

Further
Under The Covers



Philippa Peters



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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by Philippa Peters

*****XV. KANSAS CITY*****

After Angela had spilled her ‘secrets’ to the police, co-operative surveillance began on the Langs. It was difficult to organize at first as Polanski and his Commissioner were still of one mind. This case was theirs. And there were other considerations. No way did Grant Powers want to find both his brother and his son pilloried in the press as if they were deviates, or worse. And neither did they want Angela to become the focus of the whole Vice Squad, never mind Organized Crime.

“You don’t tell anyone outside this room,” Commissioner Powers told his inner group of six men and women who were conducting the interrogation of Angela. They had to be party to the deal taking place and know that Angela wasn’t a real woman. She soon

would be as part of the deal the Commissioner had finally agreed to. He only really worried that six was too large a group to be able to keep a secret as large as this one.

It didn't take long, however, after Angela's revelations before several of Polanski's men were in the Bay Area, getting generally good co-operation from local forces in the use of equipment to record who the Langs and their companions were. Alison and Roger were photographed, on many occasions, with a strikingly beautiful blonde girl. She looked fantastic on Roger's arm, dancing. She didn't leave the events she attended with Roger, however, but seemed to be visiting more with the aunt.

Surveillance on the house picked up the same girl leaving the house finally, a few days after observations had begun; her hair was now surprisingly short but still very attractive. She had quite a shapely figure. That she kissed the older woman and hugged her was noted but women did that on leaving for a while. There wasn't a video to show how long the kiss had gone on.

All the guys had had a long look at the pictures of the blonde on the dance floor, in the car, and on the driveway. Polanski saw the pictures and received the suggestion that she might be a prostitute, or even a messenger as Angela had described queens like her who had been used by Johnny Bent. Could the sparkingly feminine blonde girl possibly be a drag queen, carrying some message, undetected, to the Lang family in Frisco, Lou Carson wanted to know?

"Go easily in observing her," Jeff had counselled Carson's eager lieutenants. "You don't know who's looking back at you. If someone, a Knightsbridge denizen, is out there, too, and spots you observing that girl, they'll roll up this operation in a second."

Angela had warned him of that. She was sure that her former boyfriend, Julio Rock, was with the girl, if it was indeed Denise Gordon, A.K.A. 'Alice', the name making Jeff Polanski squirm. No, she couldn't be Charley Howell in disguise. She couldn't be. The time line on Charley's 'disappearance' was too short to do that to anyone. Wasn't it? Angela thought that she did look a lot like the one who'd been so often in Gina's office before Angela had escaped, as she called it.

No, she couldn't be a drag queen, said those who were studying 'her' since the first pictures had appeared on their computers. All the gestures she made, the obvious joy the older woman had in the younger woman, the way she was treated by everyone, men and women, suggested that this was a real, adorable girl. Angela was certain, too, that the survivors of the Bent Organization weren't using girls from Jimmy Stick or Vic or anyone. Johnny hadn't used them. Gina was doing everything, or so she said, in the same way that Johnny Bent had done it before.

If they could only find her, this gorgeous, blonde girl, in Knightsbridge somewhere, Polanski thought, not letting on that he'd seen the girl. His memory of her was looking just like that, finally kicking in when someone had mentioned what a great time they'd had at the Roaring Twenties Ball. She looked just like the girl who had wanted to tell him something there. The memory came back, after he'd said he didn't know her at all.

Still, she'd tell them what they needed to know if, when, they'd found her. Could she be Charley Howell? He'd have to get Angela to look at the girl again, very carefully. But she didn't look like a cop any more to him. She didn't look like a whore, either, as most of the squad was sure she could be. She was much too classy.

That figure. How could Charley Howell ever have become so, so...female? He'd definitely gone in far too deep if this was him, thought Polanski, wondering if 'Alice' still worked for him or not. He hoped 'she' was still his, wherever Alice was, as the blonde was certainly one of the queens, like Angela, who might provide instant connection to the Bent Organization.

All they could do was keep up surveillance, he'd told his now scornful Commissioner. Something would break soon. Howell would surface soon, Jeff assured his boss nervously. Polanski only hoped it wasn't in the river.

The return was quite different to our trip out. While we were dining as Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown, packages would appear in our car. Julio drove to different destinations then on the way out, displeased with me all the time, but deliberately touching me as if I was a woman. I don't know if he observed as I did that packages would change all the time between the stops we made. The license plates, too, were changed with each state we entered but I, 'Cheryl,' never saw anyone actually doing it.

I was worried about Julio. I thought he'd try something with me in our bedroom. I wasn't embarrassed that he leered at me as I changed into a nightie and creamed my face each evening and as I prepared to go to bed in a sheer, very femmy nightie. He stroked me if I got near him and seemed to think it amusing how I shook and trembled as he kissed me goodnight.

"It's allowed now," Julio growled at me when I objected to him fondling me and kissing me so forcefully. I didn't dare to ask him what else was now allowed about me. He watched me as I dressed each

morning, the way I put on my stockings, and girlish underclothing, always seeming to make him uncomfortable.

It was in the morning at Kansas City that I finally had to fight him off. Julio grabbed me as I came out of the bathroom and threw me on the bed. He hadn't put his pants on. His erection was huge and obvious. His mouth pressed down on mine, his tongue forcing its way into me while he tried to mount me as if I was a woman, my arms pinned down beneath me.

