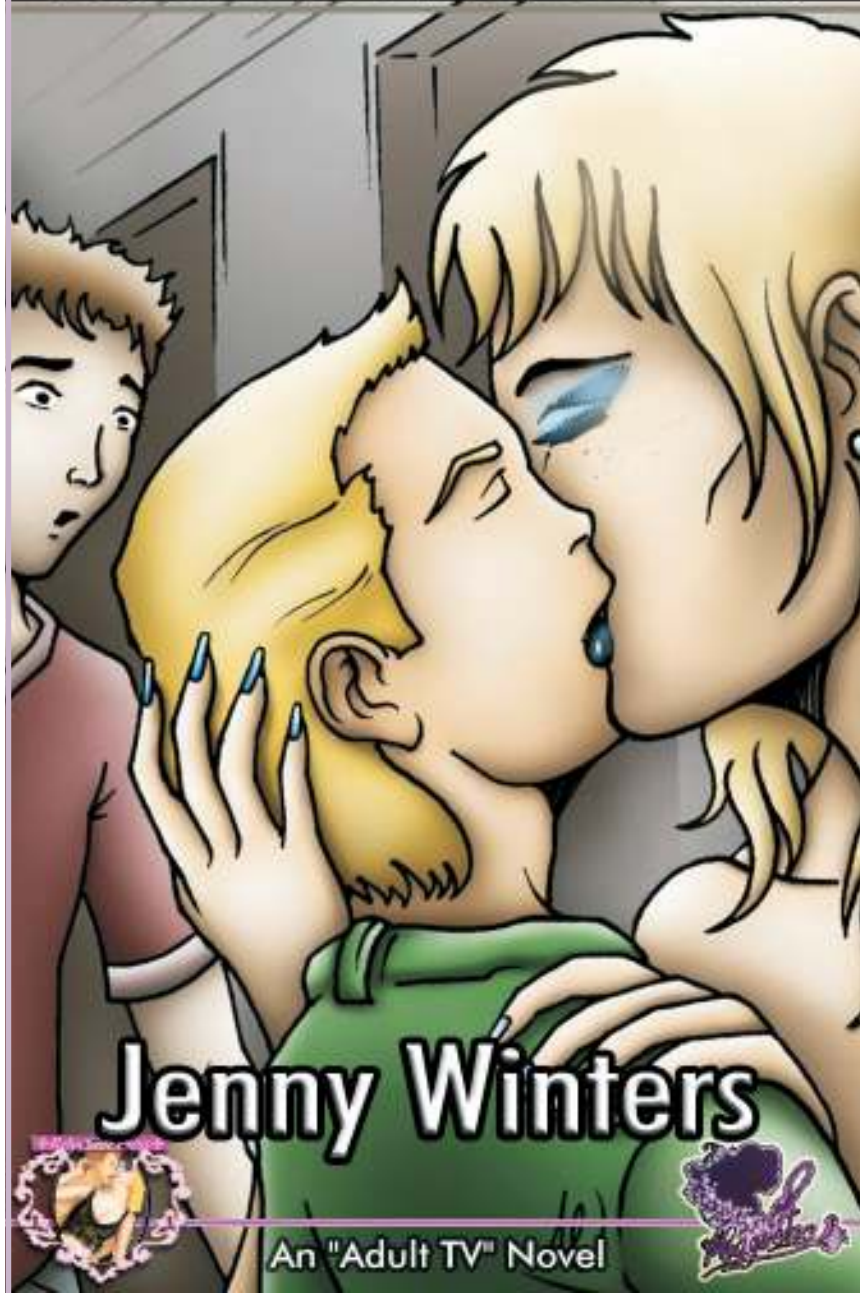


Summertime



Jenny Winters

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Summertime

By Jenny Winters

‘I’m going to visit my mother.’ I overheard my step-mother talking to my father one Sunday morning. ‘Would you like me to take Meredith with me?’

‘That would be good.’ He replied. ‘He hasn’t any relations, so getting to know your family might be good for him.’

‘My family’s too large for anyone to know it all.’ She replied. ‘Are you going to tell him, or shall I?’

‘It might be better if he was invited rather than told what to do. He’s fifteen next birthday and has a mind of his own.’

‘I know, and I’m trying to get to know him, but he’s always seemed to be withdrawn from me.’

‘He’s a boy; it’s an age thing too.’ Father replied. ‘He’s confused since his mother walked out. I know it’s been three years, but he’s sensitive.’

‘He’s either sensitive or plain awkward.’ She snorted.

