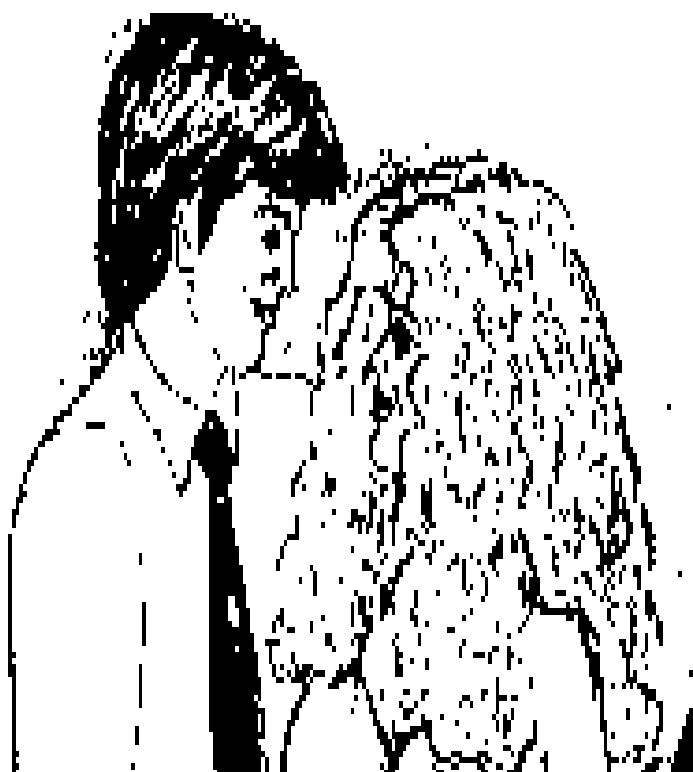




Reluctant Press

The Experiment

Pat Yarrish



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE EXPERIMENT

By Pat Yarrish

CHAPTER ONE: The Proposal

The winds of change seemed to have been blowing for a long time, although it took the War in the Gulf to bring things to a head. General Sam Jones couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Women in combat? They belong at home - cooking and cleaning and waiting on their men. They shouldn't be fighting in wars!" he snarled at the young captain who brought him some orders to sign. The captain, Bret Smith, a young man of twenty-five years, asked the general why he was so upset.

"Well son, this man's army is going to hell. They let these damn women in, and now these women want more and more! They just aren't happy doing the traditional feminine jobs. Now they want to be allowed into combat. I just don't go for that! The Air Force has authorized them to fly combat missions. Now, they want access to key elements in the army, as well! The Senate has approved the measure and now it's up to the "Old Guard", like me to preserve the fighting power of this army. We must come up with concrete reasons why women don't belong in the combat force." Sam was visibly upset.

Sam Jones had come up the hard way. He fought in Korea and Vietnam. He worked his way up from Buck private to three-star general. When he was growing up, women were traditionally feminine and men were men. He wasn't ready to accept the women of the 90's. Now he was on a panel of three, assigned to come up with the way to prevent the "weaker sex" from being in combat positions.

It seemed strange to Sam that some girls wanted these positions. He couldn't understand why women wanted careers like his.

The government wasn't going to help, either. Women comprise over fifty percent of the population, women keep gaining political seats throughout the whole government, and the "Women's Movement" has been in full swing for years. Women of the 90's want every opportunity their male counterparts have. Therefore, Sam and his two colleagues were the only things standing between what the women want, and tradition. Sam, as the chairman of this board, would now meet with General Susan Rift of the Air Force, to discuss her experiment and how this problem would be resolved.

"Sir," said Captain Smith, "General Rift is to arrive at 0900 hours. Do you want me to bring the Jeep around, so we can head down to the air field?" "Yes Captain, that will

be fine. We may as well get down there on time, so this feminist bitch has nothing else to complain about.” So, Captain Smith went to get the Jeep, while General Jones waited in his office.

Sam was, perhaps, envious of Susan Rift. Here was a woman who soared through the ranks in no time at all. She was an excellent pilot, who after receiving authorization to be in combat gained extreme power. It just seemed like she was always in the right place at the right time. She used her abilities and rank to pave the way for women in the armed forces. Women pilots grew until they were equal in number to men. Some of the best fighter pilots we now have are women. The power women gained was immeasurable. There were now more women officers in the Air Force than in any other branch of the service. Now she had set her sights on equalizing the army.

Captain Smith walked into the general's office, “Sir, the Jeep is ready.” “I'm ready, Captain.”

