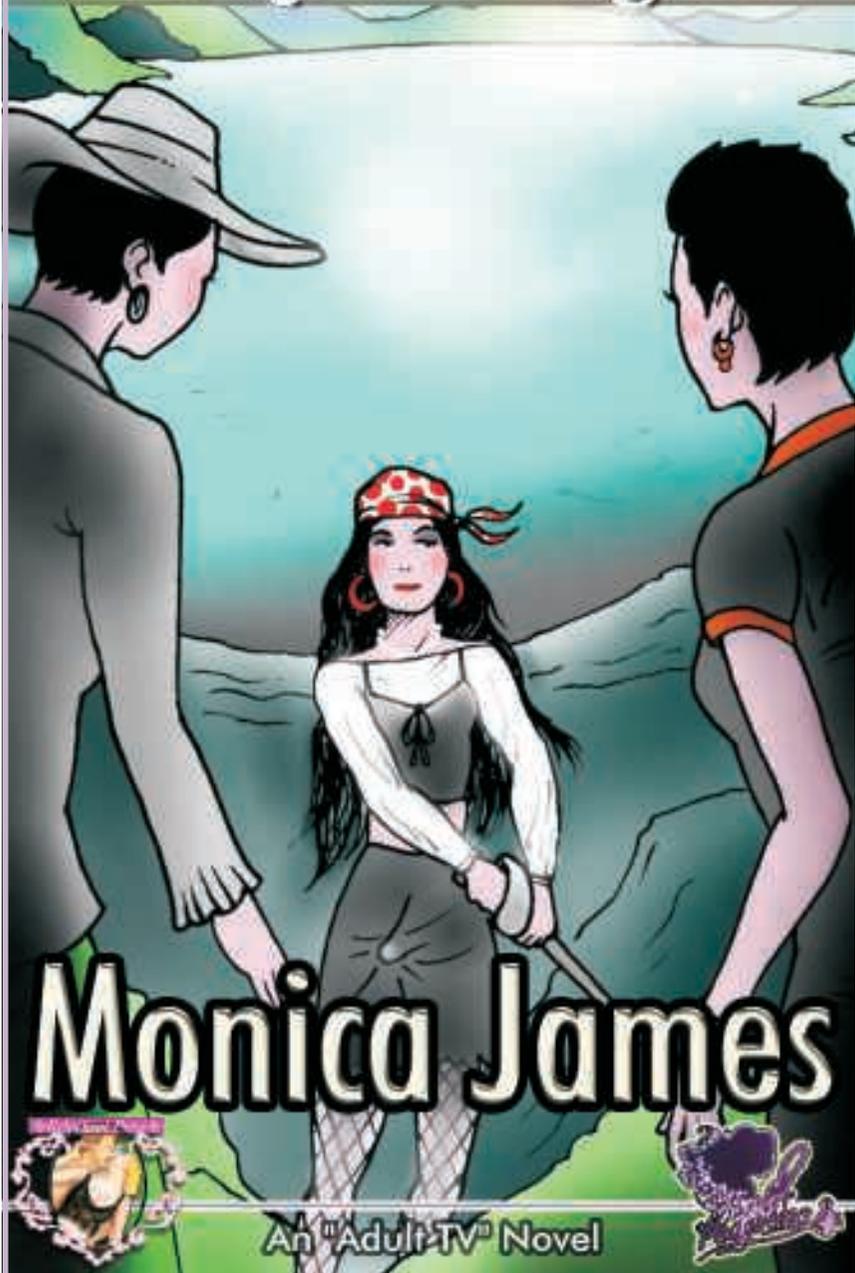


The Quiet Legion



Monica James

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Quiet Legion

By Monica James

I.

Returning from the Community College campus, Kris threw the weight of his backpack from one shoulder to the other. The setting sun was winking through the oak trees draped with Spanish moss. He didn't mind the long trek because it gave him an opportunity to sort out the myriad feelings of the day.

That was when the nightmare began. Three students stepped out of the shadows and blocked his path. "Hey, fruitcake," one of them called out. "We don't need your name on our graduation plaque."