I bit him and tried to bring my knee up. Julio pulled his head off me and called me a bitch, which I took as a compliment to my gender even as I rolled with him on the bed. He tried to backhand me across the face, but that left me a hand free to claw at him.

Julio grabbed my hand and pinned me with his weight and strength. He stared into my face. I could feel his erection against my legs through my short nightie. He pushed forcefully up against my clean, white lace panties. I fought as I could but I knew, fright overcoming me, that I couldn't prevent Julio from having me, as if I was a drag queen, if he wanted me. He was just too heavy and too strong.

"Gina said I could have you and all your womanly ways here in Kansas City," Julio said thickly. "You've a few lessons to learn, you sexy little queer. You've teased me every day, every minute of this trip up to now, flipping your breasts and your ass at me but now I get to have a turn. You've had your fun, darling, and now I'm going to make you pay for everything bad you ever thought about me."

"I didn't!" I squealed girlishly at him, as every wiggle I made seemed to make his manhood grow and grow. "I hadn't seen you in a week before we set out...!"

Julio kissed me again, using his weight and strength to hold me down, his lips on mine as I sank into a pillow, wriggling and struggling as best I could. Oh, what he must have stored up for me, even in the first few days of this return trip. He was just teasing me and waiting until we got here to Kansas where he knew he was going to have me as a man has a woman! I don't know how it would have ended up, that first morning, if we hadn't heard the door opening. I can only guess what we looked like to the female figure who came bouncing in.

"Wow," a blonde woman said in a raspy voice, striking a very feminine pose, one arm on her waist. "You guys get it on before breakfast, too! Far out!" She wiggled over to the armchair in her red miniskirt, white sweater and knee-length white boots. Her long, blonde hair cascaded over her bust to her waist. "Don't mind me," she said cheerfully. "I can watch you lovebirds or go into the bathroom for a while."

An audience wasn't Julio's style, it seemed, for he let me go, rolled off me, cursing under his breath as he was the one to stagger off to the bathroom.

The girl looked at me, the nightie about my thighs, my panties white about my hips, the only other item I was wearing. I felt like crying as I pulled my nightie down and flushed as she looked at me appreciatively. She winked at me. "Glad you're not going to stay in bed all day?" she asked.

Her laugh was also deep and throaty. I realized then that she wasn't a woman at all. "You do have nice breasts," she said smiling at me from luscious pink lips. "Doc Medway's Tits and Ass operation, right?"

I nodded, finally recognizing my link to this queen who'd saved me. She was Diane, the one I'd thought I

could talk to in Knightsbridge. Here she was, in a wig, I think, and full drag, in my bedroom.

Diane smiled at me as I scrambled for my female clothes to get dressed. She got up and sashayed over to the bathroom door. She hammered on it and relayed a soft-voiced message to Julio that I couldn't hear.

Julio shuffled out angrily, just in time to see me rolling my stockings up my legs and attaching them to my little white garter belt. I hadn't put on a bra yet. Defiantly, oh what a silly thing for a girl like me to do, I cupped them at Julio as I reached for my other stocking.

Diane gave Julio a long look and came and sat with me on the bed. "Hi", she said, smiling at me. She wore a lot of makeup, more like evening going-to-dance makeup, I thought. She straightened the hem of her miniskirt over legs as shapely as mine. "I'm Diane," she said with her pretty lipsticked smile. "We haven't met yet, have we, but I hear that you're Denise and we're the same."

I nodded, a lump in my throat as I put on my Wonderbra and stood to add my short, mid-thigh slip before I did my makeup. "This hotel beautician knows about girls like us," said Diane. Julio snorted as he put on his pants. I wrinkled my nose in disgust as I smelled his aftershave even from where I was.

Diane winked at me again. "Leave your hair pieces. She'll do them for you. She'll be up any second to do your face, if you want." She smiled at me. "How is Julio, by the way, as a lover? I didn't know he went for girls like you and me. This is news, you know, but you have to tell me. Is he better than self abuse?"

Julio snarled something unintelligible but Diane wasn't at all put out. "You should have had the husband I've just had," she said dreamily. "He's a leg man. I could barely get him out of bed. He had all his meals in, so to speak." She giggled which didn't sound right. It was too deep a laugh.

The knock on the door, answered by a brightly smiling Diane, brought in a brisk, business-like woman, Rosalind, who immediately began to organize us. She restyled and re-brushed my hair, smothered me in perfume, nothing like the lilacs Alison preferred, all the while carrying on a conversation with Diane about my best colours and the amount and type of makeup I should wear.

Eventually, Julio had had enough. During an argument about the colour of my eyeshadow, Julio got up and stomped out, leaving a laughing Diane and Rosalind to decide upon my ultimate feminine appearance. I was just so relieved Julio was gone. I hadn't been sexually assaulted by him. No, I didn't think there was anything wrong, any more, in being dressed so femininely. But if Julio thought he'd been given permission to fuck me, I was going to be fucked, wasn't I?

Oh, if only it was Roger who was there and who'd been given permission, as his aunt had given me, to seduce him. Oh goddesses, what was I thinking! One week with Alison and I wasn't myself any more. I was even thinking how I'd be done by Julio as if I was a woman, finding a way to get through such a demeaning procedure. We should never have talked about Fu Chi and her boy friends, or about Roger being mine some day!

Diane seemed enthralled by my appearance in a simple blue pleated skirt and a white blouse that you could partly see my bra and slip straps through. Ros-

alind was also very nice and complimentary to me, too, as I put on my high heels and picked up my purse and little jacket.

