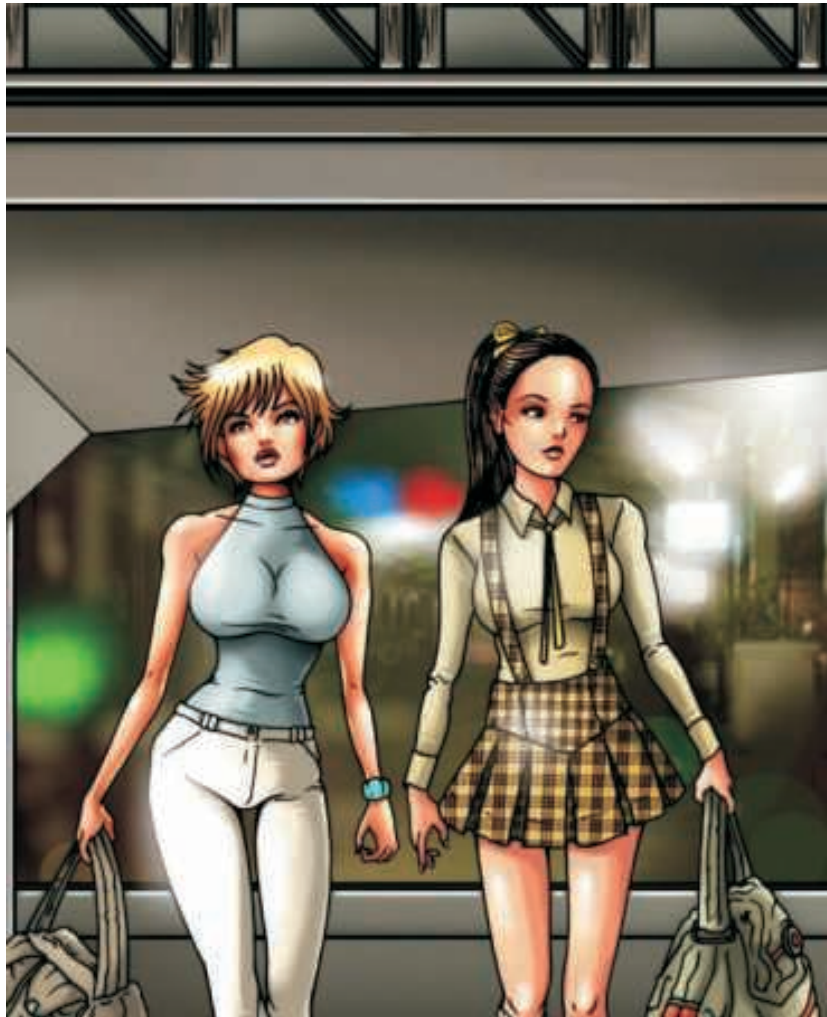




Reluctant Press presents:

Clothes Make The Girl

Monica James



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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CLOTHES MAKE THE GIRL

By Monica James

CHAPTER I. SELECT OPTION ONE

Jake Jansen looked up to see two attractive girls standing in the doorway to his office. One wore the school soccer team uniform; the other a mini-skirt and a vest displaying the school science club logo.

"Well now," Jake said with an appraising look at such freshness on the cusp of exuberance. "To what grand occasion do I owe this impromptu visit except that my able administrative assistant is off today on a fool's errand at her clinic?" His eyes twinkled in amusement.

He motioned to them. They sat primly in the leatherette chairs in front of his broad desk. "Sir," Tandy began with a faltering voice. "We are graduating this year and want to go to the same college." She handed Jake Jansen a brief resumé

He smiled in understanding. "Now I see your dilemma; you are hardly two peas in a pod," he said with authority. He hesitated for them to acknowledge his clever saying. They both smiled. "Do you have a preference?"

"The schools we would like to apply for are listed there," Loyce said. "We both feel comfortable in the concept of an all-girls school. We feel it would be a scholastic concept as well as a safe environment."