A shiver of fear paralyzed his brain. "Let me pass, guys," Kris said, trying to be firm but realized he was suddenly unsteady. He approached the three focused on violating him. He stopped, looked from one side to another and back, ready to dump his backpack and make a run for it. He hesitated; too late.

Flying fists pummeled him until he fell to the ground. He tried to crawl to one side to escape the assault. A spirited kick in the ribs and again on the head left him semi-conscious. He stirred when he heard the three of them talking. Painfully, he crept toward the lagoon and the parallel path he knew was there. Their voices and laughter diminished as they left him. He crawled beneath a bush and passed out.

#

“They found you unconscious near the lagoon. At first it seemed you had had too much to drink, uh, or smoke.” Dale Davis chuckled. “Do you want to file charges? Someone beat hell out of you. There is little mercy in mob violence.”

Kris blinked and realized he was in the college clinic marked by the pungent smell of reagents. “Three guys jumped me. I don’t know who they are. I was alone, minding my own business; no reason, actually.”

“Now that you’re clearheaded, they want to run some tests. You say you did nothing to entice them?”

“That’s right,” Kris answered. “Were you there when they left?”

Dale laughed. “No such luck. I was sitting next to the lagoon in the gazebo shelter when I heard you moan. You didn’t answer me so I brought you here. Better safe than sorry.”

“I thank you, then.” Kris closed his eyes to try to will away a painful wave of headache. “This has never happened to me before. I thought I was safe but, well, now I learn the hard way.”

Dale chuckled. "Maybe I can help you home after they release you."

Kris watched Dale leave. As he tried to rest on the awkward gurney, he realized his rescuer was sincerely trying to help. Remaining silent, he waited and thought over the experience, the trauma and the cause.

"Kristopher Castille," he answered as the clerk filled out a personal form. "Call me Kris." He smiled and stared into the eyes of the orderly. "Second-year student. General Studies."

The orderly bent close to him and listened to his heartbeat. She straightened his covers and took his hand. "I'm Deb Speer. I'll be your contact here at the clinic. We see several cases similar to yours. The security guys will be around to make a report. How do you feel now? Any pain?"

"Just comes and goes. I hate to be a bother. There has to be some others needing the attention of all this stuff." He waved his hand at the well-equipped clinic. "A fellow named Dale brought me here."

"Yes, I met him," Deb said softly. "He is in the lobby waiting for your release. You are very fortunate to have a caring friend."

Kris responded to the overtones; a sixth sense of which he was aware. "I don't know him. Good Samaritan, I guess. He found me and brought me here. That's all."

Deb stood up, tucked the thin blanket around his shoulders and looked down at him with a quizzical expression. "Don't be offended. I was just saying." She collected her clipboard and left.

Kris leaned on Dale as he was helped onto the security office's golf cart. It had been a long night but Dale waited. Finally, they arrived at Kris's garden apartment on Raglan Alley which he shared with another student. The roommate wasn't there.

"There is some wine in the fridge," Kris said with a sigh as he sank down on the wide sofa pillows. "Draw two, please." He smiled and kicked off his shoes. "I appreciate your help."

Dale poured some white wine over tumblers filled with ice. "You needed a friend. I guess it was meant for us to meet."

"Those guys really worked me over. Called me a 'fruitcake' with no reason at all. It wasn't just a routine 'mugging' like we see in the news or on video. I'm sensitive to other people's feelings; it was hate."

"Let me explain," Dale said after a pause. "I have an assistant position in the outreach group, Sociology Department. Your adventure interests us; the word 'hate' just enrolled you as my friend. Do you live alone here? Very fancy for a college student."

"My roommate is visiting at home; family business. We get along socially. He doesn't like me though he hasn't said that in so many words. I come off as effeminate sometimes which offends some folks. I can't change who I am. The end result is that I do not have any real friends."

