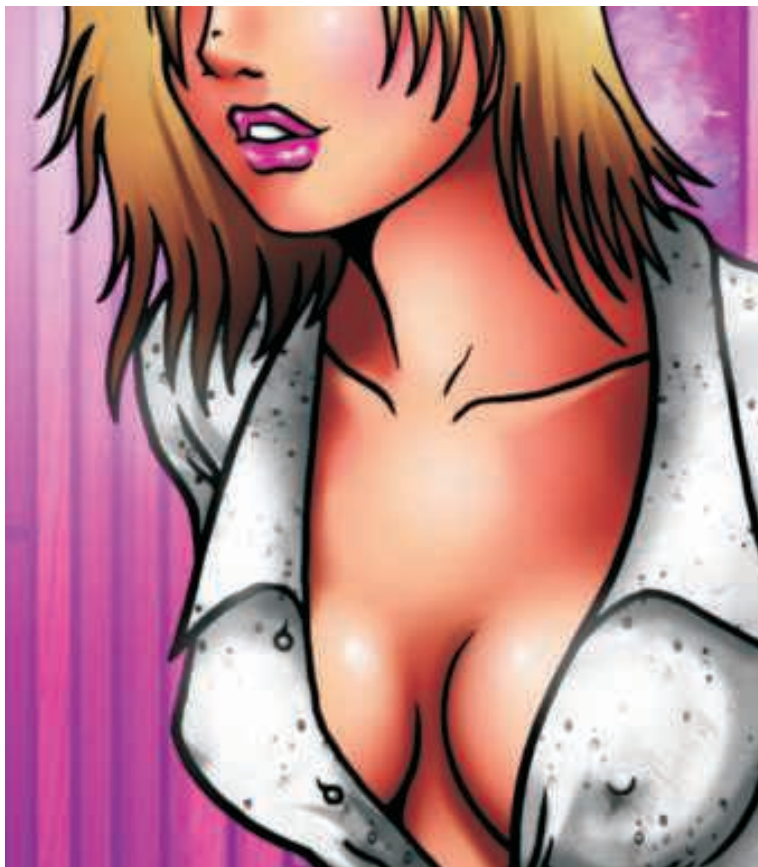




Reluctant Press presents:

Mandy Meets Her TV

Monica James



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Mandy Meets Her TV

By Monica James

Prologue

“Arnold, can you come in here a moment?” Serena said in her sweetest, most seductive voice. “We need to discuss our Profit & Loss ledger.”

The door to the executive suite of ‘Pinnacle Dot Com’ opened slowly as Arnold Pap came in. His eyes were glazed showing slight terror like a convict’s first glimpse of the gallows. Standing in front of the huge walnut desk, he waited and watched. “Yes, Ms Fleener,” he said trying to hide his nervousness.

“Relax, please,” she said with a note of disdain. “I have the figures for the close of the quarter and they are not pretty. I realize you are not the cause of our spiral into bankruptcy but I want to be certain I read this impending disaster correctly.”

Arnold Pap gathered his courage and cleared his throat. “Ahem! If I may, Ms Fleener, I know you have been busy but over the past two quarters plus a few months I’ve consistently shown you the disappointing results.”

Serena Fleener frowned. “All right! I admit I’ve not been as attentive as perhaps is required. When my dad died and left me this over-grown job shop he did not leave me the knowledge I’d need to evaluate these fluctuations. What has happened here?”

“I only know what Mister Fleener would have done, well, hopefully.”

Serena’s eyes flashed anger. “Which is, uh, exactly what?”

“He often scanned and product results in view of the costs and sales. When one item wavered, he went hunting for something to replace it. There are many opportunities for a shop like ours, well, yours to take on new concepts. He was a brilliant man, Ms Fleener.”

“Not according to his wife, my mother. She constantly told me my dad designed the donut. He was the asshole in the center of things.”

“Grossly unfair, if I may say so.”

She sighed and put her head back against the soft velvet of her chair. “This morning I received a call from our bank. We are running on almost total credit. They want a deposit to protect their investment. How do you see all this?” She drummed her fingers on the desk.

Arnold slid forward in the chair, licked his lips nervously. He began in a slow voice. "We cannot hope to remedy the bank's fears by ignoring the dilemma. First, I strongly suspect there is someone in our organization deliberately causing our production costs to skyrocket. This someone, or more I suppose possible, is in the employ of our competitor someplace. Secondly; that competitor is working both ends against the middle by invading our territory and running off with the orders even our old time sources once sent to us."

