

Avenger



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AVENGER

By Jeri Ellen

The man in the white suit sat down in the lawn chair and set his glass of iced tea beside him on the garage floor. With his hands in his lap he waited patiently.

Shortly the garage door opened to reveal four large men standing behind a much smaller man whose clothing was rumpled and torn. He was visibly shaking as the four men led him over to where the man in the white suit was sitting.

The man in the white suit with an impassive look on his face looked up at the terrified man in front of him. Reaching down for his glass of iced tea he brought it up to his mouth and took a sip, then set the glass back down again.

“Talk,” was the only thing he said.

The terrified man began shaking almost uncontrollably as he spoke.

"I know nothing senior, I swear. Someone has made a mistake. I have done nothing. Please, I have a family. I know nothing of this."

The man in the white suit nodded to his right. The four men dragged the terrified man over to a metal frame. It was similar to a short table but with extensions jutting out from both front and rear legs.

After they had stripped him naked he was forced on the frame chest down. The four men used duct tape around his chest and stomach to secure him there. Next they taped his upper arms and legs to the tables four legs and then his lower arms and legs to the extensions. The man began crying.

"Please senior I beg of you, have mercy on me, I know nothing of this."

His pleas went unheeded as one of the men brought a metal yoke up from under the table and secured it around the man's neck, then used the turnbuckle to force the man's head to remain in position so that he was looking straight ahead. From the workbench another man inserted a metal turnbuckle into the man's mouth and turned it to keep the man's mouth forced open.

Each man picked the table up by one of the leg extensions and carried to the open garage door. They hoisted the frame and slid it into the back of a cargo van. They closed the garage door, got into the van and drove off.

The man in the white suit picked up his glass of iced tea and walked back into the house to the living room. He sat down on the expansive couch and put his glass of iced tea on a coaster of the coffee table in front of him. He picked up the remote and turned on the big screen TV. After taking another sip of his iced tea he settled back and began watching a soccer game.

After an hours' drive the cargo van pulled off the main highway onto a secondary road. A few minutes later it turned off onto a dirt path and then pulled over to the right. The driver turned it around to face the way they had just come. After the driver put the van in park he turned off the ignition.

The four men slid the metal frame out of the van and set it on the ground. From his pocket one of them removed the cap from a small squeeze bottle of honey. As he walked around the imprisoned man he squirted honey along the man's arms, legs and back.

In addition he squirted some into each of the man's ears and nostrils before generously coating the inside of the man's mouth and throat. Bending over he then coated the man's genitals as well. After replacing the cap on the squeeze bottle of honey he tossed it in the back of the van. Each of the four men picked up the frame by one of the four extensions and walked off into the jungle.

The four men returned a few minutes later and got into the van. As they turned back on the main highway one of the men entered a number in his cell phone.

"Yes?" came the answer.

"Everything has been taking care of. The ants will eat well tonight," said the man with the cell phone.

The line went dead. The man replaced the cell phone in his pocket and they continued back to Miami.

My mother had a difficult time with her first pregnancy. After my sister was born she didn't want to have any more. I came along much later and my birth

cost my mother her life. My older sister Maria became both my mother and sister.

Maria and I had come home from the park on a Saturday. It was my fifth birthday. The neighbor's said that some men had come and taken my father away in a large cargo van. They had been described as four very large, tough looking men. Maria had called the police and they took a report. He did not return that night or the next.

It was very difficult to sit at the dining room table and eat my birthday cake. I kept looking at that empty chair at the head of the table wondering if I was ever going to see my father again. I did not sleep much that night either. I wondered how we were going to live without his income.

There had been some money after my mother's death. Maria and I each got half of her \$10,000.00 life insurance proceeds. My father had refused to take any of it. Friends and well wishers contributed enough money to pay most of her funeral expenses.

By the end of the week Maria told me that he was probably dead. She got power of attorney for his affairs. After she notified his employer that he was missing she got the check for the last hours he worked. All we could do at that point was hope for the best.

That night she explained that we would be moving. She was attending nursing school on a scholarship but her part time job at a box store was not enough to keep up the house payments. We would no longer be able to enjoy the things we were used to as now money was going to be very tight. I said I understood.

It wasn't as if we had a choice. Things happen I guess but I never had expected anything like this. My father had been an honest man and a hard worker so I couldn't figure out what might have happened to him.

The house sold before school started. After paying off the remaining mortgage we had a little cushion. Maria found a very nice two bedroom apartment which was close to both my school and hers.

She was a very organized girl. Each week she made out a schedule along with a list of my chores. I kept the place spotless and always made sure the laundry was done right, ironed, and folded properly. I took my responsibilities seriously.

At the age of five you don't know anything about the world. I knew I was a boy and that some day I was going to be a man. That made it difficult to understand why I liked wearing my mothers' ruffled pink apron and pink latex gloves when I cleaned the apartment and washed the dishes.

I decided I would have to keep these feelings to myself. My sister had enough on her mind between school, work and taking care of me. It was difficult to push these feelings aside but I had no choice so I said nothing and kept things to myself.

Whether it was my mother's difficult pregnancy or the luck of the draw it seemed I was destined to be a short man. While the other kids shot up as I progressed thru school I had not grown as much. It wasn't long before even all of the girls were taller than I was.

This didn't seem to be a problem to me until I reached middle school where some of the older boys decided they would have some fun by pushing me around.

Maria might have seen this coming as she had started me in soccer right away as well as a martial arts class not far from where we lived. Thanks to her a couple of the school's wise guys were sent to the hospital nursing a fractured skull and numerous bruises.

I loved soccer but deplored violence. There was so much around us, mostly a result of the drug trade. I guess that's why Maria had made certain that despite my short stature I would always be able to defend myself.

By my twelfth birthday Maria had graduated and was working full time nights as an RN. I was very proud of her and felt bad that I wasn't able to give her a graduation gift. I was close to tears. When she asked me what was wrong I told her. She started to cry too and then explained that I had taken good care of things around the house and that was the best gift of all.

A week later my father's body was found. There was nothing left of him but bones and teeth. The dentist made the identification. Maria spared me the details. I would not find out until I was eighteen. I couldn't understand why she would keep this from me but I respected her judgment.

After the funeral we had a little more money. Maria paid off most of her student loans and refused to take my share to pay off all of it. She said she was making regular payments and that was enough. I was going to need money for school in a few years.

I continued doing my chores enjoying wearing the pink ruffled apron and pink gloves. I was still confused about the feelings I had. I wondered if other boys had feelings like mine or maybe it was just me. It wasn't something I could talk to a teacher or counselor about. I was even afraid to bring it up with Maria for fear of what she might do or say.

That summer we attended a quinceanera party. When a Hispanic girl turns fifteen she becomes a "lady" At the party I could only think of what a beautiful dress she was wearing. It was pink. The broad skirt of the dress had tiers of ruffles and was flared out with

several petticoats. I would have given anything to have been able to try it on.

It was hard to not keep staring at that dress. I watched the way she walked, holding her skirts up, and moving about easily in her high heel shoes. I envied her or I guess more honestly, the way she looked. Her hair and makeup was perfect as well. I felt heart-sick that I would probably never know what that was like.

Our lives continued though my thoughts were never far from two things: My father's death and whoever was responsible and my inner feelings about wearing girl's clothes. Not just any clothes either. I wanted to wear pretty dresses, makeup and high heel shoes. My class mates and the girls in the neighborhood didn't seem to care about being pretty though most of them did get their ears pierced.

The summer I turned sixteen I got my driver's license and Maria used some of my father's money to buy me a used Corolla. I enjoyed my independence as well as my summer job at a sandwich shop. I would be working full time until school started again. With me working days and Maria working nights I now had more time to myself as well as the means to come and go as I pleased.

I asked a neighborhood girl, Alicia, who was in my class at school if she would do me a small favor. She was not only a good student but a natural born artist as well. I explained what I wanted and she agreed to accompany me to my old neighborhood.

We spoke with the people who had seen the men who had taken my father away. As each one described all four men Alicia began sketching them. She made corrections as we visited others. The last house we stopped at was owned by an elderly Jamaican woman.

She not only gave the best description but gave me a business card with the admonition to go there if I needed "something special."

I felt she had seen right thru this young man's interest in his father's death as a quest for revenge but she didn't say that. We left the house and stopped at a pizza place for supper. Afterwards I took her home and she redid the sketches. This final draft gave me a pretty good picture of the men who had taken my father away

I took them home and set them on my bed. I looked closely at each one, committing them to memory. I knew it would do no good to take them to the police. Besides there was the possibility if they came back to the people who had given me the descriptions they might be in danger. I didn't think that I could trust the police so it would be better to just keep quiet and go about finding them in my own way.

During the balance of the summer I drove around various areas of the city. I looked closely for the large white van, of which there were many of course. I bought gas or lunch at a variety of places hoping to just get a glimpse of one of the men amid the millions of people in the area.

Just before school started I saw one of the men as I drove by a custom car shop. The shop specialized in what was called "low riders". The man got into an expensive sports car and drove off at high speed to the intersection. His tires squealed as he beat the orange light and headed north of the intersection past a closed fast food restaurant building.

I circled the block and parked behind the closed restaurant. The back door was padlocked but I was certain it could be easily broken. It would provide an ex-

cellent vantage point to view the body shop without being seen.

Each week for the next two weeks I returned to the back of the closed restaurant about thirty minutes before the man was due to leave. There was a tanker truck at the intersection at about the same time as he would be leaving. That night I lay awake and developed a plan in my mind. If everything worked according to my plan this man didn't have much longer to live.

It was late on a Sunday night when I pulled in behind the closed restaurant. I cut off the back door's padlock using a large bolt cutters and opened the door. Once inside I took a quick look around using my flashlight. I noticed a corner of the plywood sheet that covered the front window had been broken off. The small space allowed me to see the intersection. This was exactly what I had hoped for.

I went back out the back door and using an identical padlock I had purchased from a box store locked the door again. No one had been around for some time and I doubted if anyone would be coming here as the place had not seen any activity and the realtor's sign out front had its' share of grime and dirt.

That night as I lay in bed I went over the plan in my mind. There was no guarantee of course. I kept focused on what I was about to do because I owed it to my father's memory to avenge his unwarranted and untimely death.

At school I asked a friend who loved to target shoot if I could borrow his pellet gun. He readily agreed. I went to a public range and got familiar with shooting it. It was a small gun which was easy to shoot and pretty accurate too.

The next day at about four thirty in the afternoon I positioned myself at the hole in the plywood waiting for the man to leave the body shop and hoping that nobody would notice my car parked behind the closed restaurant.

Promptly at ten after five I heard the squeal of tires. I put the pellet gun to my shoulder and looked thru the small scope. On the other side of the intersection I could hear the air brakes of the tanker truck that had just left the gas station across the street from the closed restaurant.

I saw the expensive sports car approaching the intersection at high speed. I sighted in on the driver's side front tire. As the tanker truck began making its' turn I squeezed the trigger. The front of the car on the driver's side dipped and the car suddenly pulled left careening on its' side. It slammed into the tanker truck just to the right of the tractor's dual rear wheels. Sliding on its' side it punctured the gas tank and fuel began immediately spilling out.

I ran out the back and padlocked the door again. There was a terrific "whoosh" as the gasoline ignited. I put the pellet gun in the trunk and got in my car. I drove out of the parking lot and headed away from the huge ball of fire at the intersection.

Driving to the house of the boy who had loaned me the gun I was surprised at how calm I was. I had just murdered a man yet I felt no remorse at all. In fact I felt good about what I had just done. At my friends' house I returned the pellet gun to him.

Back home I was still shaking a little as I fed one of the sketches into the paper shredder. One down, three to go I thought to myself. Not counting whoever ordered them to take my father of course. I poured some

of my sister's wine in a chilled glass and drank it right down.

I felt even better as I surfed the web looking at the formal apparel websites. I wished I could jump into one of those sites and spend eternity wearing those beautiful dresses and high heel shoes. If there was such a thing as a heaven for me, then that certainly seemed to be it.

The ten o'clock news had film of the blaze at the intersection. The reporter said few details were available. The driver of the sport's car had apparently lost control of the car and crashed into the tanker truck. He was dead at the scene and his identity was being withheld pending notification of next of kin. The truck driver had escaped from the cab of his truck and was unhurt.

It was several days later when I learned the name of the driver of the sport's car. It was Ramon Sanchez. He had no family and had been employed at a company called South Florida Distributing Co. The next week I drove to the company's address and parked across the street.

I watched the coming and going of trucks and personnel for less than an hour. I didn't want to stay too long because if someone saw me they would know I had no reason for being there as it was located in an industrial area.

School started again and between school, working in the sandwich shop, and soccer practice I had very little time for my so called "project." Periodically I drove back to the distributing company at different times just to see the personnel coming in and out.

I hit pay dirt just before Thanksgiving when I spotted a well dressed man leaving the office who matched one of the remaining sketches. I followed him to a res-

restaurant and noted the time he entered as well as the time he left, and then I went home.

Sometimes I found it hard to keep focused on school. I managed to keep my grades up but this thing about girl's clothing had me in a real conundrum. My feelings seemed to be getting stronger and stronger. I began spending more and more time on the internet looking at formal apparel sites.

Maria sat down next to me after supper one night. She had a serious look on her face. I had just finished doing the supper dishes. As usual I hated taking off that pink apron and gloves. I was engrossed in watching one of those professional models extolling the virtues of a brand of cosmetics.

"Is anything wrong Juan?" asked my sister.

"No, why do you ask," I replied.

"Well lately you seemed to be more and more distant, almost disconnected from me. I know you are busy with school and work plus you seemed to be away from home more than you used to. Is there anything bothering you?"

"No, I am ok. I just have more to do this year I guess."

"OK. Well I was just a little concerned is all."

"Thanks but I'm ok."

