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# FRAT

**By Gabrielle Johnson**

Brenda Lawrence and Michelle Waters waited for their sorority sister, Rachel Porter, to join them for the morning walk from the Sorority House across the manicured lawns of the State University campus to classes.

“Why is that girl so late this morning?” the pretty blonde, Brenda, asked, standing in front of the mirror, turning and swaying as she used it to look at the hemline of her tight skirt, making sure that the seams of her stockings were straight and that her new, long, black slip didn’t show beneath the line of her skirt.

“Must be a heavy date,” said Michelle, putting down the books she had been carrying in front of her breasts. She leaned forward in the mirror to check her exquisitely made-up eyes, smiling and checking that her lipstick hadn’t smeared her teeth. Her hair ribbon needed to be retied

into a prettier bow which she did easily, before picking up her books again and swishing over to her sorority sister.

“Don’t you just love the rule that we girls have to wear dresses and skirts?” asked Michelle with a little dance step in her high heels. “I don’t think I’d have the nerve any more to wear pants, do you, Brenda girl?”

Brenda nodded in agreement, swishing her flirty dress as she looked back at her sister, her eyes sparkling at whatever she was going to say but she was interrupted by the sound of heavy feet bounding down the circular stairs that led from the girls’ bedrooms.

“Hello, ladies,” said Bryan Fairfax, stopping for a moment to look at the two of them, such attractive young girls, primed and ready for spending another day being ogled at by all the boys at State.

“Hello, Bryan,” said each of the girls, swaying provocatively as the President of Alpha Rho Mu, perhaps the most influential fraternity, stopped and put an arm about each of their slender waists. If they hadn’t behaved all girlishly and coy, they knew that Bryan would have exacted a hard punishment on them for not being what they should be, attractive to men and showing that they knew it.

“Mmm,” said Bryan, squeezing them closer to him. “You girls smell so sweet and fresh in the morning.”

Both girls giggled and swayed on their high heels as Bryan hugged first Brenda to him to sample the softness of her lips in a long, moist kiss. He licked his lips and then drew Michelle against him as he kissed her eager mouth as well, smiling into her lovely eyes as he did so.

“Oh so wonderful,” Bryan said, hugging them to him, letting his hands drop so that he stroked each girl’s rounded tush, before he finally released them, and went rushing out to the door.



“We must have a threesome later this week,” Bryan called even as he was sprinting off, beaming at the two girls as he raced out onto the sunlit walkway, dashing off in the direction of Alpha House, conveniently located as the closest frat to Gamma Rho.

“Well, that was nice,” said Michelle sarcastically, putting down her books and opening her purse to take out her lipstick so that she could repair the damage to her lips that Bryan had done. She could still feel the tingle of his lips on hers which pleased her enough that her breasts seemed to be rising and pushing outward in the lacy bra she’d decided to wear beneath her black top that day.

“He doesn’t mean it,” said Brenda as she did the same as the girl beside her, examining herself more closely, particularly her earrings, adjusting the one that Bryan had almost pulled from her in his savage, passionate assault on her lips. “Rachel will turn his head again ...”

“Hi, girls!” came a light, soprano voice from above them then as a devastatingly pretty, red-haired girl came lightly down the stairs, her high heels clicking however on the wooden, polished steps as she minced daintily over to the two girls waiting for her. “Were you talking about Bryan and me?”

“Of course,” said Brenda. “He just came running down before you and ...”

“And so we’ve had to re-do our lipstick, before we go out,” said Michelle, smiling as she said it so that Rachel couldn’t take her words as being a complaint.

“That’s Bryan,” said Rachel fondly, leading the younger girls out of the sorority. “And before you ask, yes, I did bring him home from the Pub.” The Pub was the drinking bar on campus where the older students, and those who had ID showing them to be over twenty-one years of age, could go. It was the first thing that the Rho sorority and Alpha fraternity did for their members, giving them all authentic identities as young men and young women.

"Is he ...?" began Brenda as she wiggled her tush more quickly to keep up with Rachel who seemed to be in something of a hurry.

