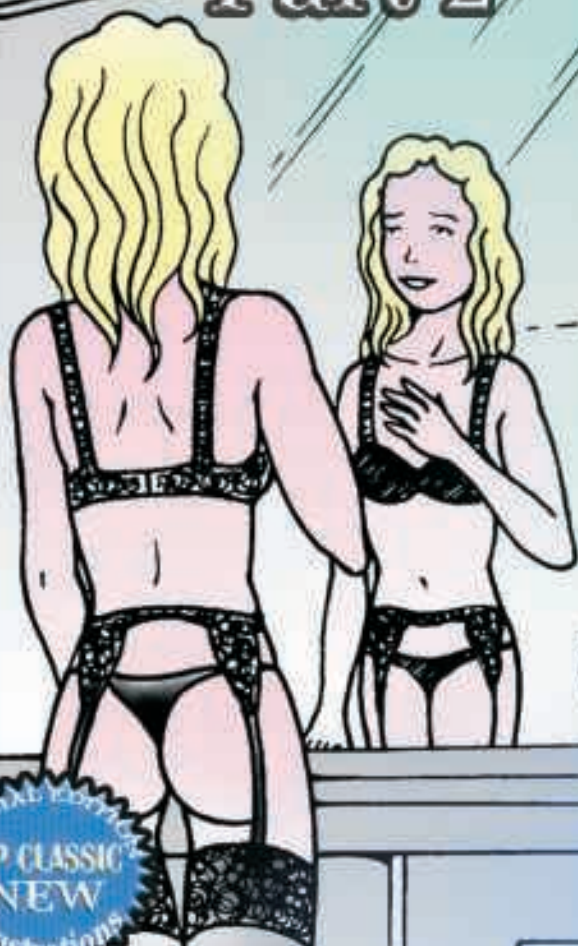


Dress Code

Part 2



RP CLASSIC
NEW
Illustrations

Annie Warren



A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2020

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

Dress Code 2

By Annie Warren

Chapter 16: And Newness in the "Old"

Now that his make-up had been repaired and he was sitting at his desk all ready for action, he was still assailed by the strangeness of it all. He looked down at his desk and saw (or better yet was hindered to a degree of seeing by) his breasts. Below them, instead of seeing each of his legs clothed in his normal suit cloth, he saw the continuous band of his skirt stretched lightly between his legs. On the blotter on his desk were his hands with their long red nails.

Yes, it was his normal location; however, everything was anything but normal from his point of view. Nevertheless, he was at his desk to work and so, as much as he could, he started to work and immediately found he was going at half speed. On the one hand, his long fingernails caused him no end of problems on his computer keyboard; he was a pro at the violin where he had only several fingers to control.

However, this typing needed almost all ten fingers to do and it was harder to adjust to.

Also, if that weren't enough to slow him down, it seemed that everybody in the whole department just *had* to come by and have a few words with him or just, in some cases, just came in and gawked.

Of the men who talked to him, for the most part, they were sympathetic, some were controlled hostile, and others were just curious. It seemed that all of the women were curious. They wanted to know where he had had his hair done, what he was wearing (often to the most intimate detail), had he done his own make-up, did he like pierced ears, was he constantly aware of his bushy eyelashes, etc. etc. etc. Almost all of them seemed to have something nice to say, though a few of them, thank goodness a minority, who always seemed to come with others and to say nothing, often looked down their noses at him, and one or two even openly sneered.

Somewhere in the course of the morning, he called Margie and got an early Tuesday morning appointment. After struggling with the keyboard and the curiosities of the department staff, he was only too happy when the day was over and he could leave this zoo. Once the novelty wore off, maybe then he could get back to some semblance of normality...at least as far as work was concerned.

Chapter 17: Once More to Margie

The next day, first thing in the morning, as he walked into Margie's office, after a day of practice at his office, he had more poise than when he had gone to work the day before.

The shoes were not quite as uncomfortable, and his ankles had greatly reduced the excessive wob-

bling that they had at first caused. The tightness of his skirt was not as noticeable as he had been now cutting back on the length of his stride as a matter of course, and he had almost ceased to be aware of the purse that dangled from his shoulder.