She left it at that. After showering that night I looked at my naked body in the full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. I could see nothing that might have betrayed my feelings to Maria or anyone else for that matter.

As I stood there I imagined myself in lingerie. A pink bra and panties with ruffles on the back was complimented by a pink garter belt and pink seamed stockings. Stepping close to the mirror I saw myself wearing pink blusher and lipstick. Atop my shoulder

length brown hair was a pink bow just above my forehead. I blinked again and the illusion disappeared. I felt like I wanted to cry.

By the end of the month I had made two more trips to that restaurant and found that the man took his supper at that restaurant every Friday at about six pm. Of course I couldn't account for all the other days but it did give me a line on his Friday habits.

Two weeks later I entered the restaurant about five thirty pm. The hostess took me to a center booth. I ordered a soft drink and then a meal. The man came in about six pm just as my waitress brought my dinner.

The hostess seated him across the aisle from me in a booth along the wall. I brushed back one of the leaves of the row of ferns that separated the center booths and watched him for a minute then let the leaf go back to its' original position. Now I knew I would have to see the Jamaican woman I had met earlier.

I took sip of my soft drink. Pulling the straw out of the plastic cup and examining it closely an idea came into my head. I blew the excess pop out of the straw into my napkin and then replaced it in the plastic cup. I knew now I would have to see the Jamaican woman I had met earlier.

I ate my meal slowly, finished my drink and then left a tip at the table. I checked my watch at the cashier's desk when paid the bill. It was six forty five. He was still seated in the booth. I left the restaurant and went home.

Lying awake that night I began to formulate a plan. I would see the old Jamaican woman after the holi-

days. I had no doubt she could supply me with what I needed.

We are all creatures of habit in a sense. There is nothing wrong with that of course, except in certain instances it can get you killed. Time will tell I mused as I smiled to myself. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

It was just after the Christmas holidays that Maria sat down with me again. She had that same serious look on her face. Something was up and I wasn't exactly sure what it might be. We had always gotten along well and I had no clue what this was about.

I had been feeling morose that week, having stopped at the mall with some friends to play video games at the arcade I couldn't get my mind off a red taffeta cocktail dress I had seen in the display window at an upscale women's department store. As a result I hadn't played very well and wound up buying pizza and soft drinks for everybody.

"Look you are almost an adult and what you do on your own time is your business. I don't want to pry into it but I know something is wrong and it does concern me. Please tell me what it is. I want to help you if I can."

I took a deep breath. If I told her the truth about my plans to avenge my father's torture and murder I knew she would disapprove and try to keep me from doing so. My only other option was to tell her my deep dark secret of my love for all things feminine and my surpassed desire to be a girl. So I took a deep breath and chose the lesser of two evils.

I began haltingly. Then everything came out in a rush of words ending with the quinceanera party we had attended. When I finished I sat back on the sofa expecting a blistering torrent of words about how I was a

boy who would soon be a man and that I should purge those thoughts of femininity from my mind entirely. Nothing like that happened as her expression softened and she put her arms around me.

"I understand and I will help you," she said softly.

She let me go and smiled at me.

"Part of my training dealt with transgender people. I want you to relax. Give me some time and I will see to it that you get the help you need."

I was off the next Sunday so I traveled to the address the Jamaican woman had given me. It was a small shop in an out of the way area of Miami. I parked a block down the street and sat there for a minute thinking about what I was about to do.

Finally I got out of the car and walked quickly to the little shop. Once inside I stopped in the doorway. It was relatively dark inside so I waited a minute for my eyes to adjust to the dimness. The place had a musty smell and it was jammed with all kinds of knick knacks and assorted stuff.

Most of the overhead lights were burned out. There was only one bright light and that was the one over the counter near the cash register. I walked over to the counter and was about to ring the bell when an elderly woman came thru the beaded curtain at the rear.

"Can I help you?" she inquired in a soft voice as she looked at me with almost dead eyes.

Her leathery face didn't crack a smile. Her bony hands trembled as she placed them on the counter in front of her. Her red nail polish seemed oddly out of place on this very old woman.

I said the name of the woman from my old neighborhood and then described the item I needed. She nodded her head and without expression.

“Four hundred dollars, come back in a week,” she said.

I took the cash out of my pocket and counted it out in front of her. I had no idea what something like this was going to cost so I had brought most of my savings with me.

With one sweep of her bony fingers my four hundred dollars disappeared. She turned around and walked back thru the beaded curtain. I noticed a very old picture to one side of the curtain but I wasn't going to hang around to ask her about it.

I left the shop and walked quickly back to the car. I wasn't sure if I was going to get what I needed or if I had just been had for four hundred dollars. I started the car with mixed feelings and then drove back home. In a sense I guess I thought I had nothing to loose if I was going to be successful at avenging my father's murder.

That evening after we finished supper and I had done the dishes Maria called me into her bedroom. I had just hung up my pink apron and wondered what she wanted. I had felt guilty in a way that I had poured my heart out to her.

When I walked into her bedroom her quinceanera dress was on the bed and her high heel shoes were on the floor. She smiled as she held up the dress.

“Take off your pants and shirt let's see how you look in a dress.”

I hesitated as my heart began beating wildly. I unbuckled my belt and slid my pants down. I stepped out of them and pulled off my polo shirt. After placing them both on the chair I stepped into the dress. She zipped me up as I began feeling very giddy.

She was taller than I was and a bit broader in the shoulders so the dress sort of hung on me. She let the

front of the dress hang down. She held up one of her old bras and helped me put it on. Placing a cotton sock in each cup she adjusted the straps and then had me pull the dress back up. After zipping me up she had me walk over to the full length mirror on the back of her bedroom door.

As I stood there staring at my reflection in the mirror I felt absolutely ecstatic. It would be more than honest to say I not only felt ecstatic but for the first time in my life I felt normal. I mean I felt like I BELONGED in a dress.

“Step over here and try on the shoes,” said Maria.

I followed her back over to the bed. I stepped into the pink high heel pumps. They were a little big so I took them off and Maria shoved some tissues in the toes. When I put them back on they fit better and I started walking around the room.

“No, you are walking like a boy in high heels not a girl. Now watch me.”

I watched her walk. I changed my gait and when I reached the end of the room I turned around. Walking back to her I felt absolutely wonderful. I was so happy that she had allowed me to do this and was willing to help me even though I am sure she, like other women, had misgivings about this sort of thing.

“Perfect,” Maria said with a smile. She picked up my pants and shirt from the chair and tossed them on the bed. “Now walk over here to the chair, smooth the back of the dress with your hand, and sit down.”

I followed her instructions and after I was seated I crossed my legs like I had seen girls do. Maria giggled.

“That’s pretty good. I can see you will have no trouble behaving like a lady.”

She walked over to her vanity and picked up a pink lipstick. After removing the cap and turning up the base she stood over me.

“Open your mouth wide please,” she asked.

When I did so she pressed the tube of makeup on my lips and moved it around, then pushed the tube once on each cheek.

“Press you lips together,” she ordered as she used a single finger to smooth the makeup over my cheeks for a “blush” look.

“Now go back over to the mirror and look at yourself. Remember to smooth out the skirt of your dress when you stand up and before you begin walking.”

Once again I followed her instructions. In front of the mirror I couldn't believe the image I was seeing. If I had shoulder length hair you would easily mistake me for a girl. I not only FELT pretty I WAS pretty. I felt like a real girl, the girl I wanted to be. More importantly I guess the girl I felt I should be or to be more correctly the girl I should have been.

“Let's go out to the living room and you can practice some more.”

She followed me out the door as I walked in my corrected feminine manner. I began walking around the small living and dining room, holding my skirts up in the proper way as well as alternately sitting down and getting up again in lady like fashion.

It was the most enjoyable time I had ever spent. What was more important to me I guess was that I now knew that this was what I was supposed to be and how I was supposed to behave.

“I think that is enough for today,” said Maria.

I followed her back to the bedroom where she helped me undress and remove the makeup. I felt sad that I had to take it all off. When I put my pants and

polo shirt back on they didn't feel right. I knew then that I didn't belong in pants I belonged in a dress or skirt and high heel shoes.

Using a tape she measured my skull and neck circumference, my bust, waist and hips, my sleeve length, the width of my palm as well as the length and width of my feet. After jotting these numbers down on a clipboard she smiled at me again.

"Just for future reference," she giggled.

The next week when I returned to the little shop the old woman placed a small plastic container in front of me. Inside the little container was a dart about an inch long. The tip of the dart had been stained red.

"Two minutes is all it takes," she said and then she disappeared behind the beaded curtain.

I took another look at the picture next to the beaded curtain before I left. It appeared to be a very old drawing, not a photograph. It had struck a cord with me as I recalled having seen it somewhere before. I just couldn't place where.

Back home I placed the plastic container in my dresser drawer under some socks. It struck me that the same picture had been in the home of the Jamaican woman I had visited with my artist friend. At the time it had meant nothing to either one of us.

With school starting up again my time was severely limited. I managed to go to the restaurant only once in the month of January. I was anxious about what I had planned to do but I also knew that haste makes waste or in this case mistakes and I couldn't afford to make any of those.

Maria told me not to make any plans for the last Sunday in January. I wondered what she had up her sleeve but of course I agreed. I was sure it had some-

thing to do with my cross dressing. I hadn't been able to wear that dress and high heel pumps for some time.

Sunday after lunch I did the dishes and she took me into her bedroom. There was a variety of clothes on the bed and several pairs of shoes on the floor.

"Several of the thrift stores had their after holiday sales so I took advantage of them to get you some girl clothes. It will be a modest wardrobe to start with but we can always add to it later."

I took off my clothes and stood before her in my briefs and t-shirt. She helped me with the stuffed bra again. I tried on several skirts and blouses as well as a half dozen pair of women's flat shoes and one pair of four inch wedgies. From the foam head on her closet shelf she removed a brown, shoulder length wig and put it on my head, then fastened a small pink bow to the front of it just above the bangs.

"Sit at the vanity please," she said.

I took my place in front of the mirror as she set a small black purse down in front of me. She opened it and took out a pink lipstick and a cake of pink blusher.

"This time do your makeup yourself, you need the practice."

My heart beat faster and my hands shook a little as I picked up the tube of pink lipstick. After applying the makeup I pressed my lips together. I replaced the lipstick in the purse then I opened the blusher case and picked up the small brush.

"Start at the center of your cheeks and brush the powder in circles," she instructed.

I did as she told me and then replaced the items in the purse.



"Perfect. Now slip the purse over your arm and come with me."

"Where are we going?" I asked with a touch of fear in my voice.

"To give you some more practice," she said with a giggle.

I followed her out of the bedroom but stopped when she reached the front door.

"I can't go outside," I whined.

"Why not?," she asked me.

"Well walking around the house is one thing but going out in public, I mean I don't know."

"So when are you going to go out? Better to start right now and get used to being in girl's clothes and makeup so you can be seen by the general public who, because you can pass so easily, probably won't look at you twice when they see you."

I thought about what she said. I swallowed hard and followed her out the door to the driveway where her car was parked.

"Remember to smooth your skirt with one hand as you sit down and then swing your legs in, just like a girl would do," she admonished with a giggle.

I did so and fastened my seatbelt as she started the car. Looking over at me she smiled and placed one hand on my left knee.

"You look petrified. Relax and be yourself. Just be the girl you were always meant to be."

She was right. I sat back as she put the car in gear and backed out of the driveway. In about thirty minutes we arrived at a local mall. As she pulled into a parking place she turned to me.

"Now remember to relax. Walk like I taught you. We are just two girls out to do some shopping. For to-

day you will be my niece Juanita. If you see anybody you know just ignore them. Now let's go."

We got out of the car. I walked along side of her in my girlish gait. Inside the mall we stopped in several stores to look at women's clothing. When a clerk approached us Maria told them we were just looking. None of them seemed to notice anything different about me. Apparently I was accepted as a female no matter where we went.

I gained more confidence as we walked the length of the mall. At the end of the mall we stopped in front of the window of one of the two anchor stores to look at a cocktail dress in the window. I wanted more than anything to go inside the store and try it on but for now I could only look and wish.

On the way back we stopped at the café court and had a soft drink. The mall had gotten busier. More and more people were walking around us. Maria had been right. No one, either the sales people or the general public, had paid any attention to me. I was just another female customer. I felt much more relaxed as we sipped our drinks. When we finished Maria put her hand out as I was about to get up.

"Take out your cosmetics and touch up your makeup. It's good for you to do it in full view of the general public. It's a perfectly feminine gesture that you see women do all the time and I want you to get used to doing it as it should become a natural part of you."

I did as she asked me to and she did her own as well. She had been right again of course. No one was paying any particular attention to either one of us. We got up and walked back to the car.

When we arrived back home we went straight to her bedroom where she helped me remove my

makeup. She put the wig back on its' foam head as I undressed and put my male clothes back on again. Once more my male clothing felt out of place, like I didn't belong in them.

It was getting harder and harder to do. I knew at some point this vacillating back and forth was going to be a problem but for now it was something I was just going to have to put up with. After I reimbursed Maria for the wig and wardrobe we ate supper.

School and work dragged on. I had made only one trip to the restaurant but the man I had been watching had always arrived right on time and been taken to his usual booth. I felt my next trip was going to be my last. This too was beginning to take its' toll on me.

Valentines' day was especially joyous. Maria bought me a pink bra and panty set. The bra had white lace trim around the cups and had front hooks. With socks in the cups she helped me adjust the straps. The nylon tricot panties had white leg and waist elastic. Along the back were four rows of white ruffles.

I felt deliciously feminine when I wore them. After school or work I would shower and wear them under a skirt and blouse. On my days off I would wear them all day with makeup. Maria and I would visit various malls and eat lunch in the café court.

I had become quite adept at behaving in my feminine persona. I had my first appointment with a transgender specialist at the end of the month. I wanted to go en femme but Maria said no. Of course I was apprehensive about talking to someone other than Maria about this, even if it was in the confidence of a therapist's office.