Dale casually dropped one hand onto Kris' leg. "You can count me as Number One, then. Come on, can I help you into the bath, bed or whatever? You have to go back to the clinic but they gave you the day off to get it together. Another way of saying they are too busy unless you are terminal." He chuckled.

II.

Kris set aside a class workbook on the coffee table. “Sometimes I feel like I should hide or something,” he said.

Dale poured some more wine. “It has been several weeks now; the bruises are healed. Uh, the ones we can see, anyhow. Have your classmates quit asking questions?”

Kris hunched down so he could rest his feet on the coffee table. “Nobody pays attention to me,” he answered. “That’s as well; look what happened to me when I went quietly about my own business.”

Dale sat next to him, sipped the wine cooler and carefully set the glass down on the end table. “I’ve wanted to ask you this question. You just mentioned hiding. Do you want to hide, be someone else? Have you thought of going out into public where nobody knows you and become friends with others your age of similar interests?”

“Do you think I’m gay? Should I make all the singles bars?”

Dale laughed. “No, not that. Have you thought of it? Do you know why those guys who beat you up are so afraid?”

“I was the one that was afraid. Do you think other people see me as a threat? That, maybe, I’m going to expose them for some totally awful sin or whatever? Tough thought but I’ve never had sex, guy or gal, so am really not qualified. What are you getting at?”

Dale relaxed and sipped from his wine glass. “There is a sort of club, very informal. They are known on campus as the ‘Quiet Legion’. You see them often without actually recognizing fellow stu-

dents. At night, on the quad, you can't tell for sure. Boys look like girls; they are hiding. Some girls do the same. Don't be shocked."

Kris sat up. "Transvestites? I've heard of that. Do we actually have some here?"

Dale sat next to Kris and stretched his legs. "Interested? Want to try? Remember that attractive orderly at the clinic, Deb Speer? We are both in the QL, Quiet Legion. Even not speaking in the course of a routine day, we are friends immediately."

"Because you both have some issue to hide. What is it?"

"Before I go into detail on the human condition, let's take a walk. It's Friday night. The soccer game is well over and the crowds are gathered in packs in favorite haunts. Want to go?"

"You want me to, don't you?"

"Yes, I wasn't sure at first but you are not only a likable guy but I find you attractive, as well. Your intelligent approach to issues can't be denied."

Kris let out a deep breath. "OK, yes; I want to go. Lead on, Macduff."

"Wise guy," Dale answered. "Let's go! Andiamo and we storm the human terminus."

"Such melodrama," Kris said laughing.

The gazebo at the lagoon, frequently abandoned, was full of guys and gals talking, laughing, smoking and agreeing to a simple revelry like a family reunion. "This is where I was the night I found you. Remember?"

“I don’t like to think of that. I do wonder what happened to those thugs.” Kris looked around at the unusual gathering. “Not likely they’ll be hanging out or hooking up here.”

“Oh! Hello.” A youngster dressed in bulky bib overalls, denim vest, outlandish orange knit tie and rough boots. “Kris and Dale, right?”

Dale stepped up to her and they hugged. “Is this the weekly meeting of the QL?”

Laughter. “As if you didn’t know or you wouldn’t be here. You guys forget me? I’m Deb Speer; clinic orderly extraordinaire.”

“Omigod,” Kris said showing his wide smile. “Of course but, really, I thought you were a guy.”

“Tut-tut, my dear man. All healed, I see. Hang here a second and I’ll find my date to introduce you.” She disappeared and did not return.

“What could she have to hide?” Kris asked as they walked back to his Raglan Alley apartment.

“Maybe she will tell you one day. For now, be content that she is happy, with friends who respect her lifestyle, and has reason to be out of harm’s way if only for an evening.”

“She is very pretty and with a special touch. I can’t imagine she has anything to hide. Now I wonder why she never came back with her date like she said. Fickle or freakish?”

At Raglan Alley, Kris checked his mailbox. “Hold a second,” he said. “Note in the mail from esteemed roommate. Unusual; he commonly uses my e-mail address.” He opened the door to let them both in. “Oh, shame! Family trouble which was such a secret

is now that human terminus you were shouting about. Seems he will not be returning and asks me to pack up and save his stuff. Might be a hospital issue; we know what that's like." He accepted a glass of white wine from Dale.

