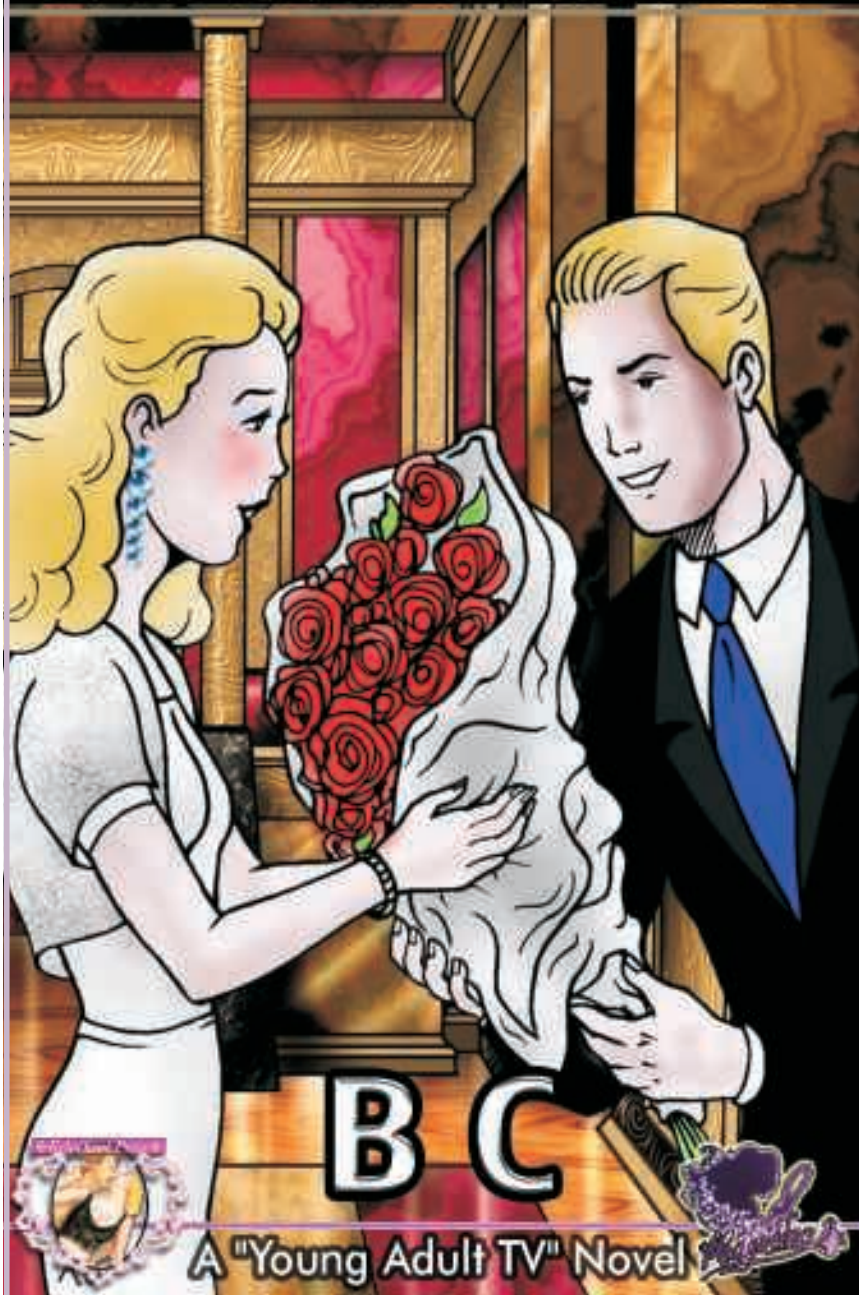


The Summer Job



B C

A "Young Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Summer Job

By B C

Gene Turner lived with his two sisters and mother. This was the summer of his 17th year. His dad had been gone for 4 years now and Gene was trying to be the man of the house and take care of his mom and two sisters, Jackie 14 and Julie 15. He had tried very hard to find a job now that school was almost out for the summer. Things had been pretty tough financially for Mom what with trying to run a household and raise three teenagers on only her meager salary from working for a big supply company in town. They had offered her much more money if she wanted to go on the road in sales but June was a firm believer that being home with her children was much more important than money.

Gene felt that it was his place and duty to look even harder to find work and help out the family and his mother financially. His problem thus far

was the fact that there didn't seem to be any worthwhile or even menial jobs available, as the college kids already out for the summer had taken every job within driving distance of his home, including even the part-time ones.

One day June was having lunch with a longtime friend of hers and she happened to mention Gene's problem with finding a job. She told her friend Karen about his willingness to do just about anything and the fact that Gene was very good with computers.