Serena's jaw dropped in amazement. "Can you document this or is it just a little fantasy of yours?"

"You asked my opinion, Miss," he answered in a near whisper. "Right now we need an influx of cash and some new orders for our shop. It's the handwriting on the wall."

She bit her lip. "That handwriting might be graffiti but we at least have some action indicated. How do we find this malcontent in our midst?"

"It's there in my quarterly summary submitted to you about six months ago. You did not reply. Briefly, I think we should isolate each order in process and make everyone involved accountable. That way we would have factors to evaluate. As for getting some new orders, Mister Fleener usually did that on his own. In all, Miss, it is up to you."

She stood up and came around the desk. Her near six foot in height towered over the humble man. She leaned her derriere against the desk and waved her knee from one side to the other. "You have been honest with me, Arnold, and I appreciate it. You set up the accounting changes as you recommended; I'll think this other part through. Wish us both luck. As for the cash, I can put up the Fleener estate as collateral. Our bank

would love the extra interest that might accrue doing that.”

Arnold Pap smiled, an impish grin and a seldom seen twinkle in his eyes. “Yes, Miss; may I suggest a rich husband with some technical knowledge?”

Serena smiled in spite of herself. She picked up the appointment book off the desk and threatened to throw it at him. She shook her head in wonder at her audacious head of accounting and watched until he closed the door behind him.

‘That’s all I need, a man to screw up my life,’ she thought casually. ‘What’s the saying? Oh, yes; “you have to go down on a lot of pretty girls before you find a transvestite’.”

I.

Mandy Alban rushed to open the door when she heard his footsteps on the stairway leading to their third floor walkup studio apartment.

“Welcome home, my lord-and-master,” she said in a cheery voice. “Any news? Is there a new reality out in the world like, perhaps, a job?”

Meta Petred frowned. “Lots of calls; no nibbles,” he answered, shoulders slumped reflecting his discouraged efforts. “I did talk to some other folks as broke as we are. There is a day labor office within walking distance. They do all kinds of jobs and pay when the day is over. It will keep us out of the queue at the local dole.” He tried to smile.

They embraced and she lingered on his kiss. “You seem to be having a difficult time selling yourself. You are not pretty enough. Shall I try starting tomorrow?”

"I know you are joking. With your elegant figure and talented hips you would be on your back in record time. But where could you find a spot on one side of the street? Competition is fierce; everyone is broke."

They sat at the small dining table. Mandy poured coffee. "I like the idea of a daily paycheck," she said slowly. "Do they allow girls?"

"All I have is the address and a rumor but it may work out. Do you want to come along to check it out?"

"No; you can do that well enough. I hate being bottled up here all day so I'll check the listings again in the morning. Maybe something will turn up."

He kissed her on the forehead as she began clearing the dishes. "Living together, being a team, was your idea. Are you still willing?"

She giggled. "No offense, but you are a much better partner than I'd find at home. Nothing there except trying to referee 'Friday Night at the Fights.'"

"It's settled then. Between the two of us we might get through a week without starvation rations. Anytime you want to call it quits, I' will understand."

#

Next morning, Meta put on a clean shirt and headed out the door to find the day labor office. Not far behind him, Mandy cinched her belt and pulled on flesh colored stockings.

She knew the route by heart to catch all the agencies to read the listings. About mid-morning she stopped to sit on a park bench for a rest. Looking around as if she

might be committing a criminal act, she slipped off her shoes to relieve her tired feet.

A tall, willowy, woman dressed like Saks Fifth Avenue, approached her. "Hello," the attractive woman said, "I've noticed you checking on the employment boards. What kind of work do you do?"

"My associate degree at the Greenbrier Community College left me with a stack of unpaid school loans and a routine question, 'Would you like fries with that?' Don't laugh; young people tend to be impulsive." She smiled up to see an interested, friendly face. She slid over to make space when the older lady sat next to her.

"My name is Serena Fleener," she said crisply. "Some special demeanor you have caught my attention. Are you married?"

Mandy squinted through a sudden shaft of sunlight from the small tree. "Uh, not married, ma'am. I do have a partner; he's also unemployed. Why are you interested? Are you hiring? Who do I have to kill?"

Serena smiled. "Oh, please; not ma'am. I'm hardly out of college myself but my dad died and I'm trying to take his place in a business I am nowhere near qualified to control. Can we talk about it?"

"You betcha!" Mandy answered with enthusiasm. "I can cook."