He looked at them again; this time with a glance that they interpreted as calculating. "Then let me ask some questions; we might come up with a plan. Do you both feel 'safer' in a girl's school or a non-boys climate? Which is it?"

Both girls were visibly uncomfortable. "Both," Tandy said crisply.

Jake laughed. "O.K. I'll accept that as a definition. Have you heard of Marimoor College? It is missing from the list. It is an all-girls school with a very good academic reputation."

"Yes," Loyce said. "It is scheduled to go coed next year; some kind of political factor we were told."

"But you are still interested in Marimoor?" he asked. He waited for them to reply. They nodded their heads slowly. "Next question; are there any financial considerations we need to build into our plan?"

"What plan?" Tandy said, perking up.

He smiled again. "We get all the facts, pack 'em together and insert them in my computer with a request for a plan. The computer is in here," he said and pointed to his head. He waited for them to giggle. "Do you have the finances worked out?"

"We both live at home now with our moms," Loyce said. "My dad died about six months ago, cancer. Tandy's mom and dad have been divorced since she was twelve. There is hardly enough money for high school expenses let alone going away to a college someplace."

"All right," he said expansively. "Money, the root of all," he said thoughtfully. "We have added that to the computer analysis going on right now. Can you hear the gears turning?" He smiled. Again he looked at the two comely students with a decidedly different gleam in his eyes.

Loyce looked anxiously at Tandy; their eyes locked. "We would like to get a 'read only' file on that plan now grinding away," Loyce said.

"It is still in limbo meaning it has no limbs," he said in a failed effort at humor the girls did not understand. "Next question: sex. At your age and the permissive times we now enjoy, do you have boyfriends, commitments, girlfriends? What?"

Tandy colored. "We just have each other," she said.

"How charming to see a young girl these days blush at the 'sex' word. All right, so you have each other. Are you lesbians or just thinking about it?"

Loyce fielded that question with a firm response. "I fail to see what our sexual preference has to do with the plan now cogitating in fertile endeavors."

He slammed the desk with the flat of his hand. Both girls jumped at the unexpected. "Wonderful answer to avoid an answer; top class. There has to be a reason why you are both so intent on staying together in this most important venture of selecting a college. Logic tells me you are lovers which, I've no doubt, is very beautiful."

Tandy was next. "While it is true we've discussed it, we have not entered on any kind of pact with each other. We've known each other since fifth grade, I think. You did not answer Loyce's comment."

"One minute; I think we've arrived at a breakthrough in my computer program." He picked up his phone and punched a memory code. He set the phone on 'speaker' and set it between them. They waited. He smiled at them both. A stream of perspiration ran down from Loyce's armpit.

"Hello, Jake; how are you?" The voice was firm, authoritative.

"I'm good. Recalling the conversation last week at the seminar, I believe I have two candidates for our pilot project. Both are intelligent, outstanding qualifications, one a soccer hero, the other active in our science club. Great legs; strike that last comment."

There was laughter between the two. Tandy and Loyce tugged at their hems to cover the shapely thighs.

"Are they agreeable to the terms?" the voice asked.

"I'm about to cover that now but I wanted to be certain we are still in agreement. Oh, no free lunch, it will cost you. They get free tuition and board, textbook allowance, male clothing allowance and anything else two pretty girls can think of."

"I hear your enthusiasm. Let me know when they can visit. Yes, you latter day shyster, Marimoor will pick up the tab." The phone went silent.

Jake carefully replaced the phone on the cradle. He looked at the two amazed teens sitting uncomfortably in front of him. "You heard the conversation. That was the CEO of admissions and Acting President of Marimoor College. Do you want to pursue this? My computer program tells me we have a good fit."

Tandy, quick as usual, slid forward in her chair. "What male clothing allowance is in this agreement?"

He was pensive before forging ahead. "You will both attend Marimoor as boys. You dress like boys; act like boys, have boys names; even frequent the boys bathrooms as there are very few women's rest facilities and those are all marked 'faculty'. Are you in or not?"

Loyce was first. "I'm in but I fail to see the strategy. Perhaps you can explain." Tandy nodded in agreement.

