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The Avengers

by Sarah Thorpe

Chapter 1, The First Victim

It was a normal afternoon in Los Angeles, CA. It was late January and rather warm for the time of the year. William James Donovan, or Billy Jim amongst friends, looked at his watch and noticed it was almost three. It was time to go home. Billy Jim ran a computer and electronics business in LA, and he had done very good. He arrived in town in 2000 with a hope to make it big in LA. He had come down from Portland, OR with an invitation to a seminar on how to manage a business. He had come down having saved some money and was able to buy himself a house in a middle class area. It was not very big, but was something to start out with. With a decent job he would be able to hold on to that house.

At the seminar he had met Rebecca, or Becky, Jeffries. It didn't take long before they were dating and decided to get married. The wedding was a quiet one and took place in 2002. On January 2003 they had a daughter, Jessica. Three years later they had a son. He was named Malcolm. Becky also started a business of her own. It was a beauty and hairdressing parlor. Both businesses were located downtown and were soon frequented by customers from the upper class of the society. They soon had a reputation of being very good and soon money was flowing in to them both. In the beginning they had to rely on loans from banks that considered them worthy. It had helped that they had been on that special seminar.

Becky, Billy Jim and their two children were a very happy family. Becky was now 37 years old, born in 1973. Billy Jim was 43, born in 1967. Three years after they married they could afford to move to the more wealthy parts of the city. They were happy with what they had and they had no plans of moving further up in the society. At least not until the kids were a few years older. Billy Jim had kept his old house, He used it when he wanted to do some business without being disturb, or he used it as a guest house A neighbor and friend looked after it and kept the house and the garden tidy and clean.

But both Becky and Billy Jim had been swingers before they married and they didn't want to give up that life entirely. They had given their partner up to one day every week where they could go out and gave some fun of their own. That gave each of them 24 hours when they could do whatever they wanted. There were conditions, of course. The partner staying home should take care of the kids and keep them occupied. In addition Becky could not be pregnant and Billy Jim could

not make any other woman pregnant. If any of that should happen, it was an immediate divorce with the only one winner. The other partner would lose everything.

This Friday it was Becky's turn to have fun on the town. She would not come home until sometime on Saturday, in time for Billy Jim to make on his night on the town. That's the reason he had to leave early. That was no problem, he knew the business was in good hands, he had very good and loyal employees.

Billy Jim left his office at three. He stopped by his deputy and told him to take good care of business. He hurried to the parking garage, found his car and drove home. He left his car in the driveway and walked in. Becky was already in full preparation for her 24 hour out on the town. There was also an agreement between them that they never told their partner where they went. If something special happened, an emergency for instance, they could always reach each other through the cell phone. Billy Jim also knew that Becky most probably would use his other house to entertain her guests, just as he would do the following night. His neighbors would clean it up before he arrived on Saturday night. The neighbors had no problems with this, after all they paid them good money for doing so.

Becky left at five. What she would be doing the next 24 hours has nothing to do with this story. Billy Jim, on the other hand, would do his utmost to entertain the kids. They were both involved in various sorts activities and he would take them there and enjoy their enthusiasm. Jessica was involved in girl soccer, while Malcolm played softball with other kids his age. To him this was a lot of fun. But on Friday night they just stayed home. Billy Jim ordered pizza for them all and

they ate it with some soft drinks while watching children's TV. This was something he did every time Becky was out, and he knew Becky did the same when he was out. It was an arrangement that suited them both. During the day Saturday and Sunday they were out following their kids career in sports.

Becky was home by four on Saturday. The smile on her face told Billy Jim everything, she really had had a very good time the last 24 hours, She never told him a thing about what she had been doing, that was the agreement between them. These things were better left unknown, Knowing what had happened might cause jealousy and misery. They trusted each other 100%.

Billy Jim left the kids to Becky and left the house. The time was 5 PM. He took the car and parked in a parking house downtown. He always liked to start his day off with some window shopping. He was curious what other companies had come up with when it came to electronics, He might get some ideas of his own that way.

Around seven he went to a restaurant to have a nice meal. He didn't go to the same place every time; it all depended on what he wanted to eat. It could range from a simple pizza to a gourmet dinner in a very fancy restaurant. He would finish off in a bar where there was dancing, hoping to find some female company. What Billy Jim didn't know, was that he was being watched all the time by someone who did everything the person could to avoid detection and suspicion.

Once in the bar he went straight have a drink. He was careful not to drink too much; he was after all planning to go to his second house later that evening,

hopefully with a hot woman by his side. That was after all the main purpose with this night out.

Then suddenly he saw her. She was strolling into the bar, swaying her hips in a very sexy way. This woman looked hot, and Billy Jim wanted her. She was wearing a tight red dress that reached her halfway down to her knees. Her shoes were in the same color as the dress and they had 3" heels. Her hair reached to her shoulders and was very blonde. Just a dream woman in Billy Jim's eye. Not a woman he would marry, but a woman would very much like to spend the night with. He looked at her with that 'come on over' glance. She looked at him and understood what he meant. She walked straight over to him. "Hello handsome," she said as she came up to him. "Are you ready for the night of your life?"

"I sure am. My name is Billy Jim, and what is yours?"

"I'm Janice. Wanna buy me a drink?"

"Of course, please place your order."

Janice ordered her drink and they walked over to a table in a corner. It didn't take long before they started some heavy kissing. Janice was very good kisser, just the kind Billy Jim loved. Soon they were out on the dance floor and there they stuck together like glue. Nothing seemed to be able to tear them apart. Soon Billy Jim asked Janice if she would come to his house and make some serious love there. Janice was willing right away, but she had her price, and that was high. Billy Jim didn't care, he had money enough and he paid some hot hooker money almost every weekend. "It's OK," he said, "and when we come to my place we will have a romantic meal before we end up in bed."

“That sounds all right with me. When do we leave?”

“Why not now?”

Janice agreed, she just had to pick up her coat and handbag first. At the front door a valet pick up Billy Jim’s car and opened the doors for them so they could get in. Soon they were on their way to Billy Jim’s second house. During the drive Janice clung to Billy Jim’s arm all the time, but still making sure he was driving safely.

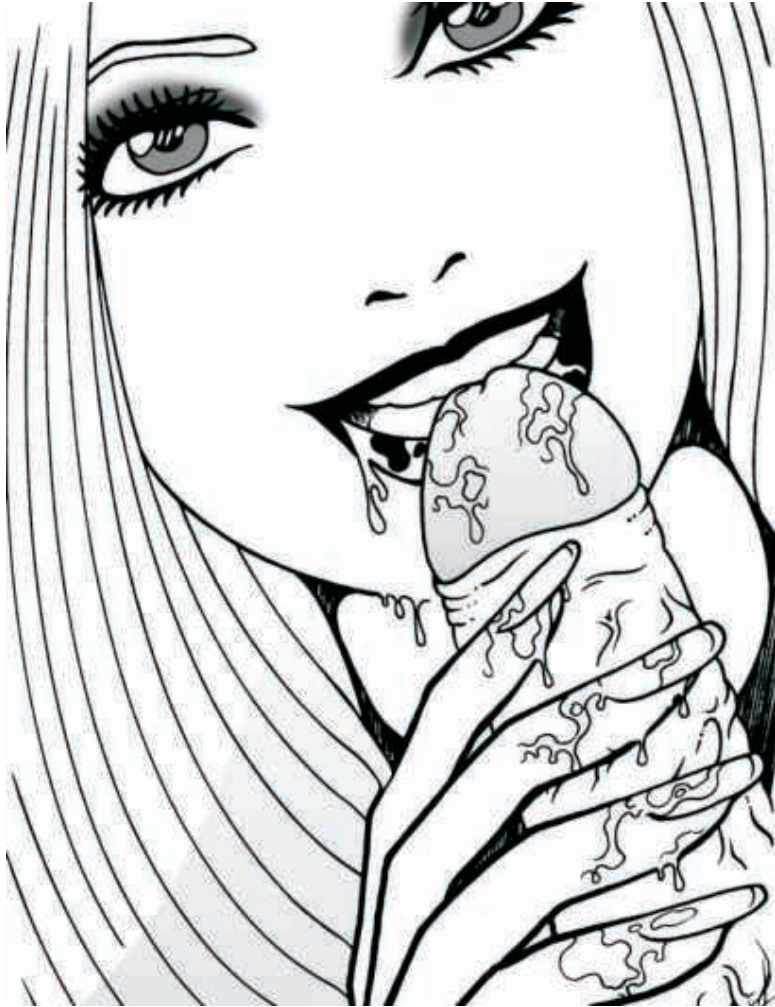
They arrived at Billy Jim’s house a few minutes after ten. He found something to eat and put it in the micro. While the meal was warming up, he found a bottle of red wine and stepped into the living room. There he served a small, but nice and romantic meal to them both. Janice seemed to take great pleasure in what Billy Jim was doing, and they really had a romantic conversation while they were eating and drinking.

But Billy Jim was impatient, he wanted something more; he wanted to make wild and passionate love to Janice. She was after all one of the hottest women he had met in a long time. Janice also seemed very keen to make love to Billy Jim and asked him straight out if it was Ok to start by sucking him dry. Billy Jim just nodded. He could feel his member getting harder and harder. Just the thought of being sucked fry by a lovely woman such as Janice made him very horny. Janice looked at him and said: “Then we do it my way, we both get naked and you will lie down on your back naked on your bed and I will tie your hands and legs to the bedposts. This way you will be all mine and I can do exactly what I like with you. Does that sound OK?”

Billy Jim nodded and started to undress. Janice did the same. Soon they stood on floor naked, facing each

other. Billy Jim looked at Janice and saw her fantastic body for the first time. 'What a woman!' he thought.

They both went to the bedroom and Billy Jim did as he had been told. Janice found something she could use to tie him to the bedposts and she tied him firmly. Billy Jim's penis was straight in the air. Janice started to run her fingers up and down along Billy Jim's penis. He just became hornier and hornier.



Suddenly she let her mouth down over his rock-hard penis and started sucking. Billy Jim moaned with pleasure. He tried to hold back as long as he could, but suddenly he couldn't hold it any longer and Janice had to swallow the load that came. Billy Jim's penis just turned limp. Janice lifted her head and smiled. "How was it?" she asked.

"Fantastic. Can you do it once more?"

"Of course I can." She started to let her fingers gently move up and down Billy Jim's penis and soon it was rock hard again. Once again she sucked him dry. She also had to do it a third time before Billy Jim was satisfied. "Now it's my turn to suck you," he said.

"Of course, I just have to do a few things first." She went out in the hallway where her coat was hanging and took something out of the right pocket and went back into the bedroom. It was time to do what she really came for.

"Now my dear Billy Jim, or should I say Malcolm Roberts," she said as she entered the bedroom again. "

She could see Billy Jim suddenly turned pale, but he regained his posture almost at once. But it was enough for Janice. That short moment told her everything. She had hit the target. "Who is Malcolm Roberts?" Billy Jim asked, "I have never heard of the guy."

"I bet you have. Remember the trial in Seattle in 1999. Malcolm Roberts was in court, charged with sexually molesting his four year old daughter. But then something strange happened, the case was dismissed due to the fact that someone had cluttered up the investigation and Malcolm Roberts had to be set free. It was an outrage in town. As soon as Malcolm was out on the street as a free man, someone would kill him right

away. So hideous was the crime he had committed. The only option was that FBI gave him a new identity and relocated him. They had to do the same with his wife and daughter. You, my friend, are Malcolm Roberts and tonight you will pay for your crime. I feel sorry for your present wife and kids, but justice has to be set right”

“How can you say that I am Malcolm Roberts. As far as I know I don’t look like him at all. Now set me free.”

“Sorry, I can’t do that. Let me tell you a few things first. First of all, your wife from that time is also relocated with your daughter. The girl is 16 years old now and live in Ashville, NC with her mother, stepfather and two half siblings. She is now finally feeling all right and is doing very well in school. She doesn’t know anything about your present situation and whereabouts. How do I know all this? I was an official at your trial and took notes for the court. I know that your face is changed and that no one can recognize you now. But there are two things you cannot change, you cannot change your fingerprints and you cannot change your DNA. In Seattle I had access to both and made copies. After you came here I have, illegally, obtained your prints and your DNA, and there is a match. You are Malcolm Roberts, there’s no doubt about that. Any more objections?”

Billy Jim had none. Janice was right, he was Malcolm Roberts. He resigned and said: “You’re right, I am Malcolm Roberts. What are you going to do with me now?”

“I’m gonna kill you in a very cruel and brutal way. You will never live to tell this story to anyone. But since you’ve been such a good boy here in LA, I will

make sure that Becky and your children will get along real well. You see, she is also on the FBI witness protection list. The two of you have been watched all the time. But before I kill you, I have to gag you. I don't want your screaming to wake up the neighborhood."

"You will never get away with this. They will catch you very soon. The police in this town are very efficient."

I have covered my back very well. They will never catch me. And for the records, I work for the FBI, this is something I do on the side. And finally, I am not a woman at all. I am a man wearing a special torso that gives me the female shape I'm now displaying. And the best of all, it leaves no fingerprints that can be traced to any person. It's ingenious. I will leave here in your car and park it somewhere where it can't be seen right away. A friend will pick me up and I put on something more comfortably. I take off the blond wig I'm wearing just in case someone will recognize me and my blonde hair. Where we go from LA is none of your business, we will be gone long before anybody finds you. It will be impossible to tack me down. Not many hours from now I will be out of the torso and be a man again. You see; it's foolproof."

Janice had brought her handbag and took out something that looked like a gag. In fact it was a gag, and she took it and placed it over Billy Jim's mouth. He tried to resist, but to no avail. Whatever sound would come out of Billy Jim's mouth would be silence. Janice now took out a folding knife from her handbag. She opened it and let Billy Jim have a look. "I will use this to cut off your genitalia. You will then die rather quickly due to massive blood loss. When you're dead I will untie your gag and the ropes that tie you to your

bed, and take them with me to be thrown at an unknown location. Your genitalia I will put in your mouth for all the world to see. Your neighbor normally doesn't come to clean the house until three in the afternoon. Until then your body will lie undetected. When it finally is detected, I'm far away from here. I will still be in the US though. After all I have to be at work on Monday morning. Before I leave this house I will take a shower to rinse my body of all foreign blood."

With these words Janice went into action. She started by making a cut just above Billy Jim's penis and continued all the way around his balls. She looked at Billy Jim's face and saw that he was in great pain, greater than she had anticipated actually. She cut deeper and deeper until the penis and the balls were separated from Billy Jim's body. By then Billy Jim had bled out and was dead. At this time Janice took off the gag and the ropes that held Billy Jim's body to the bedposts. These were things that might be traced back to her, so she took them with her. She now went to the shower and stayed there until her body was clear of all foreign blood. She dried herself on a towel. When dry she put in her dress back on. She grabbed the car keys and left the house. As a last precaution she had made sure there were nothing left in the house that didn't already belong there.

Once in the car she started it and drove out on the road. She dimmed the lights as much as she could to avoid being seen. Once on the road she reached for her cell phone and dialed a number. When the person at the other end answered, all she said was: "I'm on my way." Then she hung up. Twenty minutes later she stopped at a secluded place, turned off the engine and left the car, making sure she had all her belongings. Another car was already at the place waiting for her.

She left the car and stepped into the other car. The car keys were hidden so that no one could steal the car without having to work for it.

Once inside the other car she took off her clothes and blonde wig. She dressed in something more comfortable. It was a blouse, a pair of pants and shoes with more comfortable heels. She packed all the rest of her belongings, including the blonde wig and put everything in a small suitcase. As a last precaution she took out the contact lenses that gave such bright blue eyes. With her now much shorter brownish hair she looked quite different from the woman who just had killed a man. She moved into the front seat. Then the driver finally opened his mouth. "Hello Janice," he said, "did it work it well.."

"Yes Harold. Everything went according to plan. We're all set. Let's go back to DC. Now we have to lie low before we go for the next victim."

"I know. And that shall be Robert Stevens in Chicago, and it's my turn to do the dirty work. And if I remember correctly, I have to use a black torso."

"That's right. Robert is an African American and women of the same race is the thing for him. He has already destroyed too many of them and never been caught. We will make sure he never destroys more of them. He will get the same treatment as Billy Jim."

Harold drove straight to LAX. He dropped Janice outside the main entrance and took the car back to the rental agency. From there he took shuttle back to the terminal. He met up with Janice at in the entrance hall. She was now much less glamorous than she had been downtown LA. Her hair was just the color and style that was on the picture on her ID card. The couple checked in on an early morning flight Dulles Interna-

tional outside DC. The flight would leave LAX at 6;10 AM and land in Dulles at 2 PM local. Just in time for Janice to get back home and change into her male alter ego Charles, or Chuck amongst friends.. They would both be back at work on the coming Monday.