"Ooo yes!" laughed Rachel, giving a false smile to the other girls, which they seemed to recognize. "Bryan is a most amazing lover, really an animal if you like that kind of loving. A girl has to feel that she is truly desirable in his strong, manly arms. And his stamina! I didn't think that any man could come that many times inside me as he did! Goddesses, but I am going to be so wiped out in classes today. I'm going to have to smile and make eyes at Gordon or someone like that to get through Bio today."

"So you'll be otherwise engaged for lunch," said Brenda, putting her arm through Rachel's so that the three girls could click and sway their way on the path across the lawns.

"Might not be," said Rachel, laughing, finding too that she had to yawn. "But it wasn't just my lovely body that Bryan wanted to possess last night. He was talking to me about the Rush that's under way now in the Frats."

"Oh no," said Michelle, knowing what was coming.

"Yes, they're going to do the Debutante Ball again this year, fourth year in a row," said Rachel, smiling at the boys who whistled at the lovely girls coming up the steps into the Science block. "And, of course, the Alphas insist and we can't refuse, can we?"

"So we have to get dressed up as well and dance just with Alphas that night," said a pouting Michelle.

"When have we ever done anything differently?" asked Rachel as the girls entered the long, tiled hallway that led to the labs and theaters where their classes had already begun. They would be noticed when they entered, Brenda and Michelle into their second year class, Rachel

into the fourth. But then Gamma Rho girls always made an entrance, no matter the class they were enrolled in.

“Talk to Granger and Will at lunch,” said Rachel as she went to her, nearer class, waving to a bespectacled boy, staring at her as if he was stagestruck. “I’m going to be busy with Gordon. He really likes you, Brenda, and you should try him; you should. He’s very easy to manipulate and eager to please and, like Bryan, he’s got stamina.”

The two younger girls had a lecture that was well under way when they entered and swished their way to their seats.

“Now that the Rho girls are here,” said ‘Andy’ Anderson, the professor who taught them both theory and practical labs in Biology, “let’s all begin the lesson. Ah, yes, Miss Waters, do sit with your legs crossed like that. Does wonders for the class’s biological functions, doesn’t it, to have such girls as you and Miss Lawrence show us that feminine beauty isn’t just for the end of the day.”

Several girls glowered at Brenda and Michelle, but they ignored that, as the attention and the remarks were something that happened to all the Rho girls every day.

Going from the class to the lab, Brenda had to ask Michelle, “What did you mean by asking Rachel if we had to dance with Alpha House boys? That’s what we do, isn’t it? We are their sister sorority.”

“But we don’t see any other boys but them,” said Michelle. “There are lots of nice boys ...”

“You’re an expert on nice boys now?” interrupted Brenda in surprise.

“... in other houses besides Alpha,” said Michelle. “And Mr Anderson is nice, Brenda. He’s always looking



at you. When you hitched your skirt up and had your hair falling all over your face, I think he almost fainted."

"He did not!" said Brenda hotly, her face flushing under the teasing of her class and sorority partner.

"But wouldn't it be so nice," said Michelle dreamily, "to go out with other men than the Alphas? Can't you imagine how it would be like to go to a club downtown with Andy? I bet he wouldn't do anything fancy on a first date. I bet he'd just bring you back to the front door and give you a passionate goodnight kiss."

"And then I have to go up to my room, all dreamy and feeling like a princess," said Brenda, repeating what Rachel had said, "and there would be someone like Shaun in the hallways. And before you know it ..."

"Yeah, we've all had it with Shaun," said Michelle. "He pushed me over the chesterfield at the top of the stairs and did me right there, my skirt over my back, my panties at my ankles and me squealing like a little piglet as he pumped himself dry in me!"

"That's why I try to get someone I like from the downstairs library," said Brenda. The Alpha boys did have points where they were supposed to assemble and then the senior girls, officers like Rachel and Emma, would come to them and place them with the girls who were ready for new, or old, partners that evening.

"Why can't we have non-Alphas as our boy friends?" asked Michelle, returning to a topic that was discussed in hushed tones in probably every girl's room in the Sorority.

"I wouldn't care if it was just one Alpha who'd treat me, just me, as his girl friend! Just one boy alone in my bed would suit me fine, for a while, anyway, just like girls in other sororities. I wouldn't mind just being Roger's girl for a while, or Nate's? They're nice!"

