



Reluctant Press presents:

From Jamie W/Love 2

Jamie



A 'SPECTRUM TV' E-BOOK

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From Jamie With Love 2

By Jamie

ROSE GARDEN GIFT

Fred was descending by parachute at the end of his very pleasant afternoon sky dive. As he approached the ground, a strong gust of wind grabbed and carried him over toward a rather large set of buildings, and as he was about to land on an open section of lawn, a second gust shoved him just over a tall wooden fence.

The ladies of the exclusive college were outdoors but inside a protective high wooden fence. It was their noon recess; they had just finished lunch inside. The college controlled the lunch crowd by allowing just one floor group of sixteen ladies to dine at a time, spaced about ten minutes apart, so this group was from Floor One along with a cluster of some Floor Two student dorm rooms. The day was just nice and warm, lots of sunshine. Wind gusts gave these ladies cause for concern; the wind would grab their dress hems and lift them toward the sky. This college taught a secretarial course, and part of the requirements was for these females to be ladies in action and in appearance; the rule was for proper dress at all times, even down to nightgowns for sleep wear.

Fred was briefly stunned when he struck the top of the compound wall and he fell on the ground on the inside. The ladies rushed to see if he was still alive. Fred was just banged up and tangled up in his chute's ropes, half-covered by it as well. It being a hot day, Fred was wearing just a T-shirt and shorts.

The point on the top of one of the compound fence posts slid violently along the side of Fred's left leg. The momentum forced the point of the post back out through the top of the shorts, severing the waistband and the whole side of the shorts. It included the boxer

shorts in that ripping action, and left a ragged, bleeding scrape and bruise up the side of Fred's thigh and hip.

Peg was one of the first to reach the crumpled, half-covered man. She recognized Fred as her cousin Jim's friend from high school. She knew about his rumored reputation for pleasing the ladies. Her cousin often bragged about Fred's earlier experiences.

These lady students were all close to twenty years of age, and like most all females of that age, they were anxious to experiment with boys and men, or in the case of the non-virgins, to renew that pleasure a few more times. Now, here was a care package dropped right into the middle of their almost destitute Sorority. With no professors to interfere, they decide that Fred must hide, reside, and provide. He would be disguised as one of the lady students.

This male must agree to reside in the dorm, or be forced to do so.

He must provide these young ladies, with their high levels of estrogen, a way to relieve some of their frustrations.

There was a large closet which functioned as a sort of hub for the four sets of four-two student dorm rooms. In the center of that closet was a space where the ladies stored their empty suitcases.

The ladies casually walked around the perimeter of that compound and split as they reached where Fred lie on the ground. They never even broke their stride and left an empty space behind them as they slowly made their way to their dorm rooms. The space in the center of the closet room was cleared; they found a spare cot mattress, stripped off the poor man's torn shorts and boxers, bandaged the scrape and bruise, put a pair of panties on this wounded man, laid him out on the cot mattress, and covered him with a blanket and his parachute. Then they disposed of his torn clothing and closed the closet door, all in less than ten minutes. Marge was left inside to guard this gift package, armed with a baseball bat.

A thirty-one person meeting convened five minutes later with the following agenda:

#1 Care and feeding.

#2 Prisoner control

#3 Clothing to fit

#4 Division of the spoils

Now they had their plan. Next they had to research and plan their methods and decide on how to maintain secrecy.

Care and Feeding;

In the campus cafeteria, the food was served to the student as she moved through the line. Food would be moved to the man in half-filled coffee cups. An assignment list would be made and distributed just before each meal, until this man was well enough to disguise as a female student.

Prisoner Control:

He may enjoy staying, he may be hell bent to vacate, therefore guards will rotate on the hour. The weapons will be a baseball bat, steak knife, spray perfume, and binding with nylons,

Clothing to Fit:

This man had a small frame, close in size to the average female student. Each student will donate two articles of clothing and three pieces of lingerie. It will all be stored in one of the empty suitcases inside of the closet.

Division of Spoils:

A record would be made of who is needed to help with him. A record of services shall be rendered using coded names, servicing limited to twice a day. A schedule of which dorm room is reserved and off limits for a max of two hours would be drawn up. The list would be in code and in triplicate to avoid cheating.

Once Fred had a while to rest and recover from his collision with the college fence, there was a discussion between he and Sue (one of the floor student officers). The main topic was, "Would you accept willingly our hospitality in exchange for your services, for the remaining month of this college year, or do you feel you must report in to a wife and family, parole officer, or a concerned set of parents?"