Dr. Rosita Ortega and I had a very good talk. I made another appointment for the next month. She seemed to be a compassionate person who, like Maria, was

genuinely interested in helping someone like me. In a way I guess it helped relax me. In fact Maria had commented about how I had changed for the better in the short time since I had first talked to her about my problem.

In April Maria would be gone for a week to a nursing convention in Tallahassee. I saw this as the best chance I would have to take care of number two. As much as I deplored what I was doing I felt it was necessary to avenge my father's death though there would be no way to clear his name since I couldn't prove he hadn't done anything wrong.

After Maria left I bought a blonde wig, a red sleeveless blouse, a black leather mini skirt, a pair of black leather stiletto heel pumps, a large purse and a pair of wild pink sunglasses. Trying on this outfit at home in front of the mirror I could see I was definitely going to attract attention.

The next Friday I got dressed in my outfit and walked quickly to my car. I didn't want any of the neighbors to see me in this flashy outfit. In the large purse's coin compartment was the plastic tube containing the lethal dart.

I had saved a larger straw from a malted milkshake I had ordered at the café court the week before. I had rinsed it out and made sure it was completely dry inside and out. The normal soda straw I would get with my drink was much smaller in diameter than the one used for milk shakes and I was afraid the dart would not fit well in it or fly well once I blew the dart out.

My heart was beating like crazy as I parked just a block down the street from the restaurant. At four

thirty I took a deep breath and got out of the car. I walked slowly in a girly manner to the restaurant and went inside.

I took a booth in the center, opposite where this man usually sat. I was hoping that being a creature of habit that he was he too would want the same booth. I tried to remain calm as the waitress brought me my soft drink and took my order.

Eating slowly I couldn't wait for him to show up and I could get this over with. It was just after five when he walked in and sat down in the booth on the other side of the aisle from me. I had just finished my meal and ordered a refill of my soda.

I put my purse on the right side of the table and opened it up. I took a sip of my soft drink and removed my makeup items. I looked around and brushed the leaf to my right aside to see the man talking to the waitress. I let go of the leaf and applied fresh makeup.

Looking around again I replaced the makeup items in my purse and removed the larger straw and the small plastic container. I took out the dart and slipped it in the large straw. After placing the small container back in my purse I took another drink of my soda. The coast seemed to be clear.

After leaving a tip on the table took a last sip of my soft drink. I brushed the leaf aside with my left hand and put the larger straw to my lips with the other. I had a clear shot of the man as he studied the menu. I blew hard and quickly let go of the leaf as I placed the straw back in my purse.

I got up quickly and walked to the ladies room. I went inside one of the dividers and closed the door. I opened my purse and took out the brown wig to replace the blonde one I was wearing. I reversed the red blouse which was black on the other side. I slipped out

of the black mini skirt, reversed it to show the red side and put it back on. I walked quickly back out to the cashier and paid my bill. I caught a glance of the man slumped over the table but he hadn't caught the attention of anyone yet.

Walking out the door I wanted to run but instead I continue to walk in a lady like manner. I got in my car and fastened my seatbelt. I had just pulled into traffic when I heard sirens' approaching. I kept on driving until I got home.

Despite the fact that I had just killed a man I found myself to be quite calm and relaxed. I drank a full glass of my sisters' wine and then refilled it. After changing clothes and putting the wigs on their respective foam heads I stuffed my "flashy" costume in a brown bag and put it in the back of my closet. I took off my makeup and put on a plain blouse and skirt.

I retrieved the glass of wine from the kitchen and went into the living room to watch the news. Maria would be back tomorrow. As much as I enjoyed having the place to myself for a week it would be nice to have her back again. I washed out my glass and put it back in the refrigerator.

I felt pretty good all things considered. Two down and two to go plus whoever was responsible for ordering my father's torture and death. I knew I had my work cut out for me. I also knew that I had been very careful and so far could think of nothing that would connect me to the deaths of the first two men.

Maria returned a bit exhausted from the convention looking a bit exhausted. When I asked how it was she just shook her head.

"Much ado about nothing," she replied.

The only thing on the news had been that a man had collapsed at a restaurant. I watched the obituaries and

found the name of Roberto Gonzales. The man had no family but had been employed by South Florida Distributing Co. So far that business had been the only connection between the two men and my fathers' abduction and death.

On a hunch I parked near the funeral home on the day of the funeral. I recognized the two pall bearers in front as the other two men that matched the sketches at home. The next step was to find out more about these two men and in addition this would hopefully lead me to the man behind my fathers' murder.

After the procession went to the cemetery I walked to the funeral home. I acted out of breath and told the receptionist I was from out of town. She explained the hearse and procession had just left. I filled out a card and put a dollar in the envelope then signed a false name. She gave me a booklet from the service and directions to the cemetery.

Sitting in the car I looked at the names of the six pallbearers. Two of them had the same last name. When I got home I checked the phone book first but none of the six were listed. In the age of cell phones I guess it was a fool's errand anyway. Using the internet I couldn't come up with anything either. For awhile anyway the rest of my "project" would be put on hold.

My second and third meetings with Dr. Ortega were very productive. She started me on female hormones. I would be getting both shots and pills. When I asked about castration she informed me that the hormone blockers would work for awhile but I should wait until I was eighteen.

That night after my shower I stood in front of my full length mirror and with both hands pushed up under my nipples. I tried to imagine what it would be like to have breasts. I wondered what it would feel like to

have their weight in my bra instead of a rolled up cotton sock.

I read a considerable amount of information off the internet about inter sexed and transgender children. It was helpful to a degree I guess but of course information about anything doesn't make the problem go away or help you solve it.

Over the next several months I kept checking the area around my nipples but the hormones didn't seem to have much effect. When I turned eighteen I took some time off from work and Dr. Ortega castrated me.

As much as I would had loved to have children of my own at a later date I was concerned about whatever was in my genes that had given me this "condition" would not be passed on to the next or any future generation.

I healed up quickly and was quite happy about the fact that my empty scrotum would no longer provide the testosterone that once had been coursing thru my body. I had stopped taking the hormone blockers and now only received a monthly shot. I was no longer feeling anxious about my "condition" and at least according to Maria I had become more relaxed and care-free.

The summer passed quickly. I could see a slight change in my skin tone but no other differences. I decided not to continue playing soccer as I was concerned about showering afterward and the other guys noticing the changes that would eventually become more pronounced though there had yet to be a noticeable "rise" in my nipple area. In addition I began electrolysis treatments.

By October I finally had found time to cruise around some more. I had now confined my search to the areas around South Florida Distributing. I failed to

see either of the two men until one Saturday evening just at dark. I had left the sandwich shop at seven and parked near the company to wait an hour or so.

I couldn't believe my luck as I saw the two men get into a black Cadillac and drive off at high speed. I followed them at a distance and saw them pull to the curb about a mile or so down the road. They had parked in front of a jiggle joint and were just getting out of their car as I drove past them.

Driving two more blocks I pulled over and parked. I walked back to the club and went inside. A very large man asked me for an ID. I showed him my driver's license and he waved me in. I guess I was surprised that I looked young enough to be carded. Especially in a place like this where the drinks were over priced and the girl's dancing with a pole were working for tips.

I bought a drink and glanced around the room but didn't see the two men. I had another beer. One of the girls began wiggling in front of me so I reached up and stuffed a ten dollar bill in her garter. She smiled as she continued to gyrate.

The two men came out of the back room and walked past me. I waited a few minutes until they had left. I held up another ten and as I slipped it in her garter I smiled at her.

"Do you know those two men and do they come here often?" I asked.

Her face suddenly froze as she shook her head. After a few more gyrations she moved away. I finished my beer and left the night club. The black Cadillac was gone as I walked quickly back to my car. I looked behind me twice to see if anyone had come out of the club to watch me but none did.

That night at home I looked over the sketches of the two men. I now knew they had some connection to the

jiggle joint. Since they weren't at the bar when I walked in and had come out of the office I could only assume that they knew the manager or owner or perhaps were part owners of the club. Judging by the terrified look on the dancer's face when I asked her about them they were some tough hombres.

It was hard getting to sleep that night. Even in the dim light of the club I could see their grim faces as they left. I wondered how I was going to find the means and the opportunity to complete the next step in my plan to avenge my father's murder. Finally I dozed off to sleep.

When I opened my eyes I saw the two men standing against a concrete wall. I had an AK-47 in my hands and heard myself say "This is for my father" as I squeezed the trigger. I watched as the bodies twitched and jerked from the impact of the high velocity bullets. When the last round was fired I could hear an alarm bell ringing in place of the sound of gunshots. I woke up, soaked with sweat and shut off my alarm clock.

I went into the bathroom and washed. Putting my sweat soaked clothes over the chair I got dressed and went into the kitchen to make breakfast. Maria wasn't home yet from her night shift. I was still a bit shaken over the dream. It had been a very real dream right down to the sound of the gun and the jerking, blood spattered bodies as they crumpled in front of me.

To be honest if that opportunity had presented itself I wasn't sure if I could do what I had done in my dream. But then again I had managed to do it twice already in the name of my father's death and I guess there was no point in mulling over doing it again. The

only matter now at hand was how, where, and when I was going to do it.

School seemed to drag on. My visits to Dr. Ortega were a welcome spot on my calendar. I enjoyed my en femme shopping trips with Maria. I had begun to feel more than just relaxed. I felt freer, like some restricting burden had been lifted from my shoulders.

Without saying anything to Maria I bought a couple of sexy, girlie outfits and matching high heel shoes. I would go en femme to the club to ask for a job as a dancer. I felt by getting into the club I could get more of a line on the two men as well as possibly getting a lead on the man who had ordered my fathers' murder. I knew it was a long shot but it was a chance I was prepared to take.

The police hadn't had much to go on to begin with and of course we hadn't heard from them since they had opened the investigation. I knew they had their hands full with abductions and murders being a relatively common occurrence now a days.

I took my flashy outfit out of the back of the closet and put it on to go to the club. I walked in and asked to see the manager or owner about dancing there. I was surprised to see a large Hispanic woman come out of the office and introduce herself as Carmen Lorenza.

She invited me over to a table and we sat down. I gave her a sob story about a bad boyfriend and having no money for school just yet. Whether or not she bought was hard to say as I had no doubt she probably had heard all kinds of stories from the girls who come in to a place like this.

After she went over everything I agreed to the terms. I followed her back to her office and she wrote up a schedule for me to work. We went into the dressing room and she gave me a locker number.

“Bring your own padlock and try to keep the place neat and clean,” she admonished.

I nodded and left the club. That night I put on my costumes and heels. Standing in front of the mirror I gyrated around like I had seen the girls do. I had to admit I made a pretty convincing girl. I just hoped the customer’s would buy it.

My first night at work I was scared to death. I started in the middle of the week so the place didn’t have many customers. Later on it would get busier when I would be working Friday and Saturday nights. The tips had been mediocre so far but I knew that would pick up too.

I passed my exams and got my high school diploma. My income had picked up and I was making more in a couple of weekends than I had made all month at the sandwich shop. Despite the pay increase I knew I wouldn’t be doing this for too long. Just long enough to avenge my father’s death I hoped.

Over the next several months I had two steady customers who paid me generously for private dances. Neither of them wanted me to dance just sit with me and listen to them. I found this to be a bit strange but then it was their money and their time. I had to aim to please, stopping short of anything illegal of course. A number of men had suggested that and I told them to leave or I would call security.

The first was an elderly man who was a retired locksmith. His wife had died recently and he said I reminded him of her. I let him do most of the talking. Occasionally I would feign interest in his profession by asking questions about locks and he readily supplied me with the information.

A recently discharged soldier was the other. He had served in Afghanistan. He wasn’t sure what he

wanted to do after spending four years learning how to dispose of explosives. He was working a couple of part time jobs while living with his parents.

Like the retired locksmith I let him talk. I would interrupt to ask questions about some of the explosive disposal work he had done. He was always very nice and like the locksmith he tipped me generously. I kept the information I had gleaned from both men filed away for future reference.

The summer passed. By now Maria knew of my dancing and though she didn't approve she always cautioned me to be careful. "Lots' of crazies and freaks out there," she warned. I had been lucky so far as there had never been any trouble at the club.

My hormone treatments were beginning to show. I felt a rather strange feeling in my breast area. There had been some noticeable "fleshy-ness" around my nipples and they had become more sensitive when I put on my bra. My electrolysis treatments were making short work of my light beard.

Maria had given me a pink baby doll nightgown for a graduation present. The panties were pink satin and the top was pink chiffon with a huge bow under my chin. I bought a pair of pink fuzzy toe slippers to match. She giggled as I pranced around girlishly in front of her.

I had begun to stay en femme more and more. Thanks to the thrift stores I had a larger wardrobe now. Dr. Ortega and I both thought that it was time I stayed en femme once and for all. Maria agreed. We took all my male clothing down to the thrift store.

From that point on I was always in skirts or dresses. To celebrate we both got a manicure and pedicure. We both giggled when the attendants finished and I looked down at my ten pink toenails that matched my

ten pink fingernails. I also had my ears pierced thinking it was another girly thing to do.

Labor Day Weekend was especially good. At the end of my day shift on Monday I was walking out of the club at the same time as the two men I had been watching for. They had come in once or twice when I had been dancing but they had always gone back to the office and then left about a half hour later.

I sat waiting in my car as the black Cadillac tore away from the curb at high speed. I followed them at a distance. Several miles down the road a white cargo van pulled in front of them. Both vehicles went into a rented storage area. I followed them as far as the storage area office. As I expected it was closed for Labor Day but I noted where the car and van stopped. I left and drove home.

Following the consumption of two glasses of wine my pulse returned to normal. The wine and the soothing hot perfumed bubble bath helped calm me down and I went to sleep quickly but there were no dreams of violence or anything else.

