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FRAT³

HOW NICE GIRLS CAME TO BE

by Gabrielle Johnson

After so many nights of hyper-masculine love-making from the previous Alpha House president, Rachel found Peter Simpson, an absolute joy. Oh, yes, he penetrated her just as the late lamented, now-only-to-be-known-as Trudi, had done; but Peter brought her to a feminine orgasm just as Alan Fox, the best lover she'd ever had, had done to her in every tryst they'd had together.

But Peter wasn't Alan. He wasn't manipulating Rachel to think of herself as a woman. No, to Peter, it seemed, she was a woman. He wanted her to be satisfied by him. He tried to pleasure her in so many

ways, caressing her 'clit' to make her climax so satisfactorily, kissing her romantically, his hands fondling her breasts, her tush, her thighs. He made her show that she was as aroused by him as he was by her.

And, like all Alpha men, he was on his 'meds' to make him a sexual athlete in bed. Rachel had to smile as she was bonked, that wasn't as bad a word as the F word, was it, by a loving man. She wondered what the new debutantes thought about the older men they were with, all of the men, only Alpha alumni could call themselves that, loaded with blue pills to keep the new Rho girls in womanly heaven all night long.

The Alpha men knew that they had the task of fixing in the minds of the debutantes, the 'girls' loaded with female hormones, that they were girls. Yes, the debs would learn to love the gentle, experienced, Alpha men bonking them, telling them how they were such wonderful girls, as all their new, male lovers in the days ahead would confirm.

Rachel heard that from Peter. From the moment that Peter had let Rachel swish into his bedroom, she'd been girlish with him. She'd helped him out of his tux and white shirt as he had been easing the thin straps of her dress over her shoulders. She'd opened the belt of his pants as he'd kissed her while he released her dress and her bra. She was in ecstasy as he'd suckled on her breasts.

No, there wasn't the nipping or fierce grabbing that 'Trudi' had inflicted on Rachel. Peter didn't slap her or insult her. He tried to make her sexual pleasure grow as he engaged in extended foreplay that left him groaning and begging her forgiveness for his

roughness as he penetrated her. He just had to be a man inside her.

Peter obviously hadn't had many Rho girls as his words made Rachel want to cuddle up even more to him. "I, I always had to, to enter all the girls who wanted me, before, before I joined the frat," Peter confessed. "I, I just have to be inside the girl I'm with. It's the only way that she feels real to me."

"That's what girls like me want as well," Rachel whispered to her lover, wriggling her tush into position for him watching his eyes go wide in astonishment as she took him face-to-face.

"I didn't know ..." Peter confessed as Rachel showed him how to lubricate her, initiating her lover on how to fully engage a Rho girl in lovemaking. It wasn't just the act that made Rachel so enjoy her lover. She'd been penetrated enough times by Alpha men, lately by Corman James, the Past President of the fraternity. Corman seemed to think that Rachel should be his by right of inheritance now that Trudi was suffering from the fate that was rarely, but definitely, handed out to those who disgraced the frat.

It was his apologies for his manly desires, he had to have them met, that endeared Peter to Rachel. She felt her orgasm rise within her, after Peter satisfied his initial rush. She was surprised how Peter recognized the needs she had. He gripped her 'clit' firmly and held her, making her desire for him rise to a degree she hadn't experienced since Alan Fox had made her a woman.

Rachel's cathartic release, her explosion of emotion in kissing Peter, and begging him not to ever stop thrusting into her as he was doing so sweetly, was what all the girls had learned early on. It led to

Peter hanging back himself to make her wonderful orgasm last and last until she could stand it no more. She was spent and spasm-ing when she felt him come gloriously again inside her as she wiggled and writhed against him in a way she hadn't done, without some faking, with her recent lovers.

“Lovely, lovely, Rachel,” Peter whispered to her. “I’ve wanted you for so long but could never get close to you. Did I tell you that?”

“You can tell me again and again,” cooed Rachel, enjoying the girlish way she felt. “I really love to hear handsome men say nice things about me.”

“I don’t know how you can be so, so girlie,” Peter whispered to her as Rachel pushed her breasts into his hand as she wiggled against him. He smiled and stroked her again. For the longest of long times then, they couldn’t say much as every part of her feminized, womanish body was open to him as his masculinity was exposed for her entertainment. As well, she pleased him so with her feminine ways. Like a rose, Rachel bloomed in the heat of the sun.