After asking a battery of questions, Serena was more interested. "Let me tell you what I have in mind," she said still speculating on the girl's naiveté. She waited to get her thoughts together and a relentless stare into the younger girls' eyes held them both. "You are very pretty," she said finally. "Also, in just these few minutes, you've exhibited a social skill perhaps unusual in one so young. When can I meet this young

man of yours? I'm not sure a guy and a girl will fit what I have in mind but, well, I am desperate."

Mandy smiled. "Despondent desperate or just anxious desperate?"

Serena laughed. "You are so quick; this may work out." Still pensive, she ran one hand along Mandy's naked arm enjoying the smooth flesh.



Mandy leaned slightly toward Serena and their eyes met. "Yes, Serena," Mandy said softly, her eyes belied the confusion she was trying to hide. "Can you tell me what this is about? If you don't need him, his name is Meta Petred, maybe you can team me up with someone else if two girls are needed."

Serena sighed. "Your innocence as well as your beauty is the asset we need. The job entails industrial espionage. You go to work for my company, no french fries, and let me know what you learn. We are in a serious bind right now because we suspect some sabotage but are unsure where and how to look."

Mandy put her hands in her lap. She turned her shoulders to face the imperious gaze the older woman was using on her. Trying to appear docile, she waited for whatever was next. "And my looks are going to make the crooks confess? Not likely or, in the vernacular, 'I don't think so.' I am willing to try. If nothing else I can be a loyal employee when it comes to work assignments."

Serena sighed. She fished in her purse. "Here is my card with the address. Talk this over with Mister Petred and call me."

"I don't have to get permission or anything. Is that why you asked if we are married?"

Serena stood up. "Consider it your first assignment, then." She snapped out a one hundred dollar bill and pressed it into Mandy's hand. "You said you would be loyal; you just received your first job." She turned to go. "Call me," she said and flashed a smile. She made the phone signal, thumb and little finger, and walked away.

‘Wow!’ Mandy thought as she tried to piece together all that the stunning lady executive had said. ‘Matters not; I want the job but I’ll wait until I talk to Meta.’ She walked slowly back toward their apartment. The crisp bill still held in her fist teamed with a growling stomach. She turned into the market.

#

Meta Petred came in late in the afternoon. He was near exhaustion from moving heavy boxes all day in a truck loading zone. “Do I smell food?”

Mandy kissed him with a spatula still in one hand. “Yes, a slight windfall so you get sirloin steak and mashed potatoes. A working man needs protein, n’est pas?”

He sat down and sipped the wine after she poured it. “Which side of the street are you working and is it a day shift?” he asked smiling. “And, do they need a piano player?”

“Don’t be silly; I have a possible job offer with a big company that makes widgets or something. The lady that owns it sat next to me on the park bench. She was interested and when she found me qualified for what she had in mind, made me a tentative offer. She gave me this card and told me to call her after I talked it over with you. She also bought your steak dinner, you lucky guy.”

“Why hesitate? I would have gone with the lady, you know that.”

“I am trying to play along as the innocent which is what I think she wants. Also, if this works out, maybe they will have an opening for you as well.”

He pushed the empty plate away and laced his stomach with open fingers. "That was great; thank the nice lady for me. I'm going to move boxes again tomorrow. Is there any steak left?"

She laughed. "One small issue I want to get your opinion on, well, maybe small. Anyhow, I think the lady who appears as rich as she is attractive made a pass at me. I'll know for sure as time goes on."

His eyes drooped giving her the message he was too tired to think. "Have you ever had sex with a woman?" he asked slowly.

"No; I know about it, of course. Most girls are curious, I suppose. I wanted your opinion."

He struggled to get up. He hurriedly endorsed his paycheck and handed it to her. "My opinion is that the lady has good taste. If it comes down to paying off the lady's interest with some sex in exchange for me moving boxes, what is the issue here? You are beautiful as you know. What you don't seem to know is that you are 'hot'. I don't see a problem unless you have some ingrained Victorian ethic that won't let you respond. That would throw us both out on the street."

"Yes, a matter of perspective." She punched the numbers into her cell phone.

She was waiting for him when he came out of the shower. Again she admired his masculine body and told herself he was cute with a towel wrapped around his head. 'Cute enough to be a girl', she thought.

"So, what did the lady say? Do you get a second interview?"

"We are having lunch tomorrow at the White Peacock. I know the place because I've applied for work there. The maitre d. liked me but the owner did not."

“Enjoy!” he said and headed for the bed. “Wake me about six; I can’t afford to miss the next job, whatever that is.” He was asleep when his head hit the pillow.

