

"I can see why," I finished my preparations by dropping my lipstick into my clutch purse.

"Gawd, being a girl is so wonderful!" Susie gushed as she straightened out her skirt. "Dating Sam tonight...and maybe on other nights, being a full-fledged sorority girl, wearing sexy and luscious clothes, possibly being a cheerleader, and sharing it all with my best girlfriend. What could be better?"

"My thoughts exactly, girl!" I made a final check of my hair. "Lets get back to our men. We wouldn't want them to think we abandoned them."

"Definitely not, girl!" Susie laughed and took my arm as we exited the lady's room together, giggling as we walk back to our table.

As our dates drove us home, Susie snuggled close into Sam's arms, and I did the same with Henry. I felt safe and comfortable with his arm around me, and my head resting on his shoulder.

My eyes were closed when I felt Henry's free hand gently caress my nylon-sheathed thigh. I looked up at him in mild surprise, and he silently, but firmly lowered his lips onto mine, and for the first time, I experienced the R-rated version of the kisses he bought at the festival. Without thinking, I returned his kiss. Doing so was the most natural response in the world.

Henry may have been a geek once, but he was well past that now. To prove it, he slipped his hand into my bra and gently massaged my soft flesh. When he rolled my nipple between his thumb and forefinger, electrical charge raced through my body to make it tingle as never before! All my strength, combined with remembering the flaccid member asleep in my panties, was required to keep me from jumping his bones then and there!

When the guys escorted us to the front door, Henry took me in his arms for a deep lingering kiss. "Thank you, Henry," I whispered when we came up for air, so as not to disturb Sam and Susie who were locked in a torrid kiss of their own. Sam's hand caressed Susie's full rounded buttocks and she didn't mind at all. "This was the most perfect evening."

"I hope you will go out with me again soon, Laura," Henry looked down at my upturned face.

"Give me a call, and tell me when," I smiled as I shaded my eyes and opened my lips in invitation of another passionate kiss.

Lowering his lips to mine, he wrapped his arms about my waist and we joined in a tender goodnight kiss, and I returned his kiss in full measure, I sighed softly, as electric tingles again started in my breasts and traveled to what was left of my hidden manhood.

As Susie and I closed the front door behind us, we knew we had crossed a line, and would never return to our former male lives. We were girls and Delta Wu sisters now, and neither of us would have it any other way!

The End...for now!

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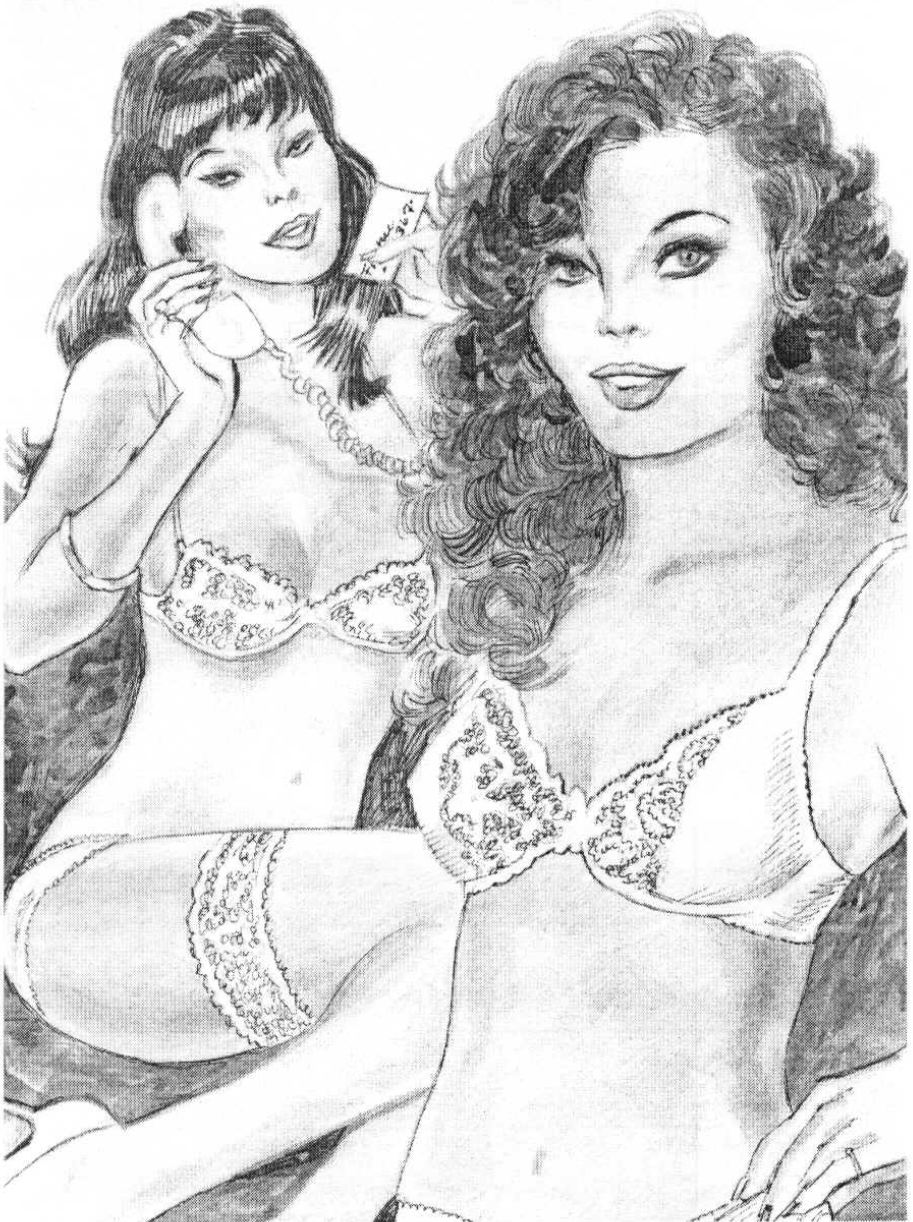
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"I had such a lovely time last night?" Susie cooed. "I must call Sam. I wouldn't want him to forget me."

"Fat chance of him forgetting you after that torrid kiss you gave him," I laughed at my girlfriend.



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