‘I think he’s finding it hard to accept you as a substitute for his mother.’ Father said. ‘He’s polite and doesn’t talk back; he’s a good kid.’

‘I know, but there’s no warmth in our relationship.’

‘I think you must give him time and space. He’ll come round, I’m sure of it.’

I heard her starting to leave the kitchen and so made myself scarce as quickly as I could. It wasn’t that she was a bad stepmother. She wasn’t the wicked witch of the west either.

It was simply because I didn’t feel comfortable with her; not after mom, even though she did leave abruptly. I wished she’d taken me with her. Heck, I wish I knew where she was. If father knew, he wasn’t telling me. What I’d overheard was true. I was trying, but I couldn’t make it easier.

She was Thelma. She’d worked in the same company as my father. I knew she’d been divorced and had no children. I was happy for them to get together even though I wasn’t really ready to accept her as my mother substitute and have her boss me around the way she wanted to.

I decided to pretend that I hadn’t overheard anything and sneaked away to my room. I hadn’t met her family; only a brother came to the wedding. I knew they lived near the coast in some sprawling mansion and that there were a lot of them.

‘It might be good to meet them.’ I thought. ‘It does get lonely round here.’

It wasn't my first time travelling by air, but it was my longest flight by far, crossing the country and arriving in a sunnier and warmer place. Thelma knew where she was going and before long we were in our rental car, heading up the coast to one of the smaller resort towns.

'I think my baby brother will be there.' She told me as I saw the ocean for the first time. 'He's called Tim, and he's a little older than you, but I hope you'll be friends.'

'I don't know any of your family.' I said. 'They're all going to be strangers.'

'Don't worry; this is the coast. There are lots of things to keep you busy round here. I'm sure Tim can help you out there.'

The family mansion was set in its own grounds off a gravel road. It wasn't how I imagined it would be. It was older and more sprawling. The number of cars in the yard suggested that there were a lot of people there.

'It's good to see you.' Thelma's mom hugged her and then tried to hug me; I let her.

She was a smiling lady with a carefully preserved appearance. She could have been anywhere from late thirties to early sixties, with a neat figure, precise makeup and hair. Even I could see that she spent a lot of time in the gym and in the salon. She hugged me and asked me to call her Eva.

'I would love to be friends with Thelma's new family, and I can't stand being formal.' She explained.

Thelma took me up to a room on the first floor which she said was to be mine for the visit.

‘It’s awfully pink.’ I said when I first saw it.

‘It was my little sister’s room, but she’s flown the nest.’ Thelma looked round and opened a wardrobe which was stuffed with clothes and boxes. ‘It looks like she’s flown but all her stuff has stayed, but there’s sure to be room for your things if you shuffle hers around a bit.’

With that, I was left alone. I unpacked my stuff onto the pink duvet cover on the bed and connected my laptop to the Wi-Fi. I looked at maps to see where I was and what was nearby. I was about to look if any of my friends were online to play a game when there was a tap at the door.

‘I’m Tim.’ A smiling blonde-haired boy a couple of years older than I, in skinny jeans and a sweatshirt stood at my door. ‘I’ve been told that I’m taking you out to show you round tomorrow after lunch.’

‘I’m sorry; that’s not my fault.’ I replied. ‘I hope you didn’t have anything planned.’

‘I did, but you can come along anyway. I guess you’ve not been to this area before.’

‘I’ve never been this far from home before.’

‘And you’re not in Kansas anymore Dorothy.’ We grinned at each other, catching the reference. ‘It’s a bit more like Oz.’

‘I’m going to call on some friends first, and then I’ll show you the town so that you can know the basics.’

Tim leaned one arm through the open window of the SUV as we left the grounds next day.

‘I’ve no idea where I am so that would be good.’ I watched as the road descended towards the ocean and the number of buildings increased.

‘It’s not too complicated.’ He waved towards the town. ‘With the sea on one side, it’s hard to get lost.’

‘It’s good to feel so warm. Back home we don’t get sunshine like this until later in the spring.’

‘Life can be good here.’ Tim paused and I saw him looking at me as if weighing up what to say next. ‘I think I’d better give you this.’

He reached under the steering wheel and passed an envelope to me. I took it and saw some money inside.

‘What’s this for?’ I was surprised.

‘It’s a bribe.’ He smiled wickedly across the car. ‘It’s hush money. You don’t tell anyone where I’ve taken you.’

‘There must be fifty dollars here.’

‘Don’t worry; mom gave me some money to look after you. I decided to do it this way.’

‘Why? Where are you taking me that you don’t want them to know about?’

