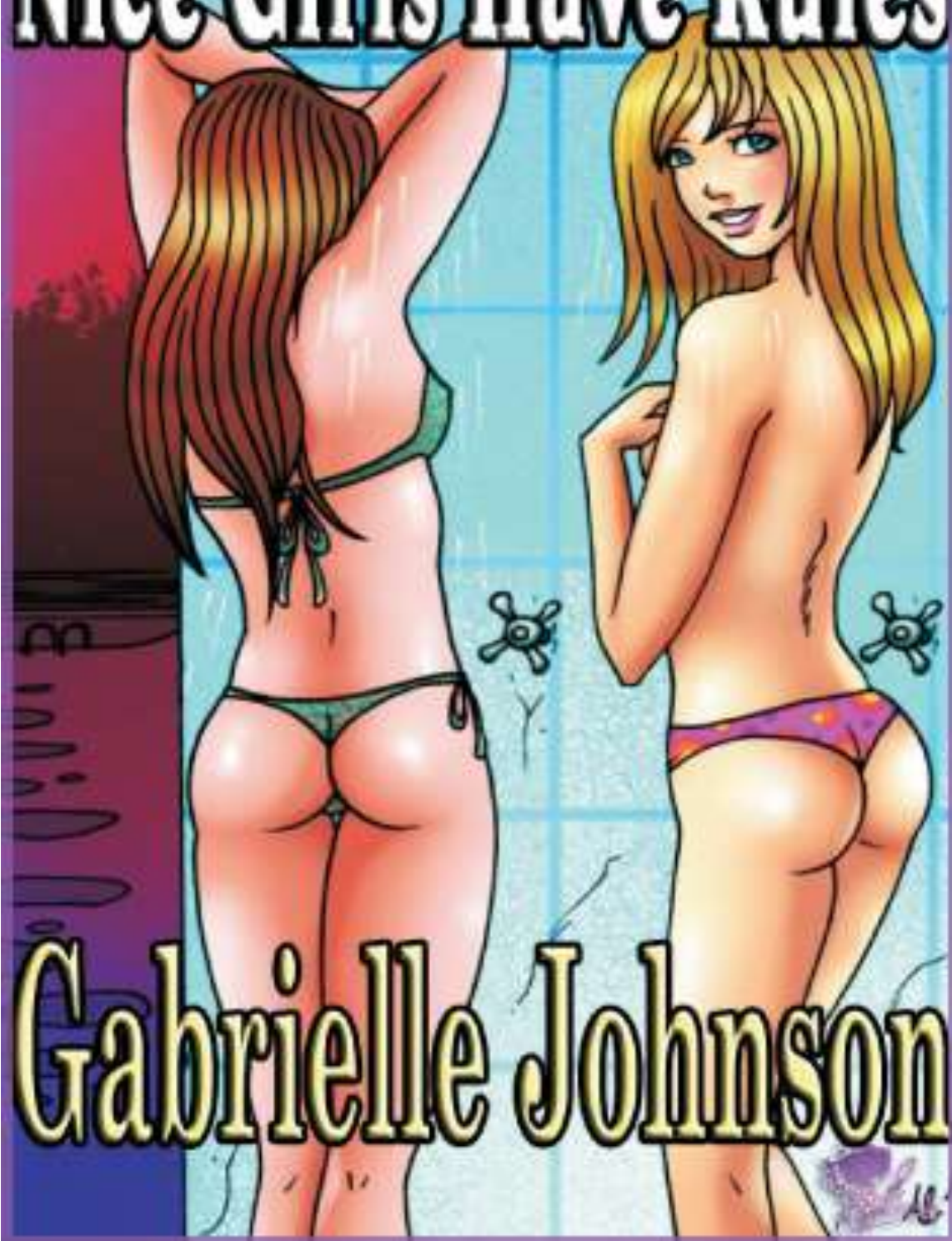


# Frat 5: Nice Girls Have Rules



Gabrielle Johnson

## FRAT 5: NICE GIRLS HAVE RULES

by Gabrielle Johnson

Rachel could feel the eyes of all the men in the bar, and the few women as well, on her shapely, feminine body. She slid down in a seat, in her leather skirt, crossing her legs, her high-heeled boots making her feel very sexy, as if she was a real woman. But wild thoughts of discovery, discovery of the whole sorority as being a sorority of men, made her mind tremble. She imagined what these people would do to her if they discovered that beneath all her femininity, she was as male as any man in the place.