Chuck and Harold shared a house together. Chuck was from Seattle while Harold was from Boston. They had met on campus at a very prestigious law school and soon established a friendship that would last forever. During a summer break they had both gone to Seattle to work for the DA's office to gain some experience. That's how they knew all about the Malcolm Roberts case. In their DC office they worked mainly as clerks, but it did happen they were out in the field as any other agent. They both had the training and experience to do it.

They were both considered gay, while they in fact were bi-sexual. They also shared the interest in dressing up in women's clothing. This was known to their colleagues, but as long as they didn't mix it up with work, nobody had any problems with it. They were good at their work and that was the important issue. The main reason they looked so good as girls, with or without torso, was that they were both very slim men and could manipulate their voice over a large register. Even without the torso they were very convincing.

Back home in the apartment Janice went straight to the sauna in order to take the torso off, The torsos were a must when it came to the avenger task they had taken upon them. They were very expensive, but they were provided to them by someone high up in the hierarchy, and who had given them the avenger assignments. After the 12 cases they had signed for were over, they would be relocated to another country with a com-

pletely new identity, and that identity would be female. Later that evening they had a drink and smiled, the time was now 6 PM in LA and Billy Jim's body must just have found. They wished the LA police good luck in their investigation. They were certain they would not be caught.

Chapter 2, The Investigation

At precisely 3 PM, Billy Jim's neighbor Willy Aronson took his things and went over to his neighbor. His task was to make the house tidy and clean each time Billy Jim or some guests he might have had, had spent some days in the house. This time it was only a normal visit by Billy Jim and some girl he had picked up, so it shouldn't be too much to do. He noticed there was no car in the driveway, a sure sign that Billy Jim had left the house. Willy locked himself in. Once inside the house he could feel that something was wrong. A foul smell came from one of the rooms. This didn't look good. He opened the door to the bedroom and saw lots of blood on the floor. A further look told him that Billy Jim lay on the bed, dead. He didn't go further. Instead he walked out of the house and called 911. This was a case for the police. The 911 operator answered and he requested police assistance. A squad car would come right away, was the answer he received. Less than 10 minutes later the police was in the driveway. Willy explained what he had seen and the two police officers walked slowly into the house. They saw the blood and made sure they didn't step in it. When looking into the bedroom they saw a naked man lying there on the bed. It was blood all over. There was nothing they could do

for the man and while one officer called the station, the other made sure there was no one else in the house. The rest of the house was empty.

The detectives and the forensic team arrived 15 minutes later, They were headed by detective Annie Wolfe. She was considered to be the best detective in Southern California. She looked at the body in the bed. It was completely naked and his genitalia were cut off and placed in his mouth. There was blood everywhere, but there were no foreign tracks in it. In fact there were not a footprint to be seen. It was clear that the man on the bed had been dead for a while. The cause of death seemed clear, he had died from blood loss Since the blood clearly had been flowing from the bed and down to the floor, it indicated that the man was alive when his balls were cut off. That must have been terribly painful. Annie left the room and left it to the CSI team. They were after all the experts. The first they did was to make an assumption on how long the man had been dead. The initial conclusion was that he was killed between 12 and 115 hours ago. More than enough for the murderer to be far away from here.

The neighbor had positively identified the dead man to be William James Donovan, owner of a large electronics store downtown. Annie would find out more about later. She knew his store, and had been there several time. It was a very successful business. He was a well respected citizen and Annie wondered what could have happened to cause such a crime. It looked like a hate crime and that the victim was a sex offender. She did not look forward to tell his wife about what had happened.

The CSI team went on with their job and Annie left the crime scene to them. They would go through every

inch of the house and Annie knew that if there was something to find, they would find it. Annie went to speak with Willy Aronson, the neighbor. "What can you tell me about Billy Jim?" she asked.

"He came to this area in 2000," Willy opened, "and bought this house. He told me he came from Portland, Or, and wanted to establish a new life here in LA. I moved in here five years earlier with my wife and child. I have three children now. At first Billy Jim lived alone, but in late 2001 he married Becky and she moved in with him. They both wanted to establish a business in LA and they were both successful. In 2005 they had made so much money that they decided to move to another neighborhood and into a larger house. At that time they had two children, a boy and a girl. Billy Jim kept this house, he often used as a place his business associates could stay when they were in town. It was also used by Billy Jim himself during most weekends when he entertained women that he had picked up downtown. It was all with Becky's consent, she also used it from time to time to entertain her male friends. It was an agreement between them that seemed to work perfectly. When one of them was on the town, the other took care of the kids.

"From an early stage I was given the task to keep the house nice and tidy after the visitors had left. He paid me for the job, and it gave me an extra income. I didn't need the money, but did it anyway. Normally almost my whole family participated and we had lots of fun cleaning it up. We were also allowed to use the house for our guests as well. When he was here he always parked in the driveway and for me it meant that he was here. When the car was gone, the house was ready for a clean up. I can't see the car from my house, so I go over and check, and that never happens before 3

PM. When I came to the house today, everything looked normal. It was quiet and the car was gone. I walked inside and the rest you know."

"I do. I notice that the garden is very neat and clean. Are you taking care of that as well?"

"No I don't. A professional gardener takes care of that. In fact he helps me as well."

"Thank you so far, I might have to talk with you more later. And please don't say anything to any reporter that might come by. And that goes for your family as well. What they will hear will be coming from me, or one of my representatives only. I don't know what you really saw in there, but what you might have seen must not reach the press except through official channels only. If you really saw the body you know what I mean."

"I saw it and I understand, I haven't even told my family what I saw. To them I only said that I saw a lot of blood inside and that Billy Jim was lying on the bed."

"Thank you, and please keep it that way."

"My lips are sealed."

"Good. There's one thing more thing though. I trust you in this matter, but I would very much like that my technicians take your prints and blood sample, along with a look at your clothes. And please tell me exactly where you were in this house today. That is, how far into the house did you go before you called 911. And what did you see."

"I entered the hallway and felt a foul smell coming at me. The hallway was clean as was the kitchen. I saw what looked like blood on the floor not far from the bedroom. I opened the door to the bedroom and saw

lots of blood on the floor and I saw Billy Jim naked on the bed. That's when I left the house and called 911."

"Thank you. Do you know Billy Jim's address and phone number?"

"In fact I do. I have his card in my wallet. You can have that." Willy took out the card and gave it to Annie. "Thank you," she said, "I appreciate very much the help you've given so far. I will, however, come back to you later."

"That's all right. You can have my card as well. You will find all the information you need there. You can all me any time you like."

Annie took his card and noticed that Willy worked for a major construction company as an engineer. In fact he had a very good job,

Annie went back into the house to talk to the CSI team. They didn't have much to say at this stage, but they could verify that Billy Jim had been dead for 12-15 hours. All the blood they've found so far belonged to the victim. Not a single trace of foreign blood was found at this stage. Annie asked them to keep looking and report back as soon as they had anything.

The corpse had now been picked up and taken down for an autopsy. The whole body had been covered in a blanket when it was carried out. This way nobody would be able to see it and make their own speculations. The fact that Billy Jim's penis had been cut off must not become public knowledge, The only persons knowing about that for the moment, was Annie, Willy and the CSI team. Annie wanted to keep it that way. A few more will learn it later, but it must be kept out of eyes of the reporters.

When Annie left the area 20 minutes later the press was all over the place. They wanted to know what had happened, and the only thing Annie told them was that the man who owned the house was dead. She had to admit that he had been killed, though.

Down at the precinct Annie went straight to the autopsy room. There she met the coroner and asked him what he had found so far. She received the following answer. The man had been dead since between midnight and 3 AM, The cause of death was clear, he had bled out due to the severe cut in his groin that had removed his genitalia. There were no other wounds. But there were sign of damage to his skin around his wrists and ankles, as if he had been tied up to the bedposts or something like that. It was also clear signs in his mouth that he had been gagged. There was nothing in or around his mouth that could be used to find out what kind of gag it was. His wrists and ankles wore no signs of what had been used to tie him up. What was clear, however, was that he had been voluntary tied up. This information made Annie place a call to the CSI team and told them to check for signs of ropes on the bedposts. They promised to do so would report back later.

Next step for Annie was to contact Billy Jim's wife. She had received the address from Willy and soon she was on her way. She found the house, stopped by the gate and presented herself through the intercom. She said her visit had to do with William James Donovan, who was supposed to live there. The woman who answered had no other option than to open the gate and let Annie in. Annie parked in the driveway and was met at the door by a woman in her mid-thirties, Annie presented herself and was let in. The woman who had opened the door presented herself as Rebecca Donovan, Billy Jim's wife.

"I, sorry to say," Annie opened, "but I have some very bad news for you. Your husband was found dead a few hours ago and I would like you to come with me to the precinct so we can have a closer talk. You can bring your children with you."

"I knew there was something wrong, He is never home later than five in Sundays. What has happened?"

"He was found dead, killed actually, in your other house this afternoon by your neighbor when he came to clean the house. I will tell you more down at the station."

Becky broke down in tears. "He always calls when he leaved the house on Sunday, and I haven't received that call today. That's why I knew there was something wrong. Do you have any suspects?"

"At this stage no. We are far too early in the investigation. Would you please find your children and come with me. We will take good care of the kids down there."

Soon they were in Annie's car. The kids were a girl named Jessica, age 8, and a boy named Malcolm, age 5. They had been told that they would go to the Police Station while someone there talked with their mammy. They were very curious what they would see.'

At the Station the children were taken care of by a female officer. She took them to a room where they could play some games. Becky followed Annie to her office. "I want to ask you some questions about your husband," she opened, "and the first one is; do you know here he was last night. I understand that you and him have an agreement about going out once week all by yourselves."

“That is correct. It’s been that way since we started hanging out together. The only thing that is not allowed is to make children. Part from that, we’re home free. Normally we never tell each other where we have been or who we met. That ‘s considered private information. But I happen to know that Billy Jim has a favorite place, and that is called Otto’s. You can try there. At least they know him there. I have been there myself and it’s a nice place to pick up a partner for the night.”

“Thank you. What do you know about Billy Jim’s past, before you came into the picture.”

“Not very much. He came down from Portland, OR where he worked as an electronic engineer in a small, but profitable company. But they ended up going bankrupt and he came here to get a second chance We met at a course where they taught you how to run a business.”

“And what about you?”

“I have a similar background, but I came from Omaha, NE.”

“I have one final important question to ask you. What kind of car did Billy Jim drive? And do you know the license number? “

“it’s a silver blue BMW with California license number.” She gave the number to Annie. Annie took the information and put it into her PC. Soon the information was spread to all police cars in the greater LA area. She was certain that it would be found. She doubted very much that the murderer had taken the car very far. The killer most probably had another car parked somewhere and used that to disappear. But Billy Jim’s car was important, it could contain important clues.

All through the conversation Becky had problems holding her tears back. She loved Billy Jim and he was so nice to their kids. They even had an agreement that when the oldest kid came of age, they would stop going out as they were single almost every weekend. From then on they would be one family only. Annie thanked her for the information and told her that she had been very brave and helpful. But she wanted one more thing from her; she wanted her to come to the autopsy room and positively identify Billy Jim. Annie knew it would be hard on her, but she was willing to do so.

In the autopsy room Billy Jim's body was still lying on the bench: The coroner wasn't completely finished with his investigation. Becky looked at Billy Jim's peaceful face and gave him a kiss on his mouth. Tears fell from her eyes as she did it. She had already been told how Billy Jim had been found, but she didn't care. She loved that son-of-a-bitch, and now some woman seemed to have killed him. How could a woman be so cruel to a nice man and a good lover? When she saw his peaceful face she knew she would remember it for the rest of her life, He was after all the father of her two children, and a very good father as well.

As they were about to leave, the coroner said to Annie that he wanted to talk with her about something important. Annie knew by instinct that it had to do with Billy Jim. She took Becky to her kids and returned to the coroner. "What's up, Walter?" she asked when she came back into the autopsy room.

"You see, Annie, when I examined the body closer I found something very interesting and I wouldn't talk about it when the wife was here. She might not know this and knowing it might be very painful to her. You

see, when going over the body's head and face I noticed that something was wrong, This person has once been through a very extensive face lift, if you can call it that. Not only has his faced been altered, but his skull had been altered as well, It was if someone once wanted to give the man a new look so he couldn't be recognized. It might be just as simple that the man had been in an accident or something and the surgeons had to rebuild his whole head and face. This might mean a lot, or it might mean nothing at all."

"Thank you, Walter. That was very interesting. Can you give me a written report of what you've found. Don't leave out ant details. Any idea when this has been done?"

"Hard to say, but I would guess about 10-12 years ago. And since there are only a few places in this country that can do work like that, I'll see what I can find out."

"Thank you, I cannot ask for more."

Annie left the coroner and picked up Becky and her kids in order to take them home. She dropped them off outside their house and was given a picture of Billy Jim she could use while searching for him in various places, She would start right away at the place called Otto's. She knew where it was, but had never been there herself. She stopped outside and a valet came straight away to place her car in the proper area. She presented herself and was given permission to park just a little further away from the entrance. Annie knew the drill and did as she had been told. Once out of the car and back to the valet she showed him the picture of Billy Jim and asked if he knew if the man had been there the night before.

“Yes he was,” the valet replied, “I took his car when he arrived. I parked it and he went in. He is here almost once a week. When he came back he came with one of the hottest chicks I’ve ever seen. She was tall and blonde, actually a little taller than him, wearing her high-heeled shoes. I opened the door for her and she gave me the cutest smile you can imagine. The man himself gave me a generous tip like he always does. There is a camera here that most likely have them on record.”

“Thank you, you have been most helpful. Do you know if the same people are behind the bar today as yesterday?”

“I know that Bob is there, and he was there yesterday as well. We always work the same shifts.”

“Once gain thanks, I might talk to you again later.”

Annie walked inside and up to the bar. She presented herself to the bartender and asked him if he knew Billy Jim from the photo she showed him. The bartender had a name tag saying Bob, so she knew right away that she had met the right guy.

Bob looked u and looked at Annie. He saw her ID and answered right away. “That’s Billy Jim. He was here last night. Has anything happened to him?”

“In fact it has. He was killed last night and I try to trace his last hours. I understand from the valet outside that he left with a very hot woman. Do you know anything about when she, or Billy Jim for that matter, arrived and left?”

“I don’t have the times, but Billy Jim arrived around eight like he usually does. He ordered his normal drink and sat down at a table over there, facing the entrance. This is his normal procedure. Not very much later this

tall, hot blonde woman came in. I had never seen her before in my life. She looked around and her eyes stopped at Billy Jim. Billy Jim had looked at her from the moment she arrived. As soon as they made eye contact she walked over to his table and sat down.

“Through the evening they seemed to have a very good time together. I envied that bastard there and then. I wished it was me going to bed with that fantastic woman. They left the bar around midnight. We have it all on video in the back room. Just a moment.” The bartender called for a man named Jack and asked him to come to the bar. Jack was there in two minutes. “Jack,” the bartender said, “this is Police Detective Annie Wolfe and she wants something from you. Take her with you and show her what you’ve got. It’s all about Billy Jim.”

“I can find it. Madam, please come with me.”

Annie followed Jack to a room in the back and soon he had found the footage from yesterday. Annie said she wanted a copy of everything that showed Billy Jim and that young woman. This would help her in her murder investigation. Jack was very co-operative and soon had everything on a DVD with camera number and time stamps. A map with the positions of the cameras was also provided. She thanked Jack and went back into the bar. Before she left she asked the bartender one final question: “Did Billy Jim have much to drink last night?”

“Not at all. He had two light drinks just after arrival and from there on he drank only soda. He is very careful with his drinking when he’s driving.”

She thanked him again and walked out to her car. She stepped in and drove straight home. She was tired and still had two kids to take care of. Her twins were

now eight, soon to become nine years old boy. She loved them very much and it reminded her on how she became the woman she is today. So the first thing she did after she stepped into her car, was to call the station and tell them that she wouldn't be in until after the kids were sent to school tomorrow. She had lots of work for the technicians.

On her way home she thought about her years here in LA. She came own from Seattle almost 10 years ago to help the police here to catch a man who specialized in killing men who dressed as women. She was a young man named Adrian at that time and in order to act as a reliable decoy, that young man had to dress up and act like a woman. He had a good teacher in a police woman named Patricia and at the time the case was over they were wed. About 10 months later they had twins, a boy names Adrian and a girl named Angela. But then disaster struck. Following complications with giving birth, Patricia died and left Adrian sr. as a single father. Then his services as a woman was wanted once again, and this led to that he finally took the final step and turned himself into a woman full time. The twins know her now only as their mother. She is married to a fellow policeman and they are for all people the twins' parents.

Annie likes her new role as a woman. She feels she is more fulfilled now than when she was a man. But all in all, it has been 10 fantastic years in LA. And at the station only those who worked there when she first arrived know that she was born a man. And they don't say a single word. Most of them might have forgotten it anyway.