"Since your good-for-nothing husband left them and couldn't be found to help with child support, it would really be a big help to have even a little extra income to help out. It was so much easier when the kids were little and their expenses were nothing compared to trying to raise teenagers with many more needs," June said.

June's friend Karen Lane continued, "It's too bad that Gene is not a girl. My husband Gary mentioned just the other night that he is looking for a secretary trainee for his office. Someone that he could train and bring along slowly to replace his current gal who's getting married and leaving the area with her new husband."

June then asked, "Does it have to be a girl, Karen? Because Gene can type and has excellent computer skills. I'm sure he could handle the duties just fine with a little teaching."

“Well, let me talk to Gary tonight and I’ll see if something can be worked out. Maybe I can talk him into it and give Gene an opportunity to show what he can do. I’ll bring it up tonight and I’ll try to have an answer for you tomorrow.” Karen smiled.

“What are friends for if we can’t help each other out in times of need? I think I just might be able to persuade my Gary into helping you out here,” Karen said with that grin that says “If you know what I mean.”

That night Karen Lane called June. “Hello June, this is Karen and I’ve had a chance to discuss your problem about finding gainful employment for your son Gene with Gary. His reply was not as I hoped for initially, as he said that he wants a girl for his personal secretary for many different reasons. I really worked on him and I explained the situation to him over and over about how much this job would mean to your family and also about how Gene had all the right skills needed for the position, other than being female.

“Next I told him how you and I have been friends since our youth and I think that he has finally given in to me. We talked for hours and I got him to agree to at least meet with Gene. He said if Gene meets his requirements, then he’d give him the job on a trial basis. He also said that he’d only be interested if Gene can commit to work full-time for him throughout the summer months. By full time he means he’d work at the office after a short training

period in the daytime and he'd work and study at our home in the evenings and on weekends until he can perform all of the required tasks needed to fulfill the position. We'll provide 110% of Gene's room and board plus any medical or dental care needed.

"Gene then would be required to stay with us full-time. After the first eight weeks for his training, we will arrange for him to come home for the weekend or you may come here to our house. But, during that first eight-week training period, Gary says he'll accept no interruptions in his training. This is the only way Gary says that he'll even consider the deal, because this way we can work with him and do study and training in the evenings too. Gary will be more than fair and generous plus whether Gene stays on with our company or moves on to someplace else, the skills that he will learn will make him extremely valuable to any company looking for a person with those abilities.

"Oh yes, I almost forgot. Did I mention Gene's pay? Gary will send you a check each week in your name on Gene's behalf for \$600 a week take home after taxes. Is that great or what? I should think that this would help you out quite a bit with your financial problems and give you more quality time to spend with your girls, right?" Karen told her, knowing that this was too good of an offer to turn down, given June's money woes.

“Karen, oh my goodness, I’m almost speechless. That’s actually as much as I make and certainly more than we ever hoped for or dreamed of. Of course I’ll still need to discuss all of this with Gene and see if he can handle being away for the whole summer without us. He’s never even been away to camp for more than a week before in his whole life. We’ll honestly talk it over tonight and you’ll have an answer in the morning. How can I ever thank you, Karen? This is really a wonderful bit of news and we truly appreciate your kindness.”

“Well, don’t thank me just yet, dear friend, Gene will be putting in many hours to learn all that’s required of him to fill the position that just opened up. Rest assured that he will be well taken care of and Gary will be like a father figure to Gene while he’s under his care.”

“Wait, June dear, there is just one more thing before you consider this offer and talk it over with Gene. Gary says that he must insist on having you sign a temporary power of guardianship over to me just for the summer. You know dear, there are insurance complications and responsibility for a minor in the work place. It’s just legal mumbo jumbo that I never understand or get involved with but Gary says we can’t go forward without it.

“So now you must talk it over with Gene and if everything looks Ok and is alright with you and Gene, we can get together on Friday and sign all of the paper work and get Gene going right away on

his new career path. We can get Gene moved into our place and get him settled in. He will have his own room with built-in bath. That way he'll be able to get comfortable with his new surroundings and be ready to start fresh in the world of big business on Monday morning.

"I know that this experience will change his life forever and be comforting to you as well. So I'll say goodnight, dear. We'll be waiting for your call tomorrow to advise us of your decision," Karen said and hung up, grinning from ear to ear, knowing that things would work just the way she'd hoped since June had first brought this matter up to her.

Gene was really excited about the opportunity at first but, as his mother explained the details to him, he did have some serious reservations about the whole deal. Something sounded strange about the way this was all laid out. It sounded like the chance of a lifetime but, why hadn't they just picked a college girl majoring in business and with some experience.