We went downstairs. There was no sign of Julio in the coffee shop where Diane and I had a fruit plate for breakfast. “I much prefer to be a man when it comes to eating, don’t you?” Diane whispered. “We should cheat on our diets!”

“What would Michelle say?” I asked with a smile but refused her offer of a fried food order.

Diane sighed. “I just love being a woman too much,” she said, turning the menu down. “Just like you.”

I wanted to object and wondered why I was following Michelle’s strict orders about being a woman. Surely, I could eat what I wanted. But somehow, I didn’t want such a rich diet as I’d had before, yes, before I became a full-time drag queen.

Diane’s ‘husband’ came to claim her. She greeted him enthusiastically with a long kiss that he seemed to enjoy as much as her. I could barely look at them. They were two men after all, even if one was dressed as a sluttish woman, just like me.

I distinctly heard him say, “I want you, baby. I want you now before I have to leave.”

“I have to stay with Denise,” Diane pouted. “We change cars here. That is, if she’s the one who left the message in the car.”

Diane looked at me expectantly. I didn’t know what to say. She gave Bob the bill, ‘paying’ for it by the way she lifted her skirt and rolled on his lap, as she leaned back, kissing him so frantically.

“Please darling,” begged Bob. “Just one more time. Or we have a threesome with your pretty friend here!”

Finally, a giggling Diane, her voice improving with the ‘doctored’ juice that she said she loved taking. “It makes me so horny,” she whispered to me as she bounced in Bob’s lap. “So I’ll come, lover boy, soon. After Denise and I swap secrets which is why we met here today!”

Bob staggered away. The waitresses pursed their lips and shook their heads as he went out of the almost empty breakfast café.

“I wasn’t to tell Julio,” I said as Diane indicated with a gesture that she was waiting for me to speak.

“That’s why I drove him off,” Diane said in a soft, sweet girlish tone. “Bob has some kind of computer disks I’ll put into your luggage for Gina or Tommy. Whoever you see first. Where did Roger Lang put his package?”

“In the spare tire of the car,” I said.

Diane’s mouth made a large O. “And he’s taken your car anyway,” she laughed.

“Julio?” I asked.

She pulled a face. “He’ll be in within minutes,” Diane said as Bob waved to her from the cashier’s. “I have to go,” she said doubtfully. “You’ll be all right, won’t you? Your new keys will be in your purse. I had Rosalind do that while we were talking. Trust Julio to mess up and not be here when he should be.”

Diane winked at me knowingly as she stood and sashayed away. She embraced Bob in the doorway as he stared at her, a most rapt look on his face. He put

his arm possessively about her waist, which she obviously loved. They almost ran to the elevators. He was kissing her most passionately as they stumbled into the elevator going up. Just like Diane's skirt.

I was suddenly alone for the first time since I'd left Knightsbridge Avenue, not counting the time I could have run away from Hsiao Ling. I sipped my coffee, not knowing quite what to do. Then I began to think. No, I wasn't really Denise Gordon at all, was I? I was Charley Howell. I had a job to do. Yes, shiver, shiver, shudder, I'd be looked at awfully by my fellow cops when I showed up as a woman. I trembled at the thought of how Annie Phelan and Jeff Polanski would look at me.

I'd have to wear dresses until I could get medical attention, I thought with a weirdly pleasurable, feminine quiver. All I had to remember, however, was that I was Charley. There must be some way here that I could contact my superiors. I had a lot to tell about where I'd been, what I'd done, what I'd learned. I had to make contact. I wanted to be rescued. I looked at my hands, so pretty and feminine, my legs and skirt the same and felt the mounds on my bouncy, girly chest as I moved my arm against my breast cup. I did want to be rescued, didn't I?

XVI. DENISE GORDON IS GOING TO DIE

Lonnie Bailey, a veteran beat cop and Charley Howell's third mentor, had been on Vice for over six years. He was the one who saw the possibilities of having his partner, Howell—calling a guy by his last name always kept the relationship a little for-

mal—wear a little makeup out on entrapment detail, as they called it.

A group of teenaged queens had found a neat way to rip off older marks by stealing all their clothes, either in one of the alleyways where sex was sold or in the hotel rooms rented by the hour. While the older marks were busy with their young, attractive marks who begged for skin-to-skin loving, their clothes were disappearing out of windows along with wallets and all pocket contents.

The marks were far too embarrassed to go to the police. They couldn't follow the young thieves out into the streets where the naked young men streaked away to join their friends. Only when one or two older men, unembarrassed by their homosexuality, or by the fact that they had purchased sex, complained and filed charges against 'Dolores' and 'Gloria', did Vice move on the rumours of persistent streaking in the neighbourhood

Lonnie and Charley quickly knew who the two queens were but surveillance was almost impossible as they stood out on the streets of The Block. It was Bailey who'd suggested melting in by wearing tight clothes and makeup like the queens on the edge of legitimacy.

Bailey had lined Charley's eyes with makeup and got him some suggestive, leather pants and femmy shoes. When Charley asked him why he wasn't dressing like Charley, Lonnie had snorted that he'd thought he could but, when he'd tried, he'd realized he was too old to get away with it.