Mandy left early enough to be sure she would meet Serena at the correct time. She wore her best flowered skirt with the hemline at mid-calf. The lace blouse had belt pulls that, when she tied them tight, showed off her breast line, empire style. A simple ornament dangled from a chain around her neck.

She went into the restaurant lobby early for her appointment so she sat on one of the posh benches situated there for customers waiting for a table.

“Hello, again,” the man said approaching her. He smiled and folded his arms in front of him. “We filled that kitchen opening; sorry.”

She looked up at him, bewildered. “I have an interview appointment for one-thirty. It would be best if you do not say I was turned down when I applied for work here.”

He grinned. “I’m lucky to have this job so I don’t cause any trouble. It seems I can get into plenty of trouble without going out of my way to cause it. Who is expecting you?”

Mandy held the card fast in her fist. “Serena Fleener,” she said simply.

“Ah, you pick ‘em pretty and rich. What kind of job? I may need one the way this lunch business is thinning out.”

“Don’t mess me up, sir,” she said firmly.

“I won’t and my name is Griffes in case that comes up in conversation.”

When he turned to go, Serena swept into the lobby with a broad smile when she saw Mandy sitting so pertly waiting.

“Darling, you look wonderful. You wear youth and beauty like a knight wears armor. Was that Griffes you were talking to? Watch him; he has an eye for pretty girls.”

She stood up. “Yes, but I told him not to cause trouble as my time with you is very important.”

“I would expect nothing less of you.” They waited a few minutes before Griffes swept them up with a grandiose gesture and escorted them to the dining room. He held the chair for Serena, then next for Mandy.

Mandy held the luncheon menu daintily and admired with a longing look the many delicious selections. “This is already the nicest job interview I have ever had,” she said looking at the entrée stapled to the edge of the menu marked ‘day’s special’. She peered at Serena over the top of the menu.

“You are adorable. Pick out anything you wish, I’m on an expense account.”

They ordered and chatted like sorority sisters on a lark. Finally, Mandy could stand it no longer. “Is the job still open?”

Serena smiled as if there was some secret. “Yes and no. I took the liberty of checking your work history. Most of the agencies have you in inventory. Yes, we want you but, in discussing this with my in-house advisor, we think two girls will best suit the job. Did you talk to Mister Petred?”

“Yes; Meta urged me to take the job no matter what. He is doing day labor and thinks he can go back to looking for work full time if I can bring in enough to

pay the rent. He has a modest annuity left him from his grandparents."

"I see, thank you. Meta is also listed in all the agencies so I have a full picture of the both of you. Now, about his education; tell me that."

"He has one year left to complete before getting a degree in systems of some kind. He has been studying but, frankly, it is difficult for him in our present circumstances. I asked you yesterday who I had to kill for this job."

Serena giggled. "I do have a few people in mind but that is a bit drastic. Did you admit to him how well we met each other?"

"He was really wiped out doing labor to which he is unaccustomed. I mentioned that I thought you might have an intimate interest in me but I wasn't sure."

Serena reached across the table and pressed Mandy's hand. "You are sensitive as well as smart; up another notch in my estimation." She delayed as if thinking over what to say next. I hope I can be candid with you. We do not need a guy to hire and for the job we expect of you, we feel we should have another girl. How willing is this man of yours to adapt to such a special need?"

She wrinkled her brow. "I'm not sure I follow you," she said simply.

"Let me explain. Most important, I think working together will give us quick results. You probably agree. Secondly, I'd like you to ask him if he would object to dressing and acting as a girl so he would have access to areas restricted to girls only. Wait! Don't answer now. Talk to him. If he wants a good job with steady pay to

get away from the day labor, he might be willing to cooperate.”

She pursed her lips, thoughtful. “He is really cute. I can see him as a girl. Also, he is very smart and will probably really do well when he finishes school. He’s only looking for a chance.”

“According to his height/weight, it comes close as a young girl. Are you both, ah, devoted to each other? Might he go astray in the company of some pretty girls? Transvestites are a novelty some of the girls will respect.”

Mandy blushed and grasped the wine glass. She gulped and stared at Serena sitting blithely opposite her waiting for an answer. “I have to talk this over with Meta, of course but the way he tells me now he would be willing to do anything to get out of the rut we’re in.”

