



Reluctant Press presents:

TV AGREEMENT

Monica James



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2008, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

TV AGREEMENT

By Monica James

CHAPTER I: The One-Up Club

Greg Avazon parked his car in the 'Club Only' lot of the One-Up Club. He checked his makeup, brassiere fit and fishnet stockings. All in order, he went into the club and sat at the bar.

He looked around for anyone familiar. With no luck, he faced the barmaid.

"Gray, hello," the barmaid said, smiling. "Usual?"

"Sure, thanks. My brother always said, 'When they get to know you, it's time to leave town.' Of course, he had reason."

"Go on, Gray. I know you don't have a brother but your sister is a knockout, classy chick."

"Suffer," he said with mock disdain. They both laughed.

She served him a sauterne wine cooler with a dash of seltzer. It was his invention he called a 'poor man's champagne'. Next she leaned on the bar with two elbows and stared at him. "You look elegant tonight, for a guy," she said, teasing. "But, seriously, we've known each other for a long time now. What's the story with you and Marla?"

He winced. "When we were little, like eight and ten, our parents were in an auto multiple crash on the freeway. There wasn't much left of them to mop up. It was very messy. Anyhow, there was some income so we went to live with an aunt and uncle. They were very good to us until the money ran out. After that, we hit the road looking for some way to support ourselves. I was sixteen, Marla was fourteen. Not a surprising story."

"I can guess the rest. You survived all that. Now you have a neat car, college education and live quite comfortably. That didn't come about by accident."

He sipped his drink and, again, checked the small crowd for a familiar face. "Well, Marla and I are very close, inseparable because of going through the grinder together. Social Services connected me with an agency that helps youngsters who are considered innocent victims of crime. It wasn't a crime but we charmed the lady. That won us both a scholarship for the Associate Program at Community Day College. Not much more to tell except that Marla and I have been lovers for many years now as you've already seen."

"Don't look now but here comes 'Crazy Clancy' with 'that' look in his eye."

Greg turned on the bar stool and smiled. Clancy took him onto the dance floor to finish some fancy steps to a rumba tune on the sound system. He returned Greg to the bar and pressed his business card into Greg's hand.

"He wants to meet Marla. I didn't have the heart to tell him Marla only likes girls."

The barmaid laughed. "No harm done; he's half-smashed anyhow."

"There is a girl at my office, Becca, who finds me attractive. Of course she doesn't know anything about me but still keeps nosing around. Her innocence makes her innuendos laughable. Well, I planned to meet Marla for lunch yesterday. When Becca and I came out of the office building lobby, Marla was waiting. Marla took one look at Becca and it was love at first sight as the saying goes."

"From what you say, Becca didn't catch that."

"Right, like a high ball in left field. Now, Marla is after me to invite her over, that sort of thing."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, she is attractive in a roughshod sort of way; kind of earthy, I think. I'm thinking of seducing her so she will run away and hide."

The barmaid laughed and picked up a rag to get a wet spot. "With your looks, like insanely handsome, any girl would fall into bed with you."

"Thanks, but she has to take off her shoes first."

"That means there are conditions, right?"

"I've talked it over with Marla. She wants a threesome the first time out. Not a likely scenario."

"If Marla insists, what are you to do? You don't want to disappoint your sister, not after all these years of catering to her."

Finally, Greg spotted two girls and a guy he knew who had just come in. He walked to meet them. Before he did, he picked up his drink, paid the barmaid and winked at her. "Later," he said. She smiled and went to another customer at the other end of the bar.

CHAPTER II: Becca Disagrees

"Becca, hello," Greg said on Friday morning. "Marla just called and wants to meet for lunch. Would you like to come along?"

Becca smiled. "Yes, of course. Thank you; it is a chance to get better acquainted outside this slave mill." They both chuckled but it wasn't funny.

The luncheon at the Greek Drop-Inn was pleasant. Marla turned on her charm and Becca worked her best wit on Greg. The time went quickly and, they all realized, it would have been easy to spend the rest of the afternoon there.

"Whew," Becca said as they went back into the office. "What was that drink you forced me to guzzle?"

"Oh, the one you ordered twice over? Sure, I forced you, didn't I? Think oozing goodness and licorice. Ouzo."