Fred answered, "I must call my pilot to relieve him of any concern for me being hurt, lost, or dead. He only needs to know that I fell into a rose garden, then no further effort will be made to locate me. I live alone and often travel to exciting places for extended periods of time. I must say it sure looks like I have just fallen into a beautiful rose garden."

Sue asked, "Will you allow and assist us as we convert you into a female student, so that you can move about, without detection by our supervisors? We will donate the clothing, provide the laundry service, and you will have to do your very best to look and act the part of a lady student."

Fred said, "I have no experience at posing and acting like a lady. Maybe with help and training, I may be able to quickly meet the challenge. You lady students have had a lifetime of living in dresses and all of the other articles that make up a female wardrobe. Today is my first day. If you are patient and I am careful, we should be able to pull off a successful hoax. I am ready to face the challenge."

"The exit doors are always open while the college is in session, until the Lights Out buzzer is sounded. Then in the interest of safety to all of these single females, the doors become one-way. We can exit, but someone else has to be available to close and re-latch the big doors. No one can enter unless we release that safety latch. When the latch is released, a camera is turned on and it monitors that entrance until the door is again latched.

"This four-room eight-student dorm complex is one of four on this floor; above us are two more levels with sixteen rooms and thirty-two students. This means that at any given

time while college is in session, this building houses ninety-six females and three house mothers, one for each floor level.

"The ladies who brought you inside, are all from this first floor level. We were very careful to keep your entry a secret. You will be expected to personify a lady full-time and that means 24/7. You will also be expected to provide intimate, but private service to any of our frustrated females, in their dorm room. There will be a limit of service twice in a twenty-four hour period, to preserve your strength.

"These ladies will be willing and anxious for your special type of 'massage,' and will be monitored for their turn on a list maintained in code by our four first floor student officers. There will be a peel and stick rose decal to place on the outside of the dorm room door to denote that privacy is demanded for up to two hours. Each lady will be required to provide whatever protection she needs or prefers.

"Each lady has supplied part of your wardrobe, and there are two wigs to choose from. We are all required to wear nylons or pantyhose, dresses, or skirts, and high heel shoes; you will do the same. You will have to check on your daily clothing, also your night-clothes. You will be issued a robe and slippers, and report to me any shortages that you find.

"We, the lady students, have a very thorough information system, and have carefully trained to be a veritable army, when any threat is noticed or expected.

"You must keep an eye on your serious wound, care for it, and report any problems like infection. Here is a cell phone to call your pilot right now. I will wait right here for you to return my phone.

"You are already wearing a pair of panties, so four of our ladies will meet you in room three in ten minutes. You will show up with your suitcase of donated clothing, and they will sort out your supplies, dress you completely. They'll spend the remainder of an hour on the do's and don'ts of a lady's life, on color coordination, makeup, wig care, voice, and feminine actions and acting.

"The conversion to female could be a shock to your male pride, but we hope that the rewards will ease the shock. The four student officers will continually monitor your actions and appearance, and any unruly or un-ladylike appearance will be dealt with by decision of the group of thirty-two students you will be in contact with. If they say 'Out,' then you are gone. You have no clothing, so you will have to leave as your female persona, Jenny. Of course you will be on foot, and wearing heels, so you should consider being a good girl, and a convincing girl, until college closes for the summer in one month. Then we can provide you with a ride to some form of public transportation, in your borrowed ladies outfit.

"I, speaking for this group, may sound hard-hearted, and strict, but if there is a screw up, all thirty-two of us could get expelled, and it could come from some blunder that you made, so we have to set the rules. All thirty-two of us will make sure you abide by them. Any questions, Jenny?"

"No, but I have a comment. When you ladies find something you deem beneficial, you obviously leave no stone unturned until you have it all worked out. My willingness to sacrifice my next month, in order to enjoy a multitude of needy females, certainly comes with

some very serious rules. Hopefully I can comply, and be able to provide everyone with the entertainment, satisfaction, and the relaxation needed to concentrate on their courses, so that you can all make excellent final grades for this semester, and the school year as well," Jenny stated.

"Now you had better put on your robe, slippers, and wig, take your suitcase, and make tracks for room, to get ready for your dressing, then your training hour. This will bring you up to dinner time, and you will be dressed and all ready."

