

Bookish



Monica James



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Mags, Inc/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.

For more, visit reluctantpress.com or magsinc.com.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

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. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

Bookish

By Monica James

Jake wanted to be Jane
Claudia was already Polly.
How could such a great pair fail?

One

Polly set her luggage on the curb and hailed a taxi. She could only hope to find an address as obscure sounding as 'Number Seven, Raglan Alley'. The driver was equally perplexed.

"It is in the area of the Thornhall College," she said and he scanned the GPS screen.

Raglan Alley, she considered, was appropriately named but when she caught her first glance, shock set in. A rickety bookcase was set on the alleyway safely back against the façade. The hand-lettered sign that declared,

"SALE AS MARKED" was equally disappointing when she perused the paltry collection of ancient castoffs.

A tiny copper-colored bell tinkled when she went inside.

There was another surprise. Though certainly rustic and far removed from a college media center, Polly was fascinated by a feeling of comfort, ambiance; not the boring and dusty she expected.

"Hello, I'm Jake Lembrant. Welcome to Brewer Books."

"Oh, hey; call me Polly." She quickly assessed the gentle voice that went with the diminutive body.

His smile was weak but there was an interested glint in his eyes. "I was expecting Claudine; might that be you?"

She giggled and stepped forward. His handshake was limp, frail and she was struck with the trace femininity in her new partner. "The name is Claudine; you are correct. I prefer to be called Polly and never called late for lunch."

He relaxed. "I didn't have time to tidy up around here. Sorry about that." His grin was friendly showing even teeth and smile lines around the mouth.

"Are you a student at Thornhall?" she asked.

"I was; degree last spring. John Brewer was my mentor; couldn't have done it without his constant encouragement. Uh, color that badgering. He was your kin, I understand but I'm not getting the connection between Sansayon and Brewer."

She began to lighten up. The youngster interested her in a quiet way. "My mom's brother; thus the uncle part."

"I hope you are interested in books," he raised up on the balls of his feet. "It's all we have around here." His chuckle rattled like a brief clearing of his throat.

As Jake continued to show her around, she fell into the warm hospitality. "Where is the treasure?" she asked.

He stopped short and looked directly into her eyes. "Is that why you've come all this distance? There is no treasure here that I know of and the past five years is all I have invested. Mister Brewer was like a dad to me."

She smiled. "Yes, I got that message from Jeremiah Pip, Uncle John's lawyer and your benefactor as it would be. Uncle John apparently put his trust in him."

Jake pointed to the stacks, explained the index system or lack of it, and led her through a door in the back to a studio apartment. "Mister Brewer lived back here. He said it was to save money to buy books. I have a rented room further down Raglan Alley. You can have your uncle's place if you like."

She glanced around; spacious, full bath, half-size bunk shoved against one wall. The end tables were filled with books barely making room for a reading lamp. She smiled. "It's charming. I accept your invitation. Do you have any idea what Jeremiah Pip was talking about when he said there is treasure here?"

"No clue," he answered after hesitating. "Half ownership in the store was a windfall for me. I'd no idea how to continue living without him and this store."

She went to the small kitchenette and checked the refrigerator, dishwasher, double sink and cabinets. "Oh, a French press; now we'll have some coffee if I can find the grinder."

Jake stepped forward and quickly retrieved the whole beans kept in an earthenware jar. He set them next to the grinder.

"You know this place well, I see," she said sizing up the young man. "I can see where Uncle John would take you under his wing. Is that all he did?"

Jake looked shocked but swiftly regained his composure. "You are certainly curious. We did have our 'moments' but not often. I did anything and everything he asked. Must you be so forward?"

"Hope you are not offended. Most single guys are on the make and salivate at first sight, so to speak."

He grinned. "You are very pretty; I caught that straight away."

She brushed her cotton slacks as she sat down on the easy chair. She relaxed her arms on the sides. "I was teasing you. What are your plans for the store? Is there really enough in sales to keep two, uh, hungry people?"

He deftly put on the water for coffee and ground the beans. "I'm happy here and since I'm half owner, well, I want to keep my job. Would you be here as well?"

"I don't know right now. I've saved a little money that I mostly accumulated while attending grad school. Let's see how this plays out. I have to say I'm impressed with your attitude. I'm not sure I would be as accommodating in a similar situation."