It had still taken nerve to come here, alone. He had steeled himself and made it. He had to come, anyway. He came in and sat down, marginally decorously.

As he sat, his knees came together, reasonably soon but not until after he rapidly asked how long the allergy would last.

Her immediate answer was to run another test. She smeared several liquids on his arm and then lightly pricked the skin within the smear spots.

This time he stayed there and they talked.

“Well, Jason, I can’t really say how long the allergy will last. That information was not in the articles published on this method. Before we can treat it, it must come to full strength. That may not be for a month yet.”

She had noticed his chest that was still reddened.

“I’ll give you a long term prescription for the salve. It looks like you can still use it.”

“It can’t be reversed? Isn’t there something that you can give me that will stop the allergy? I’ve found that it is another kettle of fish that I’ve now fallen into. Look at me; I now look like a woman.”

He gestured with his hand, noting as he did, his long red fingernails.

“All I wanted was to get out of suits and ties and all the rigidity that they offer and all I did was trade one rigid pattern for another.”

"I'm sorry to hear that, Jason. It is experimental and, you are, more or less, a lab animal in terms of examining the effects of it."

"That's really great. I'm now a lab animal and a very feminine one at that. Now what am I supposed to do?"

"Well, you can keep on with this masquerade as long as you want to."

She looked over at him and perceived what appeared to be young, quite attractive woman. Just what she had expected, if not a whole lot better looking.

"You do look quite attractive, Jason. Until we are able to counteract the effects that the experiment endowed you with, my prescription for you is to try to live with it in the manner that my written prescription outlined. As for countering it, there is no reversal, or magic bullet, so you will have to remain, as I said before, in skirts. If you were to wear pants, it could react on its own just from the closure. I don't think you want to take that chance, do you?"

"Oh great. My feet hurt from these idiot shoes that the company demands I wear and I'm even beginning to act and sit like a woman. If this goes on too long, then I'm liable to end up being a woman in everything but sex."

"Well, Jason, you would not be alone. There are probably thousands of men who are in your shoes, almost literally. And, to be sure, there are thousands who would be envious of your position, being *required* to wear skirts. Have you thought of taking a half way out, wearing kilts? I know that they are usually wool. However, with a slip and some care, you might be able to get by."

"I thought of it, but the effect of your letter on the administration of my company is that they are requiring that I fulfill their dress code for women. That's primarily why I look this way. Susan filled me in on what the dress code implied. My boss, Mister Bainbrook, is constantly complementing me on my looks. I'm really beginning to worry about him."

"You don't think he's worrying about you?"

"Not likely! I think he'd be more likely to ask me for a date. He ogles my fake breasts and my crotch like I was a real girl; or else like he was expecting, or wanting what was really there."

"As long as you don't encourage him, there should be no problem. One thing you might want to do is to get a tight pantygirdle, one to hold your penis in check, especially should you become sexually excited. In a reasonably tight skirt, you don't want any bulges showing that could, well, give away something that you don't want the observer to know. If it embarrasses you, you could get Susan to get you one. Perhaps one with some strategically placed padding on the hips and buttocks to give you more of what women have and you don't."

"What's that? I thought I had what they don't."

"Women have more hips and cheeks than you do. With proper padding in those areas, you can suppress what you want to suppress and build up what you need to have."

"Just what I need. . ." he said, glumly, "more femininity."

"As I see it, Jason, you're just going to have to make the best of it. Since you want to know so much, tell you what. We'll make weekly appointments in-

stead of monthly and monitor your system to see how it is doing. Let me see your arm.”

He held out his arm. Several of the places she had poked at now had welts of varying sizes, the others were clear.

She took some measurements, as she usually did, and made notes on his chart concerning the small red welts.

“Well, your sensitivities are the same, if not growing a bit. Nothing new, no new sensitivities.” She looked rather pointedly at his chest and added, “and, by the way, Jason, I’d not wear any more tee shirts.”