His mom said it was because she and Mrs. Lane had been friends since their school days together that they were doing this for him. Fishy or not though, My Goodness, \$600 a week was more than he'd hoped to make for the whole summer. He knew that this would help the family out so much. For a 17 year-old with no experience at all to speak of, it was an incredible offer. Mom wouldn't have to worry so much now. The worst thing was that he

knew it was going to be a huge sacrifice. He wouldn't get to see his girlfriend all summer long, plus he and his buddies had been discussing for weeks all the cool plans they had for their summer vacation. Oh well, it was time for him to step up, grow up, and take care of his mother and two sisters.

After thinking it through, he said, "Mom, I'll do it. This is just too good of an opportunity to pass up. I know that it will help and take away some of the burden from you. It won't be so bad really; we'll see each other several times over the summer and I'll probably grow and become a whole new person from the experience." (Oh, if he only knew just how true those words would turn out to be.)

On Friday, June drove her son and daughters to the Lane's massively large estate. It was located in the country about 8 miles out of town. The house itself sat atop a huge hill in the middle of a 100-acre site. It had a big metal gate and a huge fence all around their property. It had a paved driveway that seemed as long as a city block. After pushing the button at the gate, a voice answered through a speaker with a TV monitor. June identified herself, the gate automatically slid open and they were told to follow the main drive up to the house.

Both Gary and Karen were standing on the big porch waiting for them to arrive. They helped them with Gene's one suitcase and walked them into the house.

“Let’s leave your suitcase there for now. Come join us for lunch out by the pool, said Gary It was an Olympic-sized pool with diving board and everything, sitting next to a huge combination hot tub/Jacuzzi.

They enjoyed a wonderful brunch and then a very pretty young maid in a traditional French maid’s uniform brought out to Karen and June a stack of papers to sign. There were even a few that Gene had to sign as well. The girls asked if they could use the pool and were told that they could. Karen said that she was sorry but she didn’t have a lot of extra swimwear and probably didn’t have any in their sizes. “That’s OK, Mrs. Lane, we brought our own hoping that you had a pool,” Jackie said excitedly.

“You girls can use the changing house right over there by the shower,” Karen told them.

As the girls ran off to use the pool, June began reading and signing paper after paper. When she stopped to ask questions about several of the forms, Karen just played dumb and shook off most of the questions or concerns as formality and said it was nothing to worry about, just contracts and insurance and such. The power of guardianship was so they could treat Gene if an emergency arose and no one could reach June.

“We don’t anticipate any problems but you never know these days. You can have an accident driving to or from work.”

Tired of reading and signing things only a thousand-dollar-an-hour lawyer could explain, June finally just shook her head in frustration. She trusted her friend and began just signing the remaining papers.

Finally with the paperwork over with, Gary gave June an advance check for \$1,000. He said that this was a signing bonus. "Don't worry, June, because Gene will be earning it. We've got a lot to do to get him in shape to fill the position that he will be taking over at work. It's an important job. He will not just be a secretary but more of a Girl Friday, if you please. It's going to require a lot of training in many different areas of our company and it'll take a lot of effort and change to fill the job if he's to be successful," he told June.

They enjoyed the afternoon talking and swimming and getting to know each other better. As the afternoon wore down, it was time to call it a day. They all kissed and hugged and said their goodbyes for the next several weeks. "Relax, June, he is going to be just fine. The experience will be life changing. I've a feeling already that Gene is going to do well and fit in just fine. So you have nothing to worry about. We'll take good care of her...I mean him," Karen said with a little laugh.

Gene stood with the couple and watched as his mother and sisters waved and wound down the long driveway. Karen turned to Gene, "Please sit with me for a while, honey, I'll be going over the

rules with you. First of all, do you know what these papers that you and your mother signed mean?” she asked. Gene looked puzzled.

“Well honey, it means that I’m legally your guardian until the end of the year or until we decide to release you from the contract you signed on for with us,” she said, showing him the document in question. “You more or less belong to us to do what’s best for you and our company. We’ll do whatever needs to be done to prepare you for your new job. You may question some of our demands or actions but you will go along and do as ordered, regardless of what you think or feel. Even your own mother has no more authority over you until this agreement or contract ends,” Karen told him.

Gene was now beginning to feel a little uncomfortable, wondering why all of these papers and contracts were so demanding. He’d never heard of anything so extreme just to start a job typing and filing, copying and such. Maybe this was all a big mistake, he wondered.

“You will start your new career by working here in our home, taking your lessons and learning what will be required of you on a daily basis. You are going to be trained as a personal secretary to Mr. Lane. Over time you’ll learn to act and dress in a professional manner at all times, as you’ll be right outside his office where customers and clients will see you. It’s important to always look and act the part.