"Thanks; business hours are on the door. I'll show you the bank ledger and all that. Do we split the profits?"

She laughed. "You are very diplomatic. Maybe it would be best to split whatever is left over after expenses, if any."

A customer came in and Polly listened intently to the conversation. The patron, a university professor, was in-

quiring about an out-of-print book no longer available on Amazon. She noticed Jake was polite and helpful but not as knowledgeable as she might expect after five years in the same job. 'Humm,' she mused. 'Methinks our clinging lad might have been Uncle's plaything when needed. Oh, why not?' It was a random thought.

After closing they walked to the 'Double Deli' near the corner of Raglan Alley. When Jake hesitated, Polly offered to pay for the meal.

"Are we short of cash?" she asked.

"I have to be able to make change, you'll agree."

She was pensive. "This is going no place fast," she said after ordering draught beer. "Where can a gal get a good cup of coffee around here?"

He smiled. "I see you only drank half of the brew you ordered. Not to your liking?"

"Doesn't come near the coffee you made earlier today. Hey, think about this. Let's put on the coffee pot and a sign in the window. Maybe, ah, 'Brew & Browse', something like that."

They discussed the need to expand the business if there might be a future need to support the two of them. Yet, the 'treasure' that Jeremiah Pip said was somewhere in the bookstore constantly nagged her.

Polly made herself comfortable in the studio at the back of the store. Considering that she should be a more presentable 'college type' bookstore employee, she went to the College Shop for a new outfit.

"Wow!" Jake said when Polly came in.

"Like it?" She twirled until her mini-skirt displayed her shapely figure. The skirt, blouse and vest-style jacket were coordinates in the collegiate sporty colors.

Jake blushed. "You could have warned me; you are 'hot'. If I was a girl, I would like to look just like you."



Polly laughed. "Count your good fortune."

That evening after closing, Polly heard a gentle rapping on her door. She opened it to see Jake holding a souvenir photo album. "A minute?" he asked.

"Sure, come in. Did you bring a treat?"

"I want to explain; maybe it will make you feel more at home."

She closed the door behind him and motioned to the narrow sofa. Jake sat heavily and spread the photo album in his lap.

"This is great," she said. "I love family albums. Which is your baby picture?" she said to be playful.

"I'm not going to tell you," he answered and affected a melodramatic air. He beamed. "I want to show you something." He pointed to several pictures. "Notice there is only one boy in the group photo? That's me; I was raised in a house full of women. My dad ran away when he could see I was not going to be a school football hero. I was apparently his last hope."

She smiled. "That couldn't be the only reason he left but, withal, you've learned men can be unpredictable when family matters are at stake."

Jake was silent and turned a few pages. "Mistakes will be made; people will be blamed. I get the fingered bird on that one."

Polly suddenly caught the importance of Jake's visit. "Look, Jake; you're a nice guy. You can be happy with this life. Establishing rapport with the customers is one of your strong points. You have an important role in our business. Why are you beating yourself up?"

"I wasn't going to mention this but when you came in today in your fancy, well, provocative outfit, I wanted to tell you what is on my mind." He took a deep breath and

was encouraged by the look of concern on Polly's face. "Your Uncle John saw this same photo album one time after we had been work partners for about a year. He said he could see early on that there was an accident of birth."

"I see no such thing, Jake. What in the world is going round-n-round in your head?"

"Your Uncle John showed me that I was really intended by Mother Nature to be a girl. I have the same small body, full trusting face and a smile that some folks find intriguing."

"That's nonsense; don't believe it. What possible reason would John have to tell you that?"

Jake sighed and silently turned more pages in the album. "Your uncle was intensely lonely. He was surely man enough to interest any number of women that came across his life. I began to admire his many qualities. The issue is that he wanted me to be his girl."

Polly moved closer to him and took his hand. "So, that's it. You couldn't be the football hero for your dad. Next, you get hit on by the employer that carried the key to your livelihood. Did you accept that? Oh, now I see what you are anxious to tell me. He wanted you for sex, didn't he?"

"Yes; at first I was appalled and refused his hand feeling me. Responding to my slight resistance, he pointed out that if I would cooperate with him, do as I'm told, he would reward me handsomely."

Polly rested back; dazed. "So you took in his tall tale. Are you rewarded as the man said?"

