

Taken

Jeri Ellen





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TAKEN

By Jeri Ellen

I wasn't sure just what the future held for me. I was an average student and a better than average tennis player. I had no particular interest in any career field. It wasn't that I was unmotivated I just hadn't found anything that I thought was really interesting to pursue some training in.

Besides after spending fifty grand for a piece of paper that said after four years you were pretty smart you could find your self punching a cash register or stocking shelves in a box store trying to keep up with student loan payments.

I decided to work for a temp agency for awhile just to save some money while I was living at home and think a little more about what I wanted to do in life. I

2 Jeri Ellen

liked the night shift which I guess is why I got hired right away, not many people liked working nights.

My disabled father didn't disagree with my decision to work awhile before starting a career path. I kept the duplex clean and took care of the laundry, lawn care and snow removal in the winter.

Mom had died years ago and since then he didn't seem to care about anything. I left him pretty much alone with his thoughts. To be honest our relationship was more like a landlord and tenant rather than as father and son but I accepted it and we got along ok. Then what else could I do?

I let the temp agency I worked nights for know that if something other than light industrial would come up I would like to change assignments. The lady who hired me said she would let me know.

I didn't mind the work but I was a bit uncomfortable as most of my coworkers were what you might call the "low end" blue collar types. They were all smokers and had little education.

When the agency got a contract to clean buildings for a small private women's college just west of the twin cities I jumped at the chance. The drive to work would be a bit longer but the pay was better and I was certain the working conditions would be too.

After about a month I was walking from the main building to my car when I noticed the car next to mine had the hood up. There was a woman in a brown pantsuit standing in the front looking over the engine.

"Can I help you?" I asked her.

She was a tall and very attractive young woman with shoulder length black hair who appeared to be

very physically fit and had what you would call a commanding presence.

“My car died, do you have jumper cables?” she asked.

“Yes I do. Give me a second,” I replied.

I hooked the cables from my car to hers and then started my own car. She turned her key and hers started right away. She looked relieved as I removed the jumper cables.

“Thank you so much. I appreciate your help. I thought sure I was going to be stuck for a towing bill. My name is Candice Braun,”

“George Edison,” I replied.

“Pleased to meet you George, do you work here?”

“Well yes and no. I don’t work for the college but I work for the temp agency that got the cleaning contract for the school,”

“I see. Well let me buy you breakfast. There is a MacDonalds’ just down the road,”

Surprised at her offer I hesitated a minute, but then accepted.

“Sure, I will follow you there,”

After I placed the jumper cables back in my trunk we got into our cars and several minutes later parked in the restaurant parking lot.

After placing our orders we took our seats near the window and began eating.

“Do you work here at Sylvia Beckwith Women’s college?” I asked.

4 Jeri Ellen

"Actually no I am attending classes there. I am finishing up my master's degree. I have two semesters left. I had an early appointment with my professor but she cancelled,"

"I see. What are you studying?"

"European history, I have a BS in geography,"

I had detected a slight accent when she had first spoken to me.

"Are you from the area?" I asked.

"No. I am a foreign exchange student from Muldavia,"

"Muldavia? I don't believe I have heard of that country. Where is it?"

She smiled

"Nobody else here has heard of it either. It is a small country situated just north of Italy and between Austria and Switzerland. We have little industry as most of the people are in the tourist business,"

"There is a large ski resort in the mountains on the east end and at the foot is our largest city Kristianburg which is also the capitol city,"

"There are mountains to the north and south as well. A single large river flows from the eastern mountains and splits the country almost in two," Before the highway system was built it was the main source of transportation,"

"The west end is open and our second largest city Stratsburg is located there. That's where we have some manufacturing, a large medical center, and the university,"

"I see. It sounds like a very cozy little country surrounded by beautiful mountains,"

"Oh it is. I'm sure you would like it. We have four seasons just like here in Minnesota except that the winters are not as severe nor are the summers very hot. The climate is very moderate all year round,"

We finished our meal and I got up to leave.

"Thank you again for helping me George,"

"Your very welcome and thanks for the breakfast,"

We parted company.