He knew he should have worn a blouse that was cut higher as his hand went up to his chest where he lightly touched the line of red that he knew was still there, feeling in the process the touch of his long fingernails.

“I’m afraid I forgot. I wanted some of the ‘old world’ and did not count on the consequences. Thus, I have my fake, red necklace.” He shrugged it off. “And so, Margie, from what I hear you saying, we just can’t turn this off in less than a month? When will it go down?”

“As far as I can tell, there could possibly be *some* reduction in two or three months. The likelihood appears to indicate more towards an increase in that time frame rather than a decrease. What is so important in a month? Is something going to happen that is time dependent? You kids going to get married?”

“No. Now just how could we get married when I look more like bride than a groom? What’s coming up is that I have a concert to give before the month is out. I have to either get a stage name; or, write up an explanation why a member of the orchestra named

‘Jason’ is wearing a long, black formal dress, high heels and make-up and has his hair permed and his ears pierced.”

“Don’t underestimate Susan, Jason. She likes you very much, regardless of what you look like. I’d bet she’d accept an engagement ring from you if you asked her. But, in the meantime, what do you think you are going to do? Can I help? Need a written explanation with all of the medical jargon to boot?”

“Thanks for the offer, Margie. Now that I know more or less what is going to happen, I think I’m going to go for the stage name. I’ll be found out eventually, but this whole woman thing is still too new. I am not ready for everybody to know that this feminine bit of fluff is really a man.”

She looked more sternly at him.

“Don’t be so hard on yourself. You are anything but ‘fluff’. You are your own person. Don’t let anybody try to make you anything else. That ‘lab animal’ comment was due to the agreement that we have. You are now going through a period of adjustment. All people who go through experiments have to adjust to them. Your adjustment is just a bit more radical than most. If there is anything else I can do for you, let me know. In the mean-time, don’t short Susan either. You both have an awful lot in common.”

“And now even more. Most of what I’m now wearing is hers. We more or less can wear the same sizes, except for shoes. Her dresses and skirts are tight at my waist, but seem to fit reasonably otherwise. I’m only a bit taller than she is and with heels. It could go either way, depending on who has the taller heels. Now we look like a couple of sisters, who share each other’s clothing. What a mess.”

“Again, for the third time, don’t sell her short. She is a good friend, and now is a time when you really need good friends. She never had a sister, and, in a way, you are sort of giving her a chance to see what it might have been like to have had one. You two are actually somewhat closer than most sisters. Also, Jason, don’t give up on the chances or opportunities for marrying her. She is an exceptional woman, not that I have to tell *you* that. Give her a chance and dollars to donuts, she’ll surprise you yet.”

“Yes,” he mused a bit, “she is a wonderful person. I have strong feelings for her. How can I come on to her when we are both wearing skirts, pantyhose, high heels, and lipstick, to say nothing of my bulging chest.”

“You just have to give her the opportunities. That’s all I’ll say. I don’t think you are *really* thinking about it, your are still confused, adjusting and pained about an image that you have to maintain and don’t want to. Listen to me carefully, Jason; if you give up on her, you will lose more than you know or even suspect at this time. Have you noticed her distancing herself from you?”

“No, if anything she seems to be getting warmer, if not closer. And yes, I do know what you mean, or at least I think I know. In my mind this is still one hell of a mess. I have had to give up almost everything that spells masculine and take on the trappings of a woman. I look like a woman, I am learning to move like a woman, and, with the perfumes she has me wear, now I even smell like a woman.

“On top of this, you are telling me that it will not end tomorrow. Great choice I now have, Margie! I guess I’ll have to hoist myself up by the straps of my high heels or my garter belt and get on with it, eh?”

He smiled a sort of weak smile at his attempt at humor and then stood up and reached for his purse, making an unconscious move to smooth out his skirt, adjust its waist and readjust his blouse since all of them had shifted slightly. His training was showing its results as he was now moving and acting more or less automatically as most women would wearing a skirt and blouse. He was not even aware of the motions, but Margie was and noted that he apparently acted without consciously thinking of it.