Annie came to work at nine the next morning. The twins were in school and her husband had just arrived home from night shift. She went straight to the lab and handed the video footage to Ben, the lab technician. "Go through these footages very thoroughly, Ben" she said, "It is the footage from the bar where Billy Jim was on Saturday night. You will see him arrive and some time later a blonde woman will arrive. She stayed with him the whole evening and left the bar with him in his car. She is our most probable suspect. Try to get as much details as possible. I want to know as much about her as you can find out. OK?"

"It's OK Annie, you know I will do my best. But before you leave here, I have two things for you. There was also a camera at the driveway and I have to process that as well. I also just got the message that Billy Jim's car had been found. It's on its way here right as we speak. Where do you want me to begin?"

"Start with the video from the driveway, then continue with the footage I brought you. The car we have to leave to the vehicle specialists. If there are clues or evidence in that car, they will find it. If you need me or have some very important information, I'll be in David Miller's office. He needs to be briefed on what has happened so far. You are allowed to disturb me. I will anyway drop by here when I'm finished with the chief."

The chief was in and Annie was welcomed right away. They gave each other a hug before Annie sat down in front of David. David had been the man who was responsible for Annie, or Adrian, coming to LA in the first place. They had been the best of friends ever since. David's wife was now the DA. "What do you have so far, Annie?" David said as she sat down. She

had talked to him over the phone yesterday and given him the first facts.

“Not very much more I’ afraid. There is very little evidence in this case. But we do have the video footage from the bar where Billy Jim went, as well as the tape from the camera in Billy Jim’s driveway. Ben is going through them at this moment. I also heard that Billy Jim’s car has been found and is expected here any minute. I don’t have very much from the CSI team yet, they were after all still at work at the scene when I left. Except for our folks, the neighbor is the only person who knows about the mutilation. And he has promised not to tell anybody else, not even his family. And I must say that I never have had a case where I knew so little at this stage in the investigation.

“We know where Billy Jim went to pick up women and we have video footage of that woman. We know that they left together in his car and that they arrived at his house together. We also know that one person, most likely the woman we’re looking for, took the car as she left and parked in a remote place. There we assume she was picked up by somebody. That is more likely than she having another car there. The place is too far away from the bar and I doubt that any taxi yook her from that place to the bar. This means that she has had a helper someplace. That helper most probably dropped her off in the vicinity of the bar. After all she came walking. We can try to find the car by going over all video cameras in the area, but that is a very tedious job and I doubt that we will find anything. This is so cleverly set up that I doubt that they would have done a mistake like that.”

“I agree, but I would like to have that done anyway. Call a meeting with your staff this afternoon and I will

set some people to it. We have the date and approximate time when it happened so at least we can narrow it down somewhat. It shouldn't be too difficult to spot a tall blonde woman exit from a car. At least we can spot her walking and then find out where she might have been dropped off."

After her meeting with David Annie went down to the garage where Billy Jim's car was processed. The guys down there had just started so it wasn't much that was found so far. Most things belonged to Billy Jim anyway. Back up with Ben and the video footage she had a little bit more luck. Ben had found out that the woman was about 5'110" without her heels, with other words, relatively tall to be a woman. But not exceptional tall. There were many women around with that height. Too many in fact. Ben had zoomed in on her face and found that she had bright blue eyes. That was expected for a blonde woman. Furthermore her shoulders were a little wider than those of a normal woman, but still not unusual. Ben had studied her very thoroughly and had this eerie feeling that there was something that didn't fit. But since he couldn't put his finger on it, he didn't make a number out of it. He just mentioned it to Annie. She knew that such eerie feelings could have a significance, and took a note of it. What Ben actually meant was that the woman was too perfect. Nobody is so perfect as she seems to be. But one thing was clear, the person that drove off in Billy Jim's car was that same woman. No doubt about that. That was easy to see even if it was dark outside and the car drove off the property without turning on the headlights. Annie had estimated that it would take about 20 minutes to drive from Billy Jim's house to where the car was found.

At a gathering held just after lunch, Annie described her plan on how to identify the car that had brought the blonde woman downtown. It was a huge task and involved looking at many video cameras, but at least one of them must have seen it. 12 officers were put on the task and they started right away. The goal was to report back later that afternoon. The area wasn't far away so they could walk down there. By 1 PM the guys were out in the street, armed with photos of the blonde woman and a general description of height etc. The meeting was suppose to be held at 4:30 PM. Just before the evening shift came to work.

AT the meeting many officers reported that the woman had been seen on camera on several places. By listing them in order by the time she had been spotted, it was clear that her first appearance had been at the shopping arcade less than one block away. The first shot of her had been taken just after she entered the arcade. It turned out that the camera covering the entrance had been out of order that day. It had been checked by the technicians, but they had spent the whole day trying to find out what was wrong. Normally they had a replacement camera available, but not this time. It was in for repair and didn't reappear until after the woman had entered the arcade. The original camera had been burned inside, and the only way to do such a thing was to point a string laser at the lens. A shop worker had reported though, that he had seen the woman step out of the car and enter the arcade. He had seen the car but did not notice anything about it. Except that it was blue. So the woman had managed to hide everything about herself when it came to find some kind of identity on her. She just didn't exist.

Going through Billy Jim's car didn't help either. They found fabric fibers that was consistent with the

dress the woman had been wearing. So it was from the house as well. They also found hair in both places, but they proved to belong to a wig. Nothing useful was found. How can anybody hide themselves so good in plain sight? Annie was desperate. Never had she seen a case so void of any clues. She had a feeling this case wouldn't be solved at all. To solve it she needed help from someone with strange powers.

But one thing she was sure of, Billy Jim had been targeted. That means that something in his past must have triggered something with this woman. One way or another she must have some kind of grudge on him. And that must have happened before he came to LA. Here his life has been spotless. There more she thought it over the more she believed that Billy Jim was on a witness protection program or something like that. And the only person that could help her with that, was her old friend Harry at the local FBI office. She had status as an GBI agent as well, but did not have access to information like that. The only thing was that Harry was on vacation and didn't get back until next Monday. She had to wait until then.

In the meantime she went public with pictures of the woman who had killed Billy Jim and asked if anyone had seen her the day in question. She was not interested in information from the shopping arcade or the bar. Only in the streets around or other public places. She even sent officers to airports, bus stations and train stations to see if somebody had seen her, but to no avail. She had simply disappeared from the surface of the earth, Should this be the case she didn't solve?

It wasn't until Monday one week after the murder that Annie had a chance to meet with FBI agent Harry

Brown. They had been friends from the time Annie came to LA and she had in her time also received a status as FBI agent under special circumstances. She had in fact on a couple of occasions worked directly for the Bureau.

Harry welcomed her and told her sit down in the one of the comfortable chairs he had in his office, Coffee was on the table next to the chair. Harry stood up from his desk and joined her at the table. He served coffee to them both. "What's up?" Annie asked when he served coffee.

"You have probably already heard about the William James Donovan case," she said.

Harry nodded, he had heard of it. It was more or less the talk of the town.

"Well," Annie continued, "I've been working on that case for a week now, and have absolutely nothing. It's a total blank." She went on to tell him what she had found so far. No fingerprints, no organic material from any other than the victim. She had nothing from the woman who had only been seen within in a period of 8-10 hours.

"What do you think I can help you with?" Harry asked.

"I will come to that. First let me tell you a few things that have not been published. It's only known to the investigators and to the Chief. Billy Jim was found lying on his back in bed. His hands and legs were close to the bedposts and it was clear that had been tied to them. That's not strange, it only indicates that that woman has performed a blow job on him. And before you ask, the penis had been checked for saliva, but nothing was found. The penis must have been washed

by the killer. There were marks on Billy Jim's wrists and ankles that clearly show that he has been tied up. Nothing strange in that either. But there were no signs of ant rope and no marks on Billy Jim's body that could indicate what kind of rope had been used. Our best guess is leather.

"Further there were signs that around Billy Jim's mouth that he has been gagged, No sign of the gag either. The killer must have taken them with her when she left. The official cause of death is massive loss of blood due to a large knife wound. The wound was large, all right, the woman who killed him actually cut off his penis and balls while the man was still alive! He must have been in very great pain. These are things that are not known to the public. This is a kind of murder you might find if the victim was a sexual offender or child molester, but Billy Jim has a perfect record in that aspect. In fact he hasn't as much as traffic ticket all the years he has lived here. But what he did before he came here in 2000, I have no idea. The Portland authorities hardly know him. And now I come to why I have contacted you.

"There is another thing with the body, known only to me and the coroner. Billy Jim's face has been through an operation to change his looks. Even some of the bone structure in his skull have been changed. These are things done only to people who is on a relocation and identity change program and these things are handled by the Bureau. So I ask you if you can help me here. Billy Jim was targeted by this woman and she must have known something about him from the past. This killing is not done unless you have a very good reason for it, "

“Annie, this was quite a story. The things you ask for are outside my department, I don’t have access to data like that. But I know one who has, and I will ask him to come down. If he’s available he will be here in a few minutes, In the meantime enjoy your coffee and biscuits.”

“Thanks Harry, that’s all I can ask for right now.”

15 minutes later a man came through the door. He presented himself as Joseph Carstens and sat down. He had also heard about the murder of William James Donovan, of course. Annie repeat most of what she had told Harry and Joe listened closely. At the end he said: “What you have told me is most interesting. I will see what I can find out. The only thing I can say now is that I most probably will find what you’re looking for, but this is information you cannot use in your investigation as such. If you happen to apprehend the killer, we will be able to find what kind of connections this woman has that can make it possible for her to have the information required. Then we can use that to put her on trial. Apart from that I can’t promise you anything.”

“Thank you, Joseph, and Harry. When can I expect some answers?”

“I have no idea. I don’t even know where the guy came from originally, and that is what I must find out first. And that is highly classified material. I’ll see what I can find. When I have something, I’ll call you and we will meet again here in this building. That’s all I can say for now. I agree with you, the guy must have done something horrible. I just hope that the woman really found the right guy. And if she did, how did she find it.”

The threesome sat and talked for another 30 minutes before Annie left and went straight home. She was very thankful for the help she would get from Joseph.

It took a little more than two weeks before Annie heard from Joseph again. Then she was summoned to Joseph's office and told to sit down. Joseph joined her at table for some coffee. Joseph opened the conversation by asking: "Annie, how is your investigation going?"

"It hasn't moved an inch. Nothing new has come up. There have been a lot of reports saying that they've seen the woman, but they either fall into the category 'I've seen it before', or they are not by the woman in question. And what do you have for me?"

"Before I start, you remember the agreement we had last time we met."

"I do."

"Fine. William James Donovan's real name is Malcolm Roberts. He comes from Seattle where he in 1999 was charged with sexual conduct against his four year old daughter. It was actually proven that he had penetrated her. His semen were found in the little girl's vagina. People were outraged by what he'd done and wanted to kill him there and then. Then during the trial something strange happened. The prosecution violated the rules of the court and the judge called a mistrial and the whole case was closed. Malcolm Roberts was a free man and couldn't be charged for the same crime again. People were furious and it was even an attempt on his life there and then. Mind you that he wouldn't have lasted long in prison either.

"As I said, he was a free man and could do whatever he wanted. But the system decided that we had to

protect the men, Therefore we gave him a new name and background and even did some changes to his looks. Then he reappeared here in LA the following year as William James Donovan. So somebody with access to those files must have found them and decided to do him in.

“Who they are I really don’t know. Most likely somebody inside the Bureau somewhere found something. That’s all I have for you. You promised not to tell a soul s and not use it. It’s only information anyway; now you understand why he could have been a target of such a crime. His wife Becky, by the way, is also a product of the Bureau, She had to flee from an abusive husband who continued to stalk her after they were officially divorced. She came from Denver.”

“Thank you very much. I know I can’t use this information;; in fact it is more or less useless in the investigation. But this gives a motive for the killing and the brutality in how it was done. Do you think it’s possible that someone inside the Bureau could have done such a thing?”

“Not very likely. If that is the case they must have access to this information and know various passwords in order to get access to all the data.”

Annie left Joseph 15 minutes later without getting any closer to solving the murder. But at least she had some kind of motive why it was done.

Chapter 3, The Second Victim

Back in a house just outside DC Harold and Chuck was discussing the success of their visit to LA. It was

four other people present, all members of the same team, a team that had set out to get rid of some of the country's worst sex offenders. All six worked for the Bureau as their main work, but had set out on this quest. It was Harold and Chuck that was assigned to do the dirty work, while the other four did all the surveillance that was needed on beforehand. They were Anita, Carol, John and Peter, two straight women and two straight men. Both Harold and Chuck were bisexual and had the best build to be both man and woman. Chuck opened with telling how it all had been and how they got away without being detected. He ended his telling by saying. "In hindsight I'm really sorry that we picked out Billy Jim. He was now a very upright and good citizen of LA and lived a happy family life. We knew this on beforehand, but we voted and agreed to take him down anyway. This was also a test of our plans, if they would work and if we really could get away. We knew that the case most likely would be handled by Annie Wolfe,, the best Criminal Investigator in the country. If she couldn't find us, nobody would. And it seems to have worked. We just have to continue to follow the LA news and see what happens. That's the job for all of us. And Peter, thank you for excellent preparation. It all worked the way you said it would be. And that gave us the chance to be back here hours before the body was discovered. And now Carol, how are we in Chicago?"

"Very well actually. At this moment we know most of the habits of Robert Stevens and I have already some plans on how to approach him and get to his suite without any other than the two of you. There are always two bodyguards outside the door to the suite, but getting in is no problem. It's getting out that is a challenge. I have an idea on how to do it, but I'm not all set

yet. When the deed is done there, I bet the Chicago police will not offer too much time finding the killer, they will just be happy to get rid of Robert. The only unknown factor is that there might be an internal war inside criminal environment in town. And I bet that there will be an internal struggle to take over his position. Who killed him might be of very little interest to the gang itself. I will find out more later; and I promise it will be ready before you leave. I understand that it will Harold that does the dirty work this time, and I hope you understand that you must be an African American woman this time."

"I do and I am prepared for that. I have an African American torso and will use that. I even have an ID as an African American woman so I can travel back and forth in it. I was for a while afraid we had to use the safe house and change there. That would have been a lot more risky. Both Chuck and I are both happy we can use our Bureau female ID's and use the VIP entrance. This way we can avoid to show our fingerprints. As you all know, the prints we get from the torso is virtually non-existent. You can see them, but not make a print out of them."

Chuck took the word again and said: "Now John, how are things in Miami?"

"Miami is easy. Kyle Foster lives in a house on the beach and he is almost always having a party. It's only on Sunday evening and night he prefers to have it more quiet. He's a businessman, dealing in kiddy porn and he is protected by some of the top shots in town, He has a studio in the basement where the films are made. It's active six days a week, on Sunday it's quiet. He has some kind of open house every Sunday where some of the most beautiful women in Miami are in-

vited. You can drop in uninvited though, but then you have to be a perfect 10, just like Janice in her blonde wig. He is a sucker for blondes. If he hits on you, he will tell the others to leave and spend the night with that special woman. Just be prepared to wear the smallest bikini you have. I will have some details to work out, but all will be clear in due time."

"Sounds OK so far. Anita, you are working on New Orleans."

"Yes I am. Down there we have another African American named Marcus Homer. He's a mean bastard who took control of much of the black market in the city after hurricane Katrina. He made a huge profit after that disaster, making many people suffer more than they did before the disaster; especially among the black people. He also holds a court of bodyguards and hookers that do most of the dirty work for him. But he's always looking for new women who can serve him, both personally and out in the street. I think Alicia will be the right thing for him. He really needs to be taken care of."

"Thank you Anita, keep up the good work. And the further sequence will be Boston, Seattle, Philadelphia, Denver, New York, Dallas, Minneapolis and Phoenix. With one city a month, it will take us to December. After that I don't know yet. We will for sure end our rampage there. Most likely we will go back to a normal life. We will see what the police or the feds find out over the next months. If we don't make mistakes, all will end well and the police and the feds won't understand a thing. I expect Chicago to be forgotten almost at once, the same with Miami and New Orleans. The people in Boston might be smart enough to check with other places in the country if something similar has hap-

pened other places. Then I expect an FBI task force will be put on the cases and we must from then on be more careful. It might even happen that one of us will be called to be member of that task force. I can see the irony in that. But that is for later, let's talk more about what has happened and what will happen next. Just be ready for Chicago."

And Alicia and Chuck were really ready for Chicago. It had to be a quick trip. Chuck would take Alicia to a place near where Robert Stevens had his residence, let Alicia do her thing and get out of there. Robert Stevens lived in a suite a hotel downtown. In fact he owned the hotel. He was also a sucker for expensive prostitutes, and that was how Alicia would present herself. She would wear an expensive dress, an expensive fur coat and present herself to Robert. He was sure to take the bait. The only thing was that they had to find a cheap motel where Alicia could change. She would arrive at the airport as a normal black girl and make herself very glamorous there. After the job was done, he had to change back to a more normal girl again. Then they would take the first flight back to DC.