Fred was quickly assisted into a robe, slippers, and wig, then given the rolling suitcase, and sent off to Room 3. Four ladies went to work, sorting out the donated clothing, selecting an initial outfit for Jenny. This was followed by a sponge bath because of the severe bruise and scrape on Fred's thigh and hip from the collision with the tall wooden fence post. The bandage was changed, his body quickly shaved and rubbed down with a perfumed body oil. They were very careful not to disturb the panties or anything they were covering. They had a purpose and specific instructions, and they would follow orders to the letter of their law.

Amy helped Jenny into her bra and inserted a generous pair of false boobs. Marge had Jenny sit on the vanity stool and quickly put a pair of pantyhose on her. Mary was right there, waiting with a pair of high-heeled shoes, with a medium heel height. The ladies all wore shoes without any straps, but this donated pair were the only ones that would fit; they were of an older vintage and had ankle straps, which of course must be buckled.

Jane had selected a full slip and helped Jenny put it on. There was quite a struggle to get on past the very prominent bust line, but Jane was determined. She removed one of the false boobs, pulled the slip down into place, then inserted the false boob again. Jenny was blushing quite vividly by this time, so the four girls began giving their application instructions to accompany this initial finishing lesson.

Jenny was instructed on the application of her lipstick, and she did a fair job of it on her third try. Amy worked on Jenny's right fingernails, and Mary did the left hand. Jenny was cautioned to hold her fingers out carefully until the nail polish dried. Jane worked her magic with eye makeup and mascara. Marge had selected one of the wigs; it had nearly shoulder-length sides and back along with bangs to frame Jenny's slightly large male face. Amy had set up an ironing board and was giving a dress a quick pressing. The garment had been folded into that suitcase. These four ladies couldn't let their subject loose in a wrinkled dress.

When Jenny's nails were dry, Amy slipped the dress into place, and zipped the back. Marge was right there with the wig. Jane slipped a simple gold neck chain into place. There were no clip earrings available, so Marge carefully shaped the wig to completely cover the ears. Jane found a gold wristwatch for Jenny's left wrist. A gold bracelet went on the right wrist. There were no rings large enough for Jenny's fingers, so they stretched the bracelet until it would slip down near Jenny's right knuckles and slid the gold watchband down near the left wrist bone.

Amy began a detailed lecture as a description of the finished product named Jenny. She began with the body preparations, shaving, deodorant, lingerie, nylons, shoes, slip and skirt length concerns. Proper posture, both with standing and sitting. How to smooth her dress or skirt before sitting to avoid wrinkles, serious warnings about keeping her knees together, and her dress or skirt hem down to cover her slip hem. She gave the warning again that all thirty-two of them in this conspiracy could be expelled if Jenny screwed up. They lectured her as she made turn after turn around Room Three, right up to when the "Dinner is Served" alert buzzer was sounded.

As a cluster of five close student girl chums, they strolled to the lunchroom. Amy and Marge went through the serving line just ahead of Jenny, and Jane and Mary followed in line. All four of these students coached on the selections and serving sizes, because Jenny had been instructed to lose Fred's pot belly, or be prepared to live inside panty girdles, once his/her thigh and hip were healed.

This group of females was always alert, made instant decisions, was seldom wrong, and could almost predict the future. They had Fred pegged as a "Penny from Heaven" even as he was bouncing off the top of the fence. They had him inside in a matter of seconds, not minutes.

It is a wonder that Fred agreed to their offer for him to stay. The average male most likely would have said that their offer was preposterous, that they were asking far too much of him. The ladies would then either have to insist and hold him prisoner, or patch him up, dress him, and usher him out the gate and turn him loose out onto the well-kept lawns outside the protective fence. Fred, dressed as a female student, would have to find his way out of this dilemma, of being a cross dressed male. He would have found himself about twenty miles from home in heels, with no ID and no money. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it isn't all that hard to understand why Fred went along with their outrageous plan. As crazy as it was, it may have been better than the alternative.

On Jenny's first day, she was kept quite busy, being subjected to hours of training. Dressing, undressing, redressing many times, receiving lessons on makeup and hair care. After a two-lady inspection of the injury, Jenny was sent to Room Twelve, with a rose sticker for the door. Jenny and Sheryl enjoyed nearly an hour alone. When they parted, Sheryl was displaying a very relaxed and satisfied look. Jenny was just in time to join the group for the evening meal.