Her orgasm, as she lay in Peter’s arms, her thigh turned so that he could penetrate her and still kiss her, even as he played with her clit and stroked her thighs or breasts, was a wonder to both of them. Her tongue flickered in and out of Peter’s mouth, as he hugged her so tightly into him. His masculine conquest of her was fantastic and complete.

“How did you ever get to be so girlie?” Peter wanted to know, between passionate kisses and caresses. “Were, were you always, I mean as a little boy ...?”

“Good heavens, no,” said Rachel with a giggle.

“You sound so much like a girl,” Peter murmured, his manhood rising between Rachel’s legs, making her wonder what he’d be like if she was in her artificial vagina. “I’ve heard drag queens before who sound so, so ... funny. They have this drawl that says they’re gay men, but you don’t!”

“That’s a compliment, is it?” asked Rachel, opening her legs and letting Peter find his own way inside her. He did sort of jump as he felt her ‘clit’ rising and touching his abdomen as he began to make love to her again.

“I do love your, your lovely, femmy voice,” said Peter, straining to speak as he slid into her wiggly tush.

“We Rho girls practice for hours at a time to talk like this,” murmured Rachel, giggling, recalling how Debbie and others had been enlisted to teach her how to talk, sing and laugh like a girl.

“You don’t sound draggy,” Peter said as he began to buck and drive himself into the Rho girl beneath him, fondling her breasts and kissing her repeatedly as she caressed him femininely.

“Draggy is the worst insult you can pay to a Rho girl,” pouted Rachel when she finally released all over her boy friend, hugging his naked body to hers. “It’s not just our voices we change, but the actions that we make as well. The older girls told us all the time that we’re not drag queens. We’re never to be.”

Well, that wasn’t probably true for every girl who’d graduated from Rho House. “We are girls,” Rachel finished with a smile, saying what she’d said every minute of the day, willingly, for Alan Fox, in her days as a debutante.

They slept fitfully, entwined about one another, Rachel finally awakened by the realization that the penetration she was lovingly dreaming about was actually real. Peter was coming inside her, his desire unabated and his needs as a man paramount.

“I must cut back on the blue pills,” Peter cursed as Rachel wiggled against him and bounced her soft tush on his hard as a rock erection. “I only touched your lovely tush as softly as I could and look what happened to me.”

“Let’s not waste it then,” gasped Rachel, grimacing as she rolled and sat up on an astonished, elated Peter. He seized her hardening nipples as she began to bounce on his erection, her clit flickering over his abdomen.

“Oh yes, Rachel, sweet, sweet Rachel,” Peter moaned as she slowed and pouted coyly at her lover, her long hair falling across her face, and then his. A pillow and then another at his back put them in the perfect position to make love, she over him but as soft and feminine as she could be. No, she didn’t want to do any mannish stuff that the rare lover wanted from her. No, she was the girl. Peter knew that. She was his Rachel; he wanted no other girl but her, he finally told her, sending a thrill of delight through her.

While Rachel was leaving the Alpha ballroom to begin her delightful tryst with Peter Simpson, Olivia, in the Rho House ballroom, was already reaching a state of excitement with a gentle, loving Martin that was making her squeak in pleasure.

A grinning Martin had to put a hand over the cushioned, womanly lips that Dr Jane had given the new girl. "There are others," he whispered to Olivia. A loud, girlish shriek from a neighboring cubicle proved him right. A girl's voice was crying out for her lover not to stop frigging her, she loved it so.

If you stopped and listened, Martin realized, it was the same throughout the converted ballroom. All of the girls were deep in the throes of lovemaking. Male grunts and whispers, and girlish squeals, came from all over the place. The romantic music that wafted from the speakers didn't totally drown them out.

Martin knew he'd lucked out. Olivia wasn't really a debutante, waiting to be 'accepted'. She'd already been accepted into the frat. Now she'd be accepted into the Rho sorority.

Olivia had had a little work done to her face to feminize her. She had boobies, of course, her tush considerably improved over those of most debutantes. 'She' was most definitely a Rho girl already, but now, her feminine convulsions frightened her. She was scared about how she felt making love to a man, such strange reactions triggered in 'her'. Martin had been told that by Emma and Rachel. He had to make Olivia feel, through his compliments, that she really was the girl they'd made of her.

"Oh, Olivia," Martin breathed soft words at her. "Oh, that's it! That's it! Ooo, what a lovely, female orgasm you're having. Yes! Yes! That's right! Use me, my wonderful girl. Let me pleasure your lovely clit and kiss your lovely breasts. Ooo, your nipples are so tense, just like a young girl's!"