A made-up, wired Charley had found it very easy to penetrate the groups of queens and studs who hung together in various alleys about Knightsbridge. Within a week, he'd identified all the gang and caught

the luckless Gloria running from the Beverley with nothing on but panties and high heels, a dentist's pants over her arm. Charley had foregone arresting 'her' as she led the squad, then, to where Dolores and the rest of her gang held out.

Charley Howell did two more jobs as a queen, learning to relax as he gathered information undercover. He learned to be unaffected by how he was regarded and laughed off jokes by his squad. Lonnie, after all, defended the rookie cop, said it was his idea in the first place and asked for volunteers to help Charley. Lonnie had realized quickly, as all their squad did, that Charley Howell was the only one capable of pulling off the investigations he did.

When Polanski approached him and praised his record of arrests, Charley had been flattered by all the praise. He was unique and knew his uniqueness would fade in time. Polanski promised him a spot on his squad when he'd done one last, really tough job for him. Charley had been wary but keen just the same to do something really worthwhile for Jeff Polanski.

I left the coffee shop slowly, my heart thudding in my chest at the very idea of escape from the predicament I was in. There was no one in the foyer I knew. Oh, who was that behind that pillar, seeming to be hiding from me, even as they glanced out from behind the plant next to it? Was that someone from Carson's office? There were so many of them.

Oh, it was just some older, teenaged boy just admiring me in my pretty dress, with such lovely stockings. I was getting paranoid, thinking that I was being watched. Who knew that I was out here? Surely,

Julio hadn't told anyone where I would be and when. He never told me anything until we arrived somewhere. I went anxiously up to the room I had shared with Julio. My suitcases were neatly packed, ready to go, alongside Julio's. The phone was disabled as always. Should I wait?

No, I decided, a surge of excitement passing through me. It was my chance to get away. I must at least try. I hurried to the elevator, amazed as before at the pretty, platinum-haired girl I'd become. I could see her and admire her in all the mirrored walls that I passed, my walk so feminine and sexy. I ignored the men looking at me speculatively and hurried out of the front door of the hotel. I marvelled at my skill in walking so quickly on high heels.

In my purse I had some money, a gift from Alison, who'd insisted that I, a young woman, must never leave the house without taxi fare to get home. In the little store, I bought a Coke and asked the man behind the counter for change. All he saw was a pretty girl. He wanted to flirt with me and I didn't mind. He did give me my change as I gave him a smile. He whistled after me as I walked away down the street. I blushed as people at the bus stop smiled at me. I felt like such a traitor to my real gender as my skirt swirled so nicely, so adorably, so femininely, about my nylon-clad legs.

In the hotel next door there was a bank of phones. My heart pounding, I put the coins in, noting that one of my nails needed more red nail polish. I didn't believe it but I got through to Jeff Polanski's office right away.

A noncommittal female voice informed me that the Lieutenant was in conference. Would I like to either leave a message or call back? I was trembling at the woman's obvious disinterest. I slammed the phone

down when she repeated her words as if to a child for the third time.

I was going to run for it, in my pretty skirt and high heels. There must be a bus out of here, to the airport or someplace where I could call again. Then I thought better of it. I called directory enquiries and got two numbers after a lot of thinking and rewording my requests.

I'd been called 'Miss' every time on the phone so far. It didn't surprise me then that Dave Mulligan hollered, "Hey, Captain," to Lou Carson. "There's some dame on the phone for you."

My arm nestled against my breast as I waited for Carson. I'm a dame, I thought shakily, turning and seeing my image in the shiny marble wall opposite me.

"Yeah," said Lou Carson in his level, straightforward voice.

I tried to speak as deeply as I could but my voice squeaked and broke as I talked. "Captain, it's me, Charley Howell," I said, an attack of nerves almost making me fall to pieces and hang up on the familiar voice.

There was silence for a moment. I started again but Carson interrupted me. "You're a woman," the captain said doubtfully. "You're not Howell."

"My wife, SueAnn, would agree with you," I said more nervously than ever, trying again to return to a normal male voice. "Tell Jeff Polanski I'm in Kansas City. I know my voice has changed but so have I. I've been on a trip West for the Bent Organization. I'm on my way back. I've one of their packages and know where another is. I've so much to tell you but..."

“Whoever you are,” the Captain cut in, “tell me where you are now. I’ll have the locals come and pick you up right away.”

I named the hotel where I was and tried to tell him about the pipeline from the West Coast.

“We know all about the Langs,” Lou Carson said, cutting off my hedging about naming Alison and Roger.

I gasped and thought about it. I remembered what Julio had often been muttering about. I connected the ideas. “You have Angela Freeman,” I said.

It was Carson’s turn to be silenced. “We have to talk to you, girl, whoever you are,” he said while I flushed, shivered and felt my skirt caressing my stockings against me. “Hold on while I call Kansas City.”

I turned angrily on my high heels, glancing casually out to the street from where I was. I went super-cold as I saw Julio Rock standing by the taxi rank. He was pointing directly at me. Two young men were moving into the hotel under his direction.

“Too late,” I said desperately into the phone. “They’re coming for me. I’ll try to contact Annie Phelan...”

“They already iced her,” said the captain. “On the day Charley Howell went for a walk with the Stick’s boys.”

“No!” I squealed, other people looking at me as I really did start crying into the phone. I couldn’t understand what Lou was saying to me. Annie dead! I tried to say something that would avenge her! “Gina Freeman runs it all with the help of charts she keeps in

her office,” I said over his voice, my mind numb as I thought of Annie, so nice and warm, so accepting. I’d thought of getting back to her when this was over. Now, now all I could do was try to give them something to work on before they found my dead body. I hoped they were recording me.