“So,” said Ted Moore, leaning over her and looking down the front of her top, at her real, rounded, augmented breasts, a glance which Rachel noted in shaking relief. She might be able to control this situation she was in, after all. He might be susceptible to her femininity. He was a man, after all, wasn't he? “Do you make assignments for sex for the Alpha boys just with the real girls in your sorority or with the trannies like Bryan and Harry as well? Do you tell the boys which kind of girl they're going out with?”

Ted had just broken a cardinal rule of the fraternity, thought Rachel. It was ingrained into Alpha men, clearly Ted wasn't one, particularly Alphas who slept with Rho girls regularly, that Rho girls were to be called girls. They were never to be distinguished from other girls at all as this Ted Moore was trying to do with Rho girls.

But Ted didn't know that. Nor did he know how close he was to stating exactly what it was that Rachel and Emma did for their sorority of Rho girls. Ted almost had it exactly right! Rachel knew she couldn't let him think the whole idea through. She smiled as prettily as she could at the man opposite her. Oh, it was so different to vamp a real man, an unknowing man, not one of the Alpha unsophisticated boys she was used to tempting into her bed to amuse her.

"That's so crass," said Rachel, putting down her drink, seeing the lipstick bow where her mouth had touched it. "Is this the style of all your interrogations, Detective Moore? I don't think you can be a very successful detective if you go around accusing a girl of something she'd never do."

"That came out all wrong," said Ted with a sudden, rueful smile. "I did mean to say, now we're out of the sorority, how beautiful you are, Rachel. The rest is the worst case that could be happening in the situation I saw. Not that I should be so high-minded about students hooking up. I understand that."

"What I can't imagine is Bryan laying a finger on you, beautiful Rachel. And I do want to ask you what is it you do as Mistress, that's the right word, isn't it, of your sorority? I know it isn't just assignations for boys to get together with girls as I saw tonight."

"I think," said Rachel gently, not wanting to acknowledge in any way that that was just what she and Emma did for the girls of Rho House, "that you came into our sorority tonight because you want Marilyn, don't you, Ted? And since you can't have her, well, I suppose you're settling for me!"

"Let's talk about us, anyone, why you came to the sorority. Let's talk about anything, but not Harry, that girlish friend of Julia's."

She, Harry, now Linda, would almost certainly break down under questioning from a determined operator like Ted Moore. If Rachel could just keep Ted Moore at bay for a week or so Ted wouldn't be able to find Linda, Harry as he'd call her, in the sorority at all, not when she was changed as she was going to be.

A friend of Julia's, Linda, Harry Barrett, fitted in perfectly as a Rho girl. She was scheduled already for her T and A, as well as some work on her Adams apple, and for a nose bob. Now, Rachel would have to suggest a little more facial feminization to make sure that Detective Ted Moore

would never find her.

Max Wagner was still hot for Linda but he'd said to Rachel, when she'd asked him, that Linda was attracted to anyone in pants, as a Rho girl should be. When Linda was improved, Max didn't think he'd find her, ever, for a date, Linda being man-crazy. Thank goodness, Max wasn't a man to talk to anyone, even Ted Moore, about his love life. He was a true Alpha, Rachel was sure of that.

"I do like what Granger Aitken," said Ted, in answer to Rachel's suggestion about Marilyn, carefully putting his drink in front of him and leaning more towards the lovely girl beside him, "did to himself. I'm shocked by the way he looks as Marilyn. But I'm not convinced he's had the reassignment surgeries he claims to have."

"But he, I should call him she, shouldn't I, has convinced his father he's, um, she's a girl; and that she's going to marry Bob Maslow legally at the end of next year when the authorities agree she's a girl. There, now you know what I think about Marilyn, Miss Rachel Porter, the beautiful girl sitting here with me and being admired by everyone."