Olivia rocked beneath Martin. “Oh no, I can’t ...” she cried. Martin’s mouth closed over hers, gently, not demanding at all, his mistake with Tanya, he realized, as Emma had taught him.

“You catch more flies with honey,” Alan Fox had said to him, too, as they’d discussed Tanya and the possibility that she might embarrass the fraternity. Alan had taken Tanya off before the ceremonies while Martin had been ‘promoted’ to Olivia. He’d thought he’d got the worst of the deal until he used the techniques the older Alpha man suggested to him.

They’d worked. Oh, how they’d worked! Olivia was crying in his arms like a girl, kissing him, caressing him, wiggling her tush for him, as if she was a girl. She accepted his gentle caresses of her boobies as if he was a rock star with his latest groupie. Olivia, of course, had known right away why she’d been dressed as she was, in her strapless, tight, evening gown, the tiara in her hair, and her face so thickly, exquisitely made up.

Olivia had trembled in dismay, or so it seemed, when Shelley and Marisa had brought her to the Debutantes’ Ball. She, in her tiara, had been introduced as ‘Olivia, our newest debutante’. She’d been embarrassed, ashamed perhaps, with the way all the men she danced so girlishly with had caressed her, since some must have known who she’d been before she became a Rho girl. But not a one used her former name, or failed to kiss and caress her, or to give her compliments on the girlish things about her, her breasts being touched and praised by almost every man.

She’d been complimented by men who’d once been Olivia’s male friends, whom she knew, laughed

with and told dirty jokes about Rho girls, of whom she was now one. She knew what would happen to her as Olivia had been at these balls before and had taken part in the revels. She knew what her 'date', Martin Best, would do to her, after he kissed her into a daze, and led her from the dance floor.

Oh yes, Olivia knew what was expected of a debutante. She'd only to glance down at her chest, at her lovely, bouncy breasts to know what was going to happen. So, from the very start, after Martin led her to their bed, applauding her girlie strip and dance for him, before he kissed her trembling body so softly, it appeared she wanted Martin inside her. She was squealing as he took her at first so gently, his caresses softer than any he'd ever given a Rho girl before.

So, this is what made them tick, like real girls, marveled Martin, as Olivia gasped and clung to him. He explained to her, their love play not declining with just that first, glorious penetration, that now, as she was convulsing, Olivia was a real woman, that women had orgasms like this with their lovers, didn't they? She was a woman. She had a lifetime of pleasure in being a woman before her.

Olivia was crying and shaking again as she pressed her naked breasts against Martin's naked, hairy chest. He bent his head and kissed her lovely, erect nipples. She shook some more, clutching him to her. Oh, she wants it again, Martin thought in amusement. Oh, what a lover I am! I'll have to teach her not to be so timid and take what she wants from a man. But not tonight, no, tonight was for making love endlessly. Olivia's frenzied kiss left him in no doubt that she'd totally enjoy being his woman for all of that time.

Tanya screwed up her face, so clear and clean, as she lay in Alan's arms in the bath they shared. Her hair extensions were gone. She didn't like the way she looked, like a flat-chested, skinny girl.

"But I like flat-chested, skinny girls," said Alan Fox with a smile, sweeping more bubbles down the bath so that the thin woman he'd made love to so avidly all night and morning long could hide what made her not look as womanly as she wanted to look.

"I don't," murmured Tanya, trying to sound girlish. She succeeded very well for a girl of such short 'vintage', thought Alan. "I never did." There was an impish smile on her face that made her look like the girl Alan had taken to bed. He had to kiss her. He did so, she edging to him, finding, when Alan drew her against him, that he was already rampant.

"Again?" Tanya asked her lover.

"I'm afraid so," said Alan. "It's that girlie smile, the femmy gestures you make. You don't have to be in a wig or pretty dress to be a girl, Tanya. You really just are, as yourself, the kind of girl any man would want to make love to."

"In here or in bed?" asked Tanya, shivering a little.

"It takes too long to get to the bed," said Alan, drawing her to sit on his erection, turning her body so that he could kiss her as well as fondle her nipples. He'd found she liked that.

Her mouth found his, the longing for him to make her feel like a woman, coming loud and clear

to Alan Fox. Another triumph, he thought sarcastically to himself, another Rachel Porter. Oh, but no, he wasn't going through that again. Alan kissed Tanya with more fire than he had during the night. He was surprised when she responded, edging her body even closer against his, her clit in motion almost right away.

