

The Summer Job

Part 2



B C



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Part 2

by **B. C.**

“Don’t worry about that right now, honey, all in good time. You’ll see those things have a way of working themselves out when two people are in love. Right now I’d say that it’s just your hormones acting up. You’re just horny, baby. There is no way that either of you can be that deeply in love after just two dates. Nice girls don’t give it away for free before marriage; that’s just being a loose woman and those relationships are doomed to fail. I’m glad that you are comfortable talking to me about these things but for now you must be exhausted, so off to bed with you. We can visit the subject again tomorrow if you like,” Karen told Beth.

Beth gave Karen a hug and a kiss and said good night. Maria was waiting upstairs impatiently wanting to know all about her date. So as Maria helped her prepare for bed, Beth had to go all over the date from the beginning, just as she'd shared with Karen. Maria hung on every word excitedly as if it had been she'd on the date with Jim.

Finally, Beth's nightly ritual complete, she fell into bed and drifted off with dreams of being held in Jim's strong embrace, looked down and saw a wedding ring on her finger. She was married to Jim and looked over at the cradle and saw the most beautiful baby boy sleeping next to her bed.

Jim, good to his word, called Saturday morning and wanted to take Beth out that night. Much to her chagrin, Karen told her that they had other plans. She quickly asked Karen if Jim could be her escort to the dance coming up at the Club. Karen said she'd let her know next week for sure. Beth then had to turn Jim down for that night, saying the family had other plans.

Around noon Karen announced to Beth that she had another date with someone and that she should start getting ready around 5:00 pm. When Beth asked who the date was, Karen told her that he was someone from work. She said that he called earlier and Karen accepted on her behalf. Then she told Beth to just wear something dressy.

At 6:00 there was a knock on the door and Jill the maid (who used to be John), answered the

door. “Yes I’m Paul Smith (he turned out to be a friend of Karen’s). I’m here for Elizabeth. I believe that she’s expecting me?”

“Yes Sir, please come in, I’ll show you to the sitting room and tell Miss Lane that you’re here,” Jill said.

As Beth came down the stairs, she was shocked to find Mr. Smith as she’d seen him around the office and the house a couple of times. She wasn’t sure if he worked for the Lanes or was a client. Karen met her at the foot of the stairs and introduced the two of them. “Beth, this is Paul Smith, he does special jobs for us from time to time. Paul, our daughter Elizabeth Lane.”

Beth felt disappointed that her date wasn’t Jim. Plus the way that this Paul was looking at her gave her an uneasy feeling about him. She was getting used to guys looking at her longingly but this Paul had a grin that made her uncomfortable.

Paul walked over and, without warning, kissed her and said, “Wow you are some peace of work, doll. They told me you were one hot number but that usually means you have a good personality and are not much to look at. You are just like they said, one hot dish. This is going to be a hot date tonight.”

“Down, boy. I want our girl in by midnight and that means in her bed, not yours,” Karen said with a laugh. “Have fun and be safe you two.”

With that they were out the door and Beth had to half jog to keep up with Paul. He opened her door but didn't wait for her to get in. He just went around to his side and got in, leaving her to figure out a ladylike way to get into the low-riding sports car.

Off they zoomed into the night air. Trying to be polite, Beth asked, "So, Paul, do you work for the Lanes Company?"

"I guess in a way I'm employed by them but not in the office. I do the occasional odd jobs that need taking care of and no one else wants to do, so to speak," he replied.

This didn't help to ease her nervousness over this date. It didn't take long before Paul pulled into this seedy-looking Bar/Restaurant in what she felt was not the best part of the city. They walked in and there was no hostess so he led her over to a table in a darkened corner. The place smelled of beer and men who hadn't bathed in a couple of days. As she looked around, the few women who were in the place looked rather rough. She'd been totally spoiled up to tonight by going to the nicest places in town which were frequented by the upper end of society.