"Do you remember your history? To integrate the schools, the feds had to cross lines of angry parents. They hustled two kindergarten girls, one black, the other white, into the school. The two little kids were hanging onto each other for dear life. When the media picked that up, it gave a new complexion to the social changes being forced upon them."

Tandy nodded her head 'yes'. "So what?" she asked.

"We are about to embark on a slight twist in that historical event. We are going to admit two boys to an all-girls school. The project, the expense of which they've agreed to shoulder, is to document all the problems a new student will face. The reason for this is to appeal to the courts for an extension, preferably perhaps ten years, to implement the changes. You can see what the difference would be in impact on the student body. Social change does not come about at shotgun range. Time is needed and you two can provide it. Do you like guy's clothes? You don't have to wear a jock strap." He chuckled at his usual inept humor.

"I see what you are saying," Tandy said. "I have only this comment; to me, the plan is idiotic. So we enroll and become boys. How does that impact anything? Why don't you just go and get a couple guys, orient them and send them 'into battle'? What's this about cross-dressing?"

"It's the beauty of the strategy. Napoleon himself could not have dreamed up a better one. When you two become rising sophomores, you will be girls again. That's when the publicity, the media as well as local, get lined up to see how awkward it was to force you two into the situation. Next, we trot out all the documents, your comments and records, showing how impractical it is."

"Grasping at straws," Tandy responded.

"Perhaps, but nobody has come up with a better plan to illustrate the problem. The ultimate question is this: 'Why destroy a perfectly good, well-established, school which so far operates without public funds, to appease an impractical ruling?' You two, in my opinion, can carry it off. How much time do you want to discuss all this with your parents? I have to give my friend at Marimoor an answer."

The two girls left Jake's office; shoulders slumped in confusion and lack of confidence. They headed for the student center lounge.

CHAPTER II. DETENTE

"What do you think, girlfriend?" Tandy asked.

"I think they are crazy and we should not align ourselves with them. If it goes badly, they will ship us off to the funny farm."

"I'm inclined to agree except they are not the only ones grasping at straws. Look at it from our perspective. We wanted to go to the same school. Done! We need an education if we are to make our own way in this world of insanity. Done! There has been an offer of financial support to make all this possible. Done!"

"So, it's a maybe," Loyce answered deep in thought. She looked at Tandy with grave concern. "I still think they are crazy. In addition to a slightly tilted view of reality, they are far too simplistic. So, here we are; two guys in an all-girls school. For two guys it would be a free pass in the candy shop. That means a choice of hot and cold running chicks. All they would do is start a lottery and charge a dollar per entry. The girls would create a league of graduate head givers. Am I getting through to you?"

"Yes, wild and clear. We will have to stick together, avoid confrontation type situations, and double date probably. If we are always together and don't date or entertain some girls, we'll soon be labeled 'gay' and, bingo! There goes the publicity plan."

"Is this a silver lining on a dark cloud? You are going to go with me where I can feel up pretty girls and it will be all legit appearing. Isn't that what cross-dressers do? They want

to attract some neat body into some compromise or other. When these guys said 'education', I really don't think that's what they had in mind."

"Whoa!" Tandy said holding up her hand. "I know we're talking about the charms we see every day in the bevy of pretty girls. You are much more desirable, as a girl-girl partner, than any I've ever seen, photos and celebs included."

Loyce put one hand on Tandy's arm. "We need to talk," she said softly, her eyes dewy.

"Right; there is more to this every instant. Jake Jensen thinks he is making us a gigantic and generous offer. Whose virginity will he want: yours or mine?"

Loyce was thoughtful. "Did you notice the difference in the two men? The Marimoor guy had a deep masculine voice and was clearly in authority. Jake's tone was not resonant like a man but slightly higher; effeminate. Maybe Jake is gay; that's why he was so clinical."

"What do you think was his motive asking us about our sex life?"

"What man is without a motive when he sees a trim figure topped with a tantalizing breast line?" Tandy said absently. "This is getting very complicated."