Dale put one hand on Kris' knee and pressed with his fingers. "Want to talk about it?"

"What? All of a sudden my sixth sense is sending me messages."

Dale moved one hand a little higher. "For a long time now I've admired your good looks. I was not aware you were in such good shape. Do you work out? Your physique is really firm. Do you mind me doing this?" He moved one hand onto Kris' back and then to his shoulders. A firm massage was next and Kris sighed.

"That feels so good. You have strong hands for a sociologist," he said trying for a moment of levity. He sat up and turned to put his back to Dale.

The massage continued. Then Dale moved both hands onto his shoulders to flex the neck muscles. "Um, nice," he whispered. "Want more? Want me to stop?" He undid Kris's top button and slid one hand in to run tickling fingers along Kris' exposed torso. Chest hair caught his touch.

"No; I'm OK. You have exactly thirty minutes to stop that," Kris said hoping for an amused tone. "I've never been in a situation like this."

"That's why I asked you if you want me to continue. You don't really know what to expect, do you?"

"Well, yes; sort of. You have caught me by surprise. Perhaps I've known for a long time that my destiny would call for me in some way. Is this it?"

“Should we stop? Do you want to talk?” Dale began to withdraw his hand from beneath Kris’ shirt.

“No, leave it there; I like it. Sort of soothing in a weird way.” Kris was making an obvious effort to get comfortable. He knew he was dealing with a conflict between fear and desire. “I fear we are at the gates. You said ‘terminus’ a while ago. That’s Latin, I think.”

Dale relaxed his hand. “That may be our destination, you and I. Are you afraid?”

“Yes, without knowing why. Maybe it’s the revelation concerning Deb Speer and the Quiet Legion. I do trust you as my friend, and that you will lead me out of the dangers of evil residence known as ‘Tartarus.’ There, now I feel better.”

Dale kept his position at Kris’s back and wrapped his arms around him. He dropped one hand onto Kris’s hip. He flexed the flesh there. “Tartarus; what’s that?” He moved his fingers aside but kept a gentle pressure.

Kris giggled. “I spent too much time alone so I read a lot. Also, about a quarter of my grade is in Greek mythology. Tartarus is the dungeon for sinners. That’s what’s bothering me but, at the same time, I like what you are doing.”

Dale moved his other hand across. “I’m glad. I think you will like dressing up to meet Deb Speer’s date. Should be interesting.” In moving his free hand, Dale softly brushed Kris’ bulge at his crotch. He kept still and said nothing.

Kris took in a quick breath and gasped, “Oh! I felt that.”

In answer, Dale quickly unbuttoned Kris’s shirt and tugged it open. He next moved both hands down

over the slender hips onto the thighs kept tightly encased in the linen slacks. When Kris did not object, he fondled the supple flesh and waited.

Kris stifled a sob. "Dale, please; I don't know about this."

"But you *want* to know, don't you? It is desire and I can feel you tremble." He continued stroking the innocent lad's middle body. "We are alone here; good wine and plenty of space. Nobody will ever know unless you tell. You must agree to our secret even though the entire QL will make snide assumptions." He moved closer until his lips brushed the back of Kris's neck.

"Ah, Dale; I didn't really know this is what you wanted of me. I've really been elated over our friendship and, now, uh, I can't hide for very long, can I?"

Dale moved both hands, from either side, until he cupped the sensitive genitals. Next, he raised both hands and swiftly unbuckled Kris's trousers. He stopped again. "Tell me what you are hiding," he said softly. "It isn't me or what we might be doing this night, is it? It was fear a while ago but it's not like that any longer, is it? Maybe you don't like me to spend my time with you, ah, uh, in this way."

"Your interest in me physically has become a shadow on my self-esteem. That's what I was trying to hide. I didn't want you to know that I don't feel worthy. Now, with what you've suggested, I want to commit to what I must to keep your interest. Am I in the den of Tartarus or romancing with Dante? You tell me."