Paul yelled over to the bar and ordered two shot of whiskey and a beer chaser. "You hungry there, Bethany?" he asked.

“Not so much, and the name is Beth,” she replied.

“Wow. Now don’t go getting all uppity on me, doll face.”

Someone put some coins in the jukebox and without asking Paul took her hand and pulled her out of her chair a little roughly. She was afraid to offer any resistance and allowed herself to be pulled out on the dance floor which consisted of a six by eight area between the tables. He pulled her close and she tried to maintain a little distance between them, only to have him pull her closer.

After their third round of drinks, Beth was feeling no pain. Paul ordered some chips, salsa and some fries, and that constituted dinner. Paul then began to get a little handsie. Beth put up an effort to stop him but he was clearly much too strong for her. After one more round, he began French kissing deep in her mouth.

They sat in the booth and he manipulated and teased her young and growing breasts. Her brain said no but her body was overruling her brain. She wasn’t sure at what point it happened that his manhood was out and seeking attention but she suddenly realized that her hand was wrapped around the growing member.

Paul began to pull her head down to his lap right there in public in the darkened corner of the bar. Again she tried to resist but his superior strength

was too much for her. Before she knew it, she felt the rubbery smooth foreskin of Paul's penis touching her lips. Paul pushed harder but she tried to press her lips together to block his entering her mouth. She'd dreamed of having this done to her as a boy but was repulsed at the thought of doing it to someone else. She thought she was going to be sick for a minute.

"Come on, you uppity bitch, you too good to suck a little dick like a real woman?" he said and her mind froze.

"He knows my secret," she thought.

"You want everyone in here to know that you are a tranny? Unless you get those sweet red lips around that big dick, I'm going to let everyone in on your little secret. You've been trained in every aspect of being a woman except for this little task and you won't ever be a good woman until you learn to love sucking cock like a pro. So get to it," he ordered and put more pressure on the back of her head.

When she still didn't respond, he said, "How about I let everyone in here have a go at you? They would love to break in a new girl. Then they would beat the shit out of you and call the police and swear that you were in here soliciting for sex for money."

With tears running down her cheeks, she gave in and began to service his smelly hard cock. He

coached her on how to give good head and she unwillingly did as told to get through the ordeal and get home unharmed. She licked and sucked and got him all wet. Up and down she went, over and over and deeper until he rammed his cock all the way into her throat until she could do it without her gag reflex making her want to throw up. Whenever Paul would get close, he'd pull her head up, kiss her, then start all over again to keep it going until her jaws were getting sore. Finally he could hold back no more and with a final thrust he sent wave after wave of man seed splashing off the back of her throat. She tried to pull away but he held her tight and whispered, "That's dessert just for you, sweet lips.

"Go on, you can go into the ladies and refresh your makeup while I settle up the bill, unless you'd like to suck the bartender off to pay off our tab," he laughed.

Out in the car, she thought that the nightmare of this night was finally over but she found him pulling into a motel and going straight to the room, having earlier in the day checked in.

"Come on, Baby, I know that you've been getting used to the Ritz for your accommodations but you need to get knocked down a peg or two and be reminded how the other half lives. You need to see just how fast you can lose all of this high class lifestyle and have it taken away if you don't do as you're told."

“Paul, I need you to take me home. Now.” She slurred her words as she still had a pretty good buzz on. “I don’t think I want to go here alone with you,” she said.

“You see what I’m talking about? Here we are, I take you out and try to show you a good time and all you can do is bitch and say you want me to take you home. Well that ain’t going to happen until I say so,” he said and grabbed her with one hand and a bottle of Jack Daniels with the other, then pulled her from the car and into the room on the first floor. Beth put up all the resistance that she could but she was no match for his strength.