They got into the jeep and headed to the air field.

The plane touched down. General Rift, and her assistant, Major Ness disembarked, and were greeted by General Jones and Captain Smith. “Hello General, it's a pleasure to finally meet you,” said Sam, as Susan Rift walked from the plane. “Yes, it's a pleasure to meet you, General Jones,” said Susan, as she put out her hand to give her fellow general a handshake. “This is my assistant, Major Janet Ness. She is my right hand woman.” “This is my assistant, Captain Bret Smith, I guess we'll get to know one another quite well over these next few months. Shall we go to my office, so we can get started?” “That will be fine,” responded Susan, as they headed toward the jeep.

As they headed toward the General's office, Sam was thinking. Susan Rift was a strong woman, about 5'8", she seemed well built, in her tailored dress uniform, with pants. He remembered the old days, when all women's uniforms had skirts, when he was able to get a glimpse of nylon-clad legs. Here was this woman, attractive, yet “butch”, with an assistant who seemed to follow in her footsteps. Sam thought to himself how she must be a lesbian— her hair was short; no makeup; no high heels; no purse; and a body that seemed very muscular for a woman. As the jeep stopped in front of his office, Sam came out of his reverie and led the way into his office.

Now inside, they all took seats to begin their meeting. “General Rift and Major Ness, I welcome you to Fort Brandt. On behalf of the army's executive committee, on Resolution #93761543 on admitting women into the most crucial positions in the army, I am here to listen to your proposals.”

“Thank you, General Jones, however, may we please drop the formalities and address each other by our first names?”

“Yes, that will be fine. Of course, I'm Sam, and the Captain is Bret.”

“Yes, I'm Susan, and the Major is Janet.”

“Okay, what we propose is a small test model, to prove to you and the executive committee, that the fear you have of women in the Army being weaker than their male counterparts is unwarranted. We will prove to you, that the differences are more upbringing and conditioning, actual physical differences. Our experiment will take five

men and five women. We will conduct the experiment at Teco Air Base. We will show you that if men are subjected to the same traditional upbringing methods as women have been, and if women are subjected to the same traditional upbringing methods as men have been, the women will be stronger, more masculine, and the men will be weaker and more feminine. At that point, there will be no basis to exclude women from the traditional masculine roles in our Army!

Sam couldn't believe his ears. "You mean to tell me that you can turn a man into a fairy, and turn a woman into a "Rambo"? I don't believe it! No "Real Man" can be turned into a fairy, and no "Normal woman" can be turned into a warrior. It's just not natural!"

"Well this is my point, if it can't be done by environment alone, then I'll accept the fact that women are physically inferior, and shouldn't be in physically demanding positions. I'm the one going against what is "natural". It is my belief, and that of the Air Force high command, that women can do whatever men can do. Just look at those women on the TV show "American Gladiators", they have physiques that some men would love to have."

"Yeah, but what you're pointing out is a bunch of lesbian dykes. They're not normal men women!" stormed Sam.

Susan replied, "But that's where you and your executive committee are wrong. Those women are "normal" heterosexual females. Times are just changing and you don't want to keep up with them. My proposal will prove me right, I'm sure, and that's what you're afraid of. However, if you do not accept this chance to prove me wrong, then you will have to approve my proposal, for you will have no good reason to exclude women. I'll take the resolution to the floor of the Congress and get everything approved!"

"Well this is easier than I thought it would be. You will let me pick the five men - correct?"

"Yes, but what we want to do to keep it fair is take new recruits. In YOUR Army you have made the women "inferior" by administering your outdated stereotypes."

"The women do the clerical and nursing duties, because that's where they belong." retorted Sam.

"You will agree to this condition, though?"

"Sure, after all, I'm picking the men."

"Alright, now for the details. For you to get your five men, the Pentagon has agreed to give each of the five a full scholarship to the school of their choice at the end of the experiment. In addition, they will receive a lump payment of \$50,000.00 at the conclusion of the work. The experiment is scheduled to last for 12 months, therefore their enlistment will be for 12 months, not the traditional 36 months, unless they want to stay. However, when they're done, they will be extremely feminine, delicate creatures. It's likely they will just want to be kept by some strong, powerful woman! And that's why we will pay them off in this manner."

“You know, this is totally insane! These men will be just fine. But you go ahead and do what you want! I can't believe this is even happening!”