She looked at him askance and went to her desk. When she crossed her legs she looked up to see Greg looking at her. She smiled, raised the hem of her skirt and adjusted it. To her, it was suggestive but also proper.

At closing time, Greg again spoke to Becca. "Hi, meet you in the lobby for another ouzo?"

She laughed. "Sure, why not. You've whet my appetite. Is Marla meeting us?"

"No— thanks for asking. She has a date so I'm on my own tonight."

"Such a disaster. Well, she is very pretty. I suspect you are on the loose more than one night from time-to-time."

They squeezed into the Greek Drop-Inn lounge just as 'happy hour' was in progress. After an hour of small talk and more ouzo, Becca felt faint.

"Please, Greg; let's get out of here. I need some air."

"Oh, sure; let's go." He held her hand behind him as he worked a path through the crowd. On the sidewalk, she sighed and looked up at him with a grateful smile.

"That was fun but, really, I'm not that fond of other people's elbows."

"Come on; I'll drive you home. At least it'll save you a boring bus ride."

She stopped and touched his arm. "I'll take a rain check. I was planning on a movie double feature. That's what I usually do on Friday nights."

He looked confused. Her pretty eyes batted at him asking for understanding. "Explain please," he said.

"I will but the price is a coffee. How about Starbucks, right down the block?"

"Sure; I'm good for that." They took a tall table by the window to watch the people hurrying along the street. "You know where this place got its name?"

She was thoughtful. "No, I guess not. Are you one of the owners?"

He laughed. "In *Moby Dick*, the third mate's name was 'Starbucks.' That's your trivia for today."

She tucked her hands beneath her chin and smiled at him. "Fascinating. You are a well-stocked store of information."

He looked at her seriously. "You were going to tell me about the double feature every Friday night."

"I call it 'Friday-Night-at-the-Fights'. Mom and Dad start with a friendly drink from a new bottle of Scotch whiskey and end up fighting, screaming and raving. This has been going on since I was a little girl. My dad was very happy to finance me through secretarial school in hopes I would meet someone and move out. I liked school and I do read regularly. As for meeting someone important, it hasn't happened yet. You are the first guy I've met that was available as well as acceptable."

He laughed but it was at his own thought. "There are some weird ones out there but, of course, I'm not one of them."

She touched his arm again. "I should hope not. We get along well, don't we?"

He didn't miss the opportunity. "With those pretty legs you can have whatever you want. That's called compatibility."

She sipped her coffee. "How should I interpret that? You like me for my body? I'll accept that as a compliment."

"You could have accused me of a gross remark, even insulting. I apologize but the thought is in my head. You are very attractive."

She gathered her purse and scarf. "I need to go. I'm nobody's fool, you know!"

"My offer to drive you still stands," he said picking up the plastic cups and napkins. "I won't take back what I was thinking but I could have phrased it better. Forgive me?"

"I'll think about it." She spun on her heel and stalked out of the coffee shop.

He shrugged his shoulders and immediately planned to go home, get dressed and go to the 'One-Up Club'.

#

"What's this?" the barmaid asked. "Friday night and no Marla. Momentous event."

He grinned. "You don't have to be sarcastic. I tried to get Becca into bed but she was too quick for me. Getting rusty, I guess. Anyhow, I really think I'd rather have someone more experienced."

She looked up and beyond his shoulder. "Here comes one now. This lesbian has been in here before but I don't think you've met. Want to give her a try? She doesn't have to know you're a guy, does she?"

He stood up and paid for his drink. One glance told him what he wanted to know. "She looks good enough to eat. I don't need an appetizer."

"You're bad," the girl said. "Her name is Cassie; you can pretend you met earlier."

CHAPTER III: Marla and Becca

Saturday afternoon Marla came out of the shower just as Greg was leaving to do the weekly grocery shopping. The telephone rang.

"Marla, it's me, Becca," the young girl sobbed into the telephone. "Is Greg there? I need to apologize for being so mean to him last night."

"No, honey; he's out doing some shopping. Is there a message? Wait, are you crying? Becca, face it; no man is worth it."

Becca sniffed. "I'm beginning to come to the same conclusion. Greg is the first guy I've met who seemed anywhere near acceptable as a friend and, well, last night I was very rude to him when he didn't really deserve my anger."

Marla moved quickly. "Where are you, honey? I think we should meet for a chat. That OK with you?"