“Now when we feel that you are ready, you will take your place in the office but until that time, most of your waking hours will be spent preparing for that position. I already know that you are an excellent typist but the things that we will be working on is dressing, style, grace, etiquette and posture, along with your hair and personal appearance. We’ll be paying for a host of different specialist to help you learn these skills. So you can see where we’ll be investing in you.

“You are going to be making top wages in an important company and you can go as far in this company as you’ll let yourself grow. You’ve already seen our good faith as we’ve given your mother a \$1,000 signing bonus and she’ll continue to get \$600 take home every week. So you know that she wants you to work hard and become the best secretary that you can be. I had several chats with her and she is all in favor of your doing your best to be just that. She’s so proud of you for doing this and taking a big financial load off of her shoulders,” Karen told him.

“Here sweetie, I’ll take that suitcase for you. You won’t be needing anything from there because as it states in the agreement that you signed, all of your clothing and person needs will be provided my me or your personal maid during your training period as well as the foreseeable future. Plus very soon you’ll find that you prefer the clothes that we provide as opposed to these old rough, scruffy, and uncomfortable old clothes,” Karen said.

Karen continued, "Please follow me now, sweetie, and I'll show you to your new room. I've just had your room done up especially for and I know that you'll just love it once you settle in and get used to it."

Gene felt a little dizzy and off balance as he followed Karen up the winding staircase and down the hallway. He wasn't sure if he was seeing things because of the cobwebs in his head but he could have sworn that the placard on the door said 'JEANETTE.' What he wasn't aware of at the time was that a mild sedative that had been put into his drink at lunch was beginning to kick in. "Who's Jeanette? Am I sharing a room with this person?" he wondered.

Upon entering, he stopped and couldn't believe his eyes. This room was a princess' dream come true, a picture out of a Disney movie or something. From the very thick snow white carpeting to the frilly canopy bed covered with white and pink silk and lace, it shouted femininity. The white comforter was covered with pink throw pillows all over the bed. Along one wall he noticed a huge lighted vanity and dressing table with mirror. On the opposite wall was a giant walk-in closet that was bigger than his whole bedroom at home. The windows had both sheer curtains as well as very feminine pink drapes which would keep the sunlight out. The whole room was unbelievable. It was like something he'd never seen before in his whole life. But why, he wondered, was she showing him this



room? It appeared to be already occupied by this Jeanette girl that he hadn't as yet met. She must be out somewhere. "I didn't know that they had a daughter. If they have a daughter, why isn't she working as Mr. Lane's secretary?" he wondered silently.

Karen broke the thoughts in his clouded mind. "I hope that you are going to just love it and are going to be comfortable in your new room, Jeanette. It was remodeled especially for you. Why don't you take a little time and look around, sort of get adjusted and familiarize yourself with all your new things. Look, you even have your own bathroom. I'll return shortly to introduce you to Maria. She'll be your new teacher, coach and mentor throughout your training time.

"Now while I'm out, please take off those awful clothes and put them in this bag. You will find a brand new robe in the closet. As a matter of fact, you'll find several of them in different lengths, colors and styles. You will pick one and put it on, or you'll be standing there naked in front of Maria and me when we return."

With that, Karen turned and walked out of the room, leaving Gene standing there in shock, confused and totally bewildered. Why was Mrs. Lane doing this to him? Were they just pulling some kind of prank on him? Surely she didn't expect him to stay in a room like this, he was a guy for goodness sake, not some royal family's little princess.

Even in his somewhat sedated state, he couldn't believe all of this was happening right before his own eyes. Good God Almighty, was it even possible that his own mother knew what was going on here? Could she have sold him to them to be dealt to some white slavery ring or, worse, turned into a whore or something? He couldn't have been hearing right...could he? Why did Mrs. Lane keep calling him Jeanette?

As he looked around this feminine paradise, he still hadn't accepted what was about to happen to him. Hell, he didn't even fully know what it was that they were planning to do to him. All of a sudden, the tea kicked in, making him weak and less resistant. He thought, "Man, Jackie and Julie sure would love this ultra-feminine room. This would be any girl's dream bedroom come true."

He got up and walked over to the big closet and slid the full-length mirrored door open. He blinked his eyes over and over. The rack was full from one side to the other of the most feminine clothing he'd ever laid eyes on. He obviously didn't know the names of most of these items but there had to be well over a hundred different outfits or more. There were dresses, long and short, skirts, blouses, feminine suits, slacks, sweaters, jackets and coats, formal gowns in plastic cover protectors, silky lingerie, all made of the softest materials his hands had ever touched. He tried to think but could compare these materials to nothing he'd ever seen or felt before.