To protect myself a little, I had to hang up on Carson. I got the dial tone and desperately dialled the Hilo Club in Knightsbridge even as my eyes filled with tears. I convulsed all over at the shock of what Carson had said. No, I cried to myself, looking in my purse for a tissue. Not Annie. Not because of me. I could only think of how she must have died. I was still here. Alive...and a woman. Annie had not ratted on me.

“Okay doll,” a rough, gloating voice sounded from just behind me. I turned to a young man I didn’t know, towering over me. He looked over my blouse, my shape, my skirt and smiled at my made-up face. He listened for a moment to someone at the Hilo Club asking what I wanted and talked to them for a moment to confirm who I was talking to.

The tough hung up, picked up my purse, took my arm, squeezing me quite roughly before walking me out of the hotel to the taxi stand where Julio’s face was a picture of surprise when he saw me. The third guy came running back from another entrance further up the street.

A black limousine purred forward. Julio opened a door importantly and signalled for my captor to put me in the car. I’d no option. I got in as stylishly as I could.

“Sit beside me, darling,” said Gina Freeman from the dark, shaded rear seat. The car was already mov-

ing as I was dumped rather unceremoniously beside the blonde woman.

“Yes, I do like your hair,” said Gina, smiling, “and if you chose that skirt and blouse today, you are really developing some fashion sense as a woman. Do you know that we could be sisters, you and I, with your hair coloured like mine?”

Gina had a cellphone and talked to the guy who’d caught me at the phone. “You were calling the Hilo?” she asked with a smile. She put her hand on my knee and stroked my stockings. “Well well, perhaps we really are sisters, then.”

I didn’t know what to say. Annie was dead. I felt like a woman, in every part of my body, and this woman had a hand on me. I felt my nails digging into my palms. I could attack her. I could end all this. But what I said was, “Perhaps,” through gritted teeth.

Gina laughed, a pleasant, girlish laugh, filled with genuine amusement. Her eyes gleamed as she looked at me and raised her hand to my thigh as I crossed my legs and moved just slightly away from her.

“Oh, come now, Denise darling,” Gina chuckled. “If there’s one thing we could never be, it’s true sisters. Isn’t that right? Unless you’re thinking after your little tryst with Julio that we both want big, strong men.”

“There was no tryst,” I said angrily. “He didn’t rape me as you wanted!”

Gina looked at me in surprise and began to laugh. “He didn’t give you the injection last night, did he? Poor Julio. He wanted you badly...or so I was led to believe. I guess he thought he could punish you more without drugs.” She shrugged. “You would have been



much more tractable with female hormones softening their way through your every tissue. You'd have demanded his attentions then. You know, like you did Brad in your acting lessons."

It was how I thought it had been. I didn't want to hear any more. I didn't want to get anywhere near a needle. Gina continued to caress my stockings and skirt hem.

"Yes," she said, smiling. "We couldn't give you anything before Alison, of course. She wanted a masculine Denise, in one respect at least. I hear that you did wonders for her there. She wants you back, which makes you the best since Melissa."

Gina Freeman leaned back in the seat and gently touched my shoulder so that I leaned back as well. She let her hand rise up over my clothes, tracing the shape of my breasts through my blouse.

"My bosses are pleased," she murmured. "We've re-established a pipeline closed for a lot of years to us. High grade, highly reliable, a family business, like ours. The Don wants me to send you back to Alison. Keep her happy, you know. You would be the price for that. But I wonder, darling Denise," she touched my lipsticked mouth as I suddenly felt a shiver of fear.

"What would they do, darling Denise," Gina went on softly again, "if they knew what I know about the origins of Alice, a pretty, little queen from Lester Street? What would they do to an undercover cop who now has your attributes, do you think, darling Denise?"

I was rigid as Gina caressed my hair, squeezing the tender lobes where my earrings dangled. She knew, I thought wildly. From Annie? Oh, they must have

hurt her! Tears came again to my eyes, blinding me. I knew my mascara would run and my face would be a mess but I didn't care.

“Did you take advantage of the leeway that stupid Julio gave you here in Kansas City?” she asked. “Phoning the Hilo was really cute. But if your friends come looking for Denise Gordon, they are going to be disappointed, I'm afraid. When we get to our destination, Denise Gordon is going to die.”

I stiffened as Gina turned more fully towards me in her seat. She put her other hand on my thigh while the first caressed my neck and chest. Then she moved closer and put her arms about me, cuddling me. “It will be goodbye to Denise and hello to Natalie, a gorgeous redheaded stripper,” she whispered gleefully into my ear.

Then she bit my ear and really squeezed my breast hard. I was trembling and frightened. I didn't know what it was among all the things she'd said that scared me the most.

XVII. NATALIE

Angela Freeman was absolutely furious. The psychiatric tests that the hospital had insisted she take had all turned out negatively. Now, despite all the assurances of the Police Department, the surgeons at the hospital she had been promised had refused to do the operation for her.

Polanski tried to reassure her, as she paced back and forth in the doctor's office, her hair in frizzy strands down the back of the yellow dress into which

she seemed to be poured. She was as feminine, femininely overdone, Polanski thought, as he or Carson had ever seen her. Her nails were long and scarlet red like her mouth. She wore far too much makeup and too much perfume. She was female-shaped, the best part of her, her bust definitely her most outstanding feature. But the legs, thighs, hips and tush weren't bad, either.