Susan was definitely having an effect on him.

“Well, Margie, thanks for the advice. I wish now that I hadn’t started this thing,” he sighed, “but it’s now on and there’s nothing I can do about it until it clears up... if it clears up.”

“Have patience and I’m sure it will work out all right.”

It was her turn to stand up, only she was wearing slacks and her shirt didn’t need any adjusting.

She came around her desk as she said, “So, Jason, I’ll see you again next week, right?” She touched him lightly on his arm and smiled at him. “Above all, Jason, you must trust yourself too!”

“Right.” He smiled and put his hand on top of hers. Then he looked down at it and saw the disparity of his long red talons and her short clipped nails, the nails of a woman who was not out for show but for practicalities that her medicine required. He smiled again and then walked out of her office.

The “experiment” was still on and could not be stopped. This masquerade was going to last for some indefinite time period.

He had the feeling of impending doom for the long run, but that was later. . .

For now, though, it had to be first things first.

Chapter 18: Home Again; More Newness?

He went home after the appointment and called Susan, who was still at work, and gave her the word that there was no early reversal, in fact no reversal probably in any time frame less than two months and then no promise beyond that.

She tried to cheer him up as he sounded so down hearted when he added that he now realized that he would have to give the concert in skirts, probably in some sort of long skirted black formal.

He had also made the decision that since it was still too new to him and since he did not know how long it would last, that he had decided to hide a bit longer by taking a stage name.

Her response was to say that she had some books she inherited from her cousin on naming babies (perhaps it had been her hint that she should get married and raise a family, maybe?) They would be perfect for browsing.

They agreed to give them a look-see.

He was not sure if she had invited herself, or if he had invited her, over to do the browsing, but she would be on her way as soon as work ended.

Not that she had “anticipated” it, but the books were in her car in the trunk.

Seemingly ten minutes after work ended she was there. As she had stated, she had a set of books that could be used for resources. One was “Naming your Baby” and the other was “What to Call Your Little Girl”. The first title he accepted but was not too

happy about the second one although they were to serve, more or less, the same, identical purpose.

Over a pot of coffee, they then spent several hours running through the books from AtoZ.

He threw out the simple names like Betty, Diane, Joan, Nancy, Penny, and Violet.

Both of them laughed and had fun when they came to Margaret and Susan. Those were the easy names to reject.

He had always liked the name Jason, mostly because it was not all that common and also because it hinted of adventure as in the stories Jason and the Argonauts.

It became a game.

They were half way through when he remembered that he'd actually have to have a WHOLE new name, first and last, maybe also a middle one too. So they began matching names, throwing in last names.

They threw out "Belinda Anne Darrington" with great glee because it was "BAD". "Raquel" was too sexy and "Doris" was too dry.

He kept coming back to Jocelynn.

Susan vetoed it as being too close to his real name; finally closing the argument against it by asking, "Besides, Jason, where is the excitement that you have in 'Jason' in that name?"

He glowered a bit and then smiled and stopped asking for it as a first name, but he was thinking of it still.

Once each had been through their respective books, they swapped books.

He finally hit “Ingrid” and he liked it. He said it had the sound that was reminiscent of the Vikings, or of the Valkyries, or some Norse legend or other. Then he popped up with the name “Ingrid Jocelynn Dillon”.

She smiled and countered with “Ingrid Lynn Dillon” still trying to avoid the homonym type similarity even in the middle.

And so, after a bit more bantering the names and slight variants of it back and forth, he relented. That is how he came to have his stage name during an evening long search.

By then it was too late to call the Maestro, so the first thing that she had him do was to practice writing it many times over. Of course, she had to coach him on making it more feminine, a task that wasn't all that hard, but it was quite different from his regular writing style.

He knew her writing was almost exquisitely feminine and so she quickly and deftly gave him a sample of her complete alphabet, as a goal to obtain.

Of course, there were secondary points in doing this. As most people know, it is one's life style that influences and forms one's handwriting. But, what fewer people know is that it turns out that the handwriting when modified can also influence and form the life style. If you change your handwriting, you will change your life style.