Once inside, he locked the door and took her cell phone from her. “I understand that you have a Mom and two sisters back home? Now we wouldn’t want anything to happen to them now, would we? So you be a good girl and they will be just fine,” he warned, then and poured each of them a drink of the whiskey he’d brought with them. He handed her the glass and told her to drink. She was too afraid not to do as he wished and begin to sip the drink. She felt the burn as it went down her throat. Then he topped off her drink again.

“I don’t know how they did this to you but you sure are one fine-ass looking chick. I saw everyone in the bar checking you out. You are what we call a cock tease. You get a guy’s crank all warmed up and get him all hot and bothered and then won’t do

anything to relieve him of the pressure inside of him,” he told her.

Beth was having a hard time trying to keep her brain focused now as the drinks were really hitting her. Paul saw this and was all over her. He started kissing her and feeling her up. Beth moaned as he manipulated her young breasts. Her body was once again defying her brain and willpower as she was becoming more and more stimulated. Her mind was in a dense fog and Paul soon had her moaning out loud. She wasn't aware that he'd removed her dress and pulled her panties down.

He'd lubed his rock hard penis and pushed her legs up until her knees touched her chest. Suddenly she became aware of his cock pressing against her little rosebud in back. She wiggled and squirmed and tried to get out from under him but this only made him more excited. He pushed the head of his cock into her anus. She was so small it hurt him, so he pulled out and took a fingerful of KY Jelly, inserted it into her and moved it in and out. Beth let out a scream but as he continued his assault, he found her prostate and began working it aggressively.

Little by little she began to moan and rock against the intruding finger. Then he tried again to enter her with his raging hard cock.

“Oh. Ouch. It's too big, take it out,” she wailed and he did but then reentered fast and continued to hump in and out. Suddenly she began to match

his thrusts with her own hips and ass, rising up to meet him. Her pain had turned to pleasure.

When he felt she was getting into it and moaning and grunting, he said, “So you do like getting humped like a little whore.” He stopped and held still within her and felt her ass muscles squeeze and hold him tight. She tried to move herself up and down on his shaft and he almost pulled out.

“Come on, say it or I’m going to pull out and quit. Say you want me in your ass. Tell me you love it,” he ordered. When she didn’t say anything he began to pull out.

“Ok, ok. Don’t stop. I love it and I want you in my...in my behind,” She said, embarrassed and unable to believe that those words just came out of her own mouth. Paul then pushed back inside of her and began a new rhythm. This time he kept it up until she screamed in a mind-blowing orgasm, then felt Paul come inside of her. She felt his hot come run down her legs and that was the last thing she remembered as she passed out.

Beth woke up as she felt him wipe her off and pull her panties back up. In a dreamlike fog, she barely remembered getting dressed and being driven back home. Unlike her previous dates, Paul was no gentleman and just opened the door and pushed her out and drove off, leaving her to try and walk up to the house with a splitting headache and a sore behind.

Karen met her at the door and said, “Well well, don’t you look a mess? You look the part of a little tramp right now, sweetie. Tonight was a lesson in what your life will be if you ever disobey or defy my orders. I had another nice fella all lined up for your date tonight but when you argued, telling me that you only wanted to date Jim and weren’t going out with anyone else...

“Well, I’ve known Paul for some time now and he’s helped me break down some of my tougher young former boys. He was only too happy to fill in on such short notice when I showed him your picture. I know from looking at you that your head is aching so you run along. Maria is waiting for you. We’ll talk more tomorrow. Maybe the next time you will not be telling me what you will and will not do, as I know that Paul would be more than happy to take you out again.

“Here, take these and get some sleep,” Karen said, handing her some pain pills that would knock her out. “You have company coming tomorrow as I’ve invited your Mom and sisters to come and visit for lunch and to meet their new daughter and sister. I know that you’ll want to look your best.