Serena grinned. “All right, it’s settled. Go to the employment office in the morning; tell them the Bentley Agency sent you. The HR manager will be expecting you but will act like you are a casual part time or some such. You must remain secretive with mouth shut. Do the job assigned. It will take you a while to get into the requirements. I think you can do it or I wouldn’t be making you this offer. You liked that hundred-dollar bill? In addition to your regular hourly earnings on the product floor, you will receive a salary twice a month of five of those lovely hundred dollar bills.” She hesitated. “And you don’t have to kill anyone. But, find the culprit and you’ll get a generous bonus. Any questions?”

“No ma’am; uh Serena, uh Miss Fleener.”

She laughed and signed the luncheon check.

The overcast sky began to aim rain drops at them mixed with hail as they left the restaurant. They both screeched, laughing at each other, and raced for Serena's car.

Once inside, Serena leaned over and pulled Mandy's seat belt across her lap. "Here, honey; don't want anything to happen to you. Too important." She stopped midway and stared into Mandy's eyes. "Are you afraid of me?"

Mandy took the belt and snapped it in place. "Afraid, no; maybe curious. Sometimes I feel giddy when I see you staring at me. I wonder if I should ask you what is on your mind."

Serena slid one hand across Mandy's shoulders. "I'm not sure myself so it is difficult to answer you. Maybe I'm cracking under the strain. I've not made our circumstances clear. If we don't get control of our costs and increase sales, the chance of closing is palpable. Just the thought eats away at me because my dad put such trust in me. I know this doesn't interest you but I want you to know I mean you no harm. The pressure is making me eccentric. I wanted some release but didn't know what until I saw you sitting on that park bench. Are you offended?"

Mandy closed her eyes tight. She opened when she felt Serena move one hand off her back to fondle her naked neck and shoulder. Her mind was racing with possibilities. She knew saying or responding incorrectly would cost her the opportunity. Her brain committee was barking at her: 'Are you nuts? She likes you; you like her. You want an engraved invitation?' She swallowed and touched the back of Serena's hand on her shoulder.

"I'm not offended," she said slowly. "If any issue, I should be flattered. No woman or girl has ever shown such an interest in me. I'm unsure what you want, exactly, but I'm not afraid and not upset." She turned her head to see Serena leaning toward her.

Serena cupped the young woman's chin with her fingers and gently brushed Mandy's cheeks with her lips. In the fraction of a second, Serena was giving Mandy the option. She waited. Mandy exhaled and brought her body forward until their lips were inches apart. Serena flushed a rush of joy as she came down with a tender kiss on Mandy's lips.

They embraced and Mandy nuzzled her face into Serena's neck. The rain and hail pelted the roof in a serene pattern. "I should confess," she began. "I've never gone this far with a girl. There have been many opportunities, I suppose but the strict glare of my mom turned me away from exploring. Now, with my dad gone, Mom is in a Florida condo. I feel free for the first time in my life."

"You are relying on me. What can I say? I know what girls do in the middle of the night when they want more from each other. Any girl can say that but few enter into such intimacy. Many might be tempted but often, as I see it, a motive is needed. You just gave me one."

Serena squealed and settled another kiss on Mandy's waiting lips. This time with more force. Mandy parted her lips when she felt Serena's firm tongue tip plowing her mouth from side to side. "It appears we are both due for a new adventure. Tell me, 'hot' girl with the pretty mouth, do you like my kisses?"

“Yes; I’m thrilled without knowing why exactly. What are you going to do?”

“You just agreed to let me touch you; be close to me. We both have to think this over before we get too complicated.” She moved her free hand to the top of Mandy’s head to twirl some strands of hair. Next, she caressed Mandy’s inviting breast line. They kissed again and Serena brought her tongue out flat to spread a wet swath along Mandy’s neck. When Mandy did not object, she settled for another kiss and moved her hand along Mandy’s hips onto her long shapely legs so well hidden by the flowery skirt. At the hemline tugging Mandy’s legs she slid her hand beneath and went higher onto the smooth inviting thighs.

At that point, Mandy erupted and threw both her hands between her legs to stop Serena’s progress. “Please, Serena. I’m sorry but this is moving too fast.”

Serena stopped but kept her hand on Mandy’s naked thigh. “I was going to give you a finger wave. Can you come that way?”

“Yes, ma’am but don’t rush me.” She continued to block Serena from going any higher. Their hands met and their eyes met. It was a tense moment.

Finally, Serena whispered softly, “If you want the job, you have to take me along with it. Make up your mind. I’ve decided already. I know what I want and intend to get it. Call it my being eccentric.”

“Your stated peculiarity has met my virtue. Tell me what to expect, please.”

Serena felt Mandy relax her hands slightly. She kissed again and tilted her head to whisper, “I want your mouth, Mandy.”