‘You’ll work it out.’ He grinned. ‘I promise you that it’s nothing harmful; it’s stuff I don’t want my nearest and dearest to know about.’

'I don't understand.'

'I'll spell it out. When they ask you where we've been, there's some places that they don't need to know about.'

'I get it.'

I liked the idea that he was taking me into his confidence; he was so much worldlier than I, probably because I lived in a rural backwater. We exchanged knowing looks across the car.

We wove our way through to the coast road and then he turned inland, into some narrow streets. He turned into the parking lot behind some buildings on a busy street, pulled into a space and switched off the engine.

'This is the bit we don't talk about.'

He was halfway out of the door as he spoke. I followed as he walked across to an anonymous door. He spoke on the intercom, there was a buzz and we walked in.

The first thing I noticed as I followed Tim along a dimly lit corridor was the smell. It was sweet and perfumed. I couldn't place it until we walked past some open rooms. I knew they were dressing rooms. I'd done some student theatre before and there was no mistaking the scent.

We walked to the end of a long corridor and then waited for an elevator. The top floor was a surprise; it was bright and sunny with numbered doors, each with their own lock. He knocked on one of the doors and waited for it to be opened.

‘I thought you’d never get here.’

A voice from inside, followed by a figure which hugged him and pulled him into a kiss. I saw the hands, one on his shoulder and the other behind his head. I saw the long red nails running through his hair.

This was more than a casual peck on the cheek. The kiss broke and then I noticed that the person kissing Tim was naked from the waist up, and it wasn’t a girl.

‘Now I’ll have to do my lips all over again, but it’s worth it.’

The boy kissing Tim hesitated then, seeing me for the first time. His look suggested the question; he wasn’t expecting to see me here.

‘This is the new cousin I was telling you about.’ Tim said by way of introduction. ‘My aunt married his father and he’s come for a visit. This is Gina; meet Cousin Adam.’

‘And this is your first visit?’ Gina looked at me and gave me a gentle hug and an air kiss to the side of my cheek.

‘Yes.’ I stuttered, trying to recover my senses which hadn’t been prepared for this.

‘Gina’s a good friend.’ Tim said.

‘I’m a very close friend.’ Gina added taking his hand and pulling his arm over the shoulder.

‘Is Gina short for anything?’ I asked. ‘It doesn’t sound normal for a boy.’



‘It’s short for Gina.’ She smiled, showing perfect white teeth. ‘It may not say that on my birth certificate, but everyone calls me that.’

There was an obvious vibe between them and I felt like I was a spare part.

‘Shall I go and wait with the car?’

In truth, I wanted to escape whatever was going on there, and quickly made my escape. On my way down, I got lost in the maze of rooms. I ended up in a foyer where the pictures made it clear that the girls who worked there were all like Gina.

I must have looked furtive as I escaped through the front door, but when I went round the back to the car park, I wondered why. I was new in town, didn’t know anyone, and anyway, what would it matter?

‘You don’t say a word about Gina.’ Tim cautioned me when he re-appeared an hour later.

‘I’ve no idea what’s going on.’

‘Gina’s my girlfriend, but I don’t want anyone to know. They wouldn’t approve.’

‘Is that because she’s not really a girl?’

‘Unfortunately, that was obvious.’ Tim sighed. ‘Not everyone has twenty first century ideas, especially my family, and that’s why you don’t tell.’

I didn’t tell, not a word. That earned me a second trip with Tim a few days later. I was so pleased to be asked. It was boring hanging around the house with people I didn’t really have anything in common with.

We were heading to the beach and sat at a coffee bar. I wondered why he'd chosen to buy me a coke here. Then the answer appeared. Gina was dressed in a really skimpy sun dress. I gasped when I recognised her: no one could have thought that this was a boy.

She didn't have any breasts, but this was so short, and she was so slim, that anyone would have glanced and thought her underdeveloped. Her hair was tied back in a high pony and still reached down to hang between her shoulder blades.

Tim stood and they kissed and hugged, with one of Gina's hands behind his head, where her long red nails played with his hair. Her other hand sneaked inside his jeans, and you can guess what it was playing with.

Suddenly it seemed as if she realised that I was there and I got the same treatment, minus the hand inside my jeans. I tasted her lipstick and when she pulled away, I saw the long silver earrings dangling like statements from her ears.

I had to force myself to remember that she wasn't really a she, but then she didn't look wrong. I went with my feelings. It didn't matter if Tim was happy. I had no idea if I'd ever see them again anyway.

We didn't do much that day. It was one of those lazy afternoons watching the world pass by. Tim was very obviously close to Gina and wanted to be closer. I think he'd have preferred me to disappear. The way they touched and looked at each other told a story all of its own.