Finally the day arrived. It would all take place on a Saturday as this was considered the best option. Carol had already been there and checked out the premises. She had even found a motel where they could stay where Alicia could make herself glamorous. So on Saturday morning Chuck took his car and drove to Dulles International with Alicia by his side. He dropped her off at the terminal where Alicia would check in on her own. She had a small suitcase with everything she needed to do her work. Chuck would come later after

he had parked his car. He would then check in with hand luggage only. They would be on the same plane, but seated in different areas. The less they were seen together, the better.

When arriving in Chicago the procedure was reversed. Alicia stopped to pick up her suitcase while Chuck picks up a rental car. He would drive to the terminal and pick up Alicia at a predetermined spot. It all worked beautifully, Carol had sure done a magnificent job. Now to find the motel where they would have their base. Alicia had a GPS receiver with all the necessary data plotted in. It was just to follow the instructions. This was necessary; neither of them were familiar with Chicago. They had been there before, but didn't really know the town. It was easier in LA since both had been there many times before.

They found the motel with no problems. Chuck stopped by the entrance while Alicia stayed in the car. Chuck booked a room for one night. He paid in cash. This way he could not be traced and that was important. The room was in the back and they checked it up. It had what they needed, a bed a few chairs and a bathroom. Just what they needed. They sat down for a while and discussed what to do next. They didn't want to sit in the room all day waiting, so they decided to take a trip downtown to look at the premises. They took the car and drove downtown. This was important since it would give them an idea on how long it would take to get there. Because of traffic it took them almost an hour.

Once downtown they found a place to park the car and started walking around. They were about one block away from the building where Robert Stevens held residence. It was in fact a hotel, but only people

associated with Robert could stay there. They often did very special deals there and everything was very discreet. On the ground floor there was a bar and a restaurant. Here Robert Stevens spent most of his evenings, entertaining women of all kinds, mostly African American. He only dealt with white people if he could make money out of it. For one reason or another he never wanted a white woman to abuse. Alicia decided to step inside to have a look at the premises. Chuck stayed in the background, careful not to be seen by anybody. In fact he was inside a store across the street.

Alicia had no problems getting inside. She was black and a woman, so she was not even asked who she really was. Inside she could see Robert at a table doing business with someone. He was angry, it was clear things didn't go his way. Alicia looked for the elevators, they were crucial for her escape. She saw them and knew that everything was OK. No one at all paid any attention to her. She was just an anonymous black woman, dressed in a pantsuit and a warm coat. On her feet she had boots with 3" inch heels. She walked further inside to have a closer look. Everything was just like Carol had told her. She felt confident she would make it. She left the building and crossed the street. She went into the same shop where Chuck was waiting. She browsed around for a while before she and Chuck left for the car. They left in such a manner that it looked like they were two separate people, not two people working and living together. Once in the car Chuck drove back to the motel where they settled in to do the final planning.

Chuck was a little worried for Alicia on this assignment and said so. "Are you sure this is safe?" he asked.

“Yes, I am, I know very well that Alicia Kitara was a real person that had an affair with Robert ten years ago. They had stayed in the apartment for a week and made wild love almost all the time. When Alicia finally left, Robert had promised Alicia the world if she came back and lived with him. It had been tempting and she had really thought seriously about it. She knew Robert was a gangster, but nobody seemed to be bale to catch him, so she thought it was a safe bet anyway. She promised to call hum as soon as she was back from her family holiday.

“And so she did. But one thing had happened in the meantime. Alicia was pregnant, and Robert had found himself a new girl toy. He totally cut Alicia off and said she wasn’t welcome anymore. He was not keen of having a baby to care for as well. At that point Alicia swore revenge.

“Our Carol knows Alicia and her story, they have after all been close friends for a long time. She knew Alicia’s hatred towards Roberts and she was after all the person that pick him out for us. And our vendetta is the perfect scenario to execute that revenge. Since that time 10 years ago Alicia has changed her name and she lives and works in DC. Her new name doesn’t matter. Therefore I will be Alicia Kitara from Robert’s past and confront him with that week 10 years ago and invite him to relive some of that time. He will take the bait for sure I will do what I am set out to do. In this torso I look very much like the real Alicia, that was after all the purpose of it. I am confident I will be able to go through with it. And by the way, Robert liked very much to be tied up and let Alicia suck his enormous cock. I really look forward to that. But I look even more forward to cut it off and put in his mouth. What a sight

for the police and his goons. And soon someone will fight to take his place in the organization.”

With this part of the conversation over, Alicia started to prepare herself for the evening. Most of it was done before they left DC, but there still things to do. She had to look very glamorous and that would take some time. Alicia's, or Harold's rather, experience in making a black girl glamorous was after all limited. She had done it before, but then under close supervision by a genetic black girl. It wasn't quite the same being a black girl as it would be to become a white girl. It would have been better if one of the black guys could do this, but unfortunately none were on this project. Alicia had, however, picked up most of what she had to do, and with some help from Chuck it would work out in the end. It was only for a few hours anyway.

While Alicia was making herself glamorous, Chuck ordered some food from a fast food delivery service. The food was delivered at the motel room door, and they paid the delivery boy handsomely. While the delivery was made Alicia was out in the bath room, out of sight. They had some food while they discussed further how to do this. Chuck would drop off Alicia half a block away and she had to walk from there. It was estimated that Alicia would be gone for about three to four hours. It might be less, and it might be more. How she would get from Robert's suite and out on the street was a big question. Robert normally had two goons stationed outside his door. And they had to be neutralized. Alicia had, in her purse, a strong sedative that she planned to put in a glass of refreshment and give it to the goons. They would then fall asleep for at least four hours. That would give her enough time to escape the normal way without being noticed. She would simply take the elevator down to the main lobby and just walk

out. She had in her purse a small radio transceiver that picked up all sound within a 10 feet radius. This way Chuck could monitor everything that went on and be on alert if anything serious happened. It would also give him the information he needed about Alicia leaving the place. If someone asked about Robert when Alicia was leaving the building, she would simply say that he was sound asleep and shouldn't be awakened until the next morning. That would give them ample time to get to the airport and on a flight back to DC. An anonymous tip to the Chicago police while they were leaving town, might be in order. They would love to see Robert Stevens the way Alicia had left him. That might not be necessary if the real Alicia's information was correct. It said that the police already had an informer amongst Robert's men.

Alicia and Chuck left the motel around eight. They had almost an hour before they came downtown and find a parking place. They found one not too far away from the building where Robert stayed. Now the worst that could happen was if Robert wasn't there. Most likely he was, he normally never did business on Saturdays and Sundays. But it had happened, so there was a small chance he was out on business.

The parking area was less than a block away and Chuck found a place to park the car. But before he did he blocked out the cameras he had found earlier that day. They would only be blocked for about five minutes, but that was enough for Alicia to get out of the car and start walking. After Alicia had left the car, Chuck would just find a place for the car and go window shopping. Maybe he would grab a meal as well.

Alicia made the first communication check when she entered the building where Robert lived. Chuck

heard her loud and clear in his earplug. He pressed a button and sent a short signal back to Alicia. This way she knew that the communication was OK. This check would be done in irregular intervals, just to check if Chuck could hear her. It would contain a special code word so Chuck would know when to respond back. If he didn't hear her, it could mean that she was in grave danger. If Chuck felt he had lost her, he would send another signal back to check if everything was OK.

Alicia gave the first code word as she stepped into the building. Chuck sent a message back that he heard her. As she walked through the lobby everybody looked at her. They could see that this was a high class woman. Her face was beautiful and she oozed of sex appeal. She was wearing an expensive fur coat and on her feet she had knee length boots with four inch spiked heels. Nobody even tried to stop her, they were all sure that Robert was waiting for her. By stopping her they could make Robert angry, and with a temper like his, he could kill them there and then.

Alicia walked through the lobby and into the bar area. There she saw Robert, sitting at a table with three women and two men. She gave another code word to Chuck, and once again he sent the signal back that he heard her. Alicia stopped in front of Robert, looked at him and said: "Hi, Robert, remember me?"

Robert was bewildered. He was certain that he seen that woman before, but where and when. A woman with looks like that he would never forget. Alicia saw that he was trying to find out who she was, so she said: "It's 10 years ago now, Robert, and it was here in this same building. We spent a whole week in bed, remember? Do you want to repeat that?"

A shed of recognition came to Robert's eyes. "So you must be Alicia," he said.

"Yes. I am Alicia Kitara. When I left you promised to make contact again, but you never did. Even after our love child was born, you didn't come back to me. It took me many years to get over that. But having been through college and got a job that paid well, I have forgiven you. Our daughter Keisha is now nine years old and she is in third grade. I have a picture of her with me. She really looks a lot like you. She doesn't know what kind of business you're in, she only knows that her father's name is Robert.

"What I really remember about you is that week we had together, so I thought that since I'm here on business anyway, why not look you up and see if that old romance is still there. What do you say?"

"What kind of business are you in?"

"I'm in Real Estate. How does that sound?"

"Wonderful. I think we can have some fantastic days together." With these words the other five at the table understood that it was time for them to leave. Robert had a new toy to play with, and she could really be a mouthful, even for him. When the others had gone Alicia sat down next to Robert and gave him a deep kiss. The real Alicia was right, this guy really could kiss. This was better than anything she had experienced before.

They had a few drinks together before Robert suggested that they should move upstairs to his penthouse. Before they left he also ordered a meal from the kitchen. What it would be should be a surprise to Alicia. They took the elevator to the top floor and stepped into the penthouse apartment. Outside the en-

trance two goons were sitting, watching that nobody would enter or leave without being cleared. Alicia had heard about them and had some means to neutralize them. That would come later. Once inside she gave another signal to Check, and he verified that she still heard her. That was good, in case of emergency he had to come right away to rescue her.

Inside Robert took Alicia's coat and hung it up. She took off her boots and put on a pair of very elegant shoes with 4" heels. She really looked sexy. Robert served another drink and started fumbling with her body. Alicia told him to calm down, they could do this after they had eaten.

The food came within 20 minutes. It was clear that the kitchen was prepared for this. The meal was excellent and the conversation between them went freely. When the meal was over Alicia said it was time for sex. "The first thing I would like to do is to once again suck your enormous cock. It was so wonderful 10 years ago, and I have been longing for it ever since. Please lay down naked on your back in your bed and I will join you shortly."

Robert did as he was told.

Alicia went to undress and do some other preparations. A device she had in her handbag had revealed that the apartment was full of microphones. She had to neutralize them. She had a transmitter which emitted a high frequency sound, not audible to the human ear, but more than enough to jam all microphones. The video cameras in the apartment received a similar treatment. She also gave the goons outside something to drink. The beverage contained some sedative that would keep them asleep for several hours. When they finally wake up they wouldn't even know that they

had been in deep sleep. Then she was ready to come to Robert's bedroom.

Inside Robert was lying spread eagle on the bed. "You remember last time, I tied up your arms and legs to the bedposts, just to keep you quiet so you won't hurt me. Is this still OK?"

Robert nodded and Alicia tied him up. Now she had complete control over him. He could not get loose without her help. But she did what she had said she would do, she bowed down and started sucking. It didn't take long before Robert moaned in ecstasy. Alicia repeated the service three times and swallowed his load every time. It felt good for her as well. Now Robert thought that he would be tied loose and start some real lovemaking, but here was dead wrong. Alicia changed her attitude completely. She suddenly looked angry.

"Now it's my turn to do what I really came for, I came to destroy you. You are a bad person, Robert, and deserve what I'm going to do to you. You have destroyed so many women's lives, both old and young. I have heard that you even have raped small girls as well. And for that you will pay."

"Stop this nonsense Alicia, you will never get away with this. There are cameras and microphones all over the place and they will find out who you are and get you. You won't even get out of this apartment."

Alicia didn't say a thing. She just bowed over him and placed a gag in his mouth. This was the same type of gag that Chuck had used in LA one month ago and made it impossible for Robert to utter a single sound. Then she started speaking again. "I have planned this so well that I'm 100% sure I will get away with this. And for the record, the cameras and microphones have

been neutralized and checking them later will only reveal nothing, absolutely nothing.

“Let me tell you first of all that I’m not Alicia, I only have all my information from her. Alicia is fine and doing well, in fact she works in Real Estate and has a wonderful daughter. She is nine years old now, and in third grade. And the picture I gave you is not her. That girl is just someone I found on Internet. The real Keisha doesn’t even know about you. To make things even more complicated for you, I can tell you that I’m not even a woman. In fact I am a bi-sexual male, wearing a body suit that gives me the shape of a perfect woman. I will not leave any prints or DNA and is therefore untraceable. After I have finished with you I will leave this apartment and travel back to where I live. No one can stop me. Your goons outside are sound asleep. When your folks, or the Police, finally find you, they will find a puzzle they cannot solve. Me and my partner have done this once before, and the police in LA couldn’t solve the puzzle. And they have the best detective in this country. I can tell you all this because you will soon be dead. And you will die in a way that fits a sex offender, I will cut your dick off. And that will happen when you’re still alive and the official cause of death will be massive blood loss. So just be prepared for the last few minutes of your life.”

Robert tried to say something, but no sound came from his mouth. Alicia could see him start sweating, He was scared and afraid and had no way of getting out of this situation. He was so nervous that he actually wet himself. Alicia started the execution by washing Robert’s penis clean. There had to be no trace of saliva anywhere in the room. This meant that she also had to wash the glasses used during the meal. There couldn’t be anything left that could point to Alicia.



Then Alicia took out a large sharp knife and said: "I do this for the numerous women and girls you have destroyed in your miserable life. And to add to that, all the lives you have destroyed by selling them drugs. They will all cheer when they hear that you're dead."

Alicia took the knife in her right hand and started cutting in Robert's groin. She could see in his face that this was painful. The blood started pumping out and soon the blood was all over the place. Soon Robert was dead. Alicia cleaned up the mess, mainly the blood that she had on her body. She thought about incriminating the two goons and found out it was a good idea. But then again, this meant that this murder would be 'solved' in a way, and that was not the purpose with these killings. She let them have their sleep. They would have enough trouble explaining how Robert could be killed and she got away without them noticing. She cleaned everything she had touched and left the apartment. Outside the goons were still asleep and they didn't notice anything. She locked the door behind her and walked to the elevator. On her way she signaled to Chuck that she had finished her deed and was on her way down.

She was alone in the elevator, and was happy for that. It was better that way. Once in the lobby she just walked straight out the door and into the street. She walked to the place where Chuck would pick her up. He was already there and it was just to jump into the car. Chuck drove straight to the motel. On their way through the Chicago streets she dropped the key to Robert's doom out of the window. All clues were now gone forever.

They were back in their motel room at 1:30 AM. It had been a quick job. In fact, the quicker the better. In the motel room Alicia changed back to a more plain looking woman again. During that time Chuck took all their electronic devices and tore them more or less apart. They would be thrown in various trash bins along the way. This way they couldn't be connected and put together again. Another way to destroy all evi-

dence. They were even able to catch a few hours of sleep before they left the motel. Chuck handed in the key and they were on their way to the airport. The travel arrangements were just the same going back as they had been coming in. They were back in their apartment around 4 PM and the first thing Alicia did, was to change back to Harold. The torso was now in small pieces and could be thrown anywhere.

The next days didn't give much news about the murder. It was mentioned in the Chicago newspapers, but nobody seemed to be sorry that Robert Stevens was dead. How he had died was never mentioned. The Chicago police didn't seem to do much about the matter, to them it was just an internal affair. They were just glad Robert was gone, and were waiting for whoever would take over his business. That could take months before everything was clear, and in the meantime they would do their best to get a break into that organization. A better chance they'll never get. The murder was almost heaven sent. What went on internally in Robert's organization the newspapers said nothing about.

Chapter 4, The Third, Fourth and Fifth Victim

Next target was Kyle Foster in Miami. Initially they had thought he would be an easy target, but further investigations proved a little different. He was dealing in kiddy porn, that was right, but he also ran a legitimate business on the side. He was rich, and most of his fortune came from the kiddy porn market. His legitimate business was just a front that made all his businesses look completely legal. But John had found a hole he

could use. There was this girl Brenda Webster that once had been one of his actresses while she was still under age. She had been raped by her father when she was seven and later taken to Kyle to work in the movie business. She made lots of money for her father. At the age of 13 she became pregnant and was moved from the set. She was taken care of by the Child Welfare Authorities and had a reasonable good life after that. She gave birth to a boy and he is now 13 years old. He's in Junior High and doing very well. He lives with his mother in Memphis, TN. His mother has always claimed that Kyle was the boy's father and DNA tests taken when the boy was one year old proved that she was right. Lyle denied everything and paid her off with a large sum of money.