"I think that every guy in this place wishes he could take my place tonight. The way you're dressed signals we're going to be into something very kinky. I also think that you're trying very hard, and succeeding, with your feminine ways, to distract me, Miss Porter, from whatever it is that you do in that sorority you call Rho House."

"If I'm distracting all the men in this room," said Rachel with smile, not wanting to let on to the other how close he was to the truth. She was going to distract him in every way she could. She twisted and wiggled in her chair, deliberately re-crossing her legs which made him admire her feminine figure more, "it's because you brought me here, Ted, to do just that."

Rachel had learned to love wiggling in a tight skirt. She loved the way her legs felt in stockings, the tug of her garter belt and the touch of leather on her thighs being so wonderful, so girlish and delightful. She smiled as her leather mini-skirt felt so good, her breasts and the lovely bra that held her, also making her feel real and delicately girlish.

Ted Moore's face registered surprise at what she'd said about him bringing her here to be a lovely girl on show. Didn't he understand that she could think for herself, Rachel wondered. A pretty girl like her should think for herself. She could be a bimbo, of course, as so many of the girls practiced to be at first.

Sometimes, Rachel liked that as well, liked the way her dress and boots made her feel. Oh, yes, this was a night for Girls on Top, wasn't it? The last time they'd done it, just after Christmas, it had been wildly successful. The guys at home for the holidays in Alpha House had begged Emma and Rachel to organize it again, in term time.

So they had, this very night! The few Alpha men, busy on other projects, were going to be so jealous they missed what went on in Rho House. Oh, they'd have loved to be dominated by Rachel and the girls she'd trained. And I'm in character for the show, thought Rachel, smiling gently at this persistent detective. I'm not going to be an easy date for a man like you, Ted, she thought, holding that idea well inside her, as she tried to be girlish with every fiber of her feminized body.

"The truth is," Rachel said with a smile, lying easily as she had when Bryan, now Trudi, had been beating her, making her be a slut for him.

"We're not a bordello, brothel or bawdy house, Ted, we girls of Rho House. We're sisters. And the sisterhood, our sorority, is just having a midweek party tonight, Ted."

"But even I can't go to it unless I have a date. That's what I was doing, as

one of the Mistresses of the House, pairing off men and girls so no-ones left who wanted to party. My date is probably wondering why I've stood him up! Emma, the other Mistress of our House, is probably asking him to leave. We're not as debauched as you think, Ted. By midnight, all the men will be gone from the ballroom! I'm supposed to see to that as one of my duties, being a Mistress."

"Including Harry?" asked Ted Moore with a grin. "Linda?"

"You did your research well," said Rachel with a smile, pleased that the lilt in her voice was holding up. A lovely, feminine voice never had a man questioning what a girl was, no matter what other mistakes she made.

Rachel knew how to handle this line of enquiry. It wasn't the first time that someone had inquired after a specific girl. Her answer, in a case like this, where someone knew Harry was Linda, was rehearsed. "A special case, a one-off, someone her friend asked us to help," she said, crossing her legs again in her skirt because it made her feel as womanly as she wanted to feel. "We took a vote and decided to assist Linda. It's as simple as that. I don't know anything more about Bryan or about what was on his computer. It might have led Linda to State. I don't know. You should ask her."

'If you can find her,' thought Rachel. She'd pressed the panic button for Emma as she'd left the sorority.

"I will," said Ted Moore, standing and assisting the lovely, puzzled Rachel to her feet. His hand at her thin waist steadied her. For a moment, he held her quite closely, his arm about her bare shoulder as he guided her out of the restaurant and bar, smiles on the faces of most of the men watching them. "I think we should get out of here now before the cavalry appear. They're on the way, aren't they? Maslow and his friends?"

"Do you rush off from all your girls friends like this?" asked Rachel,

pushing back her long hair, allowing him to put his arm about her, snuggling a little into him as a girl would to show a man she was interested. Yes, she had to do it. He was interested in her, wasn't he? So what that he didn't know about her real sex? She shivered inside as she thought of him with his hands in her panties, her breasts caressing his chest. It wouldn't come to that. Rachel, as a girl, could do a lot to distract Ted from his investigations without having to actually get that far.

