

# High School Dress Code



Part Two

# Briana Vermont



A "Her TV" Novel



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# High School Dress Code 2

By Briana Vermont

## Summary of Part 1

Julian Avery moves to a new town and a new school, where all the girls dress like his grandmother. The problem, it seems, is a school dress code that is enforced relentlessly by a sadistic Vice Principal, Mrs. Carmichael. When the girls in the school plan a protest where everyone will come to school breaking the dress code, and even suggest that guys should participate, Julian is enthusiastic to join in! Unfortunately he is the only guy in the school to do so.

The Vice Principal rounds up every girl who broke the rules, including the hapless Julian. She gives them all a two-week suspension, but offers them an alternative. They can wear the new school uniforms for two weeks instead, modeling them and convincing the other students to buy into the idea.

The boys' uniforms aren't available yet. Mrs. Carmichael insists Julian will be punished the same as everyone else, and must

attend school as a girl for two weeks. An appeal to Principal Pelton does not go well as the very strange man is attracted to the helpless Julian, even more so when he learns Julian is a boy! A misunderstanding in the office results in an update to the school computer records, and Julian becomes Julie Ann, attending all the appropriate girls' classes.

Julian's best friend Sid is no help. Sid is inexplicably infatuated with his friend, much to his own dismay but even more to Julian's! His mother Melissa is no help either. She seems to only want to assist Julian with hair, makeup and clothes, as if she's oblivious to his being her son and not her daughter! She even seems to think it's okay for him to fill in as a hostess at the gentlemen's club she manages.

And what about the other characters enabling the poor boy's deception? Helena, his mother's bra fitter who knows exactly the right lingerie for any occasion or body type. Bobby, the club bouncer who protects the poor boy as he would his own daughter. Gina, the club's makeup artist who teaches him stunning makeup tricks no boy should ever know. The man from the apartment next door, who thinks Julian is at least three different people. Or Miss Homek, his Home Studies teacher who is helping him to design and sew his first dress for the dance next week?

And now Julian has caught the attention of the school cheerleaders! Evelyn, Dabria, Chelsea, Bailey and Ashley have invited Julian to sleep over at Evelyn's house for the weekend. He probably could have said no, made an excuse. Yet somehow, a sleepover with five beautiful girls sounded like fun. His mother even spent the money she was saving for his birthday to buy him everything a girl could need for a fun girls' weekend...

## High School Dress Code 2

### Chapter 1

#### Friday Night

All the girls met up at Evelyn's house and immediately went to her bedroom. Julian couldn't believe how nice the home was, or how big Evelyn's room was! Evelyn had two beds(!), in addition to a massive walk-in closet, a long dresser with six drawers, a makeup desk with lighted mirrors, a computer desk, a flat-screen TV, and there was still space for six girls to sit on the floor, laughing and giggling and poking and playing! Julian thought he just might have died and gone to heaven.

Talking with the girls was a problem at first. They all talked so fast, and about things Julian didn't always understand. But he quickly learned it didn't really matter. He could easily keep up his end of the conversation with a few simple phrases, like:

"I know, right?"

"That is so cute!"

"Really, really, super cute!"

"No way?"

"I know, don't you love it?"

"You are so sweet!"

At some point in the conversation, Evelyn stopped talking and stared at Julian curiously. It was a general rule with this group of girls, Julian had begun to understand, that when Evelyn spoke, everyone listened. But even more when Evelyn was quiet, everyone was quiet, waiting to see what she was about to say. All the girls were soon completely quiet, looking back and forth between Evelyn and Julian, wondering what Evelyn had noticed about the new girl in the group.

“What are you wearing?” Evelyn finally said when she had everyone’s full attention.

Julian was the center of attention; he just didn’t know why. Evelyn was looking at his shoulder and so he felt with his hand, finding his exposed bra strap. His T-shirt had slipped again, showing off the red brassiere his ever-helpful mother had bought for his girls’ weekend!

“It’s . . . just my bra,” Julian said, turning as red as the item under examination as he quickly pulled up the shirt to cover it again.

“You’re wearing a *red* bra?” asked Bailey.

“Let me see!” said Chelsea, tugging Julian’s shirt to expose the strap again. Soon all the girls were pulling at Julian’s T-shirt, trying to get a look.

“Take it off!” demanded Dabria. The five girls soon overpowered poor Julian, pulling the T-shirt over his head, exposing him in his beautiful, embroidered, red satin and lace lingerie. The girls sat back and stared in awe.