Another month passed. I was now beginning to show some "development" in my breast area. The doctor was pleased as she administered another shot. I was glad to become more girly and more feminine every day. I felt so much better too and I began dancing with much more abandon which resulted in more and bigger tips.

The next week I drove to the storage area and parked in front of the office. I went inside and asked about a storage space big enough for a car. I pointed to the second row and told the clerk "close to the access road if one was available." The clerk nodded his head.

"Seventy dollars a month, it is the first one in the row you pointed to, number 586."

I handed him the money and signed the agreement. Driving home I felt I was now a bit closer to the people who had murdered my father. I stopped at a box store and bought the biggest padlock they had. I removed the plastic cover and tossed it in the back seat.

Two nights later I went back and parked in front of the storage space door numbered 586. I got out of the car and opened the door. Once inside I walked around the dirt floor for a minute and then went back outside. I closed the door and secured the padlock, then walked two doors down to where I had seen the white cargo van and the black Cadillac parked.

I wasn't exactly sure but I was pretty positive that it was #584. The padlock on the door was almost twice the size of the one I had. I walked back and sat in the car for minute. When I saw the retired locksmith again I would have to ask him a few more things about this type of lock.

Dancing at the club had become more of a joy than work. I was putting in more hours than when I first started. I bought a couple of more different outfits, one in bright red and one in dark green both with matching plastic high heel sandals. I was enjoying showing off my feminine body complete with pink finger and toenails as well as using blusher and a thick layer of creamy pink lipstick.

When my locksmith friend showed up I let him do most of the talking as usual. When I mentioned I rented a storage space but the padlock didn't seem very substantial he just laughed.

"None of them are substantial," he sneered.

Then he proceeded to tell me how easily a lock like that can be picked with just a few simple tools. I slid closer to him and asked simply "Like what?" Without hesitation he told me more than I needed to know and

when the session was over tipped me generously as usual. I wondered if he would ever remember our conversation as when he and I talked it was almost as if we were in a world of our own.

On the way home I stopped at the box store where I had purchased the padlock. I bought a small screwdriver and a set of picks.. In the pharmacy department I purchase a nail file set. I left the stuff in the glove compartment of my car when I returned home. Obviously I had no idea what I might find if I could pick the lock. Drugs?, Guns?, Who knew?

Daily temperatures had cooled as the month of October was drawing to a close. I had yet to formulate a plan for these last two men. I didn't know what I might find in the storage area and of course I didn't know if either of the two men had paid any attention to me at the club to remember my face, not that my face was something they were going to remember anyway. In a club like this girls come and go all the time. Their names, faces and bodies could hardly warrant being remembered.

Working Halloween weekend I wore a bright orange satin bra, panty and garter belt set with black fishnet stockings. The bra had black lace trim and the panties had black leg and waist elastic as well as four rows of black ruffles long the back. Hopefully my two elastic garters would be full of tips.

I worked the early shift and after changing out of my costume I drove to the rented storage area. No one was around. I parked in front of 586. I unlocked the padlock and then opened the door. I went inside for a minute and then returned outside to look around. The place was deserted.

Walking to 584 my heart was pounding. I looked at the huge padlock and then set my purse down. Fol-

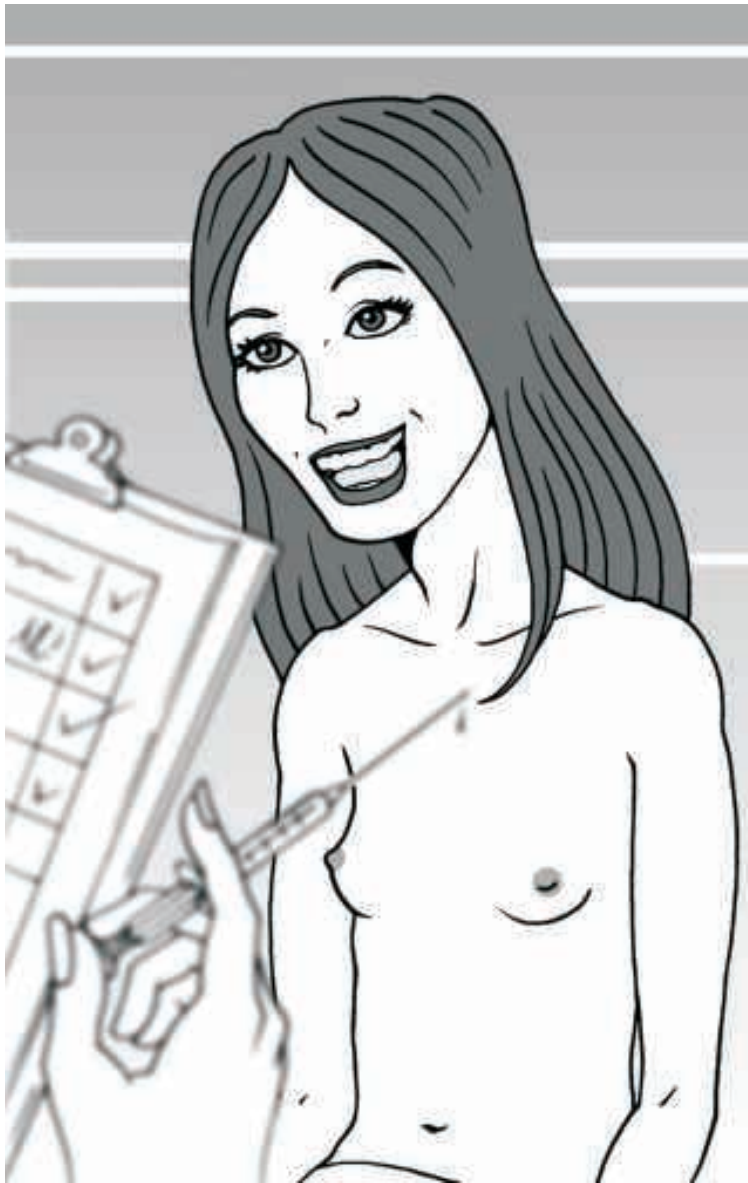
lowing the locksmith's instruction I struggled but managed to unlock it. I put my tools back in my purse. When I opened the door what I saw took my breath away.

It was an arsenal. On one side there were a half dozen military style rifles lined up in front of boxes with military markings. There were also boxes marked "5.56mm". One was open and I saw it was filled with clips of bullets. On the other side were several unmarked boxes that were open containing hand grenades and several other larger boxes containing shoulder fired missiles. Near the back the last four boxes contained packages of a substance that looked like clay or putty. I could only assume that they were explosives of some kind, perhaps plastic.

I went back outside and closed the door. My heart was beating fast. I knew that I hadn't touched or moved anything. After I closed the padlock I left it hanging just as I had found it. I got in my car. After putting the tools back in the glove compartment I drove home.

Later that night over a chilled glass of wine I wondered about all that hardware. Were they intent on selling it to terrorists? Maybe they were planning on using it themselves. After all no self respecting drug dealer would be caught dead without the latest in weaponry.

Another month passed. I spent some time on formulating a plan. I went over and over it meticulously. This had to work. My father's memory was the driving force behind all of this. Despite Maria's warnings I was going to continue, even if I died in the process.



Dr. Ortega pronounced me very fit at my next appointment. After giving me another shot she made some notes on her clipboard. Then she looked at me and smiled.

“You are coming along quite nicely Juanita. The texture of your skin has changed remarkably well and your breasts are developing better than I expected. You said you are using smaller inserts than when you first started. I would say another six months and you won’t need them at all.”

“That is good news,” I replied. “I am feeling much better now that I have decided to transition. I also think that I have slipped easily into the feminine role I have assumed and found it has come quite natural to me.”

“I am glad to hear you say that Juanita as you are getting along better than most. See you in a month.”

I left her office feeling quite giddy. I was happy being a girl. I wasn’t sure what a future I would have in any given field but it was better than being a man even in a job I liked. You can say what you want about having a high paying job but if you aren’t happy doing the job or with yourself it’s probably a one way ticket to an early grave via alcohol, drugs, heart attack, stroke or even a self inflicted death.

After showering that night I looked closely at my nearly beardless face and hair free feminine body. There was no doubt in my mind I was going to be transformed into a very pretty girl. I was quite proud of the progress I had made and even though I still had a long way to go I had confidence in myself to see it all through.

The day before Thanksgiving I went to a box store. I bought a two gallon gas can and filled it at a nearby gas station. I drove to the storage place with my heart

in my throat. After taking my tools out of the glove box I put them in my purse. I got out and opened the door of 586.

Once again I went inside and after waiting a few minutes I went back outside and looked around. No one was around. I opened the trunk and took out the gas can and a roll of duct tape. I walked quickly back to 584 and picked the lock. It went easier for me the second time. My pulse was racing as I slipped off the padlock and set it aside. I opened the door and went inside. I was nervous and began sweating yet I knew I had to do this for my father.

Inside I walked quickly to the back. I took down several boxes and placed them at my feet. I took one box of packages plus a smaller one containing remote detonators to my storage area and set them inside.

I walked back to 584. Inside I retrieved two hand grenades from their box and a length of wood from one of the other boxes that had been pried open. I removed half of the packages of explosives from the bottom box and placed the gas can inside. I peeled off several feet of duct tape and wrapped one end of it around the middle of the piece of wood. I placed the hand grenades next to the gas can and wedged the piece of wood against the grenade's handles, then pulled the grenade pins out.

Next I replaced some of the packages of explosives threading the strip of duct tape between them. I balanced a full box of packages on one end and smoothed the duct tape across the bottom. I set it down gingerly on top of the bottom box and placed another box on top of it at an angle. I scattered a couple of packages on the floor next to it.

I wanted them to notice that someone had been in here. I figured they would be in a hurry and pull off

the top box and then the second one. In pulling off the second box they would yank on the duct tape which would be pull up the board releasing the hand grenade handles and a few seconds later they would explode next to the gas can.

Stepping back I looked at the boxes. Everything looked ok except of course it was noticeable that they had been moved. I stood there a few minutes playing over the scenario in my mind. They would come inside and begin loading or unloading their van. Someone would notice the boxes in the back had been moved and they would begin taking the top two boxes from the stack.

Hopefully if everything worked ok they wouldn't recognize the booby trap. The ensuing explosion would kill anybody within that storage space. That would leave only the man who had ordered my fathers' torture and murder.

My pulse was still racing. I was sweating as I stood in the door way and looked back at the trap I had set. I was sure it would work. The packages of explosives would not be set off, as they needed a detonator so the resulting explosion would pose no danger to anyone in the surrounding area.

After I closed the door and secured the padlock I made sure it was hanging just as I found it. I got in my car and sat there a few minutes contemplating what I had just done. I kept reminding myself that I was doing this for my father. I certainly hadn't set out in life to become a murderer but I knew the chances of the police being able to solve his murder were pretty slim.

Driving out of the storage area I tried to clear my thoughts. At the intersection I turned right and after several blocks I turned left into a gas station. As I filled

the tank I heard the squeal of tires and looked towards the intersection.

A black Cadillac had just turned onto the street and was speeding toward the storage rental area. My heart leapt into my throat. I stopped filling the tank and replaced the gas hose. After screwing in the gas cap I walked inside to pay for my purchase.

Standing in line at the counter it was hard not to be nervous. I smiled at the cashier as I paid for my purchase. I walked quickly to my car and got inside. I pulled onto the street and stopped for a red light at the main intersection.

I heard a muffled explosion just as the light turned green. I pulled out and turned left to head north. I didn't want to look in the rear view mirror. There were the faint sounds of sirens in the distance as I accelerated to the speed limit.

The news that night didn't have much information. Only that a mysterious explosion had killed two men at the Diamond storage area. Firefighters had been hampered by exploding ammunition from a large cache that had been stored there.

Several nights later there was a follow up story with an ATF agent talking about the weapons and explosives cache that had been found after the fire was out. The agent stated that they were looking into any terrorist or gang connections.

The obituary of the two men, who were brothers, was in the paper several nights later. Both men had been employed by the South Florida Distributing company. I took note of the time of their visitation and funeral. I had hopes of getting a glimpse some one else who might be connected to this organization that had been a part of my fathers' murder.

I sat in my car a few blocks from the funeral home and watched the people who came for the visitation. The next day I did the same to see who came to the funeral. One of the men who came to it was a large man in a white suit accompanied by a slender, shorter young man. They had gotten out of a white Lincoln Continental.

Just before the funeral procession began I went to the cemetery parking a block or so from the excavated graves. I got out of the car and walked over to the nearest grave as the procession wound its' way to where the two men were going to be buried. I stood there for awhile and watched and then I got back into my car as the graveside service ended.

Hanging back from the large number of cars that were leaving the cemetery I followed the white Lincoln to a gated community and then drove on past it. This man was obviously quite wealthy. I could only assume that the slender young man that had accompanied him was a relative.

At home I began mulling things over. The only thing I had left to do was to find the man behind my father's murder. I was certain the man in the white suit may be connected in some way but all I had was a license number on the white Lincoln and the address of the gated community where he apparently lived, though of course I didn't know which house was his. I wasn't even sure if he was connected with the murder of my father. I only knew that everything seemed to be connected to South Florida Distributing Company.

I put in more hours at the club as the tips were getting better. I began to have more regular customers. My soldier friend seemed to be coming more unhappy and despondent. I wasn't sure if it was the war or his

family situation but I tried to comfort him the best I could.

My electrolysis continued as did my hormone therapy. I was no longer using any inserts and had become a "bouncing" girl. Maria confessed if they got any bigger she was going to be jealous and maybe start getting some of the "girl juice" herself. We both giggled over that.