Ted smiled at her as they stood on the top step of the University Club, pointing to Bob Maslow and Peter coming quickly, almost in marching steps, along Frat Row.

'What am I getting myself into?' Rachel asked herself with a shudder, swaying against the detective as Ted hugged her as if she was a girl. She knew what was coming as he pulled her against him. 'So, a real man wants to kiss you,' she said anxiously to herself. She let him, not fighting him. It wasn't like having an Alpha man caress her. Girlish feelings built inside her, her legs in her dark stockings arousing her more than the shaking of her long, red hair. She let a real man, so much older than her, take possession of her painted lips, closing her eyes as she always did when Alphas kissed her romantically.

Only, those men knew what she was, knew she wanted to feel like a girl. But this one wasn't Peter Simpson. Ted didn't know what she was. He kissed her as if she was a girl, making her shiver, nicely, inside. Rachel loved the gentle pressure he exerted on her lips, making her feel so female. It was just the way she tried to teach David Brent to kiss her. The science major was always in such a rush.

This was how a man should kiss a girl, Rachel thought, lost in bliss for a long minute, quite stunned when she came to her senses at last. She found Ted Moore looking down at her, his face equally astonished as hers, she supposed. He was showing the same emotion she felt inside so girlishly,

astonishment and pleasure released in her in the kiss. Yes, she'd been a woman for a few stunning, wonderful moments and he'd been her man.

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Being in a dress designer's workshop was the most excruciating experience of Brenda Lawrence's short life as a woman. Heather and Kelly greeted one another with girlish hugs and kisses.

"Six weeks!" shrieked the older, blonde woman. "I don't think I could get a pair of panties out in less than three months!"

"For the no fee is too high that goes with this commission," Kelly said dryly, wandering over to a live mannequin posing and moving in a beautiful, light blue and white silk dress, "you, Heather, can do a whole lot better than a pair of panties for my blushing bride!"

And Brenda was blushing as she was in a workshop with scads of beautiful women, many of them only half-dressed.

"You've already got the design done, said Kelly with a laugh, and that's the hardest part, you always say, Heather. Now, I've brought you the girl," was that a breathy emphasis on girl, thought the uneasy Brenda, but if it was a signal to the designer about the blushing Brenda, Heather gave no sign that she understood, "and you can see how lovely she is. And the publicity alone from this wedding, Heather..."

Kelly smiled and let her voice trail off as she winked at the blonde, blushing Brenda.

"The girls are going to have to work overtime," complained Heather.

Which the Merton's will meet and add bonuses to for the work done in time for the dress rehearsals," said Kelly. "Yes, with the money they'll make for the bridesmaids dresses as well, they'll all be buying new homes, new cars and holidaying in Europe for the summer this year!"



“Bridesmaid dresses as well!” squealed Heather, shaking her head as if in unbelievable distress.

“Well, we could get those done by another couturier,” said Kelly, her cheek dimpling prettily as she swished one of the lovely dresses off the rack about her.

“Who’ll make sure that her designs clash with mine,” said Heather. She pushed a buzzer on her desk and an assistant turned from where she was working, pinning together a cherry-red, evening gown. It looked so delicate and beautiful to Brenda and the silent Michelle, as awed as the bride, beside her.

“Amanda, we have the bride here for eight-five SSL, silk, satin and lace,” Heather said with a smile to the three girls visiting her. “Into the dressing room number three, Brenda, and you and your bridesmaid can try on the new underwear that we’ve designed for you. Then, the mockup of the dresses you’ll be wearing will be here when you come out!”

“You snark!” laughed Kelly. “You were teasing me!”

“I loved it!” said Heather, letting loose with a girlish giggle. “I hope you love the dress that I’ve designed for you, Brenda. Now that I’ve seen you, I think I could have designed an old sack and you’d have made it look good. Your photos don’t do you justice! You’re much more beautiful here in person! you’re going to make such a beautiful, beautiful bride!”

“Oh, gosh, were supposed to get into these?” gasped Michelle as they looked at the delicate panties and bras laid out for them. And what’s this?”