After dinner, Jenny was ready for a nap, but three more ladies urged her to sit and watch a college-provided DVD on dressing and personal care. They would frequently hit

the pause button, and have Jenny repeat the performance they had just watched. Other times they would act out a continuation of the scenes on the video.

These females were remarkable, the office manager who hired one of them would not want for any more thorough service in the secretarial line than any one of these ladies could provide. In a strange way, they were proving how effectively they could manage a situation. True, it wasn't a situation they were likely to encounter in their business careers, but management is management, right?

Jenny was amazed that in less than one full day, she was quite relaxed with her masquerade. She had to admit being thoroughly impressed with the IQ, attitude and ambition of these females. What would she, Jenny, be feeling after spending a month in this female institution for higher learning? After only one day, Jenny/Fred was beginning to realize just how lazy, laid back, and shiftless she/he had been by comparison to these dynamos. They were demanding, they expecting rapid response; they were miles ahead of Fred's normal pace. Would he be able to return home and resume his regular lifestyle, or would he find that this situation had lit a fire in his boxer shorts, or panties, so to speak, causing him to "up his game" and stop being such a slacker?

The pace of this college was levels above any other school that Fred had ever visited. The teaching was from standard text books, but the teaching didn't stop with the classes and the books. In less than twenty-four hours, these "super students" were expecting Jenny to be in step, and up to speed with them.

On top of feeling expected to adapt to a much faster pace than he was used to, Fred, now Jenny, was also impersonating a young woman. Is it even possible for one person to experience so much change in such a short period of time without having a breakdown? If he/she had a spare moment to contemplate the question, his/her answer might well have been no, it *isn't* possible. As things stood, however, Fred/Jenny wasn't given a spare moment to think about what was happening. It was happening and Fred/Jenny was caught up in the maelstrom.

Jenny slept in her panties, bra, falsies, and nightgown. She was up quite early, and nearly ready to venture out when the wakeup buzzer sounded. In just these first few days, Jenny was now comfortable and anxious to venture out and explore this new world. She could see that this experience was going to be a turning point in Fred's life.

From this point forward, a sky dive plane would seem too slow, free fall would lose its luster. What had been the normal pace for Fred would seem like standing still. Where would his life go from this point? How could he restructure his life to encompass what these ladies and this college were instilling in him?

One of the ladies slipped Jenny a small note. It read, "Would you meet me in Room Three for a quick massage? I am very anxious for some more of your attention. I'd hate to have to wait three days for my next scheduled turn."

Jenny knew that almost all of the teachers and students would be occupied with classes, so she met Helen and they went right into action.

The door was opened silently, and four ladies pinned the couple down, while they were still in action. Helen removed Jenny's dress, pantyhose and panties. Jenny was lifted off, and stood up in her stockinged feet. One lady held Helen down on the bed, holding her by her hair. They lifted Helen and stood her in front of Jenny. They removed Jenny's panties, then pulled her pantyhose back up into place. They gave Helen her pantyhose to put back on. The lecture began.

"You two like being together, so we are going to arrange it for you. Your dresses and slips will be removed, you will be belted together at your waists. Another belt will run from one back to the other, going snugly through between your legs, forcing your genital areas into contact. Your bras will be held together at their center front seam with a large decorative safety pin. We will put Jenny's shoes back on for her, and buckle the ankle straps.

"We will quickly move you to the closet. Then we'll tie Helen's hands behind Jenny's back and Jenny's hands behind Helen's back. Your ankles will be taped together, and you will have to stand face to face for six hours. You will not be able to walk, sit, drain your bladders, or relieve any of the sexual tensions which may arise while you are being pressed against each other. Two layers of pantyhose will adequately stop any attempt to get relief by a male-female manner.

"Your feet and legs during your intimate six-hour stand will become seriously painful. Helen may be able to kick off her heels, but with the ankles securely taped together, that will shift all of her weight on to Jenny's feet. Jenny's shoes have ankle straps which must be unbuckled for removal.

You two will now enjoy six hours of togetherness, but also helplessness. You can talk to each other, you can even kiss if you desire, and you are free to call out for help, if you don't mind being expelled, taking all thirty of us other ladies with you.

"Fred/Jenny will be arrested because he has infiltrated a ladies' dorm, and because it is against the law in this state to cross dress."