And now John has talked to her. She knows where the DNA samples are located and an FBI agent, that is John, has had the samples for testing, and beyond any doubt that Kyle is the father of the boy. So what they need now is someone to approach Kyle Foster with the new evidence and try to buy him out, something he would rather do than go to court. A trial would be devastating for him. The best thing to do would be to send a beautiful female lawyer to him and do the negotiations. The lawyer's name would be Jo-Ann Summerville, a.k.a. Chuck. Like many others in his business, Kyle likes to have his cock sucked. He also owns an expensive boat and might prefer to do his business there. Then they could be all alone and Kyle could use his persuasiveness and rather buy himself out again. Kyle had had that effect on beautiful female lawyers before.

Chuck had listened closely to what had been said. This was very important to him, he was, after all, the person that would go after Kyle and eliminate him.

Then a thought struck him. "Why not get him and me alone in the boat and we set off in the local area. Then when my task is done, I either go on shore at another location where Harold can pick me up, or Harold pick me up with another boat and take us both back to shore where the car is waiting. Then we set Kyle and his boat adrift, and it may not be found for days. A better getaway than that we will never get. I know both Harold and I can handle a boat, it's been part of our FBI training. What do you say?"

"Sounds like a very good idea. If we're really lucky Kyle might not be found at all. It doesn't matter to us as long as he's dead. If we manage to let the boat lose outside the lagoon, it might drift all the way to Europe before it's found. But basically we want the boat to be found, we just need some days."

After a short discussion it was settled, a boat it would be. Just in case Kyle didn't want to go out in his boat, a contingency plan was set up. This plan was a modified LA plan. This could work here as well, especially since this would all happen on a Sunday and Kyle spent most of that day alone.

So when that Sunday arrived Jo-Ann Summerville showed up at Kyle Foster's house at the lagoon in Miami. She had called a few days in advance and told him that she represented a law firm in New York and wanted to see him. She told him straight out that she represented one of his former girls that was about to raise a case against him. She also made it perfectly clear that she was willing to make a deal if the terms were right. To Kyle this meant two things, sex and money. He was more than willing to go to bed with the lawyer if that could get him out of a possible mess. He might also have to offer her a large sum of money to get the

case off his shoulders. If the risk wasn't too high, he might even kill her. That could be a little risky though, her colleagues knew where she was and might add two and two together. Better to play along as best he could.

Jo-Ann was let through the gate. She had arrived in a car, but had been let off some 200 yards away. As an explanation to Kyle she said she always wanted to walk a short distance before she met with a client. It cleared his mind, she had said.

Kyle accepted that. When he saw her enter his house his eyes almost fell out of his head. Never had he seen such a beauty before. She was blonde with shoulder length hair and wore a red dress that didn't leave much to imagination. In his mind Kyle knew he had it going. This would be an easy thing for him. Just seduce the woman, make her a deal she couldn't refuse and then be off the hook.

But things wouldn't go that easy for Kyle. In the beginning it did, but later it turned into a nightmare. It all started as Jo-Ann presented the case. Kyle remembered the girl, it had become a great scandal when it somebody found out. He had found the girl on the street and wanted to make something of her. She had great potential in his business so he cleaned her up and gave her some kind of home. And as he did with many of his girls, he raped her. That she had become pregnant was very unfortunate, he wanted an abortion, but the girl ran away and was later taken care of by the Child Welfare Authorities. After that he had forgotten about her. And now she wants to raise a case against him. Ridiculous. He was certain he could get out of this with some persuasion and some black money. He had done so many times before.

It started with Jo-Ann presenting her case. She showed Kyle pictures of Brenda Webster and her now 13-year old son. He tried to look deeply touched. If this was true, this was the only son he had. He had three daughters with various other women, and that was all.

Kyle was in a good mood. He was alone in the house at the moment and wanted to make the most out of the visit by Jo-Ann. In fact he wanted her in bed as soon as possible. And since Jo-Ann was a very special guest in his eyes, he suggested that they could continue their talks in his boat. This was playing it straight into Jo-Ann's hands.

Soon they were in the boat. It was large and luxurious, but Jo-Ann had a pretty good idea on how to handle it. That would be rather easy in fact. And Kyle made it even easier for her, he explained how things worked and what was what. Fantastic.

It didn't take long before they were both naked and ready to make love. Jo-Ann suggested that she should suck him dry first. Kyle was all ears, he laid himself down on the large bed and was ready for action. His cock stood as a large rod between his legs. But one thing didn't go according to plan, Kyle refused to be tied up in bed. He wanted to be able to move around all the time. To Jo-Ann this meant plan B. After the first cock sucking section, which Kyle had liked very much, she offered him something to drink. He took it and soon fell asleep on the bed. Jo-Ann worked quickly and soon had him tied down and gagged. When Kyle came back to his senses, he couldn't move his body at all. And what happened next the reader already knows. The same thing happened to Kyle as it had to Billy Jim and Robert. He died a horrific death. Jo-Ann took off the ropes and gag and put them back in the bag. She

washed off all the blood she had on her body, dressed again and picked up all her belongings. Then she started the boat and glided into the lagoon. She had already given the signal to Harold that meant boat. In fact the two boats met a little further away in the lagoon and slowly moved closer to each other. As she reached an opening in the lagoon that led to the Atlantic Ocean, she set the boat in auto and climbed over to Harold in the other boat. Her belongings were already there. They turned back to where Harold had rented the boat and turned it in. The man accepted only cash and asked no questions when the boat came back with two persons on board. He got some extra cash and had forgotten all about these two people as soon as they left the place in a car.

This time it was time for some vacation for Harold and Jo-Ann. They drove down to Key West and spent a lovely week down there, They were just like any other happy couple, looking very much in love. They learned heard through the local news that that Kyle 's boat had been found four days later in the Atlantic. It was also mentioned that he had been killed by a knife and that no clues were found in the boat. Nothing else from the vase was released to the media. In a way they were happy that the boat had been found, if not it might have followed the Gulf Stream and ended up in the North Atlantic on the shores of UK, Ireland or Norway, Then it really would have become a mystery.

Chuck and Harold were back at work the following Monday. Then they started their preparations for the trip to New Orleans.

The next target was Marcus Homer in New Orleans. He was also an African American so Harold had to put

on a black torso again. Not much need to be said about him. He was a mixture of Robert Stevens and Kyle Foster. In addition he had made lots of money after hurricane Katrina. To put him out of action was actually very easy. He was so possessed when he met a beautiful black women that he was willing to do anything. So Harold had an easy job there. He was found in the same position as the other three, 24 hours after Harold had left him. By that time Harold and Chuck were safely back in DC.

The fifth victim was different. First of all he lived in Boston but worked in the UN delegation for some Middle East country. His name was Ahmed Saleh. Every weekday he commuted to New York on the fast train between the two cities. Weekends he spent in and around his house in Boston. During weekends he tried to conquer as many women as possible and take them to his house. There he raped them and often mutilated them as well. He was not very nice to them. The police knew about him, but without any clear evidence they couldn't do anything. He also had diplomatic immunity, so the only thing they could do, was to extradite him to his own country. They would love to send him back, but since no one so far had stood forward and made accusations against him, they couldn't do anything. Besides his country wanted him to stay there. The fact that he had a family back home was none of his concern.

This meant that Chuck had to step into action once again. This time he would be Angela Lombardi, a dark haired Italian beauty. Ahmed seemed to prefer dark haired women. A trip to Boston was for Chuck like coming back home. He had grown up there and even

served three years with the local FBI. He knew the town in and out and needed no help from Harold. In any case Harold would be there, but not have anything to do with the operation. He would only be called for in extreme emergency. Chuck knew the apartment building where Ahmed lived. It was located close to the Railroad Station. The place where he used to hang out was also close by. Chuck would dress up as Angela back home and take the train to Boston via New York. When the job was done he would take the train back. If something happened that he couldn't have foreseen, he would give a signal to Harold and he would come straight away. He would use the women's room in a shopping arcade to change his already female look and change back again when he was going home. Normally he would not see Harold during the whole trip.

Angela arrived in Boston at 7 PM on Saturday. She was dressed in a two-piece suit, her hair was blonde and not too long and she wore comfortable shoes with moderate heels. She left the train and went straight to the shopping arcade. She found the Ladies' room and went straight in. There was an empty stall assigned for disabled persons and she went straight in. She locked the door behind her. Inside she changed into a white dress with a deep cleavage. She put a long, dark wig on her head a small jacket over her shoulders. On her feet she had shoes with four inch spiked heels. Outside in the main room there was no one so she just fixed up her make-up a little and was on her way. She went back to the railway station, found a storage box and put a small suitcase with her other clothes in there. She checked her handbag to see that she had all she needed and was on her way. Less than 10 minutes later she walked into a bar where she was certain that Ahmed would be in not such a long tome.

While Angela sat there in the bar, she started thinking about the old days. She, or Chuck rather, was born in and went to college in this town. She had been in this bar many times before, although there are some years since last time. She even recognized the bartender. After one year in college she got this summer job in Seattle. That was when she learned about Billy Jim and what he had done in his previous life, He also met Harold there. He was a native of Seattle and had the same summer job as Chuck. During that summer they became best friends. Chuck had been introduced to female clothing rather early in life, With two older sisters that liked to play with him, he more or less had to play along. And in Boston that was no shame. He also introduced Harold to female clothing and soon they were hooked both of them.

Chuck grew up in the suburbs of the town, and after he went to college his parents sold the house and move to Vermont. They had no interest in moving to Florida like so many others, they liked it here in New England.

20 minutes after Angela had arrived, Ahmed came through the door. She recognized him at once from the pictures she had seen. She took a good look at him and gave him that 'come on' look. Ahmed fell for it right away and walked up to her. It didn't take long before they were at a table in the corner with their faces very close together. Ahmed came from a Muslim country and didn't behave like he did there. He had adopted too many of the customs from the Western Culture. According to information Angela had, he had a wife and kids back home. If they didn't stay in line while he was gone, they were in deep trouble when he came back home.

Angela and Ahmed sat at the table for almost an hour. Then he invited her to his apartment that was located close by. Angela was keen, that's exactly where she wanted him to be. They stood up and walked slowly out of the bar. Less than ten minutes later they were in Ahmed's home. It didn't take long before he was all over her. He wanted her so much, he said.

Angela was OK with that, but she asked him for something to drink first. Ahmed went to his kitchen and found some wine. In the meantime Angela had undressed and stood there naked in front of him. "I suggest that you undress as well," she said as he came back.

Soon Ahmed stood naked in front of her. He gave her a glass of wine and they toasted. "why don't we start with me sucking your beautiful cock," Angela said.

"I don't want that right away," came the reply, "you can do that after I have made love to you. I like it better that way."

Angela had anticipated this. Ahmed was the kind of guy who wanted a quick lay right away and then to do all the other things afterwards. But she couldn't allow that, that would give her away at once. So she said: "let me get us another glass of wine and we can discuss this further."

That was OK with Ahmed. Angela went into the kitchen and found the bottle of wine. She poured two more glasses and managed to put a pill down into Ahmed's glass. She had it hidden inside the ring she wore on her left hand. She came back to Ahmed with the wine and they toasted once again.

With the glasses empty Ahmed wanted Angela in bed immediately. Angela played hard to get, and that paid off. After about three minutes Ahmed was sound asleep on the bed.

Now Angela sprang into action. She maneuvered him into the bed in a spread eagle position. She picked up her ropes and tied Ahmed's hands and feet to the bedposts. In addition she put the special gag in his mouth. When he awoke 15 minutes later he was all tied up and couldn't say a word. But you could see in his eyes that he was furious.

Angela told him to calm down and gave him the same speech that she had given to Billy Jim and Kyle. When she was finished she took out her sharp knife and cut his dick and balls off, just like she had done before. And of course, she placed his genitalia in his mouth, just like normal. It didn't matter now, Ahmed was dead anyway.

Angela cleaned up her things and left the apartment, leaving no clues behind. She had taken one of Ahmed's keys and locked the door behind her. The key would be thrown away somewhere in New York. If it was found, it could not be traced.

Then she went straight to the railroad station, found her small suitcase, went to the nearest restroom and found a stall for handicapped. She changed back to her street clothes and took off the black wig. She left the restroom unseen by others. She had for the period managed to block out the security cameras in the area. Her presence would never be detected. She boarded a late train for New York and was on her way. In New York she had to wait til morning before she could get a train back to DC. Harold had been in the background

all the time, and he was now on his way back home in his car. He would probably be home before her.

The murder of Ahmed Saleh wasn't discovered until Monday when he didn't show up to an important meeting at his country's UN delegation. He simply not arrived at work. They called his house and his cell, but no answer. Then his boss saw no other option than to call the police in Boston. They were not willing to search for him at first, he hadn't been missing that long. Then another member was sent to Boston to see if he was there, The police had anticipated this and placed someone at the door of Ahmed's apartment. So when the delegate from the UN delegation arrived, there were two policemen waiting for him. At first he wouldn't let the policemen enter the apartment, saying it was part of his country.

The policemen did not agree. They had a paper saying that although Ahmed Saleh had Diplomatic Immunity, the apartment was still part of the city of Boston and came under the local regulations. Very unwillingly he had to let the policemen follow him into the apartment.

The Boston police did lead the investigation of the murder of Ahmed Saleh. His country had two representatives to monitor the investigation. But like the other four cases we have seen, no clues were found. No DNA, just some video footage of the woman that followed Ahmed home. They found one thing though,, they found a black hair. But that was synthetic and must have come from a wig. Video cameras didn't even show the woman leaving the building. It was blank. Her traces could not be followed, all cameras in a rather large circle from the apartment building was

blank in a certain time period. Checks told the police that the cameras were working OK, so there must have been something else. The best theory the police had was that the woman had a car placed somewhere and taken off her wig there, This meant that she would be impossible to find. That she had taken the train wasn't even in their thoughts.

Two weeks after the murder the police was still blank. The body was released to Ahmed's home country and the Boston Police more or less forgot about the case. But the chief investigator was stubborn, he sent an e-mail to the police in all the major cities in the nation, hoping to get something back. He knew that he also had to inform the FBI; if this was nation wide, they would take the lead.

Back in DC our friends monitored what was going on. They learned about the e-mail and that the FBI had been notified. Soon e-mails from four other cities arrived at the FBI and in Boston. At the Bureau they saw right away that this was case for them. But gathering the people necessary for such an investigation took time, and before it was established a sixth murder, similar to the other five, had taken place in Seattle. This called for serious action.

The Seattle murder was carried out by Harold; more or less alone. Seattle was his hometown and he knew it very well. He also knew his target. He was Arthur Middleton, a bureaucrat who took bribes from anyone who offered it to him. He used this money to make himself richer and richer and used them on booze and women. The women were mostly misused and the city couldn't fire him due to a clause in his contract. And he had enough on many city officials that could push them out of business for good. Most of it

was false, but as we all know, it could cost a lot to prove such a man wrong. He was ready for a fall.

Harold also changed into Linda Hanson in his DC apartment, and he took a plane to SEA-TAC. From there he took a shuttle bus downtown, found Arthur where she knew. When Arthur saw that tall Nordic blonde come up to him at the bar, he was hooked. The rest was easy. Arthur took Linda to his house where they were all alone. Everything went like clockwork and a little more than one hour after they came to the apartment, Arthur Middleton was dead just like the other five. Linda just walked out in the street and found a taxi. The taxi took her straight to SEA-TAC where she took the first available flight to DC. This had been very easy. There had been no cameras around to pick her up. The only people who had seen her with Arthur were the bartender and some guests at the bar. She didn't think anybody would miss that man. Just another job well done.

When Annie later learned that Arthur Middleton was the sixth victim, she didn't feel sorry at all. She knew the man and was in fact glad that he was gone. But he was murdered like the others and an investigation had to take place. She knew right away who would lead the investigation, and like the others, he wouldn't find a single clue.

Chapter 5, The Investigation **Continues**

As soon as the cases were revealed to the FBI, they knew right away that they had to take over the investigation. It was hard to believe that there were no clues

whatsoever, and wanted some real experts to dig into the matter. They called for a meeting to take place as soon as possible and it would include the chief investigator in each city, along with an FBI agent from the same place. The meeting was held in the third week in July. The representatives from Los Angeles were FBI Agent Harry Brown and Chief Detective/FBI Agent Annie Wolfe. She had after all investigated the first murder. One of the top heads in the FBI opened the meeting and stated the following: "We have now experienced six very brutal murders where the killer has left no clues whatsoever. Five of these men were really scumbags and, in my opinion, deserved what they got. But the first victim seemed not to fit the pattern. From what I've learned he was an honest, upright citizen who happened to entertain other women on the side, and this being approved by his wife. There were never any reports of abuse of these women. If the LA office has more about this, I'd like to hear it."