Brenda was flushing again as she looked at the silk sort of bandanna with the tiny straps to pull it tight. I think she’s designed a special g-string for us to wear beneath the panties. She knows all about us and the type of girls we are!”

While Brenda was chagrined at what Heather must really think of her,

Brenda, a male, clothing herself like a bride, Michelle was pleased with the pink, matching band for her panties, particularly as it fitted her so easily.

“This won’t be difficult for Peter,” laughed Michelle.

“Peter,” said the almost naked girl beside her, hardly able to touch the delicate garter belt that was designed just for her, a match for her new panties. “I thought that he was Rachel’s.”

“He’s had her long enough,” said Michelle with a giggle. “You know what Peter’s like, don’t you? He’s in love with all of us as soon as we give him a tumble in bed but it only lasts until some tramp like Nadine bats her eyelashes at him. He can’t resist a come-on from a pretty girl. Rachel told me that I could have him and warned me that he wasn’t going to be the love of my life.”

“But Rachel,” said Brenda, shivering as she drew out the lovely white stockings with the swirling, flowery patterns on them. And there were the garters with similar flowers as fasteners that she had to wear on her thighs. What was it she had to do with them, she thought in a panic? Oh, she had to let Will caress her legs and take them off and throw them to his male friends. And even if she kissed them really sweetly, they’d never give them back to her.

“Rachel has a new boyfriend,” said Michelle, a fount of news about all the girls and what they were up to. “An older guy, an alumnus, I think.”

“She’s trying to make Peter jealous,” said Brenda uneasily, staring at herself in the mirror in her strapless bra that pushed her up and out so well, if you wanted to look like a pretty, full-figured girl, that is.

“It’s a meeting of the minds,” said Michelle, shocking her friend. “Rachel’s always liked older, more experienced men. Ooo, you look so lovely, Brenda. Ooo, I’m going to have to be a bride, I really am! But every man in Alpha knows that I’m a real slut! I’ll sleep with anyone who strokes my

tush and tells me what a pretty girl I am. Oh, gosh, look at the dresses they have ready for us! I want to switch and be the bride! You'll look stunning in that, Brenda, absolutely stunning!

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"Ted Moore was tracking me down?" Bob Maslow asked a still shaking Rachel Porter. "Marilyn and me?"

Rachel's mass of red-gold hair moved in agreement to Bob's statement. Ted had been following the two of them about the campus, probably in the university town as well. He'd seen them entering Rho House, arm-in-arm.

"I, I think he, he's a little jealous of you," said Rachel, blushing almost the color of her hair as she said that, expecting an outburst from the alumni consultant to the Frat Council, a lawyer.

"He's every reason to be," said Bob Maslow with a grin.

"I thought," cut in Will Merton. He'd driven in hastily from the new house he and his wife, Brenda, a Rho girl like Rachel, would be honeymooning in soon, along the beach from Mr. and Mrs. Daley Masters and their children. Josie Masters, of course, was the original Rho House and sorority girl.

"I thought John Aitken accepted he has a daughter now," Will stated. "Is Aitken still trying to find out all the what's and why's about what happened to Granger? Marilyn isn't going to like that if he is!"

"T-Ted didnt say he was w-working for any-, anyone," said the rattled, nervous Rachel, still thinking of the way Ted had kissed her for the second time and whispered that he'd call her, just as a regular guy would have done. "But he's a policeman. He's found out about Linda. He, he, doesn't seem the type to stop when he's got a mystery."

"No," agreed Bob Maslow, before Will could ask Rachel more about her encounters with the persistent detective. "Will, why don't you head back,

Will? Find that lovely wife of yours and depart on your European honeymoon? Marry her over there. I thought she was looking forward to the warmth of the beaches of Southern France.”

“It’s me who wants to get her on the Riviera, said Will with a grin. She’d be happy to stay here and supervise the house Daley is improving and re-building for us. I want to show her off on those beaches where the girls are topless like us men. You know, we don’t wear shirts and they don’t wear the tops of their bikinis!”

“I’m not sure that Brenda wants to be shown off,” cut in Emma, the other Mistress of the Sorority who knew the girl whom Will was marrying soon, very well. “We’re her family, we girls at Rho and one boy in Alpha.” She smiled at Will, frustrated at not seeing his girlfriend till their wedding.