It took a while for her to grow and start to shake, her mouth clinging to his. Tanya allowed him to caress her with his tongue, even though she was writhing, twisting and turning on his manhood so firmly anchored in her. But Alan knew how to take his time. Rachel had taught him that. Such a wonder that girl had been.

Alan had thought he could arrive at the frat and just take Rachel back. It should have been the same as before. But Rachel denied the attraction that their bodies had for one another. Rachel had put her arm under Peter Simpson's, deliberately, provocatively, as the President had stared at Alan in confusion. He'd have given the girl to Alan, they all knew, but Rachel hugged Peter's arm tightly, smiling up at him as she'd once done to Alan Fox, entrancing Alan even as she rejected him.

Rachel suggested Alan help the frat with a debutante, who could embarrass the frat at the ball. It had been a way out of the impasse with Rachel, an unbelievable way out, Alan thought, as he and Tanya consummated the new attraction his body had taken on. Tanya slipped easily now into her orgasm and gyrated passionately against him in female ecstasy.

"I think I love you, Tanya girl," Alan whispered to her.

“Only think,” whispered the girl, unable to suppress the giggle that rose inside her, letting her tongue flicker over his lips as she got the words out.

Alan kissed Tanya firmly, holding her to him, hoping his erection would ease naturally. Or else he would have to bonk her again. Not a bad option, either way, was it?

“How did this all come about?” Tanya asked him then, her arms about his neck, her skinny body attached to his, her clit having subsided when her convulsions ceased.

“All this what?” asked Alan, feeling her moving on his manhood, knowing that Tanya was going to entice him into making love to her again, even though she was quite ‘dry’ herself. His emissions inside her were minimal, too.

“This making boys into girls,” said Tanya frankly, kissing him when Alan turned, startled by the question, to look at her thoughtful, femmy face. Oh yes, the eyebrows, the dark lashes and the earrings couldn’t belong to anyone else but a lovely woman. “How did this ever become something that this fraternity began to do?”

“Oh,” said Alan, thinking back to when he first joined Alpha House. “It was about six years before I joined, I believe, and the first of all was Josie.”

“Josie who?” asked Tanya.

“Josie Bentley,” said Alan, wondering how the other guys would feel about him telling the real story to this lovely girl who was wriggling on him, making his erection pleasure her, kissing the side of his mouth as he talked.

“The way that this all started was a joke,” said Alan, recalling the story told to him by the people involved in it, including Josie, who’d taught him how to make love to a girl like her. She’d taught him so well that he’d been in love with her, puppy love, Josie had called it.

She’d moved on to someone older, an alumnus whom she’d had before. But thanks to Josie, and the girls he’d treated as if they were her, he’d become the man, the one, that all intractable girls were sent to. Rachel had been intractable, of course, until he’d made love to her. What a summer that had been! He should never have let her go.

“A joke?” asked Tanya into the pause that followed what he’d said. “All I am to Alpha House is a joke!”

“No, not you, my darling Tanya,” said Alan, taking time to caress the girl in his arms and kiss her as lovingly as he could. “The first girl, Josie, wanted to be part of the fraternity. It wasn’t intended she should be. You see, all the frats back then were into weird forms of hazing.

“And the President of the time saw this slender, boyish kid reading our literature about being the fraternity that couldn’t and wouldn’t, ever, discriminate. The only entrance was a ‘rite of passage’ which the Pledge Committee set. That year’s was easy. It was to attend a Ball, properly dressed. If you were accepted into a Ball, you were in Alpha Rho Mu.”

“And Josie thought ...” murmured Tanya,

“That she’d have to wear a tux, bow tie and dance all the old-fashioned dances with girls in lovely dresses,” said Alan, easing at last out of his girl friend.

“Where’s the joke?” asked Tanya, relaxing girlishly into her boy friend’s arms as he added more hot water to their bath.

“The joke was that Don Hadley, the President,” said Alan Fox with a bit of a smirk, “told all the pledges they’d have to dress as women and partner an Alpha to some ball in some sorority I don’t remember. But the other guys found out that Don was joking. I guess their friends told them ...”

“And Josie was a loner,” breathed Tanya, between kisses. “She didn’t get the message.”

“Don told Warner Cook,” said Alan, “who told me he sent a ‘Ha-Ha! Gotcha!’ message to all the pledges, telling them to order their tuxes through his, Warner’s family’s, store downtown. They’d be charged to the frat. When Josie didn’t order, the Council thought that she’d decided against joining the frat.”

“But she hadn’t,” said Tanya slowly, loving the slow smooching she was being subjected to between groups of words by her lover.