"In a way. I have half ownership in this store and a very fine partner, that's you. I've been happier since you came though your uncle's abrupt death affected me deeply."

She was pensive. "Did you enjoy his advances? Was it good for you?"

"Maybe I really am a girl inside a boy's body. After some rather awkward trials, John and I settled into a warm and physical relationship. I learned then that I want to be a girl. It seems a goal most unattainable."

"I don't know about the unattainable part but you could have said most expensive. Be that as it may, you are very personable and, for true, a good-looking guy." She frowned. "Have you had sex with a girl? Maybe you need some more experience before making such a heavy decision about your gender."

"The experience has been only in my fantasy reveries. I've even dreamed of going to a clinic which is internationally acclaimed to perform gender reassignment as they call it."

Polly sat back and let Jake's hand drop away.

"Whew! Jake, you take the breath right out of me. Where do you want to start and, more importantly, why have you brought me into your confidence?"

He had a drawn smile. "You are as surprised as I am. The rest of my family has disowned me which is probably just as well now that I am a prosperous bookstore owner. Ahem!"

"All right," she said starting from what she thought of as 'square one'. "You need money for the trip and fees at some clinic. Suppose you either sell me your interest or, perhaps more practical, borrow what you need from the bank."

He slapped his thigh in raucous laughter. "Can you believe how much we could get putting up this ancient relic as collateral?"

"Um, yes; good point. If you are agreed, we need to concentrate on making this enough of a going business to be attractive to an investor if not a bank."

"How do we do that?"

Polly did not hesitate which showed immediately what was on her mind from the very first day. "Cash in the treasure."

She thought he was going to cry.

"If we find one, I'll split it with you," he said.

#

Closed for the weekend at five on Saturday, Jake suggested a walk to the Thornhall College campus. She opposed it by saying she had some personal business needing attention. He was persistent.

"There is a miniature bookstore next to the media center I want you to see. They installed a vending machine about a year ago and I watched many times as students put too much money in it for very meager return."

"So, what? All you are saying is that the students have ample cash to spend."

"That's what we discussed, isn't it? The question remains. Will we sell more books if customers come in for coffee, scones and a moment to browse?" He led the way to the campus. "Did you really have something to do? You've seen me every day plus a few patrons. I understand if you want to be alone."

"One of the college girls, a graduate student, told me about a student hangout. I was going to go by there and watch the action, if any. It has nothing to do with you." She quickened her step to keep up. "I do want to talk to you away from the shop. This might be an opportunity."

He sounded exasperated when he said, "I don't know anything about a treasure. Don't you think I would tell you if I did?"

Polly frowned, then brightened with sparkling eyes. "Yes; I trust you. Are you still firm in your decision to be a real girl? I want to talk to you about that. A girl in our social culture lives differently, with many altered viewpoints from a guy and responds more flexibly when needed. You did that for John Brewer. Do you know what an amorous guy or gal wants from you?"

They walked casually around a pond that was decorated with pussy willow shoots, lily pads and overhanging branches dotted with Spanish moss.

"I have a feeling you are going to lecture me so I have to agree to listen, don't I?"

Polly spotted a bench nearly hidden by vines and shrubbery. They sat there. She took a deep breath and began. "The first step, besides the money required, is to learn how a girl dresses, her special garments, her color favs, like that. You have a nice boyish figure so some simple clothes should be easy."

"You're talking about cross-dressing. I know about that but I've never done it."

Polly leaned against him; their shoulders met. "You said you were all right with what John Brewer needed from you. Do you like having someone you care about doing oral sex?" She glanced at him and saw the topic made him wince. "Did he go down on you? That's what lovers do these days."

"I liked it, a lot. After getting over the crass idea of it, I learned it was a super pleasant sensation. When he let me know what I might next expect, I was nervous but willing."

"You better tell me," Polly said. "It will clear the issue so we can explore these ideas."

"Is it really so important to you?"

"Once you are convinced that you want to be like girls, it will be logical to explore further. You might even like me."

He shifted his weight on the bench and raised one hand as if to quiet her. "I already do like you, a lot. I liked what your Uncle John did and finally, without much prodding, gave him what he so desperately wanted."

"So you took his hard cock in your mouth?" She watched him nod and noted the panic stricken expression on his face. "Good; it was certain to happen. You were lucky to be in experienced hands. Did you like it when he asked you to gulp it down?"