When they were left in the dark, Helen began to cry, Jenny tried to soothe her by talking to her, but she was just too upset and scared to be calmed down. Jenny wondered if they could last even two or three hours. She began to become frightened herself when she thought about six hours in that constricted position.

Jenny said, "Do you suppose that they will consider six hours too much, and let us off with just three?"

Helen said, "Once decreed, an order stands. We are bound together, and we must stand together for the whole six hours. Here in the dark, we can't even guess how much time has elapsed and how much more we have to tolerate."

Time seemed to stand still, there was some small talk, then Fred/Jenny came up with a thought. He asked Helen what she intended to after she graduated at the end of the

month. Helen answered that the college did a great job of placement, and she had confidence that she would be hired soon after graduation.

Jenny stated that Fred now planned to start his own business teaching sky diving because of this month's exposure to the unbelievable expedience displayed by both the students and staff. He would need a competent secretary. Before these six hours were over, he would get to know what kind of stuff she was made of.

Time seemed to stand still, both prisoners also stood. They exchanged guesses on the time, even though they really had no concept of how long they were in this uncomfortable position. Pain began to shoot up Jenny's legs, but she remained silent. Helen began to get restless, and she finally said, "Sue was right, our pantyhose, legs, feet, and shoes are going to get very wet any minute now."

Just then, there was a burst of light. The tapes were cut, the belts removed, the mattress was rolled out for Jenny to sleep on again, and Helen was rushed out of the closet.

Marge said to Jenny, "Our house mother noticed Helen's absence. We assured her that Helen was in the bathroom. House mother said that she would be back in five minutes to check again. You got off easy with only four and a half hours, so count your blessings, you damned cheater."

The routine settled into an organized, but fast-paced one aimed at an educational, personal appearance, and attitude training goal. These ladies were miles ahead of those in the same age group receiving their schooling elsewhere.

Jenny/Fred was totally impressed with the ability of these ladies. Show them a problem and almost instantly, it vanished.

When one of these ladies gets married, watch out groom, you are about to get trampled in a stampede. While the groom is preparing to help his bride into bed, she avails herself of his special talent, and is ready to kiss goodnight, and snuggle in for a night's sleep before he knows what's hit him.

While the young husband is deciding just which bank to select, this new wife has her accounts all set-up, she has arranged for an equity loan, established periodic automatic deductions for her student loans, and purchased a CD with a guaranteed high-interest return.

Life for Fred was definitely going to get a shot in the arm. His breakfast used to be of about an hours duration. Now, in about six minutes, he would have been to the bathroom, washed, shaved, dressed, had breakfast, called his pilot, and be on his way to the airport for his next sky dive. On the way to the jump site, he would study for his pilot's license, call his broker to have him buy four hundred more shares of stock, arrange for his mechanic to install a DVD player in his Beemer, sell his old Land Rover, and make a dinner date with Helen for this evening.

An ordinary day for Fred would be to complete three or four tasks, but because he was fortunate enough to have dropped on the inside of that girls college fence, now his day with see progress be made in many different arenas.

The ability and experience of female impersonation would open many new doors, if Fred chose to retain both this talent and the large suitcase load of ladies wear. He would

have to brown bag the clothing, but this unexpected month's education and experience were his to accept or discard.

The four-plus hours helplessly bound to Helen was frightful to recall, but that extremely close confinement left Jenny/Fred with an unexplained desire to always keep her that close. He felt that feeling while they were bound together, and it persisted afterward. They shared two more of Jenny's intimate massages while college was still in session, and they exchanged names and addresses and made sincere promises to stay in touch.

His experience at the ladies college during the month after he fell in on the girls was the most exhilarating time Fred had ever experienced in his still young life. The extremely well-orchestrated hoax, and its successful culmination (the college officials never did discover it), was a remarkable feat, especially when you realize that over thirty individuals were involved. Anyone who has ever tried to keep a secret known by more than two people from becoming public knowledge will appreciate the rarity of what happened inside the walls of that dorm.

The four student body officers composed a complete listing of everyone's contact information. They felt that there could be a time when the talents of this group might just resolve some troubling issue plaguing one of their special comrades.

The friendship shared by Helen and Jenny/Fred was cemented by Fred hiring Helen as his secretary. Fred's had certainly made the right decision as he was soon sleeping regularly with this bombshell of a secretary. Helen would become a full partner as Office Manager, with secretarial responsibilities. Together, they would personally train their associates and successors.