

Jack's Pack



Monica James



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

Jack's Pack

by **Monica James**

“So, welcome back to our world,” Jack said, leaning over Bren’s limp form on the bunk.

Bren started to get up by pushing on his elbows. “Worst headache ever,” he said and fell back on the pillow. With effort he was able to focus on Jack and the gloomy room. He winced when he felt the older man touch the bruise on his head. The damp cloth did little to stop the throbbing. “How did I get here?”

“We found you asleep or passed out, in the alcove,” Jack said softly. “We surmised you had been in a fight, maybe rolled, whatever.”

“Yes, I remember now. I had stopped after work for a frozen globe of beer. Some guys were shooting pool. They were drinking, I think, because they were excited about the game.” He sighed and was able to sit up. “I work at the Global Store; just a sales clerk. Nothing earth shattering about that.” He patted his trouser pockets and realized his wallet was gone.

Jack rinsed the cloth in a bowl on the floor. "This is Basin Street," he said with a grin. "You better rest here unless you want to go to the clinic. They patch up unfortunates like you," he chuckled. "So, did you have a lot of cash with you? Is that what prompted all this?"

"I cashed my weekend commission check. I don't usually but I wanted to have some cash for a guy I know. He is a transvestite and needed to get something for his fancy costume before going out to a party, French Quarter style."

Jack spread a light coverlet over Bren. "You are a good friend, no doubt about that. Is your friend gay or just sporting an adventurous nature?"

Bren managed a smile. "We worked together for the holiday season but they let him go when the sales were over. He never indicated his preference and I didn't ask."

"New Orleans French Quarter is an enchanted place. All kinds of human creatures and types. You seem to place enough value on him to trust him. Maybe he wants to get to know you better, uh, in an intimate way." Jack wrung out the cloth and set it aside. "You are a 'looker' as the Brits say. Glad you didn't spend the entire night with a bloody face. We brought you here for now."

"I'm expected at work around noon," Bren whispered casually. "If I'm too messed up, I'll have to call in. I need to tell my floor supervisor what happened. Do you think I need stitches?"

Jack brushed a chock of unruly hair off Bren's forehead. "The bleeding has stopped and there is more of a bruise than a break. I think you'll be OK if you just rest. Are you hungry? I'm the cook on Saturdays."

"No, thanks. I feel a bit nauseous; I guess that's to be expected. You have been great to take me in like this. I owe you."

“I’ll help you into the bath if you like,” Jack said. “From there, it’s off to bed after you make your call.” He lifted Bren. Later he was pleased when he heard the water running. He started the water for the French Press and plopped some bread slices into the toaster. He looked up when Bren came limping into the room.

“Coffee smells always get my attention.” He sat down at the table and sniffed the steaming brew. “I’d like to pay you for your trouble. Do you live alone?”

“There are four bunks here. We have one vacancy because that guy ran off to Europe to test the biking trails or some such nonsense.” He chuckled. “You can have the vacancy if you want to stay awhile. As for the expense; forget it. You would do the same for any of us.”

Bren smiled. “For sure. I walk to-and-from my job every day. This is the first time I’ve had any trouble. As for that, I don’t remember much after the first punch.” He again made an effort to smile at the irony.

Jack helped him to the empty bunk. He replaced the torn shirt with a fresh tee, puffed up the pillow and gently guided Bren down. He tucked the covers around the youth and was happy to watch Bren fall immediately asleep. After folding the blanket around Bren’s feet, he took off the shoes and socks. He ran one hand along Bren’s hips, along his thighs and again covered his feet.

In the kitchen, Jack looked up to see Bren in the doorway. He was supporting himself by holding onto the frame. “I thought I could do better,” he said and wobbled to the chair Jack held for him. “Can I ask a question?”

“You just did,” Jack said smiling. “Sorry; bad joke. What?”

Bren sipped a fresh cup of coffee. “My fly was open when I woke up. What’s that all about?”

“Are you offended? Let me explain,” Jack said after a slight hesitation. “I went in to check on you and noticed you had a raging erection. From that I assumed you were having an erotic dream. Do you recall?”

“No but I sometimes do,” Bren whispered more to himself than to Jack. “After all, I’m mature enough for an early twenty-something.” He grinned. “Just not experienced.”