Once he had the writing of his new name down (reasonably) and a sort of feminine signature worked out, she pointed out that his whole writing style needed to be gone over and revamped to match his new image.

Thus, an hour was spent signing his new name and writing such sentences as “The quick brown fox

jumped over the lazy dog” until she said that there was some improvement even if there was quite a ways to go.

He had better practice and get it down right!

In addition, she pointed out that after the concert, there would be a whole bunch of his enthusiastic admirers who would be looking for his autograph, so he had better get it right and practice it to be sweetly feminine and readable.

He looked daggers at her, rumpling his feminine brow.

She only smiled, gathered up her purse and books, and headed for the door.

He dropped the pen and saw her out, complete with another warm, ardent kiss.

Maybe Margie was right on at least two counts. Maybe he was selling Susan short. The second point was that the warmth (or whatever) of the kiss had raised a rather unladylike lump in his skirt.

He had had many such kisses before and the hectic pressures of the past weeks had lowered his libido, but he was now adjusting and it was coming back. He had no sexual excitement wearing these clothes, soft and sexy as they may be. Susan was still Susan and he realized that, in spite of his dress and appearance, he was still a man.

He was reminded of this as he reentered his apartment.

He realized that he really had better get some pantygirdles or else he could be in a pickle with a tight skirt in public if the problem ‘arose’ again. As he got to his bedroom it was still there, not as prominent, but there.

And so, as he fell asleep that night, his new name was swimming in his head along with all kinds of pens writing it over and over and over. . .

Chapter 19: What's in a Name?

Next morning at work, he looked up in surprise when he heard her call him *Ingrid*.

When he called *her* on it, she simply said that he had better get used to it for the concert's sake if nothing else, and, anyway, the name Jason just did not fit his new and feminine image.

At midday, he called the Maestro and gave him the name he had chosen, saying that it was not yet time to let the story out to the general public. It would come out in its own sweet time, he hoped. In any event, he was not going to push it. He also told him that the allergy would last at least two more months and that it could, if not would, go longer. Thus, he would have to plan for a long haul.

After he hung up he pondered, was this really a smart move? His only answer was that he would have to wait and see, for at the moment he did not have a heck of a lot of choices.

Susan was glad that the decision had been made, and so, from then on, only called him Ingrid.

When Mister Bainbrook overheard Susan addressing him as Ingrid, he asked and found out what had happened. He asked Jason/Ingrid what he was going to do and he could only answer that Ingrid was his stage name. Bainbrook, however, said that he had found it difficult to relate to a "Jason" in skirts, heels and make-up, and so, via Mister Murdock, Jason suddenly found he had a new nameplate on his desk and also on his door. The Jason T. Ryan had sud-

denly been replaced by Ingrid Lynn Dillon. With a stroke of the service request to the name plate makers, Bainbrook had just expanded Ingrid's stage name to a full fledged alias.

Adding to this more than general shift, when the next rehearsal took place, the Maestro told the group of his new name and requested that they too all call him that from then on until such time as Jason should return to the group.

Thus it was that "Jason" ceased to be an oral tradition with respect to the new Ingrid.

Following Margie's suggestion, he asked Susan to get him some of the padded pantygirdles. He wasn't up to going shopping for one of them himself. He knew that Susan really did NOT need such and so would obviously be "buying for a friend".

She agreed quite readily and showed up after a noontime excursion with a package full of padded girdles.

He went into the rest room and tried one of them on, he found his waist pulled in sharply and his hips and buns expanded just as sharply. Now the skirts fit at the waist AND at the hips. There were no problems with loose cloth or tight buttons. Also, he knew that now when he and Susan kissed passionately, there would be no more lumps in his panties pushing out his skirt in a most unladylike manner...

In fact he now appeared to have a marvelously feminine body when fully dressed. When naked, of course, he cut an odd figure indeed: above the neck, a totally feminine image; below a flat chested, albeit hairless, male, though at this early stage in the allergy his sensitive nipples did tend to protrude a bit.