Annie was given the word and she told what she had found out about William James Donovan. That he was under the witness protection program after the case against him had been declared a mistrial. He had after all mistreated and molested his four year old daughter. Since the court had to let him go free, the FBI was obliged to give him a new identity and a new face. The question was how had the killer managed to obtain information like that. The fact that he had behaved extremely well since he moved to LA, made the case even more special. Someone must have managed to obtain inside information from the FBI. That should not have been possible, even Annie had major problems to get this information. Someone on the inside must have leaked information.

The chairman thanked Annie for the information and she continued. "One other thing with these cases is that the killer has been a woman in all the cases. No man seemed to be involved, And it also looks like it has been a different woman each time, The problem is that there is no good pictures of these women in existence. We know that two African American women have been involved, but that's about all.

"So to another fact, we have no fingerprints. That can be accommodated for. They could have been wearing very thin latex gloves. I know they exist, I have seen them. Next odd thing, they left no DNA behind. We know that in at least four out of six cases the victim had his cock sucked. We know because the cocks were washed with a detergent that made them completely clean. In addition in all cases the victim and the murderer had had a drink together, and all glasses had been washed afterwards. Not even small traces of skin cells have been found.

"And finally, we see the killer on video footage various places, but the pictures are never clear and it's very difficult to make any ID out of them. On several occasions recording devices present us blocked out. Not for long, just long enough for the person to pass without being picked up. How she got to the various locations is also a mystery. Most probably she must be on a plane. The distances are too great to use other means. And somewhere between the murder location and the airport, she changes her look. It is possible she has a helper that takes her back and forth to the various airports. That can be a local person, or someone she works with. There might be several women involved, and they're helping each other at the various locations. We are totally in the dark at this point.

“But one thing stands out, she must have inside information. That is most evident in the Billy Jim case in LA. The fact that he was on an FBI relocation list, is something known only to the Bureau. So there is a mole inside the organization. The fact that Billy Jim was picked out as the first victim, might be because the killer knew about the trial in Seattle and had developed a special hatred for him. I must say I don’t blame her for that.

“And let’s see if we can find some pattern in where she goes. There has been one murder each month so far, and always at the end of the month and mostly in the weekend. She started in LA in January, not too warm, not too many tourists. Next was Chicago in February. That can be risky because of the weather, but that went OK as well. I’m sure she had a contingency plan if she had been weather struck. The third victim was in Miami in March. This one took place on a Sunday, but that was most likely due to the victim’s work schedule. April in New Orleans, May in Boston and the latest so far, Seattle in June. We can expect the next killing within a week, but where. I guess it will be here in the east, maybe New York, Philadelphia or here in DC. Atlanta might also be possible. But on the other hand, she could strike in any major city in the country. Just to confuse us she might come back to a city where she already has been. Personally I don’t consider that very likely.

“And finally, these people have links into this organization, that’s where they find their victims. There is at least one mole somewhere in the Bureau. If nothing else does, the Billy Jim case clearly tells us so. He couldn’t have been found without help from the Bureau. I remember the case from back in ‘99. I lived in Seattle at that time and the case was a big scandal. I can

easily see that someone can get raged by such injustice. I worked in the police in town and was present at the trial. It was a great scandal and if the man had been let lose, he would have been lynched on sight. That's why the FBI had to put him on a protection program. It looked to be successful, the man was given a new identity, he even had his face altered, and he was relocated to LA. There he lived a normal life with no scandals at all. He had really learned his lesson. But someone found out about him and got his or her revenge. The killing of the other six proves that the killer and her accomplice is now out on a killing spree, trying to send a message to all other sex offenders in this country."

The group discussed the issue for several days before they went back home. Annie stayed a little longer, she wanted to be around when the killer struck again. It was agreed that as soon as it was known that another murder had taken place, they would all assemble in that city and help the local police and FBI in the investigation. The local FBI will text her when something happened, and she would then text the others and tell them to be on the next plane.

Annie stayed in DC for another week. She wanted to find out if there was a leak somewhere. It had to be since someone had found out about Billy Jim. She got some help from a guy named Peter Bladen, an expert in these matters. But he couldn't find anything either. No wonder, since this was the same Peter that helped Chuck and Harold. In fact he was the one that really found Billy Jim. He was clever enough in these matters to be able to divert Annie from her real objective. She wouldn't find anything. The leak had to be hidden very deep. And Annie had no suspicion that Peter actually

was the leak himself. If push came to shove, the whole thing will come back to Chuck. But before that really happened, he would be long gone. He and Harold had plans for that already. Nothing would fall on Peter, John, Anita or Carol.

So after one week Annie was at the point of breaking up and go home. She wanted to stay a little longer though, in order to see if the killer really stroke again. And she did. On Friday afternoon came the message from FBI in Philadelphia, the killer had done it again. This time the victim was Jason Wilburn, an executive in one of the largest law firms in town, and it had happened during normal daytime. Fortunately the Bureau had a helicopter that could fly her there almost at once. She just had to pack her things and she was on her way. One of the first things she did after she got the message, was to text the agents from the other towns and tell them to be in Philadelphia as quickly as they could.

Annie was very surprised when the helicopter landed on the roof of the FBI building in Philadelphia. She had thought it would take her closer to the scene of the crime. She was even more surprised to hear that the crime had taken place in the FBI building itself! That was like poking the nose at the investigators. A serious crime committed inside the FBI building and no one had noticed anything out of the ordinary. How could that be? From what she had heard the victim worked in a law firm. The answer came as soon as she was inside the building. She was met by one of the local investigators who told her that saying that it was the victim worked in a law firm, was just a diversion. Just in case someone would overhear what had been said, it was important that no one knew it was inside the Bureau's own premises. Annie accepted that.

Once inside Annie was given the rest of the story. Jason Wilburn was one of the top three in Philadelphia FBI. He had gone through an ugly divorce four years ago and lost almost everything he had. But the Bureau wanted him to stay and work for them, he was too good to just let go. So they offered him an apartment at the top of the building from where he could work and live. He had been a womanizer all his life, and that was the thing that broke his marriage. He could never hold on to a personal secretary for very long, he always wanted to go to bed with them almost all the time. He never let that jeopardize his duties though. Some secretaries stayed for quite a while, while others only lasted for a week. It always had something to do with the way he wanted his sex. But he always paid the girls handsomely in order to make them stay as long as possible. These secretaries only took care of his personal things and never handled FBI stuff. That's why they were never regarded as a security risk. Everyone who left was paid off handsomely.

"What was this woman's name?" Annie asked.

"Her name was Mary Beth Turner. She arrived at the front desk, saying she was applying for the job as personal secretary for Jason Wilburn. Jason had called down on beforehand, saying he was expecting this woman. An ID card was ready for her when she arrived. We didn't bother with a photo, that would come when she had said yes to the job. She was guided to a special elevator that took her straight to Jason. She was with him for about three hours before she came back down, handing in her ID card saying she would not take the job. Then she left the building. So far the CSI team had found no traces of her upstairs, absolutely nothing. And now comes the strangest part. When she handed in her ID she held the ID card between two of

her fingers. That can also be seen on a video footage. But there were nothing like any fingerprints on that card. It had some kind of lines and bows, but not anything that looked like fingerprints . We could only find the prints of the clerk that received the card. This is very strange.”

This last information got Annie thinking. As far as she knew there were only one way this could have been done. The woman wore extremely thin latex gloves with some patterns on her hands. She had seen them, and they were absolutely invisible. No wonder there were no prints at any of the crime scenes until now. There were plenty of video footage with the woman in the picture, so her looks were easy to describe. But when she left the building, no camera had caught her, she was invisible from the moment she left the building. Just as she had been on all the other crime scenes. The fact that she struck here, was just another indication that she had inside help. In addition Annie knew that there were more than one woman involved. Now she had indications that there were at least three. But these woman were good.

The rest of the team arrived the next day. Annie called them all to a meeting and went through what had happened here in Philadelphia. Very much was just like the other six cases, only some practical details were different. This was clearly the work of some very smart persons. The fact that they been so frank as to do their work inside an FBI HQ, just proved that they had to have some inside help. But who? And where did he or she work? Much of the information required were highly classified. This implied that the mole had to have access to some very secret data. Data on some of the victims went around as rumors, but the details

were only in the FBI HQs. That is especially true for the Billy Jim and Jason Wilburn cases.

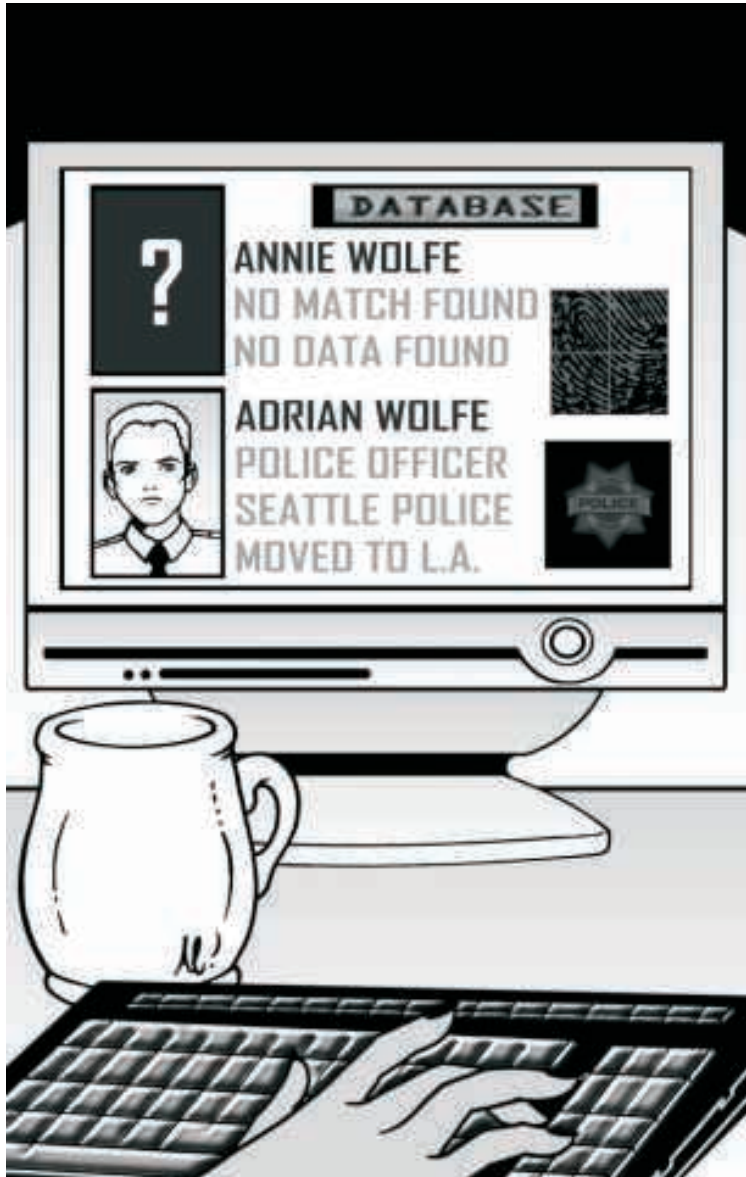
There were not very much any of them could do, They had all the facts from the seven murders and the cases all looked very much alike. Annie now wanted to go home and told her group to do the same. She told them to look over the files once more and contact her if something struck their mind, something that would give them a break in the case. Before they departed she told them to be ready to show up again in the end of August. She was sure there would another killing then. She only didn't know where. There were too many possibilities.

Chapter 6, Consolidation

One week after Philadelphia our six friends met in a cabin in a remote area of the Appalachians. The cabin had no telephone and was out of reach of any cell phone. Just to be sure they had all left their cell phones with the battery out. They were unreachable. Chick opened the meeting by asking Peter where the investigation was going.

"They are more or less at a standstill," Peter replied. "That you struck at the Bureau city HQ baffled them. They have lots of pictures of the woman who did the killing, but none of them are from after she left the building. The prints left at the temp ID really freaked them out. Their best guess so far is that you were wearing some kind of ultra thin latex gloves. And in a sense that is true. But on the other side, by doing this in a Bureau building had then convinced that it is an inside job, or that at least had inside help. They are sure there

is real women involved, women trained by some police force or the military. By using facial recognition programs they say that there are most likely four women involved. That is good, because you are only two.



“Then there is Annie Wolfe. She is a very shrewd detective and has solved many complicated cases on her own. She is considered to be one of the best detectives in the country. One of the first things she told our group was that she was present as a young Police Officer at the trial of Billy Jim Donovan, or Malcolm Roberts as he was then. She was just as shocked as everybody else when the judge called it a mistrial and they had to let Malcolm Roberts go. She was just as angry as Chuck and Harold were.

"I have done some checking on my own and found that there were no Annie Wolfe in the Seattle Police at that time. That was strange I thought, because Annie knew too much about the case for someone that wasn't there. But they had a Police Officer named Adrian Wolfe in the Seattle Police at that time. And he moved to LA shortly thereafter. Further investigations told me that Annie and Adrian Wolfe in one and the same person. This again told me that Adrian had changed his gender and is now Annie. His first case in LA was to go undercover as a woman in order to catch a murderer who killed transvestites and other transgendered people. This led to that she decided to live as a woman for the rest of her life. She is married to another Police Officer and they have twins. Annie, or Adrian, is the father of these twins. The mother died not too long after giving birth and she urged Adrian to bring them up as their mother. Since then she has been a woman all over, operation and all. As far as I know, the twins believe that Annie is their birth mother. So beware of her, she needs very little to make the connection that the killers all have been men in some kind of disguise. She has also thought about the fact that the killers were present at the Malcolm Roberts trial and from there took a hatred for the man and vowed to make him their first

victim. Initially she thought that the man in LA would be the only victim, and she was firm in that belief until the Boston victim emerged and the alert was all over for a killer that cut the balls off her victim before he was actually dead. And the fact that the killer has managed to leave no evidence behind, also indicates that the person is well trained in forensic science."

"Thank you Peter, this was very valuable information. Let's now summarize where we are. All the victims we picked out was on an FBI list of most wanted sex criminals. We have taken care of seven, and have five more to go, It might be that we quit before the end of the list, that is if the heat is really getting close to us. First of all I think the next victim will go unnoticed, more or less. Our man in Denver is not that important. He is a low life sex offender praying on young girls and the city might actually be glad to get rid of him. He is also one of those guys who is not in the system with prints and DNA. We know about him from descriptions and illegally obtained information, information that cannot be used in court. If we take him to court, we have the Malcolm Roberts case all over again. New York will more or less drown in the Big Apple. Dallas is a religious fanatic that hides behind his religion. That might make it difficult to get close to him, but Harold has an idea on how to handle him. He might use the full week before to get to him. Minneapolis is another run of the mill case and in Phoenix our target is a man that lives alone and seldom gets out. He might not be found for days or weeks after we've left. And as you all know, after Phoenix there will be no more Chuck and Harold. We will then start on our very deep assignment and live in another country as woman for at least two years. If we exceed that limit, we will never be able to get back being men again. If we come back to the

States it will be with a new face and body, but I promise you that we will get in touch with you. We owe you that.”

The six of them spent the rest of the weekend discussing how to continue with their task and be aware that there might be a breakthrough any time. If that happened they will quit more or less immediately. Or they might do all the targets in one quick go. Anyway, Chuck and Harold would disappear for good. They will go on with their very secret assignment as if nothing has happened at all.

Back in LA Annie struggled with finding a lead in these cases. One thing was for sure, the victims were all sex offenders and were on a secret list the Bureau had of such people. That they had one of their own bosses on that list, was quite a surprise. But since he was no better than the rest, he deserved what he got. The fact that the Bureau was now one man short on the executive level, was something they had to live with. They knew about him and didn't do anything to get rid of him. Probably he knew too much.

But one thing was very clear to Annie, the killers had to have inside information. That's the only way they could get to these men. And the fact that they found Billy Jim Donovan, a.k.a. Malcolm Roberts, told her that at least one of them were present at the Malcolm Roberts trial. She had been there herself and had become just as disgusted as the rest of the people in Seattle, but there was nothing she could do about it. She had, after much deliberations, managed to get hold of that very secret list of sex offenders in the States, offenders that had never been caught and taken in. There were reasons for that she knew, most of them were

cases that wouldn't stick in court, just like Malcolm Roberts. Others were protected for other various reasons. The list was longer than she thought and it would be pure guesswork who their next target would be. The cities seemed to have been picked at random. But at least one pattern seems to have emerged, they never picked the same city twice. One more thing, they had always picked large cities, never smaller ones, and they had never been in the same state twice. That would narrow I down a little. But she had to find that connection to the trial in Seattle. She had to get hold of a list of people present there and compare it with the employee list of the Bureau. She had to go to Seattle to get her information and start the search from there. She would then compare it to the employee list of the Bureau and see what she would find. She only had to get the proper permissions first, and that could take time. She had to use Harry Brown as her helper here. He is high enough in the organization and get the proper information. But first a trip to Seattle.