"You know why we can't do that," said Brenda with a sigh.

"It's not fair to the Alpha Rho Mu men who would be left out if we were exclusive to one man," said Michelle, quoting Roger whom she had tried to enlist on the girls' side. "We girls have to spread ourselves around, I know."

"We did agree to that," said Brenda with a smile to the boys who were making signs after them, Alfie, a Sigma, tracing out the shape of a womanly body for his friends, not knowing that Brenda could see him in the office window glass as they passed. "After all, the Alphas do pick up all our bills, don't they, for makeup, clothes, perfume, shoes, jewellery, and, of course, the other things we girls have to have done to make us the prettiest sorority on campus."

Michelle touched her thin, bobbed nose and also reached out to touch Brenda's perky breasts.

"I didn't get these at Dr Nettles'," protested Brenda, blushing and looking around to see who was looking at the pretty girls as they approached the lab. Luckily, the gawkers were all being cleared out by Miss Lennis, the officious helper in the university's main office.

"You weren't like that a year ago," said Michelle with a smile, as they swished and clicked down to the lab room where they could see that Mr Anderson had preceded them.

"I'm just reacting to the pills more quickly than some others," said Brenda.

"The pills?" asked Michelle. "But they were to ..."

"To make us as beautiful and shapely as the other girls," said Brenda with a smile at her naïve sister. "That's why Rachel and the others make us take so many. And they aren't birth control pills, as Sylvia said they were, ei-

ther. They're hormone pills, Michelle, and one day soon, you're going to sprout little titties like me and one day you'll have a figure like Rachel!"

"Ooo, I'd love to be like her!" said Michelle in amazement. "You mean that all the pills we've been taking from the very start ..."

"I thought you didn't know," said the blonde girl, tossing her blonde, wavy hair as she saw that the girls had been noticed from the classroom. There was that sign again of how shapely and attractive she and Michelle were. "When I realized I was sprouting what I thought I never would, I couldn't believe it. I had to talk to Rachel about what I was going to do, what I had to wear, and she was the one who told me frankly what I was taking, the pills, that will make all of us just like the seniors. She said it was their gift to us, the younger girls, and they pass on what they used. Do you believe that?"

"Oh, yes, the older girls are so good to us!" giggled Michelle as a boy named Zeke held out a white coat to her and invited her and her pretty 'sister', the sorority girls were called that, to join his group in doing the lab.

"Just imagine if you were going out with any boy," whispered Brenda as Michelle 'made eyes' at Zeke, "and he didn't know that you were a Rho girl, as the Alphas do. You'd go too far ..."

"I wouldn't!" protested Michelle, deliberately wiggling her tush and smiling at Zeke. "It would be so wonderful, though, wouldn't it, to be kissed by a boy who really did think that you were a girl all the way. It would mean a lot more than the kisses we get from Alpha men. Imagine you and Andy, hand-in-hand, he bringing you home and stopping along the way to steal kisses ..."

"It would be terrifying!" whispered Brenda. "Some day, he'd feel you up ..."

“And I’d have my breasts, my T and A, done by then,” hissed Michelle back to her friend, doing a little, girlish dance, drawing Brenda into joining her, and the other, smiling girl did it.

“You’d let a boy who didn’t know,” murmured Brenda, “touch you and you would go too far, or he wouldn’t stop when you worked him up!” She shuddered in her pretty, swishy dress, loving the feel of it about her legs. “You would be in danger!”

“No,” laughed Michelle, pouting over her shoulder at Zeke, waiting for her to wiggle over and sit with him in class. “I’d never let it go that far! I’d be clever about it. But I would enjoy myself! I really do want to go out with some guy who has no idea who I really am! I do!”

Brenda knew that much of that was Michelle just teasing her. It wasn’t going to be. Rho girls were the most loved and cosseted girls at State, she’d learned from the older girls in the sorority. And some of the girls did find boys who wanted to be their ‘one and only’. Just look at Karen Hudson! What a revelation she had been to all the girls in the house, when she, an alumna, had visited them!