Without answer, Dale forced his belt buckle to one side and deftly tugged the zipper down. Then, instead of invading the naked domain at his fingertips, he caught Kris's firm erection in thumb and finger with

a stroking movement through the cotton briefs. "Wait until you've finished and you can tell me."

Kris was wriggling in his passion. "I like it. I'm out of breath with no physical reason."

"I know you want it but, since it is your first time, I think it best to go slowly. Maybe you need to accept each new feeling." He continued the gentle stroking then stopped abruptly. "Lift up," he said in a whisper. When Kris raised his hips by digging his feet into the sofa cushions, Dale firmly slid the tight slacks and briefs off Kris' hips, down and aside. The starkness revealed a raging erection.

Kris blinked as if misunderstanding when Dale stood up and tugged at his hands. "What?"

"Let's go stretch out on the bunk. You know where you are, right?"

Kris obediently stood and let Dale lead him to the bedroom. "No, seriously, where am I?"

Dale smiled and fluffed up the pillows. "The point of no return. Even sociologists know about that."

"I'm glad," Kris replied. He watched in amazed fascination as Dale stripped and climbed onto the bunk next to him. He accepted Dale's hand and allowed him to guide onto his cock. At the same time, Dale reached for Kris's hard tool and gently stroked it.

The awkward moment, like a first pass on the sport of the game, thus revealed made Dale dismiss any feelings of fear that Kris would object when he felt Kris fondle him with an affectionate gentleness. Feeling encouraged, Dale leaned over and began the erotic journey with hands and lips down Kris's nubile body until he felt the pubic hair tickle his chin. "You want this; I know you do," he whispered and moved

his hips in synch with Kris's building passion. "Tell me," he said firmly.

Kris's tone of voice faltered to a ragged tremble. "I've dreamed of this but, even now, I'm not sure. Yet, I've valued every nuance of feeling while our friendship became stronger. Do you want to do it?"

For answer, Dale plunged Kris' iron-hard tool into his mouth.

Kris moaned and then screamed. He reached to hold each side of Dale's head as it bobbed up and down getting each erotic fold of need. "Yes, omigod, yes, marvelous."

"Well, say something," Dale said gazing at the sated youngster. "I thought you were in a coma."

"Yes, well, so, uh, that's what all the fuss is about. Is there more?"

Dale chuckled. "Yes, but only when you're ready. It seems to me you have a recently developed interest in sex. It's listed up there with oxygen. As for more adventures, we have to talk."

"OK, right; I agree."

#

"Do you think she likes me?" Kris asked after a long pause.

"Who? As if I didn't know."

"Deb Speer. The girl with the orange tie and disappearing date."

Dale was pensive. "Look at you now. One minor sex session with a guy and you are off

on a sensual tangent of some kind.” He chuckled and leaned back to relax. “You haven’t even spent the night next to me and are now dreaming of a cute girl that wears orange knit ties.” He snickered. “Please, don’t be offended. I went through the same cycle but it has been a while. How about it?”

“About what? Deb Speer? We know very little, really, about her. Oh, we know she likes to hide with her transvestite friends. But, uh, what else?”

“Search me! Do you want to see her again? Do you have an orange tie?”

Kris frowned. “You are teasing me; maybe I deserve it for my naiveté.” He went for another glass of wine. “Or, maybe you are saying we already know all we need to. She is as we used to say ‘taken’.”

Dale gulped wine from the tumbler. “Do you want me to take you to see her tonight? Or, maybe you would prefer to go alone?”

Kris swallowed nervously. “Wouldn’t I be too close to that scene where you first found me? Do you think I’ve nothing to hide but am curious to learn more? Are you saying we are not through investigating our feelings? That, perhaps, we might move too fast?”

Dale hesitated at the door. “I’ll be back to pick you up about nine. I hope you are ready for more surprises at the meeting of the Quiet Legion.” He left abruptly though Kris sat bewildered on the side of the bunk, feet flat on the floor.