“Did you think I took my way with you? I wouldn’t do that; not my style.”

“Explain that. What is your style, exactly?”

Jack leaned closer, elbows on the table, and stared at Bren for a long, quiet moment. “I hate to answer a question with a question but, well, did your transvestite friend hit on you?”

“Maybe a few times but I just laughed it off. I’ve never had sex, any kind or any gender. You probably can’t understand that.”

“Oh, but I can. It was all part of growing up in the years ‘way back when.’ I was about twelve when a couple friends held me down and pulled off my pants. I was angry, of course, but after lots of thought I didn’t stay mad at them.”

Bren looked shocked. “Those were your friends? You didn’t need enemies at that age.”

“I know this is silly. Looking back on those adolescent escapades, I’m glad it happened the way it did.”

Bren frowned. “Which way was that?”

Jack poured more coffee for himself and refreshed the mug Bren was holding. “Those kids were just all talk. It was a substitute for the reality, I suppose. Later, we had ‘jacking-off sessions.’ It was the fun and fantasy. We had pin-up girls, all, uh, like that. It kept the juices flowing. If you’re laughing at this, you are correct. It was childish.”

“Yes; I’ve seen the videos. Is this your ‘style’ you were telling me about? How does that work?”

Jack exhaled as if he was keeping a lung full of secrets. “More than just oral satisfaction doing what your transvestite friend had in mind, which is probably why you resisted. Do you like this guy? I mean, well, you did loan him money, right?”

“Yes—he is the kind of friend you can trust to help when you may need it. I try to be that kind, as well. Physically, you are better looking but we haven’t had time to get to know each other. His name is Steve and he has told me about some of the parties on Orleans Street close to the cathedral. I only suggest he enjoy and that I don’t want to join in.”

Jack stood up. He fastidiously put his chair back. “Which brings us to our big Saturday Night. There will be lots of food and drink. Also, the location is a few blocks from here. It’s a private hall on Decatur Street. Want to go?”

“No; not this time. I’m not in good enough shape to concentrate on socializing. I am curious about what you and Steve want from me.” His eyes shone bright at the thought and, in that brief minute, wondered why all of a sudden he was interested. “We are about the same size. Do you crossdress like Steve does?”

Jack chuckled and walked to the sink. He put the breakfast dishes in the drain rack. “It’s fun. Not many chances to be a completely different person for a little while. You can be a cowboy, bar girl, waiter, anything that appeals to you. Of course, it always ends as expected.”

Bren shook his head ‘no’. “I want to try but give me a little time, OK?”

“Sure,” Jack answered quickly and turned away from the sink. He approached Bren from behind and let both hands rest on Bren’s shoulders. His strong fingers massaged the tight muscles around Bren’s neck and onto his back. “Do you like me doing this?”

"I guess. What costume do you have for me? Do you pretend as a masseuse? You sure went right to the core of my headache."

"You catch on quick. A masseuse is a woman who practices massage. A guy would be a masseur, to keep the terms." He reached over and slid one hand beneath Bren's tee, then just as quickly withdrew it. "Come on, guy. You can barely stay conscious even though you might be just a tad excited. Let me see you to your bunk. You can observe us before we leave for the party. It has to be a sight you won't forget." He laughed and turned back the covers on Bren's bunk. "You can use my phone if you want to check in with Steve. He might be concerned for your safety about now."

Bren sighed and accepted the phone. Jack left the room and, when he did, Bren felt a gnawing in his stomach like regret or disappointment. How, he asked himself, can I miss being with an almost complete stranger?

"Steve, this is Bren. Sorry about the delay. I was rolled after I left work yesterday. I lost my wallet, phone, cash, cards, all of it." He sobbed, "I know you plan to go out tonight but can you go by my place and get the numbers so I can report lost credit and debit cards? Here; jot down this address."

Later, Steve showed up at Jack's door. He was dressed for the party. "Come in; we have some fresh coffee," Jack said waving him to the kitchen. "Bren is asleep which is probably good. You look terrific."

Steve was dressed in a faux embroidered tunic, open from the neck to the waist. His white, brushed linen slacks were tight riding on his hips but flared to 'bell bottoms' below the calves. He had shown restraint in makeup with light rouge cheeks, faintly colored lips that matched similar eye shadow.