All the girls giggled about the ‘birth control pills’ they had to take, at times, and wonder what would happen if one of the older girls, who seemed to take less than they did, were ever to get pregnant. But, of course, that would never happen, they’d thought, until one day, Karen, a grad from the sorority, married to a former Alpha, naturally, had brought in her new daughter to show everyone. She’d been so motherly, even showing the other girls how she breastfed her lovely Danielle.

Several girls had staggered away from the royal send-off they gave Karen, her daughter in her arms, her husband, Frank, grinning away as he had his arm about

her. He'd taken Karen and Danielle over to the Alpha fraternity to show them off some more.

"I want to be just like her," Melanie, a third year Rho girl had said then. She was so promiscuous, more so than most; but all the girls were, in a way, or they wouldn't have been part of the sorority. "I want a husband, and a daughter. I want to be another Karen, another Mrs Hudson!"

The other girls had all laughed at the way Melanie spoke, teasing her then about her multiple bed partners each night. Melanie tossed her mane of chestnut hair over her thin shoulders and arms and smiled at all the teasing. "Maybe, I'll marry, get divorced, and so on. How many husbands did Elizabeth Taylor or Zsa Zsa Gabor have? I'll beat the pair of them and have four lovely kids along the way!"

"What a horrible dream!" Brenda had said to her friend, Michelle, shuddering as she said it.

"You just want a man to fall in love with you and exclude all others from your bed?" asked Michelle, laughing as they had seen it in all the girls of their group and even in the group ahead of them. They were all daydreamers, dreaming of the good times they thought that they could have since they had joined the sorority as full members. Now they would all be dreaming of the time when they would be mothers with babies now that they'd seen Karen again. "Before or after your career as a dancer in a stage show on Broadway?"

Brenda had laughed good-naturedly as she always did. "That won't ever happen," she said as she always did when Michelle teased her about her secret dream.

Michelle wasn't about to let Brenda know what she wanted out of life. All that she knew was that everything they were doing in school now wasn't going to be of any

help in the future she hoped was waiting for her, if her breasts would only grow and she could stop using the false front that she did.

“Ooo, it’s dissections!” said Brenda, waking the day-dreaming Michelle, and bringing her back , away from her dream of young men, trying to entice girls like the two of them into their beds, or at least to take down their panties for them. Brenda was grimacing and looking even prettier and more feminine as she stared at the dissections set aside for the girls.

“So we let the boys do that part and we squeal a lot,” said Michelle meaningfully. The two girls had to giggle a lot then which only made their lab partners, Zeke and his friend, smile and say that they were acting just like girls, which only made Michelle and Brenda giggle some more.

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Granger and Will were upperclassmen, Alphas, of course, who didn’t usually deign to notice that frosh and sophs even existed.

“Rachel asked us to talk to you,” said Brenda sweetly. Michelle loved Brenda’s voice. She could make it sound as if she was a little girl, and when she curled a blonde wave in her fingers, she looked like any of the blonde bombshells that they’d all seen in old movies. Some boys were mistaken into thinking that Brenda was a dumb blonde but she wasn’t at all. Look what she had just revealed to Michelle about the pills they took.

“We both have dates tonight,” said Granger, curling his upper lip.

“About the Debutantes’ Ball,” said Michelle as Brenda had begun to turn away, the tray with just a salad and water on it, wavering in her lovely, manicured hands. “Do you mind if we sit here with you and Will, Granger?” Michelle went on, sitting next to the handsome jock who

was rarely in Gamma Rho House, and only seemed to come to the events that he absolutely had to.

Granger pulled a face while Will looked interested. "Come on, Grange," he said to his friend, waving to the girls to sit down opposite the boys. Michelle noticed that many of the girls and guys present were watching them. Brenda had her head down and was blushing but she didn't have to, thought Michelle smugly. Look at that sea of boys out there, wishing they were Alphas and could talk to and have lunch with girls from Gamma Rho.