So, with the preliminaries out of the way, Sam reported to his two colleagues, and the experiment was to get underway. The other Generals, Peters and Muster, couldn't believe their ears when Sam told them what Susan Rift wanted to do. “Those women are nuts” raged Muster, “they don't know where to stop. I wish I never heard of 'Women's Lib'.”

“Hey Joe,” said Peters, “Just let it go. We can't fight it. Half the Senate and Congress is female. Our next President might just be a woman. We're too close to retirement to buck it. Just pick some good, tough, strong men, and we know these women will never win! No woman can do the physically demanding things a man can do. This I know for sure!

So, the three Generals prepared to do their recruiting.

CHAPTER TWO: Choosing The Recruits

Susan and Janet left Fort Brandt and started making arrangements for getting her five Army recruits. When they got back to Teco Air Base, Susan called Sergeant Nettles at the local recruiting station. Nettles said that he had a total of twelve female recruits the past week. Susan then made arrangements with Nettles to meet with the twelve on Wednesday. It was now 5:30 Monday evening, and Susan and Janet had had quite a day.

“General, would you like to come over for some dinner? I could call Terry and tell him to set another plate.”

“Well, first of all, Janet, drop the General bit. It's after 5:00, and yes, that would be a great idea.”

The two vehicles pulled into the driveway aside Terry's cute little Probe.

“Gee Janet, is that a brand new car?”

“Yeah, Terry's been doing really well down at the salon. He's been making all kinds of money. I think I might even be getting a new pickup soon, as long as my Sweetie keeps bringing in the bucks.”

They opened the door and entered the dining room just as Terry was bringing the casserole out to the dining table.

“Hi Terry,” said Susan as she walked into the room.

“Hi Susan,” replied Terry as Janet came over, hugged him and planted a wet kiss on his painted lips.

“You look lovely tonight, honey,” said Janet.

“Well I know how you women like your men - pantied, powdered and painted!”

“Well that's just the way it should be for some couples. Honey, you like yourself this way, and I love it too!”

“I know Janet, I'm just kidding.”

The way Janet and Terry lived was the reverse of what would be considered “traditional”. Janet was a fighter pilot and Terry was a hairdresser. They were madly in love, because each understood the other's needs.

Janet was always a tomboy. She was forever being told she should act like a girl. While she liked to play football, baseball, basketball, hockey, climb trees and rough house, her mother wanted her to act like a sweet, demure girl. She forced Janet into skirts and dresses when she was young, and thus Janet grew to hate feminine clothing. She did not feel secure in a skirt or dress; pantyhose were a real pain, high heels you couldn't run in and makeup was impractical. So, as she got older, she refused to wear anything she despised so much.

On the other hand, Terry's mother had put him in a dress when he was thirteen for a Halloween party. Although it was for just one night, it made him feel like he never felt before. Up to this point he had been the typical boy, but dressing up had a profound impact on him. He went on to play high school sports and such, and seemed

like a regular guy, but whenever he got a chance, he would get dressed up in his frillies - and everything was Heaven.

When they met, Janet was already in the service, and Terry was unemployed. Janet knew there was something about him, and as they got closer, Terry revealed his secret to Janet. Janet was ecstatic and asked him to marry her. She put him through beauty school, and now he was one of the best hairdressers in the area.

So, Terry and the two women sat down to dinner. When dinner was over, Terry cleared the dishes and then joined the two women in the living room.

“So, how was your day, Terry?” asked Janet.

“Oh, it was fine. I just had a few appointments in the morning. Then I came home, got out of my slacks and slipped on this cute little romper you got me. Then I started dinner.”

“How does the romper fit?”

“Just fine. You know my size, that's for sure. How did things go with the Army?”

“Let's just say Susan got everything she wanted. She can now prove to the world that the two sexes are equal.”

“That'll be great!” said Terry. Maybe I'll be able to start wearing my dresses and skirts in public in a few years .Wouldn't that be nice?"

“Maybe for you that will be nice” replied Susan, “As for me, I will stick to my slacks. You men have kept us women down long enough; it's definitely your turn to show off the pretty legs and nice asses!”

With that, Terry excused himself and went to the kitchen to do the dishes. As he left the room, Susan said to Janet, “That's one great guy you have there. He's pretty, he's smart, he's got great legs and he's totally devoted to you. I'd love to find a man like that for myself!”

“Who knows, Susan, maybe you will,” Janet retorted.

They finished their conversation and Susan left. Janet and Terry went to bed, made love and fell asleep.

Tuesday was uneventful. Susan and Janet finished up some paperwork in preparation for the next day.