“A red bra! So hot,” said Ashley. “Where did you get it?” she asked as she reached out and stroked the beautiful cups which held Julian’s strategically presented breasts.

“My Mom takes me to a lingerie shop downtown,” Julian said, as a couple of other girls touched the sensual cups and the straps which held the awe-inspiring view in place. “She bought this for me, for my birthday.”

“Your Mom bought you a bra like this for your birthday?” asked Bailey. “Your Mom is so awesome!”

Chelsea was running her fingers under the straps. “It’s so soft! And smooth; it must be so comfortable!”

“It is,” replied Julian. His mother had said the bra would give the girls something to talk about. He really hadn’t pictured being the center of attention though, with five other girls touching his breasts and sliding their hands under the straps, over his shoul-





ders and across his back. He was fairly sure, though, that this was the most amazing moment of his entire life!

“So what about the panties!?” asked Evelyn, suddenly realizing that there might even be more to see!

“They’re matching,” said Julian, without a clue what was about to happen.

Suddenly and without warning, five girls were shoving their hands down Julian’s short-shorts, trying to get hold of his red panties. Julian was overcome with giggles as the girls tickled him mercilessly, however he somehow managed to lie himself facedown on the floor, leaving the girls only his back side to work at. Five girls lay on top of him as their hands slid down the back of his shorts, as well as up the back of his shorts, grabbing at his bottom and pulling at his panties until they were exposed. Those who couldn’t reach into his shorts continued to restrain him through fits of laughter as they tickled him without pity.

“They *do* match!” Dabria laughed as she pulled the red fabric well beyond the top of Julian’s shorts.

“Roll her over!” said Evelyn. “I want to see the front!”

Julian giggled and shrieked as he tried to resist. Fortunately, Evelyn’s mother came to his rescue.

“Pizza’s here!” she said from the door, observing the attack on her daughter’s bedroom floor as if it was nothing special. This was a girls’ sleepover; what else would you expect except that the girls would hold each other down to expose their underwear?

The effect of food was immediate, the five girls instantly losing interest in Julian’s panties as they rushed madly down to the kitchen. Julian held back for only a moment, to see if he could find his shirt. He couldn’t. Taking another moment to straighten his breasts and fix his panties in Evelyn’s full-length mirror, Julian quickly followed the other girls in his bra and short-shorts. All the girls were already at the table with plates of pizza, so Julian went to the counter to help himself.

Evelyn's mother handed Julian a plate. "That's a beautiful bra you're wearing," she told him.

"Thank you Mrs. Dressler," said Julian, blushing as the woman placed a slice of pizza on his plate. "I looked for my shirt but couldn't find it," he explained. Glancing at the table, he saw Dabria waving his T-shirt like a flag, as if to say, "Come get it if you can!"

As Julian made his way to the table, Evelyn's father entered the kitchen. "Anyone have something for me?" he said as he almost ran into Julian. "Whoa, this looks good!" he said, glancing down Julian, stopping momentarily at his brightly decorated breasts, then continuing down to the plate of pizza. He picked up the slice and took a bite. Julian had no idea what to do and so simply stood still in the middle of the kitchen, watching the older man eat his pizza.

"Daddy, you're embarrassing me!" Evelyn said from the kitchen table.

"Hey," the man replied. "Anything going on in your bedroom is your own business. But when it spills out," he continued, indicating Julian's ample breasts, "into the rest of the house, all bets are off!"

"There's plenty of pizza, Julie sweetie," Evelyn's mom said sympathetically to Julian as she replaced the slice on his plate. Mortified, Julian sat at the table to eat. He looked at Dabria with annoyance, and Dabria threw him his shirt. He dressed quickly before eating his pizza.

\* \* \*

The girls had finished off all the pizza a while ago, and Evelyn's mom felt it was time to reclaim her kitchen. Breaking through the continuous, overwhelming chatter she said, "Evelyn, what are you and your friends planning for tonight?"

Evelyn replied to her mother, "Nothing much. Just hang out in my room, I guess."

“Then why don’t you and your friends go get into your jammies? Off you go, girls!”

Julian got up from the table with the other girls, and in a stampede of long legs, bare feet, and blonde hair, the six girls pounded up the stairs to Evelyn’s room. Julian found his overnight bag where he had dropped it against the wall, and as the room descended into a chaos of tossed blouses, skirts, shorts, and bras, he snuck out of the room and down the hall to the bathroom.