Tandy glanced at her watch. "Let's see which mom is on transfer duty today. Then we need to call a conference."

"Right on!" Loyce answered.

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The four women were in Mrs. Treme's living room. "My daughter, Tandy, has called this conference," Mrs. Treme said. "I guess we should let her begin."

Tandy was nervous but spoke up, distinctly, with authority. "Loyce and I have been offered a four year scholarship, all expenses, to Marimoor College. We checked and find it is accredited in Liberal Arts and accepted in the academic community. Sounds almost too good to be true."

Mrs. Bryde interrupted. "When it sounds too good to be true, it probably is not good or not true. What prompted all this?" She looked at her daughter, Loyce, with the familiar query; pursed lips and wrinkled brow.

"We went to Jake Jensen's office to ask his help in applying for colleges that might take enough interest in us to provide scholarship assistance." Loyce looked at Tandy for assurance.

Tandy was quick. "We were lucky; the resident witch that guards the inner sanctum was at the dentist or something. Mr. Jensen was very polite, asked us in and listened to us without stopping to ask dumb questions. He is a very nice man."

"No question about that," Mrs. Treme added. "He has a reputation for getting things done not only at our high school but the community college system as well. You are right; lucky."

Loyce continued. "Marimoor College, according to Mr. Jansen, is under pressure politically to open their doors to male students, become coed. He explained there is heavy resistance among their faculty, the alumni, and like that."

"Will someone please get to the point? Mrs. Treme asked. "What has admitting male students to do with our daughters?"

Tandy was next. "Mr. Jansen will go over all the details with you. In brief, the school Board of Regents feel a change to a coed curriculum will hurt the enrollment financially. They think they can demonstrate this by having two girls, or more for all we know, dress as boys and attend the classes. All expenses paid; four years in total. You can see why we are interested."

Mrs. Bryde was the center again. She had the pursed lips and raised brow. "Something fishy going on here," she said with a firm voice. "If the girls think it is legit, we need to meet with Jake Jensen and get the story. Two four-year scholarships, all expenses, is a hefty piece of change; like around a hundred thousand each. Fishy sounding or not, we need to look into this."

Mrs. Treme was thoughtful. "Agreed, we should get the full story. I'm looking right now at two beautiful girls; both intelligent, both with outstanding academic or athletic credentials. Maybe, because they are our daughters we are being short-sighted. We don't see what Jake Jensen sees." She looked at Tandy. "When can we meet with the gentleman?"

Mrs. Bryde nodded agreement. "Looking at the overall picture the girls have presented, a hundred thousand dollars, which we don't have, only prompts one question. Who do we have to kill?"

Tandy smiled. "I'll talk to him first thing in the morning."

True to her word, Tandy was in Jake Jensen's office when he arrived. Loyce was at soccer team practice. She sat in a high-back wooden chair, body stiff in full attention, hands in her lap and a smile on her face.

Jensen looked at her and nodded to his administrative assistant. With the gates to the sacred castle thus open, Tandy went into his office. She did not miss the look of disgust on the witch's face.

"Please, Miss Treme, come in; close the door. What news did you bring?" His eyes rested on the shapely turn of Tandy's legs.

She did not miss the admiring glance. She crossed her legs in hopes his interest in her charms might in some way help their cause. She blushed seeing the avaricious look on his face.

"Sir, Loyce and I met with our parents last night. In general, they are very interested in your offer. When can they meet with you? I hope you understand they are in no way skeptical or suspicious because of the finances involved. As responsible parents, they feel compelled to get the details from a principle involved."

He pushed a note pad toward her. "Please write the names and telephone contacts. I'll arrange a meeting. I hope they know how valuable my time is."

"Thank you, sir," she said, smiling. "I believe a couple hundred thousand dollars does command some attention. We don't move in the same league, I assure you." She jotted down the contact information.

He glanced at the note, then back to the comely girl sitting in front of him. Just as he started to speak, his phone console buzzed. "One moment, young lady; duty calls," he said pointing at the phone.