One afternoon a man came in and paid for a private dance. When I finished he handed me an envelope. I assumed it was a tip though he had already been quite generous. I went back to the dressing room and opened it up. Inside there were ten hundred dollar bills and a handwritten note with two words on it: "Thank you". Stapled to it was the elderly locksmith's obituary.

Momentarily I felt very sad. He had been a good customer and a very kindly old man who just wanted someone to talk too. In that respect he was no different than about half the men who frequent places like this to fill some void in their lives.

Most of the men are getting away from their hum drum way of life, an unhappy relationship or marriage or some personal troubles. Girls like me provide them with a pleasant but temporary escape from whatever is wrong in their lives.

The man in the white suit and his youthful companion kept me thinking. They had been at the club several times but they did not stay long. Usually just as I was coming they were leaving. I decided to try and keep track in order to determine if they had a particular schedule. This man was potentially the last connection to my father's death.

I was wearing my blue outfit one night when my ex-soldier friend came in. He seemed more distant than

usual. He smiled when he told me how nice I looked in my gorgeous blue outfit. Normally men don't make comments about a dancer's choice of costumes and it struck me as rather odd he would say something like that as he looked me over. It was almost as if he was more interested in my clothing than me which seemed rather strange.

Then it hit me like a ton of bricks. I had always been aware of what women wore, how they fixed their makeup and their hair too, because I wanted to look as good as they did. Could this man possibly be a transgender male like myself I wondered.

To look at him you wouldn't think so but then in my research the size and the appearance of a transgender male or female does not betray their secret. Obviously I could not broach the subject with him. I could be wrong and he would be offended or I could be right and he might not come back thinking that he could be "read" so to speak.

As we talked he recalled losing a friend to an IED. I purposely asked him about the different ones as opposed to say some plastic explosives. He explained the differences including how they were hooked up to go off. I just kept nodding as he talked. He stopped suddenly, tipped me generously and then left.

I now had some additional information about the plastic and detonators I had put in my storage area before I had set the booby trap that had killed the two men. I didn't think he had any clue as to why he had been of great help to me. I certainly hoped he would never find out.

When I saw Dr. Ortega again she gave me a cursory exam and then another shot of what Maria laughingly called my "girl juice"

"It won't belong now," said Dr. Ortega. "Less than a year I would guess. You are becoming a very pretty girl. Have you been dating?"

"No," I answered. "I am still I male and I don't want to date a man until I am a real woman, at least as much of a woman as the surgery can make me."

Dr. Ortega grinned at me.

"Oh let me assure you that after you are healed up you will be as much a woman as you need to be. Of course you won't be internally since I doubt that medical science will never get to the point of being able to transplant ovaries and a uterus as well as surgically create a birth canal."

"Even if they do the sperm from your husband would fertilize the egg from whoever donated the uterus. It wouldn't really be your egg but the donors so he would be the father and she would be the mother even though you would be the one to give birth."

"I understand doctor. I guess with something like this you can only be so complete."

I got dressed and left her office. Driving home I passed several people here and there walking with their children and their spouses. Momentarily I wondered if I could be a parent. Raising a child is quite a responsibility and I wasn't sure if it was something I wanted to do.

The holidays came and went. Just after New Years I was wearing my red outfit. I had done my finger and toenails in bright red too. Red rouge, a thick layer of creamy red lipstick and some sweet cherry scented perfume set off everything quite nicely at least judging by my tips.

I was about to go home when a bald, middle aged man sat down in front of me. I gave him a welcoming jiggle. He nodded his head towards the private booths and then stuffed a hundred dollar bill in my garter. He picked up his drink and followed me there.

He sat down and took a drink from his glass as I began dancing in front of him. He pointed to the spot beside him. I stopped and sat next to him. He began talking about his failing business. He had quit working at a body shop and started a limo service. Things had been good for a couple of years but then everything went south with the recession from '08 to '11. They had struggled but were able to stay in business but it was taking a toll on him

I began asking a few questions about his business and then a few specific ones about limousines in general. He kept drinking and pumped me full of all kinds of information. As he got up to leave he handed me another hundred dollar bill. I thanked him and then on the spur of the moment I asked for his business card. He handed it to me. It read "Dean's Limo Service, Jack Dean, owner.

"I was wondering is it expensive to have an older limo rebuilt with some custom features?"

"It can be," he replied. "It would depend on how old it was and what you wanted done of course."

"Thank you, I will let you know."

He left and I went back to the main club room. I danced for several more hours and then as I was walking back to the dressing room the man in a white suit came in accompanied by the younger man. I stopped at the hallway entrance and looked back to see them take a seat at the bar.

One of the girls came over and began dancing in front of them. I went back to the dressing room and

changed. The next night I was going to ask her if these two were regulars or if she knew who they were. I felt in my gut that I was getting closer and closer to the man who had ordered my father's murder.

It was several nights before the girl who had waited on the man in the white suit worked with me. I asked her if he was a regular. She got a pained look on her face and looked quickly around.

"Be careful. He is a drug lord. He has connections to a lot of businesses. The young man with him is his son. His wife was killed by drunk driver when she was returning from shopping. The guy's lawyer posted his bail but the next day he disappeared. I don't know what happened to him but a couple of days later a headless torso was found and identified by DNA as that drunk driver. I don't know what all they did to him but a week later arms, legs, and hands were also found. Once again DNA matched up the pieces to the drunk driver. This man has connections and knows some people you don't want to meet so when they come in just do what they want OK?"

I nodded my head and we both walked out on the floor and began dancing for the customers.

As I danced it was hard not to keep thinking about the man in the white suit. I had no doubt that someone like that had ways of finding things out that even the police didn't have access to. Despite the fact that I had been very careful in all the things I had done so far I knew I would have to be extra careful in the future. To say that my life depended on it was an understatement.

Over the next couple of months I saw the man in the white suit and his son only twice. I had kept track of their comings and goings as I knew them. There seemed to be no particular patterns to their visits. I

wasn't sure if I wanted them for customers given what the other dancer had told me.

In addition if they did come in while I was dancing I would have to be much more careful about what I said to them and doubted if I would be able to ask them any questions about what they did. One word to the manager about a "nosey" dancer could be the end of my dancing career or possibly my life.

The next time my ex-soldier friend came in he seemed to be especially despondent. He liked my red outfit and once again I was surprised at his interest in my costume. I decided to take a chance and looked deep into his eyes as I asked him a question:

"John, are you just an unhappy man or are you unhappy because you are a man?"

His face fell and he looked away as he gulped his drink. He started to shake. I put my arms around him and he began sobbing. The story poured out of him like water thru a broken dam. A very rough father who had always made him do things to prove that he was a man. The macho military where in his overseas duty he constantly saw men, women, children and his own fellow soldiers shot, burned or blown to pieces.

When he stopped I slipped my arm around him and said that I would try to help. I promised some information for him the next time he came in. After tipping me generously he left. I became really concerned about him for the first time.

Many men like him saw no way out of their conundrum and would often submerge themselves in drugs or alcohol. In desperation some of them would eventually commit suicide leaving families with no clue that they had held a deep, dark secret that they could talk to no one about.

John was not a large man but had a man's physicality. The average man is taller, has broader shoulders, and has larger hands and feet than your average woman. A woman can easily be fitted for a man's three piece suit or a pair of wingtips. If a small men's size didn't fit they can always go to the boys' department and get outfitted there.

Unfortunately a man can't find many places where he can buy women's clothes and shoes to fit him. Tailoring can be expensive and few shops would want a male customer to be fitted for women's apparel anyway. Shoes can be a little easier though large sizes and wider widths can't always be found locally.

Most retail stores, except a few in larger cities, don't stock them. Internet or mail order companies may carry them but there always is the hassle of returns if they don't fit along with a restocking fee as well as the long wait between ordering, receiving, and with a return waiting for the credit.

I was lucky to be a small man with a slim build. Dresses, skirts, and shoes fit me easily. I guess you could say I was able to wear just about anything. When I was cross dressed and made up I passed very easily as a female.

John, like most men, would not only have trouble finding the right fitting clothes and shoes he would still look exactly like what you would expect: A man in a dress. A wig and makeup would probably only make matters worse,

Beard removal and female hormones would change his skin texture to some degree but there was nothing he could do about his male physicality no matter what

the surgeon did between his legs. I had no doubt he would not be happy with the results.

With society the way it is he would not be accepted as a woman either and his despondency over this would probably lead him to an early death. Despite his deep rooted feelings about being "a woman trapped in a man's body" he would probably have to consign himself to living out the rest of his life as a man no matter how difficult and frustrating that may be.

I continued to dance. My savings account grew and in addition of course the stash of cash in my safety deposit box continued to grow also. I was quite happy with my life to date. There was one thing missing of course. I had no social life other than seeing a movie or shopping with Maria.

It sounds strange but I had never been attracted to women. As a dancer there had been many men who were charming, good looking and had an athletic build yet I was unable to really "connect" with them either. I wasn't looking for "Mr. Right" so to speak, at least not someone I would meet in a jiggle joint.

On one of the few weekends I took off Maria and I drove to the hospital to see a co-worker who was sick with cancer. She was on medical leave of absence. Maria had brought a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Her friend was barely conscious but smiled as Maria came into her room.

They talked only briefly as the woman looked almost dead and was having trouble keeping a conversation going. As we left the room I bumped into some one and looked up into the nicest pair of brown eyes I had ever seen.

"Excuse me ladies," he said in a pleasant voice while flashing the brightest smile you could imagine.

Maria stepped aside as my eyes locked with his. Embarrassed I too stepped aside quickly. The man entered the room and we headed for the elevator. Back in the car I said nothing as I could tell by the look on Maria's face she knew her friend was dying and there was no sense in talking about the obvious.

That night I found myself staring at the TV without really noticing what was on. I suddenly became aware of a hand moving back and forth in front of me.

"Earth to Juanita, Earth to Juanita. Your sister wants to know if you would like some more wine."

I looked up at Maria who was grinning at me.

"Yes, please," I said. "I guess I was lost in thought."

Maria filled my glass have full and then looked at me with a girlish grin on here face.

"Lost in thought you say?" "Perhaps a better expression would lost in thinking about that handsome young intern Dr. Martinez," she said with that mirthful grin on her face.

I felt my face flush.

"Oh my!" squealed Maria. "What a delightful blush you have Juanita!"

I quickly gulped a mouthful of wine and turned my attention back to the television as my giggling sister refilled her glass and then took the empty wine bottle back to the kitchen.

Later that night in bed I closed my eyes and saw the doctors face again. I felt a funny sensation in my groin as I imagined him on top of me. I wanted to taste his kiss, fell those muscled arms around me and more importantly I guess I wanted to feel his penis inside of me.

It was the first time I had thoughts of having sex with a man. It was an odd sensation. Perhaps it was

one of the side effects of the hormone shots I had been getting. The doctor had said less than a year and I would be ready for my surgery. I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

When I opened them again I was standing in front of the full length mirror in a small room surrounded by Maria and three other women whose faces I didn't recognize. All the women were in pink bridesmaids' dresses and pink high heel pumps.

I was wearing white lingerie, a white satin wedding gown flared out with petticoats, and white high heel pumps. I parted my veil a little and saw my pink rouged cheeks, creamy pink lipsticked mouth and my delicate pink fingernails. I was certainly one beautiful bride.

"Time to go," said Maria with a grin.

She opened the door and I followed her out of the room. The other women trailed behind me as I walked to the entrance to the church's sanctuary. I saw the doctor wearing his tuxedo and red cummerbund standing in front of the alter smiling at me. Alongside of him were three other men also in tuxedos. I started to walk towards them but instead of organ music a bell was ringing.

I woke up. I sat up and shut off my alarm clock. I sat still for a few minutes with my heart beating rapidly. I was alone in bed. There was no church, no bridesmaids, no Maria. I pulled the covers back and got out of bed.

Slipping out of my pink baby doll night gown I walked over to the full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. I stared at my nakedness for some time. I had an almost perfect female body except for one detail.

I pushed my genitals between my legs. This was how I was supposed to look I thought to myself. In another few months I would be “complete” as the doctor had said. With the image of the doctor’s big brown eyes and smiling face in my head I could hardly wait.

A week passed. The man in the white suit hadn’t come back in, at least not while I was dancing. Neither had my ex-soldier friend or the man with the limo business. I guess I shouldn’t be concerned but it was hard not to be.

I was not an overly sensitive person but I did care about people. I hated to see anyone in trouble or struggling with what seemed to them to be an insurmountable problem. I had a struggle dealing with my own transgender feelings so I know what it was like feeling like there was no one to turn to when you needed help the most. At least I had some family support with my sister Maria.

Just before the end of my shift the man in the white suit came in with the younger man. I gave them girlish wiggle. One of the other girls stopped in front of them as I walked back to my dressing room. After I changed I looked back out to see the two men and the dancer had moved to one of the side rooms for a private dance.

By the time I got home my pulse had slowed down to a normal beat. I thought about what they might have asked me to do if I had stayed out there just a little longer. I put it out of my mind as I took a hot steamy shower

At the end of the month Maria and I returned to the hospital to visit her friend. She was worse than before. I glanced over to the nurses’ station to see Dr. Martinez. He was talking with one of the nurses. He looked

up at me and smiled. He put down the chart he had been looking at and began walking towards me.

My heart was beating wildly as he approached. I didn't know just what I was going to say. I had to be careful as I had never been on this end of social situation before. I smiled as he stopped in front of me.

"Hi, I am Juanita Delgado," I stammered.

He grinned and extended his hand. I took it firmly in mine to find his warm hands to be reassuring.

"Dr. Paul Martinez," he said flashing those pretty teeth again. "I'm sorry your friend is not doing well. We don't expect her to live much longer,"

"Thank you doctor," I replied.

"I was about to take a break. Would you like to join me in the cafeteria for a cup of coffee or a soft drink?"

"Yes I think I will," I answered.