“No, she hadn’t,” said Alan, lifting his girl up. She squealed as he took her to the bed where the activity they indulged in soon removed all the bathwater from the loving couple.

“You didn’t get the message?” croaked Don Hadley, standing on the steps outside the fraternity house.

“What message?” asked the blonde, bewigged ‘girl’ who’d appeared in front of him as he was leav-

ing the almost empty fraternity building. She was clutching her wrap tightly about her, her skirts shifting in the breeze, showing trim ankles and silver stockings in silvery, open-toed, high heels. But clearly she was no girl. She didn't sound like a girl, either.

"Hey, Don," called Warner, leaning out of Ed Elliott's ambulance, the frat's chief way of getting liquor onto campus. "We got it all!" That was said with a laugh. "The new pledges did a real good job at the gates."

"The pledges?" squeaked the boy in a dress, clearly that, a boy, to Don Hadley.

"Yeah," said Don, waving to Warner to go on and not pick him up. "You got the message we sent out?" He directed the last in a low voice to the female-dressed pledge in front of him. Gosh, couldn't the kid have come over to the frat in his own clothes and been ready to change there?

He could have gone out on the liquor run, this wannabe pledge, like the others. Some hadn't known what they'd be doing, no way the frat put any part of their liquor operation on paper or in e-mails. They'd too good a thing going since the University had busted other frats.

On the gates, there'd been a snap check of frat brothers; but no-one examined the ambulance where the new pledges were acting the parts of paramedics and doctors, as well as patients, to ferry in all that was needed for the nightly revels of all fraternities and sororities on campus.

"Come in here," said Don Hedley, looking over the pledge who'd fallen for the gag he'd come up with on the spur of the moment. He'd had to say

something to the crowd gathering and asking what it took to get into Alpha. Ed had told him that no-one would be stupid enough to fall for it. Warner later told Don that three guys had said they wouldn't pledge after a crazy idea like that.

"My girl friend wouldn't like it," one said.

"I didn't know this fraternity was gay," another had said.

"I think this falls under the heading of hazing," said the third seriously.

"The last two we can cut," Don had said furiously.

"For what?" Warner asked bluntly.

"Find a reason," Don said loftily. "We don't want barroom lawyers and sneermongers in our frat!"

"Sneermongers?" Warner had said with a straight face. "Is that a real word, Honored Brother President?"

"Tis now," retorted Don Hedley. "We won't have barroom lawyers or sneermongers in this fraternity while I'm President."

Nor gullible fools, Don realized he should have said, as he stared at the young man in a dress in front of him. Gods, his makeup was awful! No girl would wear that much blue eye shadow nor have run an eyebrow pencil through the bushes over each of her eyes. And that wig seemed to be off a little. It had moved, hadn't it?

"Did you come through the university like this?" asked Dan.

“No,” the kid said, his voice clear and masculine, unlike the whisper he’d used before. “There’s that old place behind here that’s empty.”

“It may be empty but it belongs to a sorority, Gamma something,” said Don angrily, not really knowing why he was angry.

“No-one goes in there,” the boy in a girl’s dress assured Don. He couldn’t even remember this kid’s name. Who was it that Mick, the frat’s secretary, said hadn’t responded to the e-mail? Joe, no, Joseph, somebody, or was that the last name, Jones?

“How did you?” asked Don, challenging the kid, taking his arm, man, was it thin, directing the kid towards the empty bathroom on the ground floor of the House. There didn’t seem to be anybody around for the moment.

“I have a key,” said the kid, flushing as Don raised an eyebrow as the kid took it from his purse. “Someone left it in a lock, weeks ago. I took it to keep it safe and, and to keep squatters out. They’ve tried, you know, to break the windows and screens but that place ...”

“Was built to keep guys out and girls in,” said Don, a phrase all the frat knew though it seemed to be new to this kid, whose dress was swishing as he walked. “So, your clothes are just down that pathway. Anyone see you before you came up to me.”

“There were some people in the distance,” said the grotesque caricature of a woman. “No-one said anything!”

They’d probably run off screaming if they’d seen a ‘girl’ like you, thought Don bitterly. He was on the point of telling the kid to get lost and never come near an Alpha again when the door of the bathroom

opened. Daley Masters came walking in. He stopped stock-still when he saw Don.

“Oops!” said Daley, backing away hurriedly. He was out the door before Don could stop him. The ‘girl’ stared at Don in fright.

“He only saw your back,” snapped Don harshly. “He thought you were a girl. Gods, look at you, whoever the heck you are! You can’t walk into the Delta Ees’ Festival looking like that!”