The trip to Seattle was for Annie two-fold. She wanted to know who were present at the Malcolm Roberts trial and she wanted to pay a visit to her mother. She had, as we already know, worked for the Seattle Police before she moved to LA and still knew quite a few people up there. Before she left she placed a call to the Chief of Police up there and told him what she wanted. The Chief was all ears and promised to help her as best he could. But he wouldn't do anything before she arrived. Annie had expected that, anything else would have been out of order.

In Seattle Annie stayed with her mother, It was good coming home gain. There were so many memories in that house. Being back actually inspired her. She

couldn't tell her mother all the details of what she was working with, but she told the basics.

At the Police Station Annie received all the information she needed. The names of those officially present were there, no one was missing. But what they couldn't account for was other people present and people on the outside that just had been outraged. But as Annie thought, if they worked for the Bureau today, they were most probably amongst the officials. If not, she was totally back to square one.

Annie stayed in Seattle over the weekend. She had planned to go back to LA on Monday morning. Since her mother still lived in Seattle she used the opportunity to spend some extra days with her. But her hopes for a quiet weekend was spoiled by a phone call she received on Sunday morning. An eight killing had taken place, this time in Denver. She had to go there right away. Fortunately her status made it possible for her to change her tickets on short notice, A telephone call was all it took, and a few hours later she was on her way. Would this never stop?

Chapter 7, Desperation

She arrived in Denver late Sunday afternoon. She was picked up at the airport and taken directly to the Police station. The case was handled from there until the agents came in. Annie was the first of her team to arrive, the rest could come in on Monday. A Denver agent had already been assigned to the case. Annie was given the details of what had been found, It was the same MO all over again, and once more, nothing from the offender had been left behind. Real desperation

was slowly creeping into Annie's mind. These people were so good.

After a few hours of talking, Annie was taken to a hotel where a room had been reserved for her. From next day on the case here in Denver, along with the other seven, would be handled from the local FBI office. Before she went to bed she called her husband and kids in LA, telling them that she couldn't come home yet. This case took almost all the time she had. And after a few days in Denver, she had to go back to the Bureau's HQ outside Washington.

Annie stayed in Denver until Wednesday. Then she had all the information she needed, She and the other agents flew back to DC to summon up the case so far. This Denver killing didn't help a bit. It was just a blueprint of several of the others, and the victim was a scumbag that no one would really miss. When she heard about the victim's record, she didn't feel sorry for him at all. He just got what he deserved, But on the other hand, a murder had been committed and in the name of the law, it had to be investigated and the killer brought to justice.

At the HQ the agents went through their material once again. This time they also had a video footage of the alleged killer, and this time she looked Hispanic. That was a change. The Bureau had a computer program that could compare facial structures, and so far the answers were that there had been at least four different person involved. Comparing body size and structure gave only two different bodies. What the heck was going on? She had never been involved in a case like this before. Something just didn't fit in this case. In her worst nightmare she thought there were some copycats out there. If that was the case the whole

thing would be a nightmare. On the other hand, this wasn't possible. Every killing had been so meticulously planned and required great details in organizing the murders. No copycat could get such information in such a short time. Besides all the details had not been made public, and that was crucial details needed to solve the case. So sadly, this eight killing didn't get them any closer, it only gave them more frustration. If they only could guess in what town the next killing would take place. If theory stays there would be four more killings in four new cities. All the cities so far had been large, so it was just to pick four large cities located in states where no killing had occurred before. In Annie's mind at least New York and Dallas stood out, but where would the other two be then? With these thoughts on her mind Annie fell asleep that night.

Next day she gathered her team for a real brainstorming. She went through the details with them and made them think of possible cities for the last four killings. The result was the following: Providence, RI, New York, NY, Baltimore, MD, Atlanta, GA, Memphis/Nashville, TN, St. Louis, MO, Minneapolis, MN, Detroit, MI, Milwaukee, WI, Oklahoma City, OK, Dallas/Austin, TX, Phoenix, AZ, Las Vegas, NV and Salt Lake City, UT. That is 16 cities in total. Next step was to find out if there were any possible targets in these cities, targets that were on the Bureau's list of elusive sex offenders. It was just to start going through the files. Annie made sure that they all had access to these lists.

It took a full week to go through the list. It was clear from the beginning that every town had a possible candidate. The problem was that some of the cities had more than one candidate. Take New York for instance, there were eight possible candidates in that city alone. In total it was 34 possible candidates. It would be a

nightmare to find which of these candidates would be picked. Peter, who was the secretary of this group this was very important information. He could easily relay the information to Chuck and Harold, and if Annie managed to pick the right town and right offender, it would be possible to change plans. Chuck and Harold had more people on their list to chose from. They knew that in this stage that had to improvise. New York was next on their list, but changes could still be made.

After a painstaking process Annie decided to go got New York and Pavel Rostov. He came from Russia originally and had made a fortune on the black market. But he was also known for how he treated women. He took them in and threw out again as soon as he was satisfied with what they ad done with him. They all had nasty scars on their body and in their mind, but nobody dared to come forward. That would cost them their life in a most painful manner. And the police couldn't take him, he had them in his pocket.

This decision was relayed to Chuck and Harold. It was a little unfortunate that he was picked, because he was their target as well. They either had to change their plans, or try something different. Then Harold came up with an idea. "What if we use Henrietta?" he said, "she can lure him intro a room at the hotel at his preference. On beforehand one of us is already in that room, or suite if you like. After Henrietta has done her job, one of us step in and do the rest. She will leave and be spotted by the agents, but if they then enter his room they will fund that everything is OK and most probably leave the premises, or keep watch in the distance. We know which hotel it is, and we can enter it anytime we like from any entrance or exit. We can surprise him and then do our job. He might like to have two girls in bed. I know we can enter the hotel unnoticed and leave in

the same way. As long as the agents don't see anyone coming or going, they won't understand a thing. And we can leave just as quietly as we came."

"Harold, you're a genius. This will work. We just have to make out the details. Let's check with Henrietta right away."

And Henrietta was with them right away. She looked quite different from the other two and wouldn't match any of the footage pictures seen so far. They discussed the details of the plan and was ready by Friday afternoon. On beforehand Harold had checked Rostov's suite and learned everything there was to know about it. He could do that freely as he posed as one of the boys cleaning Rostov's room. He had no problems getting an extra key to the suite. For a guy like him that was child's play.

It was Chuck's turn to do the job this month. On Thursday afternoon he was already ready in his finest feminine finery. He spoke Russian and would use that to gain access to Pavel Rostov. He would already be in the suite when Henrietta arrived with their target and make himself ready after Henrietta had left. Presenting himself as a Russian girl would most likely do the trick. He had more than enough information to be able to play along. Rostov was always eager to hear about things from his homeland. A land he couldn't return to due to the fact that he was wanted by the secret police. The US had been a safe haven for him for more than 10 years now, and the US Authorities let him stay in exchange for information in the other direction. The world sure was a crazy place to live.

Later that day Chuck and Harold would have a meeting with Henrietta. There they would lay down the details on how to take out Rostov with a large part

of New York police officers around them. They knew Rostov would be under constant surveillance from Friday morning and onwards. But with Henrietta's help they knew they would make it.

The meeting started at 3 o'clock in an office in a building that was just a normal office building in The DC area. The fact that it was a cover for a very secret unit within the Secret Service was only known to a very few. Chuck and Harold were two of those few, In fact they actually worked for that unit, their work for the FBI was just a cover. Henrietta worked there as well. She had an office in that building.

But as the meeting was about to start a fourth person entered the room. Chuck and Harold knew him as Fred, and it was him that had put them on this killing spree in the first place. He had picked all the targets except the first one. Chuck and Harold had picked him themselves, to them he was personal. But Fred had accepted that he was taken down, even if he didn't like it. Once inside the room he started talking. "First of all guys, you have done a splendid job so far. Everything has gone just like we expected. And your four friends, Peter, Carol John and Anita will all be offered a job within this secret organization. I am also thinking about offering Annie Wolfe a position here as well. She is after all the best detective in the country. Her work has been excellent since she joined the LA Police.

"But now to the matter ahead. There has been some change in plans. First we have to change the sequence. You go ahead with New York as planned, but continue with Minneapolis, Phoenix and Dallas in the end. That is because Dallas needs more preparations and we have found out that we need you both there. After Dallas you go directly to Europe as planned. And finally, I

want you both in your new persons from this assignment on. You will quit your job in DC, move to another apartment in the area as two women. This is only a temporary place to live, but from the moment you move in there, you are women for the rest of your lives. Your location in Europe will be Brussels. Your move to your new location will be the coming weekend and at that time you must already be in your female personas. After this meeting with Henrietta you will come to my office where we will lay down the details of your move and transformation. From this weekend on Chuck and Harold will be gone forever. Instead we will have Caroline and Helen. The rest you will learn later today. I hope this will not interrupt your plans too much, but it is necessary for the sake of what's ahead. Your four friends will be informed tomorrow morning, I have called them to a meeting here at 09:30AM." With these words Fred left the room and the left the three others to themselves and their plans.

They were a little shocked after Fred had left, This turn of events was quite unexpected. Since this was Monday, Chuck and Harold had only five days left as men, from then on they would be women for the rest of their lives. They knew that it would have happened in late December anyway, but this three months earlier than expected. They really had a lot of unexpected work to do the rest of this week. Fortunately Henrietta was part of the New York plan, and with her on their side this would run very smoothly.

In another building not far away Annie was struggling with her plan in order to catch the murderer. She was desperate to make this a success, but deep inside her she knew this would be just another failure. These guys had been ahead of her all the time, and even if she hit the target this time, she had a feeling that these

guys had something up their sleeve. Why? Because she was convinced that they had inside information. Because of that they could just be so audacious that they went for the target she and her crew would be watching all the time.

Chapter 8, Move and Transformation

After having finished their talks with Henrietta Chuck and Harold had to hurry home. They had no time to lose, so on Saturday they were already at their new place. They had to consider carefully what to bring along. No clothes were necessary, a new wardrobe, a feminine one, would be waiting for them. What they didn't bring Fred and his men would take care of, What they needed was their PCs and papers and books. It had already been sorted out, so this wasn't a big deal. On Wednesday a meeting would be held between Fred, them and their crew, Peter, Carol John and Anita. It was so that Anita and Peter had formed a pair, and the same was true for Carol and John. One of these couples would take over Chuck and Harold's apartment, while the other two would get a similar one in the same building. They would continue in their jobs at the Bureau, but would have a tight link to Fred and his men. They had all proved themselves worthy of more important jobs in the agencies.

When Chuck and Harold came back to their office in Tuesday, the word was already out that they were on transfer to another location. They just had to clean out their stuff and be on their way. In places like this nobody asked where they were going. Annie noticed

that they left and to her that was a sign that she was right. They were the source of information to the killers. She had already found out that they both were present at Billy Jim's trial in Seattle more than ten years ago. From there on they just gave words to some women that went on a killing spree all over the country. But she couldn't prove anything and therefore kept her mouth shut. But she had no idea who these women were.

Back in their new apartment Chuck and Harold started to place their things where they sought fit. For three months only there was no need to make it too orderly. They only needed to know where things were. At 2 o'clock a bunch of people showed up. They were from the agency and should help Chuck and Harold to be transformed into Caroline and Helen. Now it was final, there was no way going back after the change had been made. With everything more or less in place they were told to take off all their clothes and put it somewhere. Then it was over to a specially heated room where they would get into their new torsos. It was a very elaborate process that took some time, but once the torsos were on, they were taken to another room where they would lay on a cushion of air for 24 hours. Just in case they were put in a state of coma that kept them from moving a muscle. There they were left to themselves and the apartment locked and sealed.

Next day in the afternoon Fred came back with some of his folks. Chuck and Harold, now Caroline and Helen, were slowly awoken and soon were fully conscious. They found some clothes in a closet and put them on. They felt much better right away.

“Welcome to your new world,” Fred greeted them, “this will be you for the rest of your lives. This torso is impossible to take off and it will over some time become an integral part of your body. You are now women for the rest of your lives. These torsos have fingerprints, but these prints are not registered anywhere except somewhere deep inside our organization. Pictures of you will be taken in a few minutes, making it possible to make all the papers you need. Just for the record, your birthdays will be what it is now.”

Caroline and Helen had lots of questions and most of them were answered right away, Some had to wait until later though, they required more elaborate information. They looked at each other in the mirror and liked what they saw. Caroline was blonde, Helen was a brunette. That was OK, it matched their male hair color. A man was ready to take their picture, but they both wanted to look a little more representative. That required some make-up of course, They found it on the vanity and soon they looked really beautiful. The pictures were taken and the photographer left right away. Fred took the word again and continued. “Your various ID cards will be ready tomorrow. And bow down to business. As I said before, these torsos are permanent. Only three persons are using them so far, you will be number four and five. What will happen is that the torsos will take over the outer part of your own body. It will mold into your skin and more or less replace it. All the hair you had on your body before, will stop growing the way it does now. Instead the torso will replace it all. The hair on your torso’s head will soon become your own and you can handle it like it was your own. Your breasts will after a while be port of tour body and you will then feel them just like any normal woman does. Your penis will be smaller and smaller

and will after one year be insignificant. At that time you can come to us and have a vagina constructed instead. It will look and feel right and you can make love to any man you want, but you will never be able to have a baby.

“When it comes to work in Europe we decided to let you go to Brussels instead of London as originally planned. One of you will work at the NATO HQ in that town, and the other will work in EU Building. The US has delegations both places and you will be part of that delegation. And because of your background you will work as a little more than secretaries. A person from our organization will be your supervisor and you will report to that person the first day at work. That will be no problem, you are both expected. What I want you to do now is to get some food and get acquainted with the apartment and the area around. Your four friends will be here tomorrow at one o’clock. They will bring your new IDs. I have already talked with them at length, and they have all accepted their new job a little higher up in the hierarchy. And don’t forget, you are now women forever.” They talked for more than an hour more before Fred left them. Then it was time to get some food. A look in the fridge told them that they had all they needed. No need to go outside to catch something to eat. And besides, they had no papers and no money so going out might be quite risky.

So in order to make the best out of it they made the best meal they could from the ingredients that were made available to them. After the meal they went through their new wardrobe in detail and liked most of what they found. There were clothes for ant occasion there, they could go to the most elegant parties open to them, or they could go hiking in the forest if that was what they preferred. This was going to be fun, they

thought. But they also knew that their sex life was quite limited the first year. They could make lesbian love to each other, but they could not receive any man before they had the operation. They both agreed that that would be their ultimate goal. Being made love to by a man was something they both had longed for, and now they were a great step closer to just that. Making love as two men answer wasn't just the same.

Next morning Fred showed up again. He had brought their four friends and one other person with him, a man that should make their new IDs. In order to get everything ready as quickly as possible, he needed to come to them, they couldn't go to him because of lack of IDs. "This man will make all your necessary IDs and credit cards. The reason is that we need your signatures. And for the records, your names are as follows: Caroline Ann Haskell, born Nov 10, 1981 in Eugene, OR and Helen Andrea Patterson, born Oct 5, 1981 in Lebanon, NH." He also gave them their new Social Security numbers, telling them to remember them right away. The girls were given a lot of papers to sign and after some trials managed to make them look almost the same every time. With the signatures in place the cards were placed in a machine and laminated. Now everything was OK for our new girls. A final thing was their Bank Accounts and the PIN codes for each card. That was also something they had to remember. At this point Fred was ready to leave the girls. The final thing he said was that they would be picked up the next morning at eight and was told to wear something business like. There they would be introduced to some of the people they should stay in contact with while abroad, and they will meet Henrietta again to finalize the New York job. Peter, Carol, John. Anita would drop by at the apartment a little later so they could see for

themselves what had happened to Chuck and Harold. They were already informed, but they had to see them face to face to be able to recognize them later.

Peter, Carol, John and Anita came to the apartment two hours later. They stayed most of the evening and by the time they left they had become quite familiar with Caroline and Helen. They understood that their change to women did not affect their persona at all. They were the same old guys they had known for quite some time. They had already learned that would have a lot to do with each other later. Caroline and Helen were also asked if they would like to be Carol and Anita's maid-of-honor at their wedding next year. They planned to have it at the time when Caroline and Helen were in the States for their operation. The two of them agreed at once.

The next day was a very busy one. Caroline was dressed in a straight red dress that reached to her knees. Helen, on the other side, was wearing a two-piece yellow suit. They both looked very stylish. At this time they both were so familiar with wearing high-heeled shoes that nobody would expect that they anything but what they looked like. At their new temporary office there were only a handful of people who knew who they really were. Their new IDs had worked perfectly of course, and at this point they knew that their credit cards did as well. They had after all tested them the evening before. Fred took the girls straight to the top chief's office. He was after all one of the persons who had put all this up in the first place. He asked Caroline and Helen to sit down and started talking. "Ladies, welcome back. You were both here one year ago when you were picked out to do what you have done do far, and I must say you have done an excellent job. We did pick out the victims for you, except that

you insisted to take out William James Donovan as your first victim. You had both been present at his trial 10 years ago when he was let out because of a technicality. We didn't like that you wanted to take him out, but since you refused to do the rest unless you took care of him, we had in fact no other option but to let you do it. And you did so well that even the country's best detective stood there without a clue. As you probably know she is on to you now. She has made the connection between you working for the Bureau and two guys being present at the trial. That's one of the reasons we took Chuck and Harold out of circulation at this point and not three months later as originally planned. The connection between Caroline and Helen on one side, and Chick and Harold on the other, is broken for good. It cannot be found, not even by Annie.