Look at all the girls as well, Michelle mused, smiling and crossing her legs in the loose skirt that she'd worn to attract boys' eyes as she flicked it flirtily about her 'nude' stockings as she swished across the courtyards of the university. The girls were looking at her openly, wishing they were as pretty and as well madeup as her. So many wanted to be her, Michelle knew, wondering, perhaps fantasizing, at the idea of being a Gamma Rho like Brenda and her, and attending the fabulous parties at Rho House that the Gamma girls put on for the Alpha males exclusively.

"Bryan said that we have to organize the lesser Rushes," said Will with a smile, watching the girls' every move, the way that they crossed their legs, smoothed their dresses beneath them and smiled so prettily at the Alpha men. "We have to find out who will go all the way and become pledges ..."

"We are not going to make guys who just want to be Alphas go through that degrading spectacle again of a so-called Debutantes' Ball," Granger Aitken, son of one of the trustees of State, said angrily but in a very low tone.

Brenda's fork wavered on its way to her mouth, her hand beginning to shake as she stared at the Alpha male.

"The whole idea of men having to dress up like pretty dolls and prance around a ballroom floor as girls," Granger went on while his friend, Will Merton, son of a billionaire, it was said, shushed at him, "makes my stomach turn."

"Grange," gasped his friend. "You told Bry that ..."

"That I'd challenge the pledges," said Granger Aitken, glowering at his friend as the two girls looked at the two men with ever-widening eyes. "Well, we will. We'll get them out in a half-marathon, see how they are with my father's horses over the jumps, set up some intelligent scavenger hunts and shoot some baskets, maybe. We haven't won the Greek Sports Week, what, in ten years; ever since this thing, making the pledges appear as debutante girls at a ball, began."

"Grange, it's a tradition," whispered Will. "And it's a tradition that the girls of Gamma Rho help us to make sure that the pledges, who'll be the debutantes, look, sound and behave like real debutantes. We want the consultants to the fraternities who always check us to be impressed."

"Hazing is banned," said Granger harshly, his voice rising.

"We're not hazing anyone!" hissed Will, looking around and shaking his head at some of the people who were looking at the Alphas arguing, the silent Gamma girls looking on in clear distress.

"The, the consultants," said Michelle, keeping her voice to the barest of whispers, "aren't supposed to know ..."

"Well, they shall know this year," said Granger forcefully, actually sneering at Michelle, who felt shivers coursing through her body at the look in his eyes. "I intend to let them know just what is going on." He dropped his



voice for the last sentence as he seemed to understand that they were putting on something of a show.

“Ra-Rachel,” began Brenda timidly, opening the outer pocket of her purse, “g-gave us an agenda th-that we sh-should f-follow ...”

Will reached over and took it from her hands, denying Granger’s lunge to take the document from Brenda’s hands.

“Set a definite date for the Debutante’s Ball,” read Will as he unfolded the paper that Brenda had kept deliberately far from Granger Aitken’s hand so that Will would be able to seize it first. “Well, we can do that, Granger, can’t we?” Will said with a jovial smile to reassure those staring at them that all was still well between Alpha and Gamma Rho.

“I don’t want to do anything with this effing Ball,” snapped Granger, “and, if you’re going to follow an agenda laid out by an effing girl like Rachel Porter ...” There was a definite sneer in his voice, making his awful words so much more hurtful to the two girls staring at him.

“Is it your effing objection, Grange,” said the cool, sweet voice that the other girls had heard that morning floating down the stairs to them, “that the effing girl in question is effing some other Alpha male and not effing you at all? You should tell her and set up a date with her if that is what you effing think.”

Granger’s face worked with fury as a red-haired girl leaned forward against him and put a lunch tray on the table between Will and him. He hadn’t seen Rachel, for it was she, and Gordon, the bio science wonk, working their way between the tables to join the little committee sitting a little apart from the crowd for the privacy they would need in talking about pledges.

Without waiting for the young man to invite her, Rachel slipped her rounded hips and tush onto Granger's lap as he pulled back from the table. Her arms went around Granger's neck and her lips caressed his as if she had been longing to do that for a long time, her passion in the kiss seeming to be unforced.

"Hey!" whimpered Gordon then, looking like a boy of five or six, who'd just lost his ice cream cone to someone much older and stronger than him.