As we walked away from the beach, Gina was between us and linked arms.

'You must come again.' She said to me. 'I know it's probably not been much fun for you today, but it will be next time.'

'I don't mind.' I said. 'I probably have a broader mind than the rest of his family.'

She looked at me as if searching my face for any hint of irony. I hoped she didn't find any for that wasn't my intention.

'I'll ask a friend to come as well then we can be a foursome.'

'That would be good.' Tim overheard. 'We could go to the movies.'

'Let's do that.' Gina smiled at me like a decision had been made.

'This is Amelia.' Gina beamed at me as her friend held out a hand to me.

I took it and she pulled me into a hug. I didn't allow myself to ask the obvious question as her perfume filled my senses. She was tall and slim and I guessed that even without the heels she was wearing, she would have been taller than I.

Her hair was dark and fell over her shoulders, and over the straps of the baby blue sundress she was wearing. Long earrings with blue stones dangled from her ears. The dress was low cut and the swell of breasts was all too visible.

'You're not supposed to be looking there so early in our friendship.' She said lightly.

'He's from Kansas; you should make allowances for him.' Gina's laugh lightened the mood instantly.

'I'll let him off for now.' Amelia took my hand gently; her long blue nails brushed my palm lightly as she did so.

'I thought we could go to the lake and hire a boat to sail to that tiny island.' He pointed vaguely in the direction of the water. 'We could get a picnic and spend the afternoon.'

'I'm not swimming from that beach.' Gina said quickly.

'Who said anything about swimming?' Tim replied. 'The beach is going to be sunny and quite secluded.'

'And I think I know what that means.' Gina's smile told its own story.

Tim and I took the oars. Despite never having rowed before, I soon got the hang of it and soon we were skimming across the lake to the island where we tied up at a small jetty. Gina made a show of getting out of the boat and fell into Tim's arms. He didn't object; it was as if he expected it.

I stepped out and held out a hand to Amelia, who smiled and winked before falling into my arms with a theatrical elegance and an amused look on her face.

'My hero; you saved me from a watery grave.' She said, planting a kiss on my cheek.

We followed Tim and Gina as they walked arm in arm from the jetty towards an area of grassy dunes above a soft sandy beach. There was no one else around, only a distant yacht on the water. We sat on

the grass, ate and drank our picnic, and lazed in the sun.

‘We’re going to explore the island.’ Gina announced, pulling Tim to his feet.

‘You know what that means.’ Amelia came close to me so that our shoulders were touching. ‘This island isn’t big enough to explore, they’re going over than knoll to do what comes naturally.’

I didn’t say anything about it not coming naturally for two boys, but how should I know what they were going to do.

‘We could do something.’ Amelia looked at me with s suggestive pursing of her lips; her tongue licked across them slowly.

I didn’t know what to do, but I didn’t have to think about it as she leaned in and kissed me gently.

‘You’ve not been with many girls.’ She said, pulling back and looking at me with a look that could have been a question or disappointment.

‘I’m from Kansas.’ I said as if that were sufficient explanation.

‘Let me show you.’

She leaned in and kissed me full on the lips. It felt amazing. It certainly wasn’t what I was expecting. Hr tongue flicked against my lips and then my teeth. Instinct told me what to do next and mine reached out to wriggle against hers.

Her hand went from my chest to my waist and then further down to massage the bulge which I was conscious was appearing at my groin. She stroked and squeezed gently, making it uncomfortable against my jeans.

‘Poor little thing.’ She looked up at me from dark eyes. ‘I think it’s squashed in there.’

Before I had a moment to think, my zipper was released and her hand was inside, touching my flesh and pulling my penis through the gap. It was a new sensation for me. I saw her fingers wrapped around the shaft. It seemed unreal as her long blue fingernails scraped gently up the length to the tip.

I wasn’t prepared for her to lean down and lick the tip, and when she sucked it into her mouth, I was almost paralysed by the shock. I could feel her tongue running along the underside. I could feel myself swelling and heard her giggle as she must have felt it to.

A few more strokes of her tongue and I lost all control. I knew I was coming in her mouth and I could feel her throat moving as she sucked and swallowed. The moments seemed to last for ever that afternoon. I don’t know how long it took me to be spent.

It can’t have been long but I wanted it to last and last. It didn’t of course, and with a final swirl of her tongue around my deflating member, she sat back with a grin on her face.

Something was running down her chin. I knew what it was, and when she swiped her finger up to gather it, she held it out to me and almost touched my lips.