“We’d be mad as hell at not seeing her as a bride and seeing Will promising her his undying love! And don’t you start getting big ideas!” she warned her boyfriend, Lord Albert Conway, in whose lap she was snuggling.

“I didn’t say a word!” protested Bertie Boy. Emma’s pet name for her English boyfriend had spread to everyone in the frat.

“I could feel your reaction,” said Emma, patting his leg with her lovely, femininely manicured hand, its fingernails long, gleaming and pink. Bertie grinned up at her as she lowered her head for the inevitable kiss. Most of the others smiled. It was nice to see the two back together and being so loving. Bertie had blotted his copybook, as he said in English slang, with the nympho, Nadine, while Emma had been busy organizing the sorority to take care of the troubles left by the recently deposed President.

“Is this guy really going to cause trouble for us?” asked Peter Simpson who’d become Frat President after agreeing to the emasculation of Bryan Fairfax and Phil Garcia. With the way Trudi and Nancy were currently

behaving, and the three previous miscreants, now Elizabeth, Marilyn and Olivia, the troubles left by Trudi had appeared to be over. "And who's this Linda? I don't think you girls told us about taking in another girl this late in the year!"

"She's Julia's friend, someone Trudi tried to recruit for the frat," said Rachel. The others listened as she told them all about Linda and what was planned for her in the days ahead.

"You should have told us all about her when she got here," said Peter Simpson, not noticing the cool looks he got from Will, Bertie and Bob Maslow.

"Don't you and Pete pillow talk?" asked Bob Maslow, smiling at Rachel Porter, who re-crossed her legs with a rasp of stockings that she loved to hear as much as the men in the room.

"Peter and I are working on a more open relationship," Rachel said with a smile. That made everyone in the group look at the discomfited Peter Simpson.

"We saw Nadine coming from your room, Brenda and I," said Will into the short silence while the rest digested that Rachel and Peter weren't a couple like Tanya and Alan Fox, Brenda and Will Merton, or Emma and Lord Albert. "We thought at the time. But Nadine's made it clear to everyone, hasn't she, that she wants every member of the frat to fuck her!"

"She propositioned you?" asked Emma in disgust. "Not when you announced your wedding day!"

"Not then," laughed Will. "But when all of you girls and guys conspired with Kelly, she was the wedding planner, to keep my future wife from me, that bundle of blonde femininity pressed her charms into me. I damn well could have given her a tumble. Only thinking of Brenda allows me to resist!"

“I wish everyone else had your will power, said Emma, immediately drawn into Bertie’s arms again and kissed most thoroughly and passionately by her boyfriend.”

“You girls,” Will said with a groan, “will have to do something about Nadine, stop her meds or something, have Doc Greg remove,” he mimed the breasts that Emma and Rachel had and were so obviously real, “anything, but get her to settle down with just a couple of men, at best.

“And Bob, I’m out of here soon for a while, you’re going to be the one to take care of Mr Moore. Surely, we aren’t going to have to go to the extremes as we did with Nancy and Trudi.”

The rest of the group noted that he didn’t mention Marilyn, also given the extreme like the other new girls. She’d been willing to blow up the frat and reveal all about them, what they did to keep a constant supply of lovely girls in Rho House for the pleasure of Alphas. Marilyn now agreed how wrong shed been. She’d been enthralled with Will and Brenda’s wedding and was already planning, according to her fiance a wedding even bigger and more glamorous, in which shed be the centerpiece, the lovely bride of Robert Maslow, the man shed fallen in love with.

“C-cant we buy him off?” asked Ray Baker timidly. He was the third year boy who’d been added to the council after Bryan had been forcibly removed. He was a good example of most of the men in Alpha Rho Mu fraternity. Girls would have called him a nerd, or a dork, or a geek, some word like that.

Ray was apparently brilliant in his university work which is why he’d been recruited for Alpha House in the first place. He was also flexible enough in his thinking to enjoy all of the wonderfully scented, beautiful girls of Rho House. The girls were thrilled to provide him loving and girlish sex and adoration, things a man like Ray hadn’t dared to pursue before. He was,

like everyone else as far as Rachel knew, committed to the fraternity and its special relationship with the Gamma Rho girls.