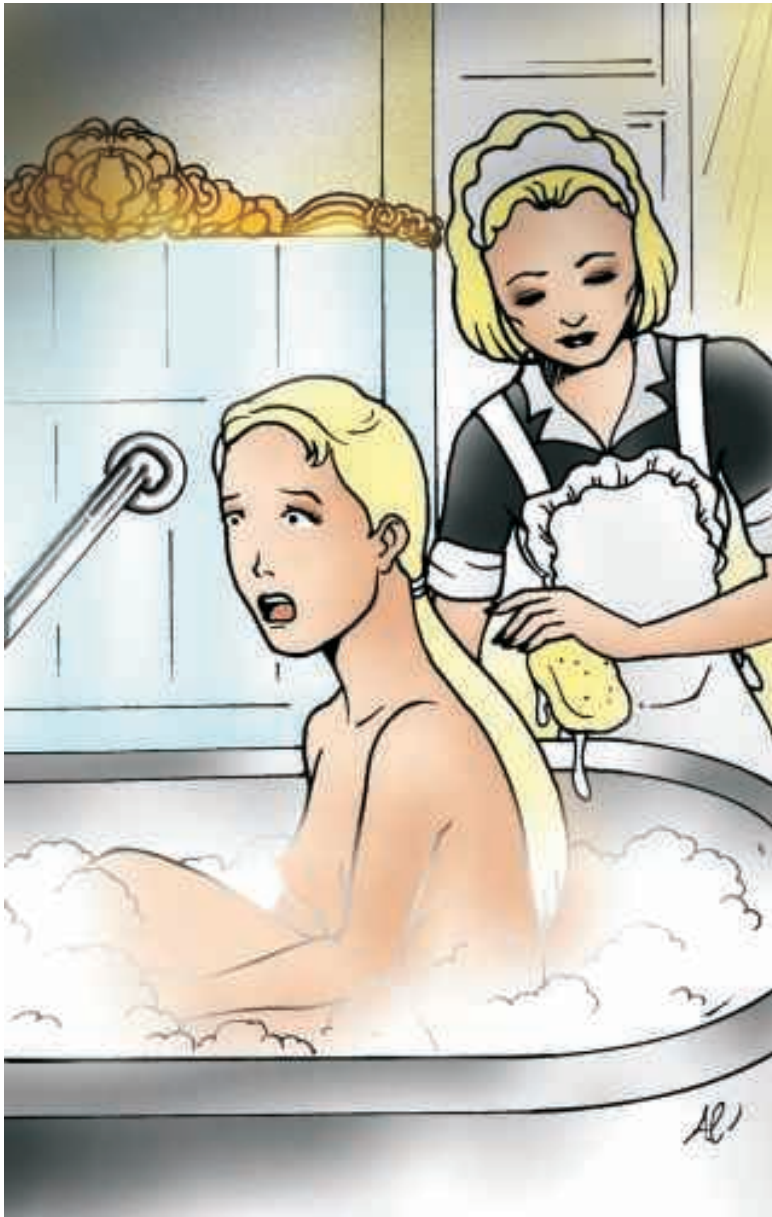
“Listen and listen good, sweetie. You will tell them that your dressing as a woman was something that you asked for to better fit in as a secretary in front of the other employees. That you were uncomfortable and felt out of place. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Ma’am, I’ll do my best but this is going to kill my mother when she sees her only son turned into a woman. Then on top of it, her trusted friend is allowing it to happen,” Beth said.

“Well, sweetie, that’s why it’s up to you to convince her that this is your doing and not anyone else’s. I mean just look at you, darling. You are amazing looking as a woman and at best you were marginally acceptable as a male. Notice that I didn’t say ‘man’ because you, my pet, were no man in any way, shape or appearance,” Karen told Beth.

Maria was once again waiting for her. She put her arms around Beth and just held her tight. She didn’t really need to ask how her date was tonight because it wasn’t all that long ago when she too was sent on a date with Paul Smith. She knew all too well why Karen Lane liked to have her girls go on a date with him. Once you’d been on a date with Paul and lost whatever self-respect you had left, having been raped with him taking you from behind, you would be easy to manipulate for fear of her sending you out with him again. She had a shiver run down her spine, remembering the pain and shame of that one act.