As I walked with him to the elevator I was afraid my heart was going to blast right out of my chest. By the time we got to the cafeteria in the basement it had slowed down a bit. We got in line and both purchased a diet, decaf, soft drink. We walked over to a corner table.

Holding my drink in one hand I smoothed my denim mini skirt with the other as I sat down. I guess you could say I had my feminine department down pat. I took a sip of my drink. I was having trouble not looking him in the eyes. They were warm, compassionate eyes. The kind any girl could get lost in.

"I am sorry about your friend," he began. "I know this is a difficult time. I'm afraid there is nothing more we can do but to make her as comfortable as possible."

"I understand doctor."

Our conversation then drifted to the weather and then to what I was doing. I saw no point in hiding the

fact that I simply didn't know what I was going to do in life and that I was currently working part time here and there while living with my sister. His beeper went off and he stood up.

"Gotta run," he said with a grin. "Rain check for a longer date?" he asked.

"Sure," I replied as he walked quickly away.

I sat there for a while as I sipped my soft drink. He had been an easy man to talk to and I had felt very comfortable in his presence. For a man who was in training to be a doctor he wasn't pushy or authoritative like some of the men my sister had talked about. I finished my drink and went back upstairs to rejoin my sister in her friends' room.

Back home I thought about his statement "longer date." I was still a biological male. As much as I felt at ease with him I was concerned about him wanting another date. If he knew the truth would he be angry? Would he be willing to see me again after my surgery if I was to be honest with him?

Even a steamy sweetly scented bubble bath and two glasses of wine didn't help me get to sleep quickly that night. I was in a difficult position. It probably would have been better had I met him after my surgery. But then I guess it was true what they say "Life is what happens to you when you have made other plans."

I saw my ex-soldier the next night. He had lost some weight. He was drinking more than he usually did. I slipped him a sheet of paper with the names of a therapist and some helpful websites. When he got up to leave he tipped me another hundred dollars.

"Wait a minute please," I asked.

He turned back to face me.

"I have a special job for someone like you. It pays a thousand dollars for just a few hours work. It is some-

thing I need done but it must be kept between you and me. Otherwise a lot of people could be hurt. Are you interested?"

His face brightened. "Yes of course. Here is my number."

He took a pad and pen out of his shirt pocket. After he wrote down his phone number he handed me the slip of paper.

"Call me anytime."

"Thanks, I will do that."

He left and I went back out on the floor. The man in the white suit with his young companion didn't come in that night. When I asked the dancer I had spoken to earlier she just shrugged and said:

"Be careful,"

Another week went by before I saw my other steady customer, Jack Dean. The limo business was still hanging on by a thread. He tipped me generously as he got up to leave.

"Jack I have a special job for you if you want it. It pays a thousand dollars to you plus the cost of a special built limo but it must be kept very confidential, understand?"

He nodded his head and said with a grin "Sure, count me in."

It was the first time I had seen him smile in quite sometime. I went back out to the dance floor and finished my shift. I now had two more of the final pieces of my plan in place. Then the last thing would be to put the final event together. If I was successful it would leave only my surgery as the final step in getting my life in order.

After my surgery a career choice was secondary. The only hitch so far had been meeting that charming

doctor. Just what part he was going to play in all this was yet to be determined. I had come a long ways and accomplished a great deal. I certainly wasn't going to be deterred from finishing what I had started.

The next night at work I asked the girl who had danced for the man in the white suit and his son if she had seen him. She said the young man had mentioned they would be out of the country for awhile. She didn't offer any details and I didn't ask for any.

Dr. Ortega set a date for my surgery the first week in November. This would give me additional time to put the final touches on my plans for the man in the white suit and his son as well as save some additional money for my surgery and hospital bills.

On the first of the month I called Jack Dean and told him my requirements for the special limo I had in mind. He said he would call me back with a price. I then contacted John Waller, my soldier friend and told him what I was going to need. He too promised to call me back with some prices.

The wait was agonizing but it couldn't be helped. As much as I wanted all of this to be over and done with it was something I knew couldn't be rushed. There was no room for error here and if I acted in haste that would increase my chances for a mistake.

It was bad enough that I and possibly Maria might suffer the consequences of my actions but I certainly didn't want Jack, John or any one around them to be hurt either. If there was going to be any retribution for my upcoming actions it they should be directed at me and me alone.

A month went by before Jack called me with a price. I met with him and paid him in cash. I told him when the additional custom work was done to leave the limo on the hoist and a friend of mine was going to do some

additional work on it. He gave me a time for us to be at the body shop and he left.

John called me back and I met with him. He was ready for the job. I gave him the time to meet with Jack at the shop and then paid him in cash. He thanked me for the money and the help I had given him. By looking at his face though I don't think he found much solace in that help.

"Is anything wrong?" asked Maria when she got home from work one morning.

"No, why do you ask?" I said.

"You seem to be preoccupied with something lately. I know your surgery is coming up in a couple of months and I am sure you have concerns about it, is that it?"

I hesitated a bit before answering. It isn't a good idea to lie about anything but in this instance I didn't feel it would hurt. Maria had no knowledge of my avenging my father's torture and murder. I am sure that what I had done so far would have certainly surprised her so I had always been careful to keep her in the dark. What she didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

"Yes, I guess that's it. It is a big step, in fact a final one you could say. I would be lying to you if I didn't say I was apprehensive about it. Things sometimes do go wrong but I have been trying not to think about it too much."

"OK. If you need to talk about something let me or Dr. Ortega know. We are there for you."

"Thanks I know you and the doctor have my best interests at heart and I appreciate your concern.

I nodded and I saw a sense of relief come over her face. Unlike many other transgender people I had a support base. Just having someone there to talk to is a

great asset. I couldn't imagine what it must be like to have to face something like this all by yourself.

A month later Jack called me and said the job would be finished in two days. I should come to the body shop just after midnight. I called John back and told him to pick me up an hour before that. It would not be long now before everything would be in place for my final act of revenge.

That night as I was dancing for one of the customers I saw the man in the white suit with his son come in again. They went straight to the back. A half hour later they both came back out and headed for the door. I caught the son's eye and smiled at him as I gyrated in front of my customer.

I wasn't sure if my little invitation would be accepted or not. They were always together and I needed them to be in order for my plan to work. It was getting close to the time for my last job of an avenging angel. At least that's the way I saw myself though in truth if everything worked according to my plan they would be my fourth and fifth murder victims.

John picked me up. I had him take me to my storage area and I loaded the box of packages of explosives in the back of his pickup truck. We drove to the body shop. John took a grocery bag of things he needed and the box into the shop.

I had John look things over. Jack and I went into the office. It was two hours later that John came in and said he was finished. Jack let the hoist down and backed the limo outside. I thanked Jack again. Outside I got in the limo and had John follow me back to the storage unit. The specially equipped limo barely fit inside but I was able to close the door and lock it.

"Keep the control box with you please," I said to John as he drove me home.

I gave him a peck on the cheek before getting out of his truck.

I'll call you when I need you again," I said with a smile.

I went inside to my apartment. Things were pretty well set. Now it was a matter of getting the man in the white suit and his son to go along with what I had in mind. This final step was going to be the most dangerous. I tried not to think about what might happen if I failed.

Several weeks went by before I saw the man in the white suit and his son again. Once again they had hurriedly gone into the office. Sometime later there was no one at the bar. As they were leaving the son stopped at the bar so I leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"Sunday, 2 am,"

I winked at him but he didn't smile. I turned around and walked to the dressing room. Looking back I saw he had re-joined his father and they were leaving the club.

Well now everything was set. IF, and it was a big "IF", they both showed up I would finally be able to avenge my father. It had all come down to this. Now or never, the big show, climax, however you wanted to describe it. Everything was "ON" for 2am next Sunday.

My dancing continued. I tried to put some of the worry out of my mind. Even hot scented bubble baths and wine didn't always help. It was a nerve wracking week to say the least. I was sure Maria sensed something was wrong but she didn't say anything to me.

Dr. Ortega smiled as she fondled my breasts. After giving me another shot she made some notes on her clipboard and then looked me squarely in the eye.

"You have made excellent progress in your transition. You are fully developed and in excellent health. I expect you will recover rapidly from your surgery and the post operative period will probably be less than the average patient. There has been a cancellation. I can move you up to Friday of Labor Day Weekend. Would you want to do it then or keep the date as originally scheduled?"

"Yes, very definitely," I replied. I want to get this over and done with."

Dr. Ortega made the notation and left the exam room. I get dressed and went home. I was happy that I was going to have my surgery earlier than expected but more importantly the earlier date was not going to interfere with my plans to avenge my father's death.

Paul called and wanted a date for Saturday night. I wanted to turn him down but he insisted. I agreed but only to meet him at the sandwich shop across the highway from the hospital for a noon lunch not a night date. I was still a little unsure about this because after all I was still essentially a male and would be for another six weeks or so.

We had an enjoyable lunch to say the least. Paul was charming and affable. As we got up to leave his beeper went off and after a kiss on the cheek he dashed out of the door. I walked to my car feeling quite excited. Momentarily I had been able to forget what I was about to do the next night. My feelings had been that of a woman, perhaps even, a woman in love?

Before going to work I called Jack to let him know this was the night. He would leave his car in my storage area around one thirty am and drive the limo to the club, parking it in the alley near the side exit about just after two am. One of his employees would park

across the street at the same time to give him a ride back to the storage unit to pick up his car.

I called John and said it was on for tonight. He should bring the control box with him and park his pick up truck three blocks down the street from the club and wait for me there. He sounded a little vague on the phone but I trusted him and knew he would not let me down.

I arrived at the club around nine pm. I was very nervous as I changed into my costume. It took me awhile to work out my nervousness. I had a lot on the line because all things considered tonight it was going to be all or nothing for me. I took a break around midnight and returned to the dance floor around one am. There were few customers at this hour on a Sunday night and I was grateful.

Promptly at two am the man in the white suit and his son came in. They each ordered a drink as I wiggled girlishly over to them. The son reached up with a hundred dollar bill and put it in my garter. I put my finger up to my mouth as if to shush him and then beckoned towards the back room.

With drinks in hand both men got up and followed me. Once in the private booth I began snuggling up to the son. I rubbed his groin to find only a tiny ridge in his pants. I wanted to bust out laughing but I knew I dared not. Instead I stepped back with one finger to my mouth and beckoned to both of them as I slid back the side curtain.

They followed me and I opened the door to the hallway. In the hallway I walked to the exit door and opened it. They both looked quizzically at each other, and then the father shrugged. I stepped outside and opened the rear door of the limo. They both got inside and I shut the door hard. I heard a resounding click



and then a loud clunk indicating the two of them were now securely locked inside.

My heart was pounding furiously as I ran back inside to the dressing room. I changed clothes quickly trying to remain calm. I ran back outside to the limo and got in the passenger side.

Jack drove down the alley to the street. He stopped and got out. I took got out and ran around to the other side to take his place in the drivers' seat. I watched him run across the street to where one of his employees was waiting to pick him up. He got in and his driver pulled out from the curb.

I put the limo in gear and pulled out onto the street. The two men in the back could not see me as the partition had fake glass. I was certain they were wondering what was going on. I drove several blocks and then pulled to the curb in front of John's pickup truck.

I put the limo in park, got out and ran to where John was parked. I got in his pickup truck and after fastening my seatbelt picked the control box up off of the floor. I moved the antenna to an upright position and extended it. I flipped the toggle switch and the box lights came on.

At the left hand side of the box were three lighted letters, "D", "N", and "R". I checked for traffic and then pushed the "D" button. I saw the limo lurch ahead. I grabbed the joystick and maneuvered it out into the street. John pulled in behind it. We braked at the intersection for a red light. When it turned green we turned right onto a two lane street.

I carefully controlled the limo out to the main highway and then increased the speed. We headed for Key West. Once out of Miami I increased the speed to the highway limit. Traffic was fairly light at this time com-

pared to the very busy daylight hours during the week.

I tried to visualize what the two men in the back were doing. They couldn't bust their way out of this automotive prison and their cell phones wouldn't work in the specially insulated back seat. I had no doubt they knew something was up but they had no idea what it was.

We were halfway to Key West when I edged the speed control up further and further. There was no traffic behind us and none in front of the limo. John increased his speed to keep up with the limo. I had hopes there were no cops or state troopers anywhere near us.

At the bottom of the box I pushed a red arming button. In the lighted box were the words "system armed". The next words were "enter time". On the small keyboard I entered "30" then typed an "x" under the word "seconds". The screen then showed the word "activate?" followed by two words, one in red that said "yes" and one in green that said "no-reset". I pushed the red button and watched the timer begin to count back from 60.

We reached a long curve and I increased the speed to over one hundred miles an hour. I then jerked the joystick all the way over to the right. The extra heavy limo crashed thru the barrier and dropped to the ocean below.

In my mind I saw the two men in the back frantically pounding or kicking at the windows and doors as the compartment filled with water. John slowed down to the speed limit. I had no idea how deep the ocean was here. I figured the two men would be dead from drowning before the limo would reach the bottom.

When the timer hit zero the red lights went out. There was no sound and I didn't look in the rear view mirror. If the two men weren't dead from drowning the forty pounds of explosives in those little packets that John had placed under the rear compartment and behind the seat back had made sure they were.

We coasted into Key West and turned around. On the way back we passed multiple vehicles in the other lane with their red lights flashing. I checked my watch and saw it was about Maria's break time. I debated whether or not to call her but decided to do so anyway.

When she answered my voice almost cracked with emotion.

"I finished what I set out to do. I have avenged my father's death. I'm all done. It's finished."

"I understand Juanita. What happened? Are you all right?"

"Yes I am fine. Let's just say that the fishes will eat well tonight. I don't want to talk about this ever again. Do you understand?"

"Yes I understand."

"Good."