"He was very quick and held me firmly so I'd no choice but to take it all. After several sessions, we were more comfortable with each other."

"Are you aware that you will look very desirable dressed as a college girl? It will mean shaving your legs, learning to walk in mid-heels, caring for your hair and using light applications of cosmetics."

"Will you show me what to do? If you say 'no', I will understand."

Polly grinned. "You underestimate me. Not only will I help you with all the girl-type procedures, I will be happy to negotiate the price."

"Uh-oh; price? Are we back to the nonexistent treasure again?"

She giggled. "Do you think I am attractive? Oh, I don't mean like any of the girls you've seen in your classes and on the street. The price will be my satisfaction. It would help if you like my looks."

"Omigod, Polly; I've dreamed about you. What can I say?"

"Just agree that sooner or later you will be my girlfriend. You were Uncle John's girlfriend; you can be mine."

He was silent and couldn't hide his rapid breathing. "Are you going to do to me what your uncle did? I'm fascinated when I watch your mouth. Of course, I only do that when I don't think you know it."

She chuckled. "I know it but it is nice you are honest about your feelings. Aren't you curious about me? Do you want to know more?"

"I couldn't believe my good fortune when you walked into the store. I told you early on that I saw you as 'hot'. It's an allure. Do the boys flock after you?"

"Not often; when they get obnoxious I get rid of them. Boys have their uses but sex with a guy is hopeless. It's easy for you to conclude I have had some escapades to drive home the point. I much prefer girls."

"Wow! Is that why I find you so desirable? I consider myself a girl in my basic makeup. I want you to teach me."

"And I want to help you. Now that you've confessed all this, to me as well as you, I have a secret you've only dreamed about."

"There is a line for that; don't recall the source. It goes like this: 'If you let one harsh word fall on me from that height, you will crush me.' What is the secret?"

"If I tell you, will you keep our secret like a solemn agreement?"

"Yes, I'll do anything you wish."

She raised her arm and touched his lips with her finger tip. "I can make you cum with my mouth." She watched his eyes glaze over which amused her. "Later, you must do the same for me. There will be many girls in your life anxious to feel such unique sensations all the way to completion, fulfillment as it would be."

"I want to try," he said softly. He once thought he would be ashamed for her to see the bulge in his trousers but, with this girl, he considered, it was Mother Nature at her very best.

#

That evening, Jake came in with a wine bottle and corkscrew. The label was faded with age and stained.

"What have we here?" she asked raising one eyebrow. She examined the bottle with eager eyes. "It says estate bottled; the estate must have been a mountain cave judging from the looks of it."

Jake urged the cork out and grinned in satisfaction to hear the expected 'pop'. He poured into a tall glass last used for water. "Try it," he offered.

She held the glass up to the light and tilted it slightly to watch the red sheen cling to the sides. "Looks marvelous," she said and sipped it after a moment to sniff the aroma. "Tastes marvelous. Where did you get this? It might be close to the treasure Uncle John would have us believe." They both laughed.

He put one hand on her knee and looked into her eyes. "You can tell me now about cross-dressing. I've thought it over and I want to try."

She looked at the hand on her knee and smiled at the nervous twitch of his fingers.

“Unless you object, I’ll go shopping and help you try on the basic garments. Don’t be surprised if the feel of silk panties on your ready cock gives you an erection.”

He sat up in firm attention. “That does it! We’ve only known each other this short time and you are taking over my altered wardrobe. What’s going on here? Where do you come from, pretty lady?”

She giggled. “I think I owe an explanation. After all, we are partners. There are some issues to discuss. First, assuming we can find the means to visit that clinic, you will be gone for an extended stay it seems to me. Picture this! You’ll drain our treasury if we have one and I’ll probably want to hire some part time help.”

“Sounds reasonable,” he said as if grumbling. He reached into his breast pocket and handed her a carefully folded ledger sheet. “I’ve made a cost analysis so we will have a goal.” He watched anxiously as she read all the entries. Her eyes went wide when she saw the total.

“This is far out,” she said in a falsetto whisper. “Takes my breath away. We will have to get some action on the tip jar next to the coffee pot to cover all this. What is this place you are so taken with?”

“The name is ‘Middlesex Clinic’. According to the internet promo, it is on some remote hills above Fort de France, Martinique. I want to go there.”