“How, how should I look?” the girlish boy in front of Don wanted to know.

Without meaning to, Don found himself giving another boy lessons in how to be a girl. He’d dated enough, laughed with pretty girls over dresses and makeup. He guessed he knew a lot more than this kid did about girls and women. This boy, who didn’t have a sister, confessed to Don he’d just gone out, bought a dress, a wig and feminine underclothing off the peg. The salesgirls hadn’t seemed to care what he was buying.

“It doesn’t really matter, does it, what I look like,” the boy said fearfully as Don took the purse from his soft hands and emptied it on the side of a wash basin.

“Of course it matters!” thundered Don. “You’ll be telling everyone you’re an Alpha pledge, won’t you? And if people laugh at you, Josie,” there, he’d named ‘her’, “it’d be Alpha they’d be laughing at, too, wouldn’t it?”

Don made Josie take off her wig. The idiot hadn’t even pinned ‘her’ fair hair down, though she had barrettes in her purse. “Did you use these brushes, or the tweezers?” asked Don. “You didn’t use the false eyelashes because they’re still in the box!”

“I, I didn’t know how!” said the boy, looking frightened as Don scowled at him.

“Whisper!” thundered Don Hadley. “If you can’t speak girlie, whisper and pout. Move your shoulder like this and look at me with smouldering eyes!”

Josie looked ridiculous even though she tried to do what Don said. “Just get the muck off your face,” snapped Don. “And let’s try again.”

It was Don who thinned out and curved Josie’s eyebrows, hurting her, which he ignored. She protested in her boy’s voice. Don ignored that as well. She wasn’t going to disgrace his fraternity, he thought sourly. It was Don who put foundation on her face and showed Josie how to apply her eyebrow pencil, her eyeliner, and attach her false eyelashes before she applied eye shadow and thicker eye liner.

Don traced around her lips with a lip gloss brush. He made Josie purse her lips as Don put on her shiny lipstick. He’d been so intent on his work it was only when he looked into her purse to find earrings, she babbling she was too frightened to put them on, that he finally saw what he’d created.

“What, what’s the matter?” the girl asked as she stared at a silent Don Hadley. She went to turn but stayed where she was when he barked at her. He pinned the blonde hair into place, brushed it on her head before he let her turn and look at herself.

“Oh, heavens,” whispered Josie, staring at the pretty girl in the mirror. “That’s not me!”

Josie was reaching for a handful of tissue to wipe her face before Don Hadley stopped her. He took the handful of tissue, though, and reached for the front of her dress. Yes, she’d had the guts to wear a bra.

He could fill it and make it push forward, easing out all the creases and sags in the front of her.

“You can’t!” gasped Josie, staring at the girl in the mirror, as Don raised her dress and underslip and exposed the panties and garter belt she was wearing. She didn’t know what else she was supposed to have done, she whispered, the clip-on, swinging hoops at her ears adding to her femmy look. The towels were shoved into her panties by Don, over her objections again, the re-positioning and tightening of the garter belt also forced on her; then, they looked at her, spun her in front of the mirrors. They both could see that Josie was a girl with a figure, suggestively feminine.

“Look at yourself, Josie,” said Don thickly as he stood behind her, his hands on her shoulders. Gosh, he looked like her boy friend, he thought, the way he was touching her soft, hairless shoulders.

“My eyebrows!” she was whispering at him, her blue eyes gleaming. “Look what you’ve done to them!”

“Yeah,” snarled Don Hadley. “Now, we can go to the Ball, Josie. You won’t let the frat down now. Oh, one thing.”

She squealed as he put perfume on her wrists and sprayed a feminine cologne all over her. “You shouldn’t have bought it, Josie,” he said smugly to her, “if you weren’t going to use it! Come on, my girl. Let’s go to the Ball!”

Don had to drag her from the bathroom. That was when a herd of juniors came running in from some game, undressing themselves as they yelled about being at the Ball in time or all the pretty girls would be gone.

“Wow! Mr President!” said the irrepressible Mike O’Reilly. “What you hiding for yourself, Don? Which sorority are you from, lovely lady?”

“This lovely lady isn’t from any sorority,” said Don stiffly. “Now, you juniors hurry up! You might be allowed one dance with Josie if you’re very good.”

The juniors bolted off. “Oh, she smells so good!” one cretin was singing at the top of his voice.

Josie shivered beside Don as he walked ‘her’ out of the fraternity. He’d intended to take Josie back to where she’d put on the girl’s dress she wore; but there was a ‘Whoopee’ behind them as the first of the juniors came pounding out of the house behind them.