With that I closed my cell phone. I settled back in my seat. Halfway back to Miami, several miles past the emergency vehicles I opened my window. I looked in the rear and no one was close behind me. John edged closer to the guard railing. With a heave I tossed the control box over the railing and then rolled the window back up. We had no conversation on the way back.

John dropped me off at the club and I got in my car. I sat there for a few minutes thinking about what I had done. I tried to think of any loose ends but I had been very careful and I was sure that there weren't any. My

father had been avenged and that was the only thing that mattered.

Maria came home after work and I made us breakfast. She never said anything about our phone conversation. I was sure she would keep her word and not bring it up ever again. Everything was over and done with. I could now get on with the rest of my life.

Both of us watched the news that night before Maria left for the hospital and I went to the club. The only thing to report was that a vehicle had crashed thru the barrier and shortly thereafter there had been an underwater explosion. The reporter said he hoped more details would be available later.

In the next several weeks the crash had been dropped from the news. On two occasions several very tough looking men had come in the club and spent some time in the office. They left after about an hour. So far I was certain that none of us had anything to fear.

The time for my surgery was getting close. I couldn't help but feel anxious. Maria kept telling me to relax and that everything was going to be all right. I tried to tell myself that too but some nights even with the help of a scented bubble bath and several glasses of wine I still didn't sleep very well.

A week before I was to go in to the hospital Paul called and asked me for a dinner date. He said it was a fine restaurant and I should be hungry. I accepted his invitation. The words "fine restaurant" stuck in my head.

It suddenly dawned on me that my basic simple wardrobe did not include a cocktail dress or any semi-formal or formal apparel whatsoever. Maria and I made a quick trip to the mall to pick out a proper dress, shoes and bag for my date.

Maria had more fun outfitting me than I did. I was still a male and had no experience picking out a feminine outfit. With no knowledge of what goes with what she took over and explained everything to me. I felt like a real ditz and wondered if I was really going to make it in the feminine world.

After trying on several dresses we finally settled on a little black dress with a hemline just above the knee. A pair of black suede peep toe pumps and a matching clutch bag rounded out my ensemble. At the jewelry counter I bought a single strand pearl necklace and a pair of matching tear drop pearl earrings.

There was quite a congregation of butterflies in my stomach as I sat at the vanity and applied my makeup. Maria suggested a darker shade of red for my blusher and lipstick. I put on my black lingerie, dress and pumps, twirling around once before my mirror, and then walked out to twirl around again in front of Maria. She smiled her approval as I stood still before her with one hand on my hip.

“You looked too hot to touch,” she said teasingly.

I sat down next to her to watch some TV until Paul arrived. It was hard to get interested in the movie. There were a lot of things racing thru my mind. I was as nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs as the old saying goes.

When the buzzer rang I jumped up to answer it.

“Your purse!” screamed Maria.

I dashed back to pick up my clutch purse and then raced for the door. The congregation of butterflies in my stomach was on their feet screaming and stomping their feet. I opened the door and stepped out in the hallway to greet Paul.

“All set?” he grinned.

“Yes,” I replied.

I walked ahead of him out to where he had parked his car in the visitor lot. I got in his car and buckled my seat belt. He got in and drove out of the parking lot. The congregation of butterflies in my stomach had calmed down quite a bit by the time we arrived at the restaurant.

It was a very nice place. We were taken to a side booth. I couldn't help but notice how quiet it was, but then just about anyplace is quiet compared to the hospital's cafeteria or a fast food place. It was nice to be where didn't have to talk loud over the roar of two dozen other people.

We made small talk for a while. The wine came and after a couple of sips the butterfly congregation in my stomach had returned to their seats. Looking over the menu I chose a seafood salad while Paul ordered a steak and baked potato.

By the time our food came I was quite a bit more relaxed. The food was delicious. I had a feeling this place was going to see more of me or perhaps I should say "us". Many other couples came and were seated but their still was no more noise than when we had come in.

As Paul pulled into my apartment complex driveway his beeper went off. He braked and looked at it. Turning to me he was about to say something when I leaned over and kissed him.

"I understand Paul," I said. "Thanks for a wonderful dinner. I would like to do this again."

He grinned at me with that bright beautiful smile.

"Your right, we should. I enjoyed the pleasure of your company."

I got out of the car. As I walked to my apartment there were a lot of things going thru my head. My surgery was only several days away and I hadn't said anything to him. I decided that while honesty is the best policy this is something that I should keep to myself.

As soon as I walked in the door Maria jumped up from the couch.

"So it is still a little early, everything ok?"

"Fine," I replied. "Good food and good company always go together."

She didn't say anymore as I turned around so she could unzip me. I walked into my bedroom and slipped off the little black dress. After putting it on a hanger I closed my bedroom door and looked at myself in the full length mirror.

There was just a slightly noticeable bulge in my black satin panties. The hormones had not only increased by breasts quite nicely but had caused my penis and empty scrotum to shrivel up so they were much smaller than they had originally been. In a few more days they would be gone. I smiled at the thought of that.

Very shortly I would be the woman I had always wanted to be and in my own mind the woman I was meant to be. Following the surgery and my post operative period I would then be able to begin my real live. The life I should have been able to lead from birth was denied by an accident of nature. That would soon be corrected by the surgeons' scalpel.

After slipping off my pumps I put on my casual clothes and walked back out to the living room. Maria and I watched some TV before she went to work and I

went to the club. I felt pretty good about my first date as well as the fact that keeping Paul in the dark about my upcoming surgery was the right thing to do. I had hopes for a good relationship with him and didn't want something like this to get in the way.

I danced with abandon that night and made more than my usual amount of tips. My quest to avenge my father was over and I was beginning what I had hoped to be a good relationship with Paul. I felt more relaxed I guess. There was just one more hurdle left and that would come this weekend.

I did not see the tough looking men come in just the usual run of the mill customers. I had to put the past out of my mind. What was done was done. Come what may I had to focus on the future. I had a life to make for myself though I still wasn't sure what I should be doing. My job at the club wasn't a lifetime career that was for sure.

As I was fixing breakfast the next morning Maria came in with a sad look on her face. Her friend had finally died. I put my arm around her to console her. When she went to her bedroom to change clothes I finished fixing our meal.

In a way I was glad she had died. She had suffered quite a bit with her cancer and I considered her death to be a blessing in a way. I wasn't sure why the medical profession let people hang on that way, especially when they know death was inevitable.

Thursday, the day before my scheduled surgery I couldn't eat anything despite Maria's encouragement. I drank some water but kept my stomach empty except for the butterfly congregation which had reconvened there.

Sleep was nearly impossible that night. I drifted off for awhile then would lay awake for awhile. I tossed and turned fitfully. It was just getting light when I dozed off again. The alarm clock shocked me into wakefulness. I got up, slipped out of my pink baby doll and got dressed.

Maria was already up and was eating breakfast. I drank a glass of juice but that was all. I packed a small bag and then at ten Maria drove me to the hospital. We pulled into the parking lot and she shut off the ignition. Turning to me she smiled.

"It's going to be all right," she said. "You are going to be fine. I will be in the operating room and will see you again in post op so don't worry."

I nodded my head. She was right. We got out of the car and walked inside. After the check in procedure Maria took me to my room. My surgery was at one. I told Maria to go but she insisted on staying.

"You're my brother, and..."

Her voice trailed off. She grinned at me. She had said the word "brother".

"I mean you are my SISTER, and I am going to see you thru this."

"Thank you," was all I could say at that point.

The noon news had a report that a white Lincoln that had appeared to have been abandoned several blocks from a night club was being looked over by the police in connection with a missing man and his son. The missing man was Geraldo Perez and his son Alfredo. No further details were available.

I sat there on the bed with my heart pounding. Okay, so they found the car. Big deal, I thought to my self. There was no way they were going to trace that

back to me. It had been several weeks since their disappearance. Whatever was left of their bodies after the explosion and the fish were finished eating would not be enough to even be called evidence.

Laying back on my pillow I saw a picture in my mind of the two men trying to extricate them selves from the back of the limo as it filled up with water. All to no avail of course when the explosives detonated and turned them into chum.

Dr. Ortega came into the room followed by two orderlies pushing a gurney. She handed me a hospital gown.

“Put this on and get on the gurney. It’s time.”

I nodded as I took the gown from her. I undressed quickly and put on the gown, then lay down on the gurney. I was quickly wheeled down the hallway to the operating room where the orderlies lifted me off of the gurney and on to the operating table.

As I was being prepped I thought about my mother and father. I felt certain my mother would be accepting of this but I doubted if my father would. Maybe it was better that he didn’t live to see this. I wondered what John, my ex-soldier’s family would think if they knew the truth about him.

Dr. Ortega leaned over me in her surgical garb.

“Once more Juanita, do you want to do this?”

I looked up at her and with a dry mouth uttered just one word.

“Yes.”

The lights went out and I found myself falling down a black hole faster and faster. I had no sensation other than falling at a terrific rate of speed. It was like going thru the universe at the speed of light.

I kept waiting for the impact of me slamming into something but it never came.

All at once I opened my eyes and it was over. I blinked my eyes several times before turning my head to look around. Apparently I was in a recovery room. It was over. I was now a woman or maybe this had all been a dream and I was going to wake up at home in my own bed.

I wanted to pull the covers back and examine my groin. There was only a numbness there. I couldn't feel anything. In time the anesthesia would wear off completely. Then I was really going to feel the results of what I had just done.

A nurse came in and checked my pulse. I tried to talk but my mouth was completely dry. She smiled and picked up my water glass from the adjacent stand. Placing the bent straw in my mouth she waited patiently as I drained most of the glass. She took it away from me and then refilled the glass.

"The doctor will be in to see you soon," she said.

I closed my eyes and went to sleep only to be awakened a short time later. Dr. Ortega was standing next to my bed. She smiled at me.

"Your surgery went very well. You will be up and around in no time at all. Now just relax and rest."

She made some notes on my chart and left the room. I closed my eyes again and went to sleep.

The first week was more painful than I could have imagined. I wasn't sure if I had just given birth to another planet the size of Earth or maybe my surgery had been done by an oilfield rough neck using a large auger. The nurses just laughed it off saying it was par for the course.

They say time heals all wounds but of course this one was going to be different. Maria visited me fre-

quently to see how I was doing. She was a great comfort to me. On her first visit after my surgery she brought me a very pretty bouquet wrapped in a pink ribbon.

“Relax and heal up. You will be back in your panties in no time,” she had giggled.

For the first time I giggled too. I knew this was going to be a long and painful process. My reward of course was to be able to be the woman I always knew I was. In a few short weeks I was going to be able to live my own life not the lie that I had been living.

Maria took me home. I had some medications and a pile of post operative care instructions. I ate very little and slept quite a bit. In due time I would be all healed up but it seemed like that day was never going to come.

At my follow up exam with Dr. Ortega she said I was doing better than most as she had expected due to my excellent diet and exercise routine. With a grin she reminded me of the necessity to “irrigate” my incision periodically to keep it from healing shut.

I grinned back at her thinking of the six inch plastic dildo Maria had handed me the day I got home. Of course I had high hopes that job would eventually fall to Dr. Martinez. That would not be for awhile yet as I had some healing up to do.

He called and left me a voicemail message while Maria had me out walking a short distance from the houses and back. He wanted to get together again. I explained I had some “female” trouble and was recuperating from surgery.

His voice changed to one of concern. I told him it was nothing to worry about but that I wanted a month or so to get back on my feet. He was very reassuring and told me to let him know if I needed anything. I thanked him for his concern and hung up.

That night I thought about a future relationship with him. We had seen each other only a couple of times and I knew very little about him and he knew even less about me. This was hardly a foundation upon which to build a relationship.

Another month went by and I was now exercising more. I felt better and much of the pain I had endured was a distant memory. I got stronger each day and was looking forward to getting back to the club. The cost of the surgery had wiped out my savings and of course most of my "stash" of cash had been used to pay off the cost of avenging my father's death.

I wanted to dance just awhile longer to help pay for some schooling. I didn't want to use the student loan program if at all possible. There wasn't any real area that intrigued me. I knew that starting out I would not be making what I made at the club and I didn't want to jump into just anything especially now with an uncertain economy.

Just after Thanksgiving Maria and I were watching the news. A reporter was standing in front of the remains of a limousine. He was standing on the deck of a salvage vessel. Behind him were the partial front end and an engine block from a vehicle. He stated that authorities were continuing their investigation on a crash that occurred months ago.

My pulse jumped considerably. I hadn't expected this. Some one with considerable influence had to be behind this. Just where this would lead to was anybody's guess. For the first time in many months I felt

the pang of anxiety. About the only thing I could do was hope for the best and continue on with my healing process and the rest of my life.

Paul would call periodically and ask how I was doing. I would always respond with “fine” and “one day at a time”. I wanted to be completely vague. He never asked any questions beyond that respecting my privacy. As much as I wanted to see him again I wanted to be further along in my healing process.

In January I decided to go back to the club and try dancing for just a couple of hours. It would do me good to at least try to get back in the swing of things. I had been somewhat active but really needed to get back to dancing again for both financial and physical reasons.

By the end of four hours I was beat and went home. The late news showed a wrecker pulling a pickup truck out of a canal. It looked like John’s my ex-soldier friend. I didn’t sleep well that night. I knew he had been more and more troubled each time I saw him.

The next night on the news I learned that it was John’s truck. He had been killed when his truck had rolled over at high speed. I wondered if he had in fact done this deliberately to end his own life and made it look like an accident for insurance purposes.

Suicide rates among the transgender group are very high. Especially in the middle age bracket where someone sees the life they wanted to have slipping away. Young people will sometimes have a safety net with their family but not always so they take their deep, dark secret to the grave.

I went to the visitation at the funeral home and paid my respects to his family. Back home I thanked my lucky stars that I had some support as I transitioned and began starting a new life. It was sad that so many people lead a troubled and unfulfilling life.