"Yes, fine, I'd like that." She gave Marla directions to the neighborhood deli.

Soon, Marla pulled up and beeped her horn lightly. Becca was in the doorway watching for her. Marla was pleased. Becca wore a white jumper with starched lace bodice. Her half-heel shoes turned her calves in a provocative pose. She hopped in the front seat and smiled.

"Good to see you, Becca. I think we need to talk. Greg was testy today when I asked him what happened last night. I didn't know it was about you until you telephoned."

"It's nice of you to see me. Dad sent me for sandwiches and beer. Hope I'm not interrupting."

Marla drove toward City Park. "Not at all; let's get a cool drink and see if there is a bench by the lagoon. It's a favorite spot of mine."

Becca set the hem of her skirt to cover her knees. She tugged at her seatbelt and looked out the window. "As you wish," was all she could think of to say. Greg's pretty sister had made an impression on her she was having difficulty understanding. The steel-blue eyes, prominent firm cheekbones and chin line were obvious family characteristics. She told herself the family similarity was what she found attractive.

They sat in the shade of the miniature pantheon and sipped iced lemonade.

Marla was first. "Greg is sometimes a bit pushy. People often misunderstand him. He has an awkward way of trying to say what he is thinking. Is that what happened last night?"

"Yes but he wasn't at fault, not really. Friday nights are rough on me so I get upset easily. It's a family matter; my parents get violent after they've had too much to drink."

"Ah," Marla said, 'intellectual pugilists. I know the type. Can I suggest this? It might be time you understand that they couldn't take care of you all those years when they couldn't care for themselves."

Becca looked shocked. She was silent for a long enough time to make Marla think she might have broken their budding friendship. Finally, "You are right on. I just never looked at it that way. I am too self-centered. No wonder I've been meeting and throwing away every chance at a relationship that came along. I wouldn't blame Greg if he ignores me from now on."

Marla put her arm around the hapless girl and hugged her. "Please, darling. Take it easy. I remember one time, taking my cousin to the park when he was only around five

years old. There was a guy there in a wheelchair feeding the pigeons. The youngster pointed at him and looked at me in question. So, I said, loud enough for the crippled gent to hear, 'Everyone has a handicap of some sort. His is one you can see.' Well, the guy looked up and smiled with a 'thank you' in his eyes. I'd say that to you right now."

Becca put her hands between her knees and pressed her legs together. A winsome gesture. "So, you are asking for tolerance, aren't you? Where do you draw the line?"

She kept her arm around Becca's shoulders. "That's up to you. It's because you have your own boundaries to live by. When they are violated, you react. That's probably what happened last night. Sound familiar?"

Becca remained quietly looking out onto the water and sipping on her cool drink. Her cell phone sounded. She fumbled in her purse until she found it. Marla was amused.

"It's my dad," Becca said. "He sent me out a while ago. Can we get back to the deli now? Being with you has been a revelation. You are really wonderful to me and I don't know why."

They hurriedly went back to the car. "Because you're beautiful, Becca; that's why," Marla said softly. Becca looked at her quickly and smiled. "Thank you. I can tell your parents did a better job with you two than mine did with me."

Marla turned onto the road back to the deli. "Our parents were killed in a car crash when we were very young. What we learned after that was the hard way."

Becca colored, embarrassed. "Marla; I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"No way you could, I suppose. Here is the deli. Shall I wait?"

Becca hopped out of the car. "No, thanks again; it's walking distance. I hope we can meet again."

"Same here," Marla answered and watched the marvelous girl hurry into the deli.

CHAPTER IV: Search and Rescue

Marla came into Greg's room to find him standing, naked to the waist, admiring his breast line.

"Well," she said moving behind him. "I can see you've made some progress. Pretty soon you'll be able to go to the club without wearing the falsies." She reached around and lightly fondled his breasts. "Very nice, the medication you take is working. But, face it, they will never compete with mine."

"Cool it; you just like to feel the lady's breasts. Besides that, you're jealous you don't have a hot tool to entertain your girlfriends."

She laughed. "What's for dinner? Or shall we go out?"

He pointed to the dining room. "Go sit down; I have a beef casserole and red table wine. You going with me to the club or do you have another date? And, speaking of which, how did it go last night?"