Lovely, wonderful Tess, and the other beautiful Rho girls, didn't know it yet but Ray was determined Tess was going to be his wife in a ceremony just like the one he'd watched being rehearsed in Alan Fox's hotel. He'd been as mesmerized as Brenda, whom he'd known as a boy in high school, repeated a promise to love, honor and obey her husband, the so-lucky Will Merton, who had done the same in a different rehearsal. And no, his fling with Nadine, and other nights with whatever girl would have him, wasn't going to change in any way how Ray Baker felt now about Teresa Golling "He's a policeman," warned Will but Bob was shaking his head.

"We checked him out thoroughly while you were away, introducing your pretty girl friend to your family in Florida," said Bob Maslow. "He's a straight arrow guy. Not as brilliant as others, I guess. Ted said to you, Rachel, that he didn't think Marilyn could have been operated on in the time frame that she gave? He doesn't believe she's been converted into Aitkens daughter? Well, he's right of course, and wrong. Marilyn's a girl in every way that counts with me. But we don't want him to find out how right he is, that Marilyn hasn't had anything done down below. Nothing she's claimed to her father she's had done. You all know what I mean?"

The others did of course. The men couldn't look at the girls but Bertie did squeeze Emma's waist with the arm he had about her, moving enough to touch her breast with his chest and to send a little, feminine thrill through her.

"Rachel," said Bob Maslow thoughtfully. "You and Ted Moore, he noticed how lovely you are. Is he into leather and boots?"

"He, he was studying me all the time," said Rachel nervously again, thinking how great it was to be a girl in female clothing and lingerie. She

guessed what Bob was going to suggest but didn't know if she really could seduce a real man. She shivered and thought about Caroline, now back in Vegas. She'd been with a non-Alpha male, Professor Andy Anderson, and there'd been no comeback on that tryst, had there? She must talk to Caroline and find out what she'd done, how she'd done it ... But it's Marilyn who, who

"Turns him on?" asked Bob thoughtfully, studying the red-haired girl who'd been lost in womanly reverie for a moment. Rachel nodded, blushing at the look that Bob was giving her. Thank goodness, Bob decided not to go on and give her suggestions on ways she had to use her girlish body to help the frat and the sisterhood.

Bob looked meaningfully at Peter, Will and Albert, and, as an afterthought, at Ray Baker as well, to bring him into the friendship that the frat was supposed to promote. He touched Emma on her nyloned leg and nodded to Rachel as well, to include the girls in what he was about to state.

"Now, what does it say," Bob said slowly, "to anyone here, about a man, who is tracking down a girl whom he thinks isn't totally a girl? He doesn't, according to Rachel, want to make it with a girl as lovely as her, even when she's right there with him. Something's wrong with him? Hmm, I'll get Marilyn to help me. Well check it with her father, be certain who Ted Moore's working for, probably the judge who lent him to Marilyn's father. I do think that there's more to Mr. Moore than meets the eye."

"But, I do think, too, Rachel, that you've misconstrued his male attentions towards you."

Rachel flushed. She hadn't been able to tell them about Ted's kisses, what she'd felt, how her clothes had clung to her body, rousing the femininity now possessing her every day. Ted had said that he'd contact her - for a date, she'd supposed. Oh, that had made her again feel so girlish! A real



man wanted to date her! What more could any girl, even a Rho girl, want?

“What if he thought you were a real girl, Rachel?” Bob went on. “I know that term hurts and were not supposed to use it in the frat or Rho House but hear me out on this idea a little. What if Ted finds out that you are as much of a girl as Marilyn is, Rachel?”

Rachel wiggled femininely in her chair as the others looked at her and smiled. Oh yes, if she wanted to be like Nadine, she could probably have tempted any man in the Council if she’d wanted to.

“I think that Mr. Moore, Bob went on with a smile, “would then be very, very interested in you, darling Rachel. Will you work with me? With Marilyn, well set up a test for Ted Moore before he blows up the frat and we all have to run for it?”