She sat quietly while Jake Jansen took a call apparently from Marimoor College. She raised her eyebrows in question. Next, her creative mind dreamed up a disaster. She braced herself to be told the offer is withdrawn. She wet her lips and waited. When Jansen concluded the conversation, he looked at her thoughtfully.

"Don't look like the captain of the Titanic," he said smiling. "That was Doctor Benjamin, CEO at Marimoor and acting president. He has voiced a rather, well, sensitive comment about you and Loyce Bryde."

He stood up and walked around the huge walnut desk. Towering above her, he caught her chin with a light touch of his finger. She looked up, eyes stark with terror. "Doctor Benjamin has posed an interesting question. I can easily see his point. Would you help me out with this?"

She swallowed nervously but with a dry mouth. "If I can, sir; anything. Is the offer withdrawn on some pretext or other?"

Jansen smiled. "No; not unless my investigation calls for interviewing some other candidates. Doctor Benjamin has been asked by a board member if you and Loyce are physically built to easily take on the role of a guy. Good question. Please raise your skirt so I can see your legs."

She raced to grab the hem of her skirt. In a second the skirt was tucked into the belt at her waist. Her shapely legs were on display. She looked up at him hopefully.

"Lovely," he said in appreciation. "Keep your skirt up and walk across the room for me. Um, yes; well I can see no reason for concern on that item. Open your blouse. Can you unhook your bra, please? Don't look at me like that, I like what I see but I'm not going to embarrass you. Frankly, a set of Hollywood plastic jugs would be difficult to hide, you no doubt agree. You pass that with flying colors. This will be one of the few times in your life that medium-sized breasts are an asset. Get dressed."

She quickly put her clothing in place and stared at him, incredulous. "Shall I send in Loyce forthwith so you can examine her, uh, equipment?"

Jansen laughed. "You are delightful. Now that you know our interest, tell me if she will pass. I have only a vague recollection."

"I believe you will like her better than you do me. She keeps herself trim being so athletic."

"Ah, good; of course. Please sit down; we have another issue to discuss." When she sat in the same chair, Jansen pulled up another chair and sat next to her. He touched her bare

knee. "You are aware Marimoor is an all-girls school, right?" He waited for her to nod 'yes'. "What the good doctor is concerned about is your sexual orientation. It would not go well to have you and Loyce so horrified by the open sex on campus that you will go running home in a panic. Have you ever had sex with a girl?"

She swallowed again. "No, sir, never but I know about it. It is regular locker room gossip, I suppose. I have been taught growing up to keep any such judgments to myself; be tolerant of other people's preferences in lifestyle."

He smiled and appeared genuinely relieved. "I apologize for putting you through this. With such finances involved, I hope you understand the school's concern."

"Yes, sir; thank you for being candid with me. I know what to expect."

He blinked his eyes. "Not hardly but, from what you tell me, I think you can handle awkward situations as they develop by keeping your mission in mind. Do I need to talk to Loyce Bryde about this? I know you both are close friends. Are you intimate? How do I ask this? Do you want to have sex with your girlfriend?"

She smiled, relieved that the crisis, if there was one, was over. "Sir, with respect for the way you've handled a sensitive inquiry, for a hundred thousand dollars and a four-year degree, I'll have sex with an orangutan."

He roared with laughter, a high pitched tonal trip she had not noticed before. She just shook her head in wonder. "May I assume you will not bring up the topic of our physical acceptance with our parents? They are paranoid enough. As for having sex with my girlfriend, I'll let you know."

He was visibly relieved. When he regained his composure he closed the meeting by nodding his head toward the door. When she left, he switched off the recorder, ejected the tape and identified it. He threw it in his middle desk drawer. 'So much for that cute body,' he said to himself.

CHAPTER III. NO SURPRISE

The commuter train whistled and slowed to a stop at 'College Station'.

Tandy and Loyce lugged their overnight satchels onto the platform and looked around. Tandy was wearing her white brushed cotton slacks and baby blue blouse with the lace trim around the throat. Loyce was flashy in a yellow jumper lined in brown piping. A matching yellow ribbon held her hair back away from her ears. Seeing nobody, Loyce walked with Tandy toward the taxi stand.