Meanwhile at Fort Brandt, General Jones and Captain Smith brought in twenty recruits. They conducted interviews throughout the morning, and came out with five men they thought would be perfect for the experiment.

They brought the five in, and informed them of the opportunity they had to not only line their own pockets, but at the same time, defend male superiority.

“I called you five in, to offer you a unique opportunity” said General Jones. “The women's movement has come up with an experiment to show that there is no difference between men and women. I think this is poppycock, and I think you do too. Am I right?”

All five responded, “YES”

“Well then, if you enlist for just 12 months, the army has agreed to give you all a full scholarship to the college of your choice plus \$50,000.00 cash. You will have to sign a contract. Now in this contract, there are all kinds of clauses, like they will pay for all medical expenses, all wardrobe, all makeup, all jewelry, everything. You will be given the opportunity to participate in designated sports and activities; However, you cannot back out, once you sign. The penalty for backing out is 20 years in the stockade.”

“Sir” said one recruit by the name of Tom, “you said wardrobe and makeup?”

“Yes I did. These women think they can take fine, normal young men like you, and turn you into a bunch of sissy boys. I don't think it can be done!”

“Well, I know it can't be done to me, and for my college to be totally paid, plus have 50 grand, I'll definitely sign up.”

So, Sam was right. All five men he picked would sign up. He got exactly what he wanted:

Tom Charles - 18 years old, 5' 10", 180 pounds. He lettered three years in football, basketball and baseball. He broke girls' hearts all the time; he was always bragging how he'd love them and leave them.

Jim Harting - 18 years old, 6', 195 pounds. Four years in football, three years in wrestling and four years on the track team. Loved to rough house with the guys. Participated in panty raids on the private girls school near his home.

Fred Barnett - 18 years old, 5' 8", 170 pounds. Three years of football, four years of basketball and two years of baseball. Loved to tease girls; a real macho stud with a low regard for women.

Steve Epler - 18 years old, 5' 9", 175 pounds. Four years of football, three years of basketball and three years in track. Belonged to YMFTV (Young Men For Traditional Values), an anti - women's Lib club.

Jerry Masters - 18 years old, 5'7", 160 pounds. Two years football, three years of basketball and four years running track. Had a bad attitude about women; felt the only way women get ahead is by sleeping their way to the top.

Now with the contracts signed, the men were told to report at 0600 hours on Thursday. At that time, they would board the plane to Teco Air Base, in Maine.

Back at Teco, Susan and Janet interviewed all twelve female candidates, then narrowed their list to the five which they thought were best. They brought the five in and told them of the experiment.

“Women, you have a unique opportunity to knock down the last barrier put up by the male establishment against women. I intend to make five women the most awesome fighting machines the army has every seen. I will show that women are equal to men. I intend to give you five this opportunity. If you accept, I will guarantee you a promising career. You will be treated just like men, with a twist— you will get to see five virile studs turned into submissive, feminine sissies! Do I have any volunteers?”

All five replied in unison, “YES!”

Barb Wesley - 18 years old, 5' 6", 135 pounds; played girls basketball and softball, wanted to play football, but was not allowed. She was always taunted by the boys because she was so "butch".

Val Rogers - 18 years old, 5' 10", 170 pounds, played on the football team for one year, after fighting with school officials for the right the three previous years. Played basketball and softball - people thought she was a lesbian because she did not date boys.

Sally Wright - 18 years old, 5' 8", 155 pounds, played basketball and softball, and ran track. Hated men because her father always beat and abused her mother.

Cathy Malvern - 18 years old, 5' 9", 160 pounds, played basketball and softball, was a black belt in karate. Hated men because her sister was raped a few years back.

Deb Brighter - 18 years old, 6' 0", 185 pounds, played basketball, softball and was an avid weight lifter - had well-defined muscles, looked great. Does not care for the way men try to keep women down.

These five girls were exactly what Susan and Janet were looking for. They swore them in, distributed their uniforms and gear to them, and sent them to their barracks.

The barracks was green and drab. It had a tile floor, five metal chest of drawers, five twin beds, no curtains, no carpets. Half the room consisted of a weight room/workout area. Nothing about this room was feminine!

"Women, this is your new home, keep it clean and in order. You now need to store your uniforms and gear. Uniforms go in your closet and drawers. Gear goes under your bunks. Reville will be at 0500 hours. Dismissed!" Brenda, the drill sergeant left the barracks.

The women went to bed, wondering what tomorrow would bring.