"You will now live in the apartment until you go to Dallas just before Christmas. You will pack all your gear before and return here directly from Dallas, pick up your things and board the first available plane to Brussels. There you will be picked up by a representative for this organization and taken to the place where you will stay. That apartment is specially cleared for you. How to handle matters in Brussels is up to you and the local guys. What exactly will be your task I don't know. That lies in the hands of the people over there. They know your skills, but they don't know what you have done here or that you in fact are men.

"I have told you earlier that one of you will work with NATO and the other with EU. After some consideration we have come to that Caroline works with NATO and Helen with the EU. Further instructions will be available on location. What we need from you is information that you have analyzed and your opinion on what's at hand. Remember yours, not the opinion of

anybody else. We trust you there. You can of course quote other opinions, but make your own assessment of it. That goes for people in the US delegations and officials from other countries. You see, we value your opinions as very important. And don't snicker at the kind of hob you get, take it and use it to you best advantage. And remember, there is only a handful of people that know your true potential. All your reports will go directly to me and to nobody else. And in a few years time you will return to the US and take over some real important jobs in this organization. You will then be very much needed here. If you wonder if someone has done similar jobs in similar situations for us before, the answer is yes. There is four working here now, but I will not tell who they are. That will remain a secret for all times, even for you."

Caroline and Helen knew now that they were about to do something very important for their country and promised to themselves that they would not betray that trust. An assignment like this made it worth not being able to be men again. Besides, life as women wasn't that bad. In addition the job abroad paid very well. For the first year only one thing was missing, they couldn't make love to man. They had to live with that for the moment. But they were both curious on how it would really be.

Later that day they had talks with Henrietta on how to do the New York mission. That seemed to be no problem at all. Henrietta had done her research well and everything looked to be just like the others with one special twist. Peter had also done his job, and for the moment it seemed that nothing could go wrong. With blessings from the very top of the organization, what could go wrong actually?

Chapter 9, The final assignments

Peter had done his groundwork as always. Nothing was left to chance here. The only thing different was that they were in some way expected. To do this right under the nose of the normal FBI and their super detective Annie Wolfe was the reason they needed the help from Henrietta. The whole group was in New York that Friday. Peter and his friends had identified all the officers watching what was going to happen. Every person was accounted for. Before it all started Henrietta had made sure that Pavel Rostov was in the bar and watched by the police. She took Caroline and Helen and managed to smuggle them into Rostov's suite. She had an access device that was not registered by the hotel itself, and she had made sure that the surveillance cameras inside only showed footage that had been recorded earlier. Neither Caroline nor Helen would be visible on any camera. With her two new friends safely inside the suite, she went into action.

While Caroline and Helen made themselves comfortable inside Rostov's suite, Henrietta went to the bar where Rostov was sitting alone at a table. She walked straight up to him and asked if he wanted some company. Rostov looked up and saw a small, but well proportionate woman standing there right in front of him. She looked hot and oozed of sex appeal. "Sit down young lady," said, "and tell me the story of your life."

Henrietta smiled and sat down next to him. Soon they were kissing and exploring each other's bodies. It didn't take long before Rostov took her to his suite. He gave straight instructions that he wouldn't be dis-

turbed. After some heavy lovemaking Henrietta said that she had to leave, her parents would pick her up and she had to go with them to a family party. But before she left she promised Rostov more fun. Rostov took Henrietta to the door and gave her a great big kiss goodbye and thanked her for some lovely lovemaking. This was done to make sure that the police in the corridor could see that Rostov was still safe and with good health.

Now Caroline and Helen emerged from the other room and was soon all over him. This came as a very pleasant surprise to him. He liked to have two girls in bed at the same time and he didn't even think twice on how these girls had managed to come to his suite. . It didn't take long before Caroline sucked him dry while Helen was all over his face. After about 20 minutes they changed places. Slowly they picked up some rope and it didn't take long before Rostov was tied to the bed. And he liked it! He liked being treated this way by two beautiful women, and was sure that nothing could go wrong. This was something he wanted to last forever.

Rostov enjoyed everything the girls did to him, he even didn't mind when they tied him up to the bed-posts. Thus way they could do whatever they wanted to do wit him, and enjoyed that. He knew that by the of the session he would access to both girls' love nest and in his mind he knew he could give them something they never had before. He moaned with pleasure as the girls took turns sucking him dry. The girls were naked now and to Rostov they looked even more beautiful without their clothes. He really enjoyed what was going on and looked forward to when he should pay back for what he got right now.

But then suddenly, one of the girls put a gag in his mouth. He tried to spit it out but wasn't successful. Before he could get that far the other girl taped his mouth so he couldn't spit out the gag and he was unable to make any sound at all. Now Rostov really started sweating. He had heard about the other killings and suddenly realized that he was the next victim. He tried to beg for mercy, but to no avail. He was doomed. He saw the knife coming and felt its sharp blade on his groin. He tried to scream in pain, but no sound came from his mouth. Soon his genitals were off and the last thing he saw before he bled out, was his own penis and balls in the hands of the blonde girl. Rostov was dead, bled out like the other victims.

Caroline and Helen now worked quickly. Soon the tape and the gag was removed from Rostov's mouth, the rope that tied him to the bed was taken away and put in a bag along with other items used in the killing. Both girls went to the shower and washed off all the blood on their bodies, dressed and were ready to leave. At this point a signal was sent to Henrietta, telling her that Caroline and Helen had finished their business. Ten minutes later the girls were locked out of the suite and they walked down the stairs to a level six stories below. From there they could take the elevator to the ground level. 30 minutes later Caroline and Helen was on a fast train bound for DC. They were home in the morning and slept for almost 24 hours.

Back at work on Monday they were given the details from the investigation. The body hadn't been discovered until around breakfast time on Saturday, Annie had been furious, They had taken down another man in just the same way they had done with the other eight, and they had done right under her nose. How could that be? The trap was perfect and yet it didn't

work. And like the other cases, no clues were found. Absolutely nothing to tie anybody to the murder was found. Just like the eight cases before, Annie was back to square one. Only one thing counted in Annie's favor, she had picked the right town and the right person. Now, who would be next? Annie needed a rest and went back to LA to spend some time with her family. She deserved that.

Meanwhile back in their new office Caroline and Helen were received as some kind of heroes. They had managed to do their job right under the nose of Annie Wolfe. That called for some cheering. But Helen told them to calm down, it was after all Henrietta that had laid it all out and made it possible for them to do the rest. She deserved most of the credit. They had now three targets left, Minneapolis, Phoenix and Dallas. At the first place it was a state senator, on the second a man working for the DA and finally a religious fanatic that used women like they were dirt. And in spite of that, women flocked to his congregation. He had this aura that made him almost irresistible to young women. Because of this he had managed to destroy lots of lives. He seduced them, made them dependant of him and when no longer useable, he just threw in the gutter. He was in fact using religion to get to the most attractive women around. And at Christmas time he will meet his maker with the help of Caroline and Helen.

The next victim was state senator Jack Nelson in Minneapolis, MN. He was divorced and a workaholic. He spent most of his time either in his office or at bar downtown. There he picked up women and had rather brutal sex with them. That was done either in his house

or in his office. Since Helen would go there in a weekend, he would most probably use his home. As a politician he was shrewd and very cunning, but his private life was a mess. He had even abused his daughter on occasion. That was never reported, nobody in the state dared to challenge him. But like nine others, he was about to meet his maker.

For Helen this was just another easy job. Carol had made good research and knew all his habits. This was told to Helen and she was ready on Friday, Oct 28th. This was just a replay of the Philadelphia job and so it went as well. When Helen left his home he was dead just like the others and as usual, no clues were left at the scene. She was picked up by Caroline and together they drove all the way back to DC. It was a long drive, but it was worth it. The body was not found until Monday morning when he was missing from his office.

Next job was in Phoenix. The target was Julian Kane and he worked as a prosecutor at the DA's office. He was not on any vase right now. His habits were just like Jack Nelson's. He met his destiny in his own home at the hands of Caroline. On Friday, Nov 25th. Like Jack Nelson he was not found until Monday morning. This time Helen picked up Caroline and they drove to LA and then took a plane home. And all the preparations for the job was done by John, and as always, he had done an excellent job.

At this time Annie was more frustrated than ever. She had missed both cities, Atlanta and Memphis had been her prime cities. Minneapolis and Phoenix had not been on her mind at all. She was certain that Las Vegas was the proper place to finish it all. That's were the effort would bet put just before Christmas. And the date had to be Friday Dec 23rd. She had found two pos-

sible victims in that town and would follow them both. She knew a lot of people there and she knew she could count on their help. This was her last and final chance and she had to succeed. If not, she would never forgive herself, this would then be the first case she never solved. Her reputation depended on it. What she didn't know was that it was a mole in her group that reported every step she took. She had managed to come up with two possible names on people who might be the person that fed the information on the victims. She had found them in the Bureau's HQ and they had worked in Seattle when the trial against Malcolm Roberts came up and dismissed. The only thing was that she hadn't seen them around the last couple of months.

Then it finally was time for the last one. It would take place in Dallas and both Caroline and Helen would be there for the kill. Anita had been there quite a lot recently and found the perfect way for Caroline and Helen to get access to the religious leader, That didn't seem too difficult. Every Friday he accepted new applicants to his congregation. Normally he took them in two and two so this was in fact perfect. Caroline and Helen should present themselves as Christie and Maria and apply for membership. With names like that and looks like angels, it shouldn't be too difficult. Anita had already talked to a representative for the congregation and showed him pictures of the girls. He was hooked at once, and when he came back from his talks with his master, they were the first to visit the High Priest on Friday Dec 23rd. The time was set to 9 PM.

So on that precise time Caroline and Helen were ready. They came and presented themselves as Christie and Maria and they came in right away. The High

Priest was alone in his room and received the girls with honors. He was convinced that he would have a wonderful time with them. To him these girls looked better than anyone he had ever seen before.



As the girls entered the room the door was locked behind them. That didn't worry them at all. Once inside they laid down their handbags, took off their dresses and stood in front of the priest in just panty and bra. The priest liked what he saw and wanted to get them to bed right away. But Maria calmed him down and said: "let us do our things first and then you can do whatever you want with us. We will be all yours. But first we have a surprise for you."

The Priest was in favor of that and soon the girls were naked in front of him. They pushed him down on the bed and Christie started sucking his rock hard penis right away. Maria took care of his face. They switched roles and continued for almost half an hour and he was all putty in their hands. They could in fact do whatever they wanted with him. Slowly Maria tied his hands to the bed posts while Christie did the same with his feet. He seemed to like it. Soon Marta took out the gag and put it in his mouth, quickly followed by Christie with the tape that held it in place. Then he suddenly started to panic, this was just like something he had heard about in the news and he realized that he was the next victim. Now the tears came to his eyes, but to no avail. Maria took out the big knife and did her job. Soon the priest was dead just like the other eleven. Now the girls cleaned up the mess and left through a window in the back. It was unguarded. They were met by Anita who took them to a car she had nearby. Next stop was the airport in Austin. The car was parked there, later to be picked up by someone else in the organization. He would take the car back to DC as soon as Christmas was over. This way they would be home on the 24th and could celebrate Christmas in Carol and John's new home. All six of them would be there, celebrating a job well done. Caroline

and Helen would leave for Europe on January 2nd and establish themselves in Brussels in a new and exciting job. What kind of job they would do, they didn't know. They only knew that it would be exciting and very important.

It wasn't until long into the next day that the body was found. News travel fast and Annie was notified right away. She was in Las Vegas being sure that the final murder would take place there. But she was wrong again, just as she had been with Minneapolis and Phoenix. She felt defeated and a failure at the same time. She was certain this was the last killing, leaving her with a case unsolved. And that had never happened before. She didn't even bother to go to Dallas, she left it all to the local guys. She knew they wouldn't find anything new. It was just a blueprint of the other nine. And the murderers were long gone. And she hadn't even have a clue of who they really were.

With Caroline and Helen safely in Brussels, Annie was called to DC to meet a man named Fred Sommerset. He had a very high position in one of the agencies there and he would very much like to talk to her. She had never heard of the man. This agency held office in a very anonymous building in DC. On the ground floor it was various shops while inside and upstairs it held one of the most secret organizations in the whole USA. Only a few people knew about it and they were normally tasked to do dirty jobs all over the globe. But everything was in deepest secrecy. This is the organization Chuck and Harold really worked for, as they do now in their new persona as Caroline and Helen.

Annie walked through the front door and didn't meet any security checks until far inside the building. She ID-ed herself and was let in. She was told to take the elevator to the top floor. There she was met by another security check and let in. A tall man in his fifties met her behind the security gate. "Hello Annie," he said, "my name is Fred Sommerset and I am the leader of this organization. Welcome to us. You don't have to present yourself, we know all about already. Let's instead go into my office where we can talk freely."

Annie wasn't very surprised; she had in fact expected something like this. Inside Fred's office coffee and cookies were served as soon as they sat down. It was Fred that opened the conversation. "Let me first of all congratulate you with a job well done. You think you didn't solve this case, while in fact you did. You had all the facts on your table and you made all the right conclusions. The fact that you don't think you solved the case, is that we deceived you. You had the answers, but we led you astray. You could have solved things after New York, but since we couldn't let you, we had to do something to throw you off. New York was the city and Pavel Rostov was the target.

"When you came into the greater picture and was made the head of the investigation, we had to put someone into your closest circle. He gave us all the information we needed and we could thereby anticipate everything you did. You see, the goal was to go through with all the 12 killings. And one thing more, you had managed to find the two people that in your eyes fed information to the killers. They had, like you, been present at the infamous trial in Seattle a little over ten years ago. You made the connection because you found them working for the Bureau. That was very good detective work. But the fact was that they weren't giving

information to the killers, they were the killers themselves. This might seem strange to you since they were men and the killers were women, but still they were the real killers.

“The whole thing started with a decision in this building to get rid of some notorious sex offenders, and do it without leaving a single clue. And these guys were just perfect for the job. They both had a law degree and were trained in all kinds of dirty operations. In order to put the sex offenders off guard they had to pose as women, and had to be good-looking women. We had what might be called a torso available to them. This was easy to put on and off and when seen in them naked it was almost impossible to tell that what people saw, was not their real skin. It needed to work for just a few hours, that was all. They agreed to do it and we discussed towns and people. Originally we wanted another person in LA, but Chuck and Harold were so determined to take out Billy Jim. They had spent a lot of time in our archives to find him and wanted to give him what he deserved in their eyes. If he wasn't their first target, they were not willing to go through with the plan at all. So we let them have their way. And we chose LA just because you would most likely get the case, and that was exactly what we wanted. The rest is history.

“What has happened to Chuck and Harold now, you might ask. The thing is that just before we should take out Pavel Postov in New York, they were given a new assignment abroad from this month on. That required a more permanent female role and therefore we put them into the most fantastic torso you can ever imagine. It generates hormones and makes their body turn into a real feminine shape. After having put them on they can never return to manhood again. They're

women forever. Some time this coming fall they will be back for surgery turning their groin into a female one, just like yours. Then they can make love to men and will be women forever. Where they are is not for you to know at this moment."

At this moment the door opened and Peter came in. Fred went on: "And here Annie, is the reason we knew all about your activities. He reported to us on everything you and your group did, and made it possible to stay one step ahead of you. So once again, don't feel sorry for not being able to catch the bad guys, we just wouldn't let you do it."

Annie stayed in Fred's office for two more hours, learning everything she needed to know of what had been going on. Peter was with them all the time. At the end Fred offered her a job in his organization. She could either continue to work from LA, but he preferred if she moved to DC and took up residence here. He also had a good job for her husband. Even though he was a normal street officer, his skills went far beyond that. A house not too far away was ready for them if they wanted to move. The twins would be in a private school not far away and it wouldn't cost them anything extra.

Annie wanted more details before she said yes, and that could be arranged if her husband could come over as soon as possible. So she called him and asked him to come to DC right away. A ticket would be available to him at the airport. After he had been through what Fred had to offer, they agreed to move, but not before the school summer break.

When it came to Caroline and Helen, they soon became well established in Brussels and did an excellent job there. Come October they were back to the States

for their final operation into women. From that day on they could do whatever any girl could, except giving birth to a child. That was impossible for girls like them.

THE END