I didn't hesitate. I don't know what made me so bold back then, but I took her finger into my mouth and sucked, washing it with my tongue and trying not to think about the strange salty taste had come from.

'I think you'll be a quick learner.'

Her eyes said she was teasing me, or was she testing me. I didn't care.

'You can return the compliment.' She took my hand and placed it on the skirt of her dress and then with her hand holding mine, she moved it down the other side of her thigh, then inwards and upwards. It took me a few seconds to realise; I was touching her penis.

She was a girl and she had a penis. I think I froze for a second or two, but she kept hold of my hand and unresisting, I let her use my hand to stroke her penis. It grew as she used my hand to stroke it over her skirt.

'I think it needs to come out and play.' She whispered. 'You can take it out for me; I promise it doesn't bite.'

It was as if my hand belonged to someone else. I watched it stroke her thighs and then pull up the hem until both were exposed. Her penis was standing through the side of the thong panties she wore.

I looked away and into her eyes. She smiled and nodded.

It was as if I was still disconnected, watching from some other place. I saw my hand touching and then softly squeezing her. Her hand rubbed my back and

then the back of my neck. A slight pressure left me in no doubt about what she wanted; what she expected.

I wasn't thinking of anything at that second as I left my senses behind and allowed that gentle pressure to push my face downwards until there was no alternative to what was to happen next. The tip touched my lips. I licked it and then dropped down onto the shaft, taking as much as I could into my mouth.

I didn't know what I was doing. I gagged and coughed, sitting up to clear my throat. Her hand stroked the back of my neck and the dreamlike state continued as I went down and down, taking the shaft more cautiously this time.

I licked and sucked gently. I was afraid to damage anything. I didn't know how robust these things were back then. I bobbed up and down, sucking and licking together hoping that I was doing it right. I heard her sigh, which if I had been able to think, I would have thought was a good sign.

I seemed to do this for ages, or it may have been only a moment. Time stood still. I was sucking a penis, yet none of the thoughts and feelings I would more rationally have expected were there. I was only conscious of that penis in my mouth.

Then she was filling my mouth. It was such a surprise and such a lot. I gagged again, half swallowed and gagged once more as I tried to stay with her. Somehow, I stayed without her slipping out of my mouth. She lessened her pulsing into my mouth, and I let my head fall onto the wilting penis, licking until it was quite floppy and small.

I don't remember any details in the immediate moments after that. I know we came to lay face to face,

kissing and playing tongues. We tangled our legs together and shifted to allow a hand to explore each other.

‘I knew it would be dangerous to leave you alone with my little cousin.’ Tim’s voice broke our reverie.

‘You’re crazy.’ It was one of the mildest things he shouted at her.

Much as he shouted about not being able to trust Amelia with anything, she shouted back that I hadn’t objected. It was true, but I daren’t interrupt.

‘Ask him.’ She yelled. ‘I dare him to say that he didn’t get a thrill.’

‘He’s not old enough to get thrills like that.’ Tim yelled back.

They raved at each other, getting louder and more heated. I was getting afraid that they’d come to blows when Gina came and pulled me away and out of ear-shot.

‘Did you really do what Tim’s shouting about?’ She asked.

‘Yes, well, she did it to me and then I did it to her.’ I replied honestly.

‘And you’ve never done anything like that before?’

‘I thought she was a girl all along. It wasn’t until I saw her penis that I realised that she wasn’t. I think by then I was too far into it to stop.’

‘Is that the truth?’

'Yes, well most of it is.' I replied as I blushed fiercely. 'I was fascinated by it all and wanted to go on.'

'I'd better talk to Tim.' She walked back to where they were still shouting.

After a few moments the voices seemed calmer. Amelia came to me first, with Tim and Gina hovering out of earshot, but within sight. She held out her hand to me and I took it and made no resistance when she pulled me close and kissed me.

'This is kiss and make up.' She shouted to Tim who started to walk towards us.

'No harm done.' He said, looking from me to Amelia, and then to me again. 'You never, ever mention a word about this afternoon to anyone; understand?'

'I promise.' I replied.

'Good boy.' Amelia said and kissed me again.

I didn't know what to feel when we left the girls and started back to Tim's home. I tried to start a conversation a couple of times, but he made it clear that he didn't want to talk. We went into the house like nothing happened. He went to his room and me to mine, to clean up for dinner.

For the next couple of days, it was just Tim and me. We went to the swimming pool and then to the movies. We sat in the dark and I felt his arm reach round my shoulder. He sort of eased me towards him so that I was leaning against him.

When his other hand started to move up my thigh, I slapped him and then we were sitting apart again.