"Don't blubber, Gordie," snapped Granger, standing and unhanding the smiling, beautiful girl whose breasts were bouncing against him. She managed to kiss his lips or his face several times before he got her hands off him and deposited her in Will's lap. Will put an arm delightfully about Rachel and accepted her kiss with one equally as passionate as the kiss she'd given Granger.

"I'm not going to be part of this any more," hissed Granger across the table, smirking at the clear distress on the younger girls' faces. Even Gordon seemed to be stunned at what he heard from his fellow Alpha. "When my father gets home this weekend, I'm going to tell him ..." he looked meaningfully at all the girls.

Only Rachel seemed unimpressed. She wiggled on Will's lap, murmuring delightedly as Will rocked her tush against his, well, his nether regions. "Oh, yes, Will, yes," she cooed at her latest conquest. "Since Grange doesn't want to have me right here on the cafeteria floor, how about you and I ..."

"Hey!" objected Gordon. "You said, Rachel, that, after lunch, we would do it again ...!" Gordie's voice faded and he went bright red and ducked down as Granger got up and stalked off, his face like thunder.

"I thought he'd never leave," said Rachel brightly as she slid off Will's lap and onto Gordon's. The boy looked

like he was in a trance, a delighted trance, as Rachel took his hands and put them around her while she made a meal of her partner's mouth.

"Look out!" whispered Brenda and Michelle together and Rachel slipped out of Gordon's hands just as Mr Anderson and Miss Williams, another lecturer in Biosciences came into the cafeteria, looking a little askance at the passage Granger was making out through the line of kids still trying to come in.

"Ah, Miss Porter," said the senior lecturer, even though he was only a couple of years older than most of the students in the cafeteria. "Upsetting Mr Aitken by paying attention to two other swains? Not the kind of games students should play at this college, Miss Porter, and," Andy Anderson glanced at Brenda and Michelle, more at Brenda of course, "it isn't the type of conduct that an experienced," he stressed the word, making it sound very spine-tingling to the younger girls, "girl like you should be teaching to the younger girls."

"Oh, those are Gamma Rho girls, Mr Anderson," said the woman with Andy. "Those girls," she made the word sound as if described harlots or whores or something, thought Michelle, as she trembled in excitement to be described that way, "those girls don't have anything to learn from Miss Porter about Alpha House boys. They come out of Pledge Week and they're flat on their backs for that kind of boy."

"Steady on, Caroline," Andy said then as the girls all looked at him with spiked interest, loving the way he defended them. They all knew, after all the reputation the girls of Gamma Rho had in the university and all of it was true. "My apologies, ladies! Enjoy your lunches with your," he grinned at Gordon, "with your boy friends. Oh, and ladies and gentlemen," he was looking at Rachel and

Gordon in particular as he said it, "you should clean your faces of all the lipstick you're all wearing!"

Rachel grinned while the two boys were flushing again as the lecturers went off, Miss Williams still going on about the promiscuous reputation of all girls in Gamma Rho Sorority.

"Whew," gasped Will as the lecturers moved away. "I thought that Granger might, might have told them ..."

"That we are planning the Debutantes' Ball this year," said Rachel quickly as Gordon's eyes were opening wide as she wriggled some more on his rising erection. The poor sap would be ejaculating very soon and would be holding her even more tightly if she didn't stop him.

"You're on our committee, Gordie," Rachel said then, easing off his lap, but still kissing his eager lips. "I think that you should be the chairman, don't you, Will?"

Will looked at her in astonishment. "Well, if Granger doesn't want it," he began and stopped there as Rachel took Gordie's hand and held it between her lovely legs so that he could fondle her dark stockings where no-one could see him.

"You'll be busy with that problem," said Rachel meaningfully. "We have to do something about Granger and about Shaun Bottfeld, whose becoming a real nuisance in the upper halls of Rho House."

"Those are pretty powerful, influential families, Rachel," said Will, with a worried look on his face.

"Propose doing something to Bryan and see what he says," said Rachel with a smile. "When he says that there's nothing Alpha can do, suggest that he leave the problem up to us girls of Gamma Rho. We know how to take care of boys like Shaun and Granger."

“Not Granger,” said Will quickly. “His father will raise bloody murder ...”