Within a week I was dancing every three nights. My stash began to get replenished. I was getting stronger and stronger. I felt good and was secure in the knowledge that the worst was behind me. I was still unsure as to what lie ahead but whatever it was my life was certainly going to be better than the one I had been leading.

At the club I hadn't seen Jack Dean from the limo service for awhile. Nor had I seen the two tough looking characters that had come in right after the limo had gone off the highway into the ocean. I was certain that our business arrangement would be kept a secret.

On the first of February a news reporter stated that the engine block had been traced to a custom job done by Jack Dean and completed at his father's body shop. When Jack was interviewed he stated that the limo was a custom job ordered by a tall, blonde woman and that she had paid cash in advance.

The plates had been registered to a phony corporation whose address was found to be a vacant lot.

Despite my increased heart rate I was glad to hear Jack's lie. He had covered himself, the body shop and me quite well though it was some time before my pulse rate returned to normal. With the false lead of a dummy corporation, a tall blonde with cash and John being dead I felt I was pretty much in the clear. To date of course no bodies had been found either.

Dr. Ortega finished her exam. She made some notes and then looked at me.



“You have come thru everything just as I thought you would Juanita. You are one very healthy, beautiful girl. I won’t have to see you for another six months.

It was the best news I could have had. I got dressed and left the exam room. I was now free. I had been liberated from my male prison. I almost felt like I should be skipping to my car, but in a mini skirt and heels I thought better of it.

In the car I turned on my cell phone. There was a voicemail message from Paul. It wasn’t like I had forgotten about him but I had to be sure I was in the best of health before seeing him again. As an intern he was always very busy anyway and because I worked nights at the club it wasn’t always easy for us to get together.

I called his number but got his voicemail. Rather than leave a message I decided to try again later. I drove home and couldn’t wait to tell Maria the good news about my follow up exam. She was happy for me of course and couldn’t resist another barb.

“Time to see your other doctor Juanita?, perhaps for some more irrigating?”

Both of us burst out laughing as I shook my finger at her playfully.

“Okay, come on sis. We are just barely friends, nothing more.”

“Uh huh,” she said with a grin. “I have a feeling your friendship is about to get much more serious.”

I had no doubt that she was right. The occasionally ribbing was in good fun and I was looking forward to seeing Paul again despite the fact that our schedules made dating on a regular basis difficult. There was something about him that I just couldn’t get over.

With my stash growing a little I got some information about schools. I decided on a private trade school to take a course in make up and skin care. Once Maria had shown me how to do my own I became pretty good at it. I even did Maria's when she wanted me too as well as both of our finger and toenails.

The course was nine months long with flexible scheduling. I planned on cutting back on my hours at the club to allow for study time. If things worked out the way I planned I might even open my own studio one day.

There had been nothing further on the news about the incident on the bridge. I was glad of that. Out of sight out of mind I guess you could say. The more time passed the better I thought. In fact I hardly even thought about the events of that night at all any more.

By now I was almost sure that the law enforcement agencies that were investigating this accident had no more to go on and this would probably wind up in some "cold case" classification, at least I hoped so as it was a lingering loose end so to speak.

School began. The course was intensified covering a lot of material in a short time. I dove into it eagerly and had no trouble making good grades. I loved the lab where we were given free samples from the cosmetic companies not only to use in school but to take home for our own use.

Paul and I got together several times but only at the nearby sandwich shop. I longed to have a quiet dinner with him at the restaurant like we had before. Periodically I would take my little black dress out of the closet and look at it wistfully.

I wanted to wear it again as much as I wanted to see Paul under much more romantic circumstances than a thirty minute lunch date at a sandwich shop with

nothing that you could possibly call “atmosphere.” In addition to the fact that many hospital employees also ate there so I am sure we had become fodder for the in house gossip mill.

My aside I found myself feeling more emotional as well as more feminine. I guess that’s why I would have liked to spend more time in dresses or skirts. School of course was a casual atmosphere with none of my female classmates trying very hard to look feminine.

We all wore makeup to some degree but I was the only one who wore a skirt and blouse with my wedgies. Jeans, t-shirts, and either flats or sneakers were the norm. I was the oldest in the class so I tended to avoid the gossip over lunch sessions and eat in my car.

At the three month break I passed all my exams and registered for the next session which would start in a week. I put more time in at the club. Tips were good and I had a few more regulars who tipped me generously when we were in the side rooms reserved for private dances.

Conspicuously absent from the club were any sign of the two tough guys who had come in after the bridge incident. I saw Jack from the limo service only once. After tipping me generously in one of the private rooms he asked where I had been the last couple of months.

I mentioned that I had recovered nicely from my surgery and that everything was ok. He smiled and nodded, then left. I was glad he hadn’t brought up anything else. Hopefully he had put my little extra job out of his mind just like I had.

Just before school started again I hooked up with Paul. I wore my little black dress again. This time I added a spray of some expensive perfume behind

each ear. I felt so good in my black lingerie, sheer stockings and my little black dress.

It was hard to describe really. It was just that I don't think I could have felt any more delightfully feminine or girly then I did as when I walked out the door and to his car with my arm in his. I felt safe and secure with him.

We had an enjoyable dinner and then he invited me back to his apartment. I readily agreed. My heart was beating fast as we climbed the outside steps to his very modest place. As he placed the key in the lock he grinned.

"I'm intern and not the best house keeper so please forgive the modest surroundings," he said as we entered his apartment.

"Your forgiven already," I giggled as I followed him inside.

I sat on the couch and he brought two glasses of wine from the kitchenette. I was still having trouble taking my eyes off of his. It was almost as if I were locked into them.

His residency was almost finished and he was looking forward to getting more sleep. I told him about my school and that I was happy to be able to get a job doing something I liked.

Our conversation sort of stopped. As we looked at each other I decided that this was as good a time as any. I leaned forward and kissed him. He wrapped his arms around me and we melted into each other. As his tongue probed my mouth I began to feel warm and tingly all over. I could feel my nipples getting hard and I felt myself blushing.

We broke. He scooped me up and carried me into the small bedroom. I kicked off my pumps. He put me down and I turned around so he could unzip me. In a

short time my lingerie joined my little black dress on the chair. He undressed and then picked me up and tossed me on the bed.

A girlish giggle escaped my lips as I saw his stiff erection bobbing as he slipped on a condom and then came towards me. I was sure what to do next except to spread my legs. I was terrified in a sense but it was much too late to say anything now.

I wanted to scream out loud as he entered me. It was not as painful as I thought it might be after all I had had plenty of practice with my plastic friend. This was different of course. I now had a living, breathing male penis pumping back and forth inside of me.

Later as we lay together I was terrified of what he might say. I had been a virgin in two senses of the word. I had never lost my virginity as a male because of the way I felt. Now essentially I had lost my female virginity but was uncertain if I had satisfied him the way a woman should.

I knew women didn't often experience a climax but I had and it had rippled thru me leaving me with a warm, wonderful and very feminine, very satisfied feeling. He had climaxed too and I hoped that he had felt satisfied as well.

We lay peacefully side by side for awhile. The only sounds in the room were our soft breathing and the ticking of Paul's huge alarm clock on the adjacent nightstand. I was a bit anxious when he propped his head up on one elbow.

"Satisfied?" he asked with a grin.

I nodded.

"Batteries recharged?" I asked with a similar grin.

"Done," he said as his mouth closed over mine.

The second time was better than the first. I was much more relaxed and at ease with him inside of me.

Once again we both climaxed. He slid out of me and lay quietly at my side.

"That was wonderful Juanita," he said.

"Yes it was," I said.

Later he got out of bed and went into the bathroom. I was asleep when he came back. Very early the next morning his beeper went off. We both got dressed. After he took me home he left for the hospital.

I took a hot, steamy, perfumed bubble bath. After I dried off I examined myself in front of my full length mirror, spreading the lips of my surgically created vagina. I was now not only a female but a woman as well. I was a little sore but all in all I felt very good. I went back to bed and slept for a couple hours, and then got up to fix breakfast for Maria and me.

When she came in the door I looked up at her and then turned my attention to buttering the toast.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed.

"What?" I asked as I felt a blush creep over my cheeks.

Maria burst out laughing.

"My new little sister got laid! Well how was he?" Not that you have something to compare him to! Come on now sister, details, details!"

I scooped the scrambled eggs out of the frying pan onto our plates as I felt my face flush again.

"We had dinner at a nice restaurant and then went back to his place. We sat on the couch and talked over a glass of wine, then steamed the place up a bit and then we went into the bedroom and made love."

"Made love huh? Honey you look like you and he just fucked each other's brains out."

I felt flushed again.

"It was wonderful. Now let it go at that ok?"

Maria shrugged. She sat down at the table and began eating her eggs.

School started up again. About a third of the class had dropped out for one reason or another. I felt I was just getting started as I found the course very to be very enjoyable.

My nights at the club were just as enjoyable. The tips were good and I hadn't seen any "rough" characters for quite sometime nor had there been anything on the news about the investigation. I let my storage rental lapse having no further use for it.

There had been no more news about the accident investigation. I knew that as far as law enforcement was concerned this would still be seen as an open case just as the FBI investigation into the weapons cache at the storage area.

I still had some concerns as the type of men who had murdered my father would have a means of going beyond the resources that the police had. I had no way of knowing of course how much they knew in addition to what had been on the news or what was in either the police or FBI investigations.

Paul and I continued to see each other. Our dates were sporadic of course. Between our work schedules and my school we had very little time for each other. I guess you could honestly say though that it made the time we did have together so much more enjoyable.

The second three month period ended and once again I passed all my tests. I used the break time to put in additional hours at the club. I didn't see any rough looking characters come and go but I knew there were

still some hard nosed people behind the ownership of the club.

After the deaths of three South Florida employees plus the man in the white suit and his son I had no doubt that someone was very anxious to find out who was behind it all. I could only hope they would be looking at their rivals and not someone like me who essential would be off their radar so to speak.

I passed my state exams and began interviewing for a job as a make up artist and/or skin care technician. Paul was getting close to finishing his internship and I was happy for him. Now he could cut back on his hours which would of course leave him more time for me. That sounds pretty selfish I guess but like any woman in love I didn't like sharing him with anyone else or a demanding career.

Maria and I were shopping one afternoon. We stopped in front of a bridal salon. She looked at me with a smile on her face as I giggled.

"Hey it's never too soon to be shopping for a wedding dress," she laughed.

"I guess you're right but I think we both are a long way from that," I answered.

I glanced up at the beautiful white satin gown. Like in my dream I saw myself walking down the aisle to become Mrs. Paul Martinez with Maria and two other bridesmaids standing behind me. I was suddenly aware of Maria waving her hand in front of my face.

"Earth to Juanita, I said do you want to have dinner at the new restaurant across the highway from the mall?"

I felt myself flushed with embarrassment.

"Oh, sure why not," I answered.

We got in her car and drove across the highway. The food was very good but my mind kept drifting off to that gorgeous white dress in the window of the formal apparel shop.

A month went by before I landed a job at a cosmetic studio and skin care clinic. In fact it was located just across from the formal apparel store at the mall. On my lunch hour I could sit on the bench at mid court and gaze wistfully not only at the bridal gowns but other beautiful dresses too. I wanted to spend a couple of hours in there trying them all on.

I cleaned out my locker and let the club manager know I would not be coming in anymore. She just smiled and wished me good luck, then added:

“Your welcome back here anytime Juanita,”

Paul’s schedule eased and we continued to see each other. I made appropriate additions to my wardrobe and shoe collection. I kept my makeup conservative for work and made sure my nails were always perfect. I was enjoying my femininity to the utmost and planned on continuing to do so.

Because I was enjoying my life I was sleeping much better. Maria insisted that was on account of Paul. It had been a long time since I had even thought about the things I had done to avenge my father. My full time job and dating Paul had kept the memories of that buried in the back of my psyche.

A year to the day that Paul finished his internship he proposed and I gladly accepted. He would specialize in pediatrics but said he didn’t want any children. I agreed telling him I couldn’t have children anyway. We celebrated with a weekend in Tampa to meet his parents.

Maria was as excited about being a maid of honor as I was about being a bride. This time we would be dress shopping for real. In addition she was a terrific asset in helping me thru the maze of things to do before the wedding.

Sometimes I had to ask her to settle down a little. We hadn't set a date yet and I wanted plenty of time to think things out. Neither of us wanted a big church wedding, just a private ceremony with a few guests. We would have a short honeymoon in San Diego where he had some cousins he hadn't seen in a number of years.

The girls at the salon were happy for me. Our business grew and I was happy with what I was doing. I guess you could say that I "had it all" or at least most of what I had hoped to get in this life now that I was a female.

I picked out a pink peignoir set for the honeymoon. Maria had that big grin on her face as I modeled it for her in a pair of pink fuzzy toed slippers.

"If you wore a pink wig and had a pink satin bow at the top you could pass for a female stick of cotton candy," she giggled.

Our wedding day was perfect and everything went off without a hitch. The honeymoon was wonderful and Paul's relatives readily accepted me.

When we got back we set up housekeeping in a large two bedroom apartment not far from the hospital and only about a thirty minute drive from the mall. I was deliriously happy to say the least. Life had been unkind to me at first but now it couldn't have been more generous.

A month after we got back from San Diego I got the best wedding gift ever. There had been a raid on South Florida Distributing Company with numerous arrests. There were pictures from other storage areas as well as the headquarters showing the seizure of a large quantity of narcotics as well as arms and ammunition.

Now I was certain that I had covered my tracks quite well. If my name had come up anywhere I had no doubt I would have been brought in for questioning by law enforcement or probably killed by someone in the distributing company.

I could breathe easier. I could spend the rest of my wonderful life without having to look over my shoulder or wonder if there was ever going to be that knock on my door. I am not sure I could describe to you the peaceful feeling that had come over me.

They say that all's well that ends well and for me it certainly had.

THE END