Back home as I showered I couldn't stop thinking about her. She was not only an attractive woman but quite self assured as well. Not really domineering in any sort of way but she seemed to have control of our short time together and quite honestly I liked being in her presence.

Work continued for several weeks and I hadn't thought about her again.

One morning I found a note on my windshield. It was from Candice asking me to join her for lunch at a local pizza place. Her phone number was at the bottom. I got her voicemail and said I would meet her.

I was quite surprised by this invitation. It was the first time any girl had asked me out. I guess I kind of liked her assertiveness. We both pulled into the parking lot of the pizza restaurant at the same time.

Getting out of my car she waved me to join her. I followed her inside and the hostess seated us at a booth near the windows and left us a menu.

"I'm glad you could join me," she said with a smile. "I don't know many men here. You seem like a quiet sort of person,"

6 Jeri Ellen

“Well I guess I am. Outside of playing on the tennis team I was never much of a crowd person. I liked the quiet times when I am alone,”

“I like solitude too,” she replied. “That’s what I like about you. You are sort of quiet, shy and unassuming. My country is a quiet place. Not a lot goes on there. The most noise is usually at the soccer games and I avoid those,” she grinned.

The hostess returned.

“We would like the large pepperoni,” “What soft drink to you prefer?”

“Pepsi is fine with me,” I answered.

“Make it two,” she said.

The hostess departed.

I was a bit surprised that she had ordered for the both of us. It was like she was in charge of our date, just like she had when we ate breakfast.

“These agency jobs usually aren’t long term. Have you thought about what you are going to do in the future?”

“Not a whole lot. School is expensive and the job market can be very different from the time you start school and the time you graduate. Two year programs might lead to a job quicker but I don’t think job security is any better with two years of schooling instead of four, unless you get into fire fighting, a medical field or law enforcement. They’re not going to shut down a hospital or a city and move it to China anytime soon,”

“I agree and I think you are smart doing what you are doing. I already have my job lined up so I don’t

have any worries about finding work when I finish my degree,"

Our order came and we dug in.

In my mind I was still a bit mystified about why she had asked me out but I certainly was enjoying her company.

"Will you be teaching right away when you get back?" I asked.

"Yes. But there is also the possibility that I might be able to work with others in a research project. It all depends on budgets when I get back,"

"I guess budgets always do have the final say," I replied.

"Yes they sure do. You mentioned you had played tennis in high school right?"

"Yes I did. I was good enough to letter but no great shakes on the court,"

She smiled.

"You have lots of company there including myself," she laughed.

We finished eating and left the restaurant.

"Thanks for dinner," I said as we parted and walked to our cars.

"You are very welcome," she replied.

I had thought about giving her a kiss but she had walked away from me quickly.

That night as I worked I couldn't help but think again about the assertive way she handled herself. Ordering for the both of us and in some respects controlling our conversation as if she was the male and I was the female.

8 Jeri Ellen

I know that sounds like a strange thing to say. Nevertheless I felt very comfortable in her presence. I had never had a serious relationship with a woman. If this was going to lead to anything it appeared that it just maybe the opposite of what kind of relationship most other couples have.

Another week passed. I was hoping to hear from her again as I enjoyed her company though it still seemed odd to me that she was an assertive date.

About two weeks before the first cool snap of the season was due to envelope us she left a voicemail message on my cell phone asking me to come over to her apartment. There was a tennis court in the back and I should come dressed for a set or two. She also had a DVD of her country she wanted me to see.

When I called her back I left a voicemail message on her phone that I would be happy to join her that Saturday afternoon. After I hung up I printed out a map of the location of her apartment.

I wasn't sure what to expect but I was looking forward to it. Just where this relationship was going I wasn't sure but I felt I had nothing to lose by pursuing it further. At this point in my life I was just happy to have someone who appeared to be genuinely interested in me.

As I pulled into the visitors' parking area my pulse increased. I would now be alone with her and not in a public place. I picked up my racket and walked to the front door of the building.



10 Jeri Ellen

Inside I buzzed her apartment and she let me in. She was in the hallway and waved me to follow her out the back door.

The tennis courts in the back did not appear to have had much use. No one else was there when we went out to them either.