All her problems would soon be straightened out, Carson promised stolidly but Angela was not consoled. She seemed to sense that the policemen she'd had to deal with were treating her with scarcely veiled contempt, in marked contrast to their first eagerness to question her.

Angela was bored with being cooped up, Polanski could see. She came on to some of the guys on the interrogation squad and got nothing from them. She seemed to be suffering from the lack of, to put it mildly, gay company. She needed her society of admiring men, those who swooned over 'girls' like her, probably latent queens themselves. He could see her bolting back to the Hilo Club if they so much as turned their backs.

Lou tried to get Angela to look at some of the photographs taken by the surveillance squad on the Langs but Angela wasn't in a mood to be co-operative. She ignored them, Polanski noted, even before denying she knew anyone in the pictures. When Carson mentioned testifying in open court, she exploded. There was no way, absolutely no way, she declared profanely, her voice descending to a male register as she swore. Angela had done enough already and so Polanski said his magic words.

"There's a return trip already booked for you, Angela, to a special sanatorium in Casablanca, that did the best of the early transformations of men to

women,” Polanski announced calmly, without smiling, “but we televise your testimony first and, if we need you, you testify in court. But you’ll be a woman then. Casablanca, plastic surgery in France, the witness protection program. Not even your own parents will ever recognize John Jeff Malloy again.”

Hearing that unfamiliar yet familiar name again caused Angela to wrinkle her pretty bob of a nose in disgust. “But these tests,” she began huskily.

“Ignored,” said Polanski quietly. “They don’t care why or where you’re going. Only what you want, counts.”

Angela looked at him, her lipsticked mouth a red O as she looked at him. Polanski thought she looked most uncertain as he assured her that the doctors would do for her exactly as she wished.

“All-all right,” Angela said. “But please, don’t call me by that other name again, will you?” She shuddered. “I’m Angela now, although...”

“You can choose any name you like after you change your sex,” said Polanski, glad that Angela could not see Carson’s face as he could as they talked. She smiled and nodded at that, her eyes glowing with pleasure as she looked at Polanski.

Angela became little girlish again as she sat on the doctor’s desk, her legs crossed showing her white panties as she did so. Angela looked at the pictures again and easily identified Julio Rock and the Langs. She asked about the beautiful, blonde girl in the photos.

“I have met her,” Angela said slowly while Polanski began to sweat, trying to think how to explain it to

Carson. "Is it Alice, the new queen Gina was training?"

"Cheryl Brown," said Polanski with the new information he had from the coast. He raised his eyebrows to Carson who looked kind of green that the girl he'd admired so much was actually a man.

"No," said Angela, studying the photographs. "Cheryl and Harold Brown are dead, or so I heard," she spoke absentmindedly. She picked up the one of the girl leaving in the Lincoln with Julio Rock, the one of her in profile.

"I think this is a queen called Alice," Angela said after a long pause. "She'd have been to Doc Medway for her tits and ass since I saw her in the Hilo with Desiree. She had her cheeks done, too. That's what fooled me at first. Yeah, it's Alice," she went on decisively, not knowing the numbing effect she was having on Jeff Polanski. "I never did see her in full drag or with hair like this but when I saw her for the first time, I thought, wow, she would make a lovely girl, with class, you know. I'm sure that's her, Alice."

"You know this Alice?" asked Carson of the detective-lieutenant after they finally left the hospital and were headed back to the office.

Polanski nodded, ill-at-ease, hardly able to walk with the pounding in his head with the thoughts coursing freely there. He held up a most revealing picture of a beaming blonde girl, the long evening gown showing off her very obvious female attributes. "Alice was the name Charley Howell was operating under," he said, his voice unnaturally tight, even to his own ears.

Captain Lou Carson was stunned. "No," he gasped, studying the beautiful womanly figure in the

photo Polanski handed to him. “No. Charley Howell was a cop. He would never, I mean, he *couldn't* be a her!”

“If he didn't have a choice,” said Polanski starkly. For a long time, neither man could speak to the other.

Base One's latest attraction was a gorgeous, red-haired 'actress,' dancer and stripper named Natalie White, me. I was at last transferred, so to speak, from Gina's house, not to escort duty in the Hilo Club, as I'd expected, but into the very exclusive, high-class, 'female impersonator' theatre, a nightclub really, called Base One. Oh, yes, the 'girls' there were the pick of queens everywhere, I heard. And I became one of them, watched over, all the time, by Brad, Gerry and Chet, my dancing teachers.

Like all the 'girls', I had to take part in two production numbers where all of us girls were dressed in the same scanty costumes. In a rip-off from the movies and Las Vegas, we all wore little white tunics, white panties, blonde wigs and silver high heels to do a Romanesque dance. That required us to strip and dance only in bra, bikini panties and heels while our male partners whirled us about in a so-called pagan ritual. We had to wiggle our rounded figures and dance as if we were showgirls.

I didn't think I could do it, so much like a real nightclub presentation was what we put on, we men pretending to be girls. But I got injections, 'female juice' a laughing Michelle Bennett called it, and spontaneous sensual, male encouragement from Chet and especially Brad. Gina ordered them to seduce me, not just allowing them to do so. Yes, I went

out there, on stage, feeling more and more like a woman after a long feminine session in which, not only was I caressed insatiably as a woman by a gentle, male lover, but I had to return all his 'favours' to him, in the same way, awakening his manhood, and wiggling my tush over and on it just before I took my turn on stage, every night, as a pretty, vivacious woman.