“Hold my hand,” said Don, having to say it again to get Josie to obey. There was nothing he could do as more juniors swept by them, saying that they were going to steal Don’s girl friend when they got to the ball. Don grimaced, holding Josie’s shaking hand tightly so she couldn’t get away. He made her walk in those very feminine, high heels, her dress swishing about her, towards where everyone was going. They approached the Delta house amid deafening noise.

“Stay with me!” yelled Don, wondering for the first time why he was doing this, taking this boy, disguised as a girl, into this dance, the ‘Welcome to One and All Ball’, as the Ees had called it. It was their way of telling everyone they were the prettiest, most confident of their attractiveness, of all the sororities on campus.

Josie’s high heels were clicking, and her dress was swishing, even more noisily, as Don led his ‘date’, he realized people would think, into the bus-

ting sorority house. But no-one paid them special attention. Pretty girls sashayed by them in pretty dresses, just like the one Josie had bought, 'off the rack'. She was quivering fiercely, wearing a woman's lovely gown, all because Don Hadley had made a joke.

"You wanted this," said Don, as they stopped for a second, staring at the huge crowd. He felt her hand quaking again. She was trying to break away, free herself from the awful predicament she'd put herself into. "Join the girls and enjoy yourself!"

"Where are all the other guys like me?" whispered Josie, clinging anxiously to Don as he directed her into the middle of the dance floor. All around them, giggling girls from several sororities were flirting with the boys around them, their partners or not. Josie stood out a little because she wasn't doing that.

"I think I should tell you that there aren't any other girls like you at this dance," said Don Hadley. He'd thought he'd laugh at her when she realized she was the only one to fall for his joke.

"I mean the other guys like me, dressed up as girls," said a quivering Josie. "Aren't we going to be lined up and photographed and cheered at some time?"

Don Hadley suddenly felt like a heel. "No," he snapped. "You were the only one who fell for the joke."

The expression on the madeup, girlish face made Don Hadley feel even worse than a heel if that was

possible. It was an expression that he'd seen only rarely when he'd witnessed someone deceiving someone else terribly in a way they didn't expect. Josie was staring at him, her face stunned, as if her world had just fallen apart.

"A, a joke," Josie breathed softly at him, her beautiful, girlish eyes bright and then a tear fell from one over her makeup. "I'm a joke! I'm a joke to you and the fraternity! You didn't want me to join in the first place! Oh, this is a horrible joke to play on anyone! Let me go! Let me get out of here!"

"Hey, Don," came Daley Masters' voice from beside him. "You're making this pretty girl cry! This lummoX doesn't know how to treat a girl, Miss, er, Miss, um, what's this lovely girl's name, Don?"

"Josie, but she's going ..." began Don Hadley but his hand was torn away from Josie's. She was twirled away, her face looking up in fright and astonishment, at the most highly regarded womanizer in the Alpha Rho Mu fraternity.

Serves her right, fumed Don, stepping back to the sidelines.

"Lost the love of your life by the look on your face, Don," said a familiar voice behind him. Don turned to where Warner Cook was standing with a flushed-face girl drinking from a cup similar to the one Warner had. He offered his to Don who took it while Warner took the one from the girl's hand and told her she'd had enough.

"But it's only juice," the girl pouted, taking it back from Warner, slipping out of his arms to go off to giggle with her friends.

"You've spiked the punch," said Don, taking a deep drink. He really needed it.

“All of them,” said Warner in a low voice, “even the ones that Ed’s been telling the Ees are completely safe. Half the girls on this side of the floor are blotto, like Joan there. Hey, mind if I dance with that girl you brought with you? It’ll be a pleasure to dance with someone sober.”

“Be my guest,” said Don, “but Daley ...”

Warner stepped past him and, before Don could do anything, Warner had his arm about Josie and was sweeping her off down the floor, her eyes wide in fear, thought Don. She looked back at him, pleading with him to come and rescue her as Warner hugged her so tightly.

“That girl ...” said Daley Masters with a grin as he relieved Don of the large cup of doctored juice.

“Isn’t a girl, I know,” said Don Hadley apologetically.

Daley stared at him. “Isn’t,” he began, “a very good dancer, I was going to say. What do you mean, isn’t a girl?”

“She’s an idiot,” said Don grimly. “A pledge who fell for the joke I made about hazing the pledges in girls’ dresses. She thought I meant it and showed up, back at the house, like that. You saw her in the bathroom with me.”