She couldn’t resist a disdain remark: “People in hell want ice water, too, as the saying goes.”

“You didn’t answer my question. I know John was your uncle which means legit family. I can’t see you, as beautiful as you are, emerging from a rock on the far side of a tide pool. How can you come all this distance on the whim of a dying uncle and continue to prod our future activity?”

She smiled and covered the nervous hand on her knee. "I thought you might guess or at least question. One, I need a future. My situation began with a call from Jeremiah Pip. You say there is no treasure to make our time together on this planet very comfortable. All you're saying is that the treasure has not been found. That, per se, does not discount the possibility. Are you with me?"

He gulped, astonished at her aggressive attitude. "What else?"

"I not only need you and our store, I need a place to hide. I'm running away. We had a big family blowup and I was abruptly told to disappear which I did. Glad I came here, as you know."

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "This is too far out. You show up here holding the legal credential. You are far too honest about your sexual orientation if I get all that. What did you do to so upset the family?"

She sighed. "Did you say earlier that Uncle John was lonely? That is likely only partially true. We seem to have a similar gene from the shallow end of that tide pool you were talking about. You said it when you described me: 'Hot!'. Our family has a strict code of behavior which does not include sexual romps of any and all kinds. I got caught and summarily dismissed. Easy as that."

"How did you go through grad school? That's expensive."

"A girl does what she has to do, right? To admit I spent a lot of time on my back with legs spread wide is only part of the story. With a lucky turn of the cards I was accepted into a sorority of dykes and in large measure 'kept' for general pleasure. So, that is it! Here I am. Voila!"

"And you are looking for a girl; I see that. Your uncle wanted one, it was me. Do I fit in to your game plan?"

“Yes; at the outset we are here like twin butterflies in a cocoon. Nobody need know what we do to satisfy each other. The hidden bottle of wine helps.” She lifted her hand off his knee and moved it higher. “In the meantime, we have to both be alert to any and all opportunities. To give our quest a name, if there is no treasure as you claim, then we need a stash of cash. How about that?”

He moaned when her hand grazed the bulge in his slacks. She worked his cock with strong fingers. “Oh, I like what you are doing.”

She turned on the sofa cushion to face him. By locating her hips, the short skirt went up a few inches more. She was amused when he licked his lips in anticipation. “You want to do it, don’t you? Pour some more wine if it will break down that barrier you and John Brewer have so carefully erected. Oh, erected erection; get it?” She chuckled.

“Bad pun,” he said as he moved one hand between her thighs.

“What will I do when some girl wants me to do it like this?”

She pulled him closer. “Opportunities abound galore. When you

find some would-be suitor, learn what he –or she- wants and act on it. That can’t be difficult. Or, am I wrong? Are you hesitating because your behavior profile growing up is now dictating what you say and do? If so, you’ll be in old age before you try on your first training bra.” She continued to fondle him as his growing cock was responding.

“Omigod, Polly,” he said and threw his shoulders against her. The quivering hips increased the sensations surging through his body. “I love what you are doing.”

He began a gentle stroking of her pussy lips, puffy at his fingertips.

“And I like the gentle way you use your hand,” she said nearly out of breath. “I would like something else equally exciting.”

He reached for a gentle, tender kiss on her lips. “Anything, Polly; what do you want?”

“Your mouth, darling boy. Every girl needs to set up her lover with a talented mouth.”

He gulped and kissed her again. “I’ll go down on you, Polly.”

TWO

The treasure hunt topic remained buried for several weeks while they busily engaged each other in sex games. Yet, Polly persistently tried to locate anything of value in the store and peeked about to find a cache of cash someplace. No results.

A customer came in to browse and have some coffee. The rain was pelting the front windows being led by gusts of wind. He looked over his coffee mug at the quietly beautiful girl in the forest green mini-skirt. “Uh, Miss; a moment? I collect old publications like comic books from the thirties; Real Romance, that sort of thing. Pulp classic romance is very much in demand as well. Every year I go to a convention in Las Vegas and enter into the bidding and selling.”

Not seeing Jake at the moment, she shrugged her shoulders. “There are some ‘oldies but goodies’ in the corner of stack number two. We might have thrown them out but we didn’t particularly need the space. Come on, I’ll show you.”