“Over a boy who’s given up all his material possessions, renounced the world and gone off to become a Trappist monk, joined an ashram, a colony of beatniks, if one of those still exists,” said Rachel with a smirk as she clamped her lovely legs and short skirt over Gordie’s hand where the only thing that it could do was to reach into her panties.

“They wouldn’t buy that,” said Will, still looking quite worried. Brenda extended her lovely hand to take his and he smiled momentarily. “He’d be the kind to run off to join the army, the navy, the air force.”

“Not all three,” Michelle had to put in. “Ooo, don’t forget Shaun as well. I was telling Brenda how he grabbed me and pushed me face down into the cushions of the chesterfield at the top of the stairs.”

Will shook his head and looked sad at what he heard while Gordie looked like the news about Shaun Bottfeld was actually turning him on.

“He took down my panties and he raped me,” murmured Michelle. As she expected there was a reaction from Rachel right away.

“Ooo, Gordie, look at you!” Rachel said as if in disgust. “You’ve come all over your pants, you silly boy!” She took the sting out of her words as she snuggled against him and kissed him.

The erstwhile Chairman of the Pledge Activities Committee put his arm about the fourth year girl and stroked her bra, making her lovely bosom rise and fall girlishly as he tried to arouse her to a similar climax as he had just had with her.

"Let's get the timeline set up for now, Mr Chairman," said Rachel between wet kisses planted on her with increasing passion by the boy besotted with her. "We need the list of candidates constructed by this weekend, Will, as Brenda was to tell you. We will need to have the pledge candidates in the house for three weeks, at minimum, before the ball."

"Three weeks?" asked Will in surprise. "In my day, the pledges were only taken away for a week."

"We've a lot more to do," said Rachel sweetly over her shoulder to him as Gordon nuzzled lasciviously on her long, lovely, neck.

"But ...?" asked Will with a frown.

"Bryan wants physicals and changes made as soon after the ball as possible," said Rachel. "Older girls like Michelle, who need a little T and A work, will have it done before Pledge Week. Doc Nettles has a new partner, a former Gamma Rho herself, and she's eager to get started on the Debs and any girl we had to pass over for whatever reason."

"Ooo, goody," said Michelle, hardly having to fake the excitement that Rachel would expect from her. "I want titties just like yours, Rachel."

Rachel grinned. "Just because Gordie's getting so hot," she said, "means that these," she touched herself and jiggled her breasts against Gordie, making the poor man begin to hyper-ventilate in his excitement, "are pretty good, natural as well, with the help of you-know-what."

Michelle shivered as Will looked interested. No, she did not want to discuss hormone pills in front of the older student. Let him tell her how large a breast he thought that girls like Brenda and she should have. But if Brenda had sprouted now, as she'd said, shouldn't she just wait a

while? She didn't have to rush in to the permanent augmentation of her chest and tush, did she?

The boys liked her, Michelle, well enough as it was, anyway, even if her 'treasure chest' wasn't real and her body was tugged and pulled in all directions to make her appear to be the woman the boys she knew wanted her to be.

"But some guys like them a lot bigger," smirked Will. "Oh, not me, I assure you girls. I like a girl whose, well, all natural like Rachel and Paulette. It's well worth waiting for, isn't it, Rachel?"

Rachel didn't answer for a few moments as Gordie, having come or not, his pants were black and difficult to tell, still had his hand clamped beneath the older girl's skirt.

"I, I think so," burbled Rachel. "Look, girls and Will, Gordie and I have to go and get a room, probably back in Alpha House. Get the list of pledges that Bry and the boys want us to work on and we'll check them out as well. Ooo, ooo, Gordie, that's wonderful, but we have to stop a moment or two till we get back to ..."

The pair of lovers staggered off, Gordie supporting his amorous girl friend while everyone, across first the cafeteria, and then the courtyards that led to Alpha House, smiled or looked in disgust at the obvious need the lovers showed for getting inside and copulating as man and woman.

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"You can't be serious, Rachel," said her best friend, Emma, who shared the bedroom with her. "You can't be expecting girls like us to do what we do to guys who really piss us off."