Julian opened his bag to find his pajamas. Except they weren’t there! He dug down to the bottom, and although he didn’t exactly examine every item in the bag, he was positive that there was no large flannel shirt or pants. There was no large anything, and there was certainly nothing flannel!

Julian got a sick feeling as he realized what his mother had done. He looked through the bag again and found what he knew would be there: a tiny, pink, satin and lace babydoll nighty. With bloomers! Just like the type he would see his mother wearing every morning as she helped him prepare for school.

Julian had no choice. He stripped off all his clothes, placing the T-shirt, short-shorts, and red bra and panty set into his bag. Then he stepped into the bloomers and pulled the satin slip over his head, pulling it down as far as it would go, which was to say barely to his hips. Julian pulled his hair up and out, and arranged it over his shoulders. He then checked himself over in the mirror, took a deep breath and left the safety of the bathroom, returning to Evelyn’s room.

“There she is!” shouted Ashley as Julian walked in the door. He looked around the room, finding himself surrounded by the other five girls. They wore a variety of sleepwear, featuring all forms of skirts and ruffles with kittens and pandas and ribbons and bows. Chelsea even wore a pair of polkadot flannel pants and top! But their feminine attire didn’t take away from the fact that they looked like a pack of wolves ready to pounce.

“You’ve been keeping secrets from us!” Bailey said, poking Julian in the middle of his chest with a very pointy finger.

“What? No, I don’t have secrets...” said Julian. How did they know? He froze in place, a deer in the headlights, his knees quivering far below the hem of his pink nightie.

“You better tell us everything right now!” demanded Chelsea.

“Yeah, spill it!” said Dabria, complete with another finger poke.

“I’m sorry!” said Julian, almost in tears. “I just wanted to be...”

“Makeup secrets now, sister!” ordered Evelyn. “Tell us what you know that we don’t!”

“Oh, makeup secrets!” said Julian with relief. Except, “I don’t really have any secrets. Just, you know, I wear makeup...”

“I knew it,” said Ashley sadly. “Julie’s just naturally beautiful like the rest of you. Look at me, I’ve got this big round face like a beach ball, I’ll never be as pretty as any of you.”

“Have you tried contouring?” asked Julian.

“I’ve tried everyth... what?” said Ashley. “What do you mean?”

Julian looked around the room and spotted Evelyn’s makeup table. Searching the tubes and bottles, he found exactly what he needed.

“Like this,” he said, applying a bronzing lotion to Ashley’s cheeks. “Use a dark bronzer, maybe two or three shades darker than your skin tone. One with a matte finish is best. Apply it to areas you want to de-emphasize, like your cheeks here, and we can put a little on your temples, narrow your chin like this.” Julian then found a lighter shade and applied it to the center of the girl’s chin and forehead. “Then use a shiny, light color to highlight any features you want to emphasize!”

Ashley looked at herself in the mirror. “You really do have secrets!” she shrieked, jumping and hugging Julian. “You are so amazing, Julie!”

“How do I make my eyes pop like yours?” asked Bailey.

Julian looked at the other girl closely. “Use an eyeshadow that’s the opposite color of your eyes. For your blue eyes, you should be using something with orange undertones.”

Bailey began searching the makeup desk, quickly setting to work with the peach eyeshadow she found.

“What about me!” said Chelsea, looking for assistance with her thin lips.

Julian realized he really *did* have makeup secrets! Having spent most of his week in makeup classes, being worked on by makeup professionals at his mother’s work, and having his mother go over all the details with him every day, he really had learned a lot about beautifying yourself. All the girls worked together for the next hour, sharing all their tricks and giving each other makeovers. And whenever they needed an ‘expert’ opinion, they turned to Julie!

“What are we going to do for Julie?” asked Ashley. “Her makeup is already perfect.”

“Look at her nails,” said Bailey. “She definitely needs a manicure! What colors of nail polish do you have, Evelyn?”

Julian did not want to have his nails painted! “I never paint my nails,” he said weakly as the girls all sprang into action. Ashley and Bailey set to work, filing and shaping his untrimmed nails into long, feminine almond shapes. Evelyn arrived moments later with the polish.

“I have two of these. The color’s called ‘Girly Girl!’” squealed Evelyn.

“It’s perfect for her!” said Chelsea. “It matches your nightie.”

Julian stared at the shiny pink polish the girls were applying to his long, feminine nails. How do you remove nail polish, he wondered? *Can* you remove it?