That was when the station wagon with Marimoor College stenciled on the side, came to a stop next to them. The driver relaxed behind the wheel.

An attractive 'slightly older' woman who appeared to be in her middle or late thirties, jumped out of the back and rushed to greet the two girls.

"I'm Tyler Benjamin," she said extending her arms to hug both girls. "I know who you are; Loyce and Tandy have been the topic for a solid week or so. It can be no secret which of you is the star athlete." She touched Loyce on the shoulder. "I was fearful I would miss you. Welcome to Marimoor."

They climbed into the back of the station wagon. Tyler sat in the middle and had one arm around each girl's waist holding very lightly. She was obviously excited to be in their company.

Tandy smiled and looked forward as the boulevard came into view. "Thank you for meeting us. We were instructed to go to the Collegiate Scholars Inn if nobody was at the station."

"We are headed there now. Have you eaten? Yes, seeing the hour, I suppose so. Doctor Benjamin will catch up with us later. He could not avoid a special meeting of the trustees."

Loyce smiled. "We shall be looking forward to meeting him. Isn't Benjamin an unusual name? Usually, it's a first name." She was making conversation to engage the stunning wife of the top regent of the college.

"How astute you are to notice that. Doctor Benjamin's family history is quite interesting. An ancestor, Judah P. Benjamin, was a successful lawyer in antebellum times in the old south. During the civil war, he was legal counsel to Jeff Davis or so my husband tells the story."

Tandy was impressed. "Yes, I remember the name now that you mention it."



Don't ask us for any ancestral jewels; don't have any."

Tyler laughed. At the inn she registered for them, put their room number on a credit account for meals or service and came out with two key cards.

"Let's go in and see if the suite is suitable. Don't be concerned, it is all paid for. Marimoor College owns it. If you want to order in a meal, just call the front desk. Doctor Benjamin will update you on the agenda we've planned."

They sat in the comfortable suite with track lighting and a gurgling fish tank. "You have been most hospitable," Tandy said smiling. "We do have some questions as you no doubt expect."

Tyler's eyes lighted in interest. She pursed her lips. "Was your reason for selecting an all-girls school because you wish to avoid contact with boys? You are both extremely attractive as girls. It will be a job to tone down your looks and instruct you on how to be a guy. Tomorrow morning our coach for this project, Yvonne Delamart, will be here to get you dressed, all that. I hope you are not surprised."

"We are not surprised," Loyce said, her voice subdued.

"Good," Tyler said and leaned forward in the cushioned easy chair. "You should be aware that many girls come here, just as I have mentioned, because they prefer the company of other girls. If that is the case with you two, let it be said you are both most fortunate."

"Thanks; are lesbian shows of affection in public frowned upon?"

"Yes and no. 'Yes' because of the Victorian social climate of which you are aware. 'No' because we work very diligently to provide a free and open sexual relationship wherever it is needed. This is without being judgmental or 'holier than thou'. It is therefore up to the discretion of the girls to maintain a proper decorum. It has not been a problem area that I'm aware of."

"We have been advised about cross-dressing and what our role is here at Marimoor," Tandy said. "Should we be shopping for something soon? Perhaps the Goodwill or Salvation Army."

Tyler smiled. She walked to the folding doors and opened the walk-in closet. An array of clothes had been selected and available to the girls to try on before the seamstress arrived to make any necessary adjustments. The girls were astonished at the finite planning.

"Come along," Tyler said and pulled some dark sport shirts out to display them. "Try these on." She wet her lips in expectation as first Tandy and next Loyce removed their top garments to try on the shirts. Tandy's breasts bobbed provocatively when she discarded her bra and bent to try on the shirt. "You have lovely breasts," Tyler said with a catch in her voice. "Loyce, can you match that?"

Loyce smiled. "Only if you compare apples and oranges."

"I can see we are going to get along famously. Please, are these workpants the correct size? There was some doubt."