“Oh, OK; we talked a lot. She has some emotional problems. The real interest was this afternoon while you were out. Becca called. She was upset because she was rude to you last night. We met and talked it over. She is one terrific girl. If you don’t want her, I do.”

He held the chair for her at the dining room table. “I could be wrong but I don’t think she will respond to a girl approaching her. She is having a difficult enough time with a guy taking interest in her, namely me.”

“You have to understand her motivation. Her family situation is a disaster. Probably getting worse. She is ready to jump at the first chance but she doesn’t know that yet. You want her?”

“Did you see that great figure? How can you ask otherwise?”

“Well, I know you like to go down on the girls but, what, tell me now, would you do with her full time as a wife or live-in, like that?”

“Maybe you’re right. I sometimes lose interest after a good sex session. How about you?”

“I agree she has a cute figure but she has other attributes that fascinate me. First, she is a nice person, clean and honest. That’s refreshing. Secondly, you fail to notice the important stuff. Her mouth is absolutely enchanting. Can you imagine the damage those lips can do?”

He cleared the table and stacked the dishes in the sink. “I’m thinking it over,” he said at length.

“And what are you thinking? Do you think you can get your head between those pretty legs? I’d be surprised if anyone has been there before you.”

“I’m thinking we should get to know her better. If she continues to support this level of fascination and, if her home life keeps pushing her out, maybe we can invite her to move in with us. What do you say to that?”

“I think an engagement ring will do it.”

Greg reached for his sister’s hand. They shook like men in solemn agreement.

#

Becca bounced out of the house at the first sign of Greg’s car pulling up.

“This is so wonderful of you two to ask me to the pops concert. I’ve never been and I do like music.”

“Gershwin tonight. His Rhapsody, I think. Some other stuff. It should be fun,” Marla said quickly. “You sit up there with Greg. Tell him to keep his hands on the wheel.”

They all laughed.

After the concert, Marla asked to be dropped off at a girlfriend’s house. Greg drove Becca home.

In her driveway, as Becca moved to get out of the car, Greg stopped her with a tug on her arm. “Do you forgive me for the other night? I wasn’t very nice.”

"I told you I would think it over, didn't I? Well, it's OK. Your sister explained you don't have much experience with girls and that you sometimes mistake and say things you don't mean. She also told me about your parents; I'm terribly sorry, Greg."

He held onto her arm. "That was a long time ago; and, you see, we've survived. Now, how are you doing at home? Everything seems quiet at the moment," he said looking at the house.

"They are probably asleep. It's the logical result of too much whiskey."

"Do you feel safe going in?"

"Yes; they've never physically abused me. Just a verbal attack now and then. Mostly it's the same old story that they wouldn't be having so much trouble if I hadn't been born. Not much I can do about that."

"I don't like the sound of it. Promise me, any time of the day or night, if you get in trouble, call me and I'll come running. You shouldn't be forced out of your own house but it might come to that. Promise?"

She faced him and lifted her chin. "I promise; that's really nice of you."

"That's because you're really nice," he answered and kissed her lightly on the lips.

She let herself out of the car and ran into her house without looking back.

Monday, at the office, she accepted his invitation to lunch. She wore a bulky starched white blouse that gave a hint of her breasts when she turned her body one way or another. Her mini-skirt, which she rarely wore, was a provocative display.

At the Greek Drop-Inn, they found their favorite table. Becca could see the diners coming and going.

"Were you looking for someone in particular?" Greg asked observing her interest when young attractive men or women passed them to go out.

She blushed. "Oh, no; I'm just people watching. I do that a lot. I want to report I had an excellent time at City Park Saturday with your sister. She is really a fabulous person."

"I love her, too," he said and touched her hand. "She mentioned today at breakfast that it would be nice if you could come for dinner one of these nights. We can get some rental movies or something."

"I'd like that," Becca answered. "Uh, Greg; when I ran away from you the other night it wasn't because of you. I was afraid."

"Do I give you reason to be afraid?"

"Oh, no, of course not. It was me I was afraid of. Except for the fear, I wanted to stay in the safety of your arms, kisses or not. You made me promise to call in case of any trouble; I was feeling very vulnerable."

"But, now it has passed? I'm glad you told me. I kissed you because I wanted to; you are very attractive as you well know."

"No, I don't know. That's not something I hear at all. My mom and dad can't wait to tell me how ugly I am and that no man will ever want me."