Ooo, I felt so female being Natalie, there was no other way to describe it. I went out, often after being made love to, by either Brad or Chet, who loved poking my rounded, girlish tush with their peckers. Oh, how I wiggled and squealed as they stroked and kissed my lips and my body.

Gina laughed after I stuttered and complained about what the men were doing to me – wasn't I her girl, after all? She told me smugly to get used to being touched by my boyfriends' manhoods. Soon, Gina whispered as she stroked my breasts, spinning the tassels which were all that covered them, my boyfriends' peckers were going to be pushed inside me, Chet would come behind me, as he had before my last performance, and make me wriggle and scream as Brad penetrated me. Gina really terrified me as she called it an 'injection' of femininity that I'd have to earn. It should be easy as I was hitting my womanly peak, wasn't I?

Oh, yes I was! I was always antsy, these days. And I knew why, as one of my boyfriends came over, fondled my breasts, and kissed me, even as Gina was whispering to me what the future held for me. I would be a 'complete' woman in the show. Gina insisted. She knew how I wanted a man, not Gina, to be inside me. No, I didn't want the dildo waiting for me in Gina's bedroom. I wanted it all!

Gina didn't have to whisper that to me. I knew it was true. I wanted a man to make love to me and tell me I was an adorable woman. Chet and Brad switched places, Chet off to make love to some other girl who needed a man like him as much as I did. They'd done this with other girls, the boys whispered to me. They knew I wanted a man to love me. They wanted to be the first man to take me 'all the way'.

Oh, how I began to spasm at the very thought of that, which the boys 'misinterpreted,' deliberately I know now. But oh, how I delighted in the way that they kissed me to encourage all the wiggling I was doing in my slutty, sexy, womanly thong, seconds before I was whirled out onto the stage to the cry, "And here's the hottest girl in town. The incredibly lovely Natalie!!! And the man who's going to dance with her, disrobe her, and show all of you how to make love to a lovely Base One showgirl!!!"

"Don't we all want to be the first man to make love to the delectable Natalie, female and ready for a man, right here, in this club, on this stage!!!" some male voice was booming. Ooo yes, I was Natalie. I wanted a man, any man, to want me, to make love to me as a female.

Michelle giggled in my ear before pushing me out. I was sizzling in my dancing, she'd said. Yes, every man in the deviant audience, as Michelle called the men applauding me, wanted to make love to me as a woman. My early show partner, Chet, held me close after my performances, hugging me and telling me I was a great girl. I felt wonderful, relaxed as Chet told me to do and didn't mind at all when he kissed me 'for luck' when we went out in our second routines, me as a dancehall girl.

The customers at Base One, moneyed fans of drag queens, I supposed, had to see and know that we

were indeed men masquerading as women. In the course of our later dance numbers, after midnight, the tourists, if there were any in the place, were gone. The aficionados, ones being 'influenced' by Johnny Bent, and working for him in his 'courier' business, then could see everything about me. They'd ask for me as a reward when Johnny came to ask them, in turn, to do a favour for him, with the reward agreed upon. Michelle had often been the reward in the old days. Gina was doing something like it, but this putting me on a show in the club for everyone was something new. It was if she was intent on having me, a cop, as if she knew it, totally debased or demeaned.

In my special second skit, I returned home with my dancer boyfriend, Gerry. We danced about my apartment until I finally did give him the goodnight kiss he wanted, several actually, passionately, his hands all over my hips and waist.

I could have died right away the first few times when I performed so girlishly and publicly as Natalie. I was quaking so much in my tight mini-dress with so many people watching me so intently, every eye in the place on some part of my half-naked, woman's body. I knew Gina was out there. I knew what would happen if I wasn't little-girlie and sexy out there. I wiggled my breasts and my long hair and my long earrings. Somehow it was easier to give in to the feelings the hormones and feminine sensations seemed to bring.

It almost wasn't acting when Gerry put his tongue in my mouth first. I squirmed in supposed ecstasy against him. I felt like a woman, every time we did it now, the crowd larger as our reputation for putting on a great show having spread. I was a woman as Gerry's hands roamed over me, rousing female feelings that I normally tried so hard to avoid, to decline, even though I was one of the loveliest 'girls.' Everyone

said so. I deserved to be fucked by the handsomest of the guys, like Brad, Chet or Gerry.

But I, Natalie, had to fight him off, my partner for that night, just a little, and send him packing. Then I began my striptease as I readied for bed. It took me minutes to dance and writhe sensually to the music, while femininely removing my stockings from my legs and from the garter belt, almost stepping out into the audience at each, little, feminine action, tantalizing, playing with the audience, which was panting for me to strip completely of my female lingerie. But I had to make all of that into an act, a seduction of the audience, said Michelle. Well, I tried. I always tried to be invitingly female and so, so sexy, as a woman.

I had to stop often to pose or swing about the pole at the end of my bed and remove some other part of my clothing, slipping out of my dress, my slip and my bra long before my last garter was snapped. I stroked my stockings down my so-shapely legs. When my bra came free as I fully exposed my breasts, it always brought a sigh from the audience as my nipples were always erect. Inside, I felt so strange. I wouldn't have been able to go on but for my injections, I'm sure. I felt so female with the projections from my chest, all me, moving and swaying as I did my dance about my pole.