It was no contest. She whipped my ass good. I was ready to quit but she wanted one more set. I agreed and when she finished defeating me handily again I was really beat physically.

“Come on inside,” she said with a grin.

I followed her inside to her tastefully furnished modest apartment. She pointed down the hall.

“Take a shower. I will put the pizza in the oven,” she ordered.

I was a bit hesitant but went inside the bathroom and closed the door.

After undressing I adjusted the spray and stepped inside. I began scrubbing myself and found that the soap had a delicate feminine scent. A minute later I heard the bathroom door open and close.

The shower door slid back and she stepped in wearing only her pink shower cap.

She was statuesque to say the least. Her breasts were large and felt good against me as she wrapped her arms around me and kissed me hard.

I was startled to say the least.

“Let’s get soaped up,” she squealed with delight. “Save water, shower with a friend,” she giggled again.

We got soapy and then rinsed ourselves clean. She shut off the water and we stepped outside the shower.

She handed me a large pink fluffy towel. We dried off. She took my hand and led me out to the bedroom.

My heart was really racing now as I had never been intimate with a woman before.

Without warning she scooped me up and carried me over to the bed. After tossing me down she pounced on top of me like a wildcat and kissed me hard again.

I felt myself getting hard and I was quickly overcome with her physical strength and assertiveness.

I was too shocked and surprised as we continued to do or say anything. I was powerless to stop her. Essentially I guess you could say that I was "taken". It was almost as if I was the submissive female and she was the aggressive male.

When I climaxed we both laid back panting. Never in my wildest dreams had I anticipated anything like this. We made no conversation for some time. Then she sat up and looked down at me.

"Wash your self, get dressed and come to the living room,"

She got up, dressed and left the room. I went into the bathroom to wash and dry my penis. Everything happened so fast there had been no time for a condom. In fact I hadn't even brought one with me. I got dressed and walked into the living room.

When I entered the living room she was sitting on the couch. There were two plates with pizza and two wine glasses on the coffee table.

Looking up at me she grinned.

12 Jeri Ellen

"Have a seat,"

I sat down beside her and took a bite of my pizza. She picked up the remote and the DVD began.

It was a very interesting travelogue about her home country. I was genuinely surprised at both the very low crime rate and that unemployment was almost non-existent.

I finished my pizza and drank some more of the delicious tasting wine.

The DVD ended and she looked over at me as she slid closer and placed her left arm around my shoulders.

"I'm glad you could come," she said softly. "I would like this relationship to continue but I want you to do some things for me,"

"Well I don't know what did you have in mind?" I asked.

I had never heard of a woman who had conditions to be met before continuing to see her.

"There are two things I want you to do for me if you would like this relationship to continue and I hope that you won't mind me imposing them on you,"

"One: I can see you take care of yourself. I want you to continue your exercise program but I would prefer that you lose another ten pounds and a little more off your waistline,"

"Two: I want you to take some special vitamins that I have been using and in addition I want you to begin body hair removal. I think hair is dirty. You, and no doubt most other men, might think it makes you more

man-ly. Never the less I prefer smooth men. Would you be okay with those two conditions?"

I was somewhat surprised at her requests. I felt I was in pretty good shape as it was but losing another ten pounds and an inch or so around my middle wasn't going to hurt me any. I didn't have much body hair to begin with and though her second request did seem a bit strange I didn't see a problem with going along with it.

"Yes I guess so," I replied.

"Splendid!" she giggled again. "Here are some business cards. These women will help you. Use my name when you make your appointments. Since you work nights you could go there in the early morning right after work. They seldom have early appointments anyway,"

Okay I will do that, I answered.

I took the cards from her as she stood up.

"I have an appointment with my professor in thirty minutes. Thanks for a great afternoon," she grinned again.

"I am glad I could join you," I answered

I picked up my racket and left her apartment.

Back home I thought about what had been the greatest afternoon of my life. I got laid by an absolutely gorgeous woman followed by pizza and some delicious wine. What was wrong with this picture? I asked myself.

Well precisely nothing I thought. This was going to continue provided I just lose a few pounds, take some vitamins, and remove a little body hair. How lucky can one guy be or so it seemed.