"How bad is it?" he asked glancing toward the bedroom. "I've warned him more than once to avoid that



walk at night. For some reason I'll never understand. His pad, though very modest, is not in the best locale."

Jack frowned. "Well, he's in bad shape now. He can stay here to see how he recovers. No problem." He was thoughtful. "It's easy for us to surmise how all this happened. He had cash money which he tells me is for you to make some purchase. Also, he is, ah, handsome but in a vulnerable way, May I say 'hot'?"

"Agreed! He hasn't sorted out all the feelings yet. I'm not the only one who would like to be around when he does attach a name and action to his lifestyle. Do you think he should see a medic? He has an insurance for it at his work. Concussion can be very subtle sometimes. Maybe he just received a few punches but watching his recovery, as you suggest, seems right to me. It can be as simple as a few aches and pain from bruises."

Jack smiled, showing even, capped teeth. "When I grow up I would be very happy to have a friend like you." He chuckled.

"You look grown-up to me," Steve said. They laughed together until Steve glanced at his watch. He slapped his knee and stood up. "I'll be on my way after I look in on your patient. Please let me know if there is anything that needs to be done or whatever." He approached Bren's bunk and, seeing him awake, sat next to him.

Bren tried to sit up but whimpered and lay back down. "Thanks for coming. Also, thanks for not saying it."

Steve frowned and then asked, "Saying what?"

"I told you so." He closed his eyes and shook slightly as if in pain. "My head is in a fog right now. Sorry I'm not better company. I'll be able to pay for my keep here and they are very hospitable."

Steve turned at the door. "I'll check up on you later. Jack knows to get in touch if I'm needed. Take care." He closed the door gently behind him.

"Enjoy your party," Bren said wistfully. Then he sank back down, closed his eyes and was asleep.

I.

Bren awakened to some commotion in the hall. Darkness at the window told him it was yet the early hours. The city embraced the coming dawn with shadows.

Jack sat on the edge of the bunk. "Hey, young invalid," he said cheerfully. He gently slapped Bren's cheek and giggled. "Did you rest?"

Bren smiled. "What did you put in that coffee besides chicory? I didn't know anything until just now. How was the party?"

"Fun. But there was a girl from the clinic there. She dresses as a guy and surprises the rest of us by packing."

"Packing?" Bren asked, "Like for a trip?"

Jack burst out laughing. He guffawed. "Neat, guy; no. When a gal cross-dresses she shows others what she has in mind by wearing an oversize strap-on dildo. It's all in fun, of course." He touched Bren's lips with one finger and next pressed his forehead. "No fever; you must be improving. Anyhow, the reason I mentioned my cross-dressing friend from the clinic, she had some pointers on your recovery. First, she suggested you come in for a checkup as there is always a possibility some real damage was done. Since you seem to be improving, she urged bed rest and

slow activity to see if it makes you dizzy, nauseated or whatever.”

Bren frowned and sat up. “Maybe the activity includes something to eat. Do I catch the scent of sizzling bacon?”

Jack laughed. “Our life is turned around, certainly. You get breakfast to start your day. The rest of us sail into the sack to mark the close of another day of debauchery. Can you come to the table?”

“Yes but you have to promise to let me pay for all this marvelous attention.”

Jack helped him to the breakfast nook. “Do not worry; we’ll think of something. The important item on the agenda is getting you well.”

Later that same day, Bren woke when he felt the weight on his bed. Steve had come to visit.

“Hey! I’m told you’re doing better. I brought four po’boy dressed for everyone.” He laughed. “Of course, you get to pay for it.” He touched Bren’s forehead. “Umm; no fever.” He gently pressed Bren’s lips.

“That tickles,” Bren said. He quickly touched with the tip of his tongue and smiled. He parted when Steve put one finger in far enough to be felt.

“Have any of these guys ‘hit’ on you? You must be a rousing temptation. That is, uh, handsome young boy so vulnerable.”

“No but I’m aware of the tension sometimes; Jack keeps close watch.”

“No doubt keeping you for himself. How do you feel about that?”

Bren was pensive. “Isn’t that what you are doing right now? Do you think I’m a sex object? You have never shown me that side of yourself.”