Maria gently helped her undress and slip into a hot relaxing tub. Maria was gentle and soft as she washed Beth all over. She noticed after a while that tears were running down Beth’s cheeks. “It’s going to be all right, Beth. You’ll get through this and things will get better, you’ll see. I know that it does-



n't help right now but you're not alone. I've been there and so have all the girls that came to be women here in the Lane's house. We've all been made to date Paul Smith at some point. Some right away, others when Mrs. Lane felt it was time."

"Yes but only you and I were once guys and we're discussing being taken like a woman up our ass. I've heard rumors that some women like that but I sure as hell didn't. That bastard liked to rip me apart, I was bleeding when he finished with me," Beth replied.

"Oh Honey. I thought that you knew by now Every woman that lives and works here was once just like you and me. They were all men, or boys, at one time. Yes, the cooks, the servers, the maids, the chauffeurs, there's a seamstress, a hairdresser, the nail tech that she lets work in the salon she owns in town when not needed here. There are even two...no, make that three ladies that work where you do at the office," Maria told her. "Oh yes and even the doctor."

"Oh my God! She's a monster. Surely all of these poor guys didn't do anything to her. Why does she do these things and how does she get away with it anyway?" Beth said in anger.

"Beth, you already know the answer to that question. As to why, I'm somewhat to blame. As to how, well, just like she did to you, she does to all of us. That is to say that she threatens our families and loved ones if we step out of line. I know that

she threatened to hurt your little sisters. I believe that she really thinks that she is doing the world a favor by turning testosterone-filled young men into soft, feminine young ladies before they hurt any natural born women. Then she justifies her actions once we are totally passable by making us productive citizens with, for the most part, good jobs with good pay. She does provide for us quite nicely. I mean apart from taking our manhood away from us, we really want for nothing. All of our needs are provided for,” Maria told her.

“Well, how am I going to face my mother and sisters tomorrow? I’m already so embarrassed that I could just die. My mother is going to have a stroke when she sees her only son, not just dressed as a woman, but actually becoming a woman in every possible way. Plus, Mother Karen has warned me that I must convince my mother that this was all my idea. That makes it even worse,” Beth said.

Maria helped her out of the tub, dried her off and helped her do her now normal nightly ritual of getting ready for bed. Beth had a hard time falling asleep but she eventually slipped off to Dreamland around 2:30 am.

It felt like she had just fallen asleep when Maria, looking as fresh as ever, was gently shaking her awake. “Come, Lizzy J (a pet name Maria started calling her when they were alone, saying it was short for Elizabeth Jean), it’s time to rise and shine

as we've much to do this morning to prepare for your guests."

Beth took care of her morning duties in the bathroom, put on a robe and went down to breakfast. She didn't have much of an appetite, knowing what lay ahead for her in just a few more hours but Karen told her she had to at least have some fruit and toast with her coffee. That done, it was time to start getting ready. Beth worked with skilled hands at applying her makeup. She applied a base coat by putting dabs of the base on her forehead, cheeks, and chin. (She'd never really had much of a beard but now need never worry about that again. Dr. Ann's handy work with the new laser machine made sure of that).

She then used a soft sponge pad to blend it in everywhere across her face. Next she did her eyes, using a black eye liner on top and bottom lids, followed by stroking on a black mascara on her now long lashes. Next she blended in eyeshadow, using brown and white with a touch of blue. Then she darkened her highly arched eye brows. Beth then used a lipliner pencil to outline her lips and a brush to apply her bright red long-lasting non-smearing lip cream. She followed this with a lip gloss to make her lips look shiny and wet, making you dream of kissing them. She finished up with a brush and some powder; she blended the powder on and added just a touch of red blusher to her cheeks. Her eyes sparkled and her face was glowing.