“I thought,” said Daley, glancing around the floor until he found Josie and Warner in the crush by the bandstand, Warner bending his head to kiss her on the cheek, “that she seemed more padded than most girls, in that dress.” He smiled at Don. “What are we doing, calling her ‘she’ when she’s really a ‘he’?”

“The Ees are going to think we’re playing a joke on them, putting them down,” said Don quietly to

his amused frat brother. "Try getting a date here when they find out about Josie."

"Why bring her then?" asked Daley, a touch of anger in his voice.

Don quickly related the events with the juniors, how he couldn't get away from the crowd.

"I don't think Warner's tumbled to the joke," said Daley, still surveying the dancing, crowded floor. "He's keeping her down there deliberately. Oh, good, the band's calling for a rest!"

Warner's hand was about Josie's thin waist. He held her hand as well as he strolled across the floor with her. "Time for Josie to have a drink after all that dancing," Warner said with a smile at the two Alphas waiting for him. "Oh, look, Daley's brought you a drink of juice, Josie!"

Josie gripped the cup in two hands as several girls were doing around them as the volume of noise rose in the ballroom. "Th-thank you," she whispered, Warner's hand still around her shoulder protectively. Daley took the cup back, smiling in bemusement at the lipstick mark on the whitish china.

"Don's going to see Josie home very soon," said Daley easily to Warner, who frowned quickly.

"I thought you were a student here," Warner began as Josie looked at the other two men warily, like a deer in the headlights of a car, Don thought.

"She's Don's date," said Daley. "Look, a second band. You take your girl for a dance, Don. I'll explain it to Warner."

Don put his arm about Josie's thin waist again. He felt her shiver as she put her hands on his

shoulders as all the girls were doing as a very slow waltz began.

“I have to get out of here, out of these clothes,” Josie whispered in Don’s ear.

“Sure,” said Don grimly. “Hold onto me like the rest of the girls. I’ll head for the exit.”

The dance was so slow. It was hard to move. “There,” murmured Don, the fragrance he’d put onto this parody of a girl reaching his nostrils as he led her through the glass doors, thinking they’d walk around the sorority house.

But there was no exit in sight that he could see, only a sheltered garden. Many girls were strolling with their beaux before seating themselves on benches and swings. The most highly amorous soon engaged in the most passionate of kisses and caresses.

“We can’t go down there!” Josie hissed frantically but there was no other way to go. A huge crowd seemed to be following them out of the ballroom.

“Just hold on to me,” said Don Hadley, putting his arm about her shoulder. Josie hesitated, shaking against him.

“Here, kiddos,” said a girl, rising out of a swing, her partner protesting. “Take the best place in the gardens. I want to dance and get more punch. The Alphas have spiked it, you know.”

The girl danced away, her swain following her, grumbling. Don pulled Josie after him and sat on the moving, canopied, swing chair, drawing an awkward, protesting Josie after him.

“Just lay your head on my shoulder and cuddle up to me while we consider how to get out of here,”

said Don. The shaking blonde girl, adjusting her skirts about her as she sat, moved a little closer to him and hid her pretty face against him.

“This is so terrible!” she whispered.

“Not what you thought it would be?” asked Don, absent-mindedly caressing her bare shoulder. He was thinking how soft and smooth her skin was before he suddenly remembered what he was touching.

“Hey, man, if you’re not going to be using that bower,” said a tall guy, passing by, a girl in his arms, the two looking like they were glued to one another.

“We’re using it,” Don growled back, reaching over and lifting Josie’s panic-filled face to him. Her lips were still femininely shaped, as he’d done them, Don saw. It was easy to kiss Josie. Strange feelings he’d felt since he first saw her began to overwhelm him.

Josie knew what she had to do with the other couple watching them. She tried to relax and not scream as she felt like doing. She heard the other couple finally move on as the ‘other’ girl said, “There’s one!” But Don didn’t stop kissing Josie. In fact, his outer arm drew her closer, his mouth moving over hers as if he enjoyed kissing her.

Josie trembled as she twisted her lips free but Don still held her tightly. “There’s a gate down there on the far walkway,” Don whispered into her ear, his breath making her dangling earring dance against her neck. “Another kiss for luck and we’ll stroll over. We’ll have to stop as the other couples are doing. You ready for it?”

Ready to kiss a man again and again? Josie wanted to scream that she couldn't but Don's mouth closed over hers again. She was lost as a girl once more, the drive and passion that Don poured into his kisses making the bra tighten on her padded chest.