I entertained the audience with the way I kept them guessing about what was beneath my panties. Of course, there was my sequined gaff once I had at last slipped my panties down. Then I danced around, my breasts jiggling, my hair swishing back and forth. Michelle said I had half the men coming in their pants at that point.

I put on a little nightie as I turned down the bed. Only as I entered the bed did I slip off the gaff and maybe let some of them see a flash of what they'd

paid for. There seemed to be a collective sigh from the audience after I did that. I couldn't tell if it was that they didn't want to know or if they thought they were being fooled by a woman.

Then Gerry had his big entrance as he tiptoed back into the apartment, stripped himself and got into bed with me as I lay 'sleeping,' in full makeup of course. He woke me by caressing my breasts. I responded naturally, all woman for him, but then I realized where we were and what we were doing. With a little blanket like a mini-skirt about me we did an adagio dance which ended with his pulling the blanket away, the audience seeing me totally nude, trying to cover myself with red-tipped fingers.

I coyly posed then, as Gina and Michelle had made me do a thousand times. Well, maybe it was only a hundred. My legs sometimes covered what I was as Gerry slowly unfolded me. That's when the audience gave out its greatest sigh. Now they knew they weren't fooled. I always shook with embarrassment that I should stand so, so naked, yet so spectacularly rounded and shapely, my thighs and tush as well as my breasts, in front of such an audience, my hair floating down my back and over my breasts, my little manhood exposed, so puny beside Gerry's.

Gerry looked at me for a short time, slowly took me in his arms and kissed me tenderly. We gradually increased the pressure and passion of the kiss until we fell into the bed, my legs going around him as he simulated that he didn't really like women like me, that we were in love and making love fiercely. He might have been the only male in the place, man or queen, who didn't have a hard-on.

So we both pretended that Gerry did, each time we did what the 'act' implied we did. Sometimes he'd pretend more than once that he was making ardent

love to me. Oh, yes, in the common talk, I was fucked by a man. I usually wasn't at all, not even with Chet, who loved making love to women like me. Oh, the Oscars I should have won for the way I behaved on the stage, convincing even my men on occasions, that they'd really had me when I knew I hadn't been penetrated at all.

Brad and Chet sort of faked it, bouncing their peckers on my tush even when I didn't want them to. The extra injections ensured that I would love being penetrated, me wiggling and bouncing beneath a wonderful man, the crowd whistling and applauding. Then the lights went out, slowly, the bed rocking and creaking as we pushed on it.

Gerry, of course, was gay. If I was limp in the crotch, even after the shot of feminizing hormones, he was usually limper. His kisses too were fairly wooden, not like Chet's. I had to be the one to act as if I was enjoying him. He could barely move his lips on mine.

He didn't really like queens, he'd made it clear. That was all right with me, of course. I was distraught enough to feel his manhood against me as my genitals were against his abdomen. We bounced and gyrated together on the bed, my body wiggling and squirming, me doing all the loving, so femininely and enthusiastically, having to squeeze my legs about his back, the audience applauding very, very loudly for our skit.

I was really anxious each time to get my panties back on before I walked out of the wings past other dancers, girls just like me, past the ordinary clothed staff. So they'd seen me, being made love to, sort of, by a man, but I still hated to walk past them, nude. I didn't mind how my breasts swung free, a tiny, silk robe over my shoulders. I hated them grimacing at

my maleness, eyebrows lifting in surprise as 99 % of an attractive girl went by them.

Michelle was there each time to guide me back into a copy of a dressing room for a glitzy, girlie show in Las Vegas or New York. Seeing all the exposed female breasts and made-up faces and the skimpy costumes, so many revealing so beautiful, rounded backsides, I thought that I must be in a female dancers' dressing room. And I was one of those females with the lovely tushes. I could scarcely believe that we 'showgirls' were all male.

No, we couldn't be, not with the way I felt after being out there and feeling the way the audience loved me to behave in a feminine way. I felt their adoration and approval of me, Natalie. I'd wanted to please them, which wasn't the way I'd felt in my first, wretched, 'Natalie' performance. But now, I wanted, I *loved*, to be a girl for them. I begged to be loaded up with whatever they put into us girls to get us so high.

I'd regretted Brad first exposing me and then appearing to fuck me, my female feelings so absurd, wanting him and not wanting him at the same time, weeks ago. Now it was Gerry's turn, more often than not. Now, I shook all over at the thrill of performing, loving the approval and response I got from the audience, knowing I was fooling them all into thinking I was a girl. What a thrill that sent through me! I knew I shouldn't feel like this. I knew I shouldn't enjoy being a girl, being made love to by men on stage, and yet it was getting so easy now to forget I was ever a man. I was a basket case, I guessed, after this last round of feminization under Gina Freeman's direction.

"Gina expects you to join her," Michelle whispered as I creamed off my stage makeup and the sequins from my eyelids. I nodded and shivered as I changed into new stockings and garter belt. Gina insisted.



Some of the other girls didn't change. They were still 'up' from their performances, I could tell. Those that hadn't changed were going to the back rooms for lap dancing and selling their bodies to men who'd been in Base One for their and my performance as women. Gina had said haughtily that I was going to have to take a selection from the audience soon, a real man from there would have me, publicly or privately, as a woman. She, Gina, was getting tired of making it with me, as she expected to, the only plus in my performance, even after I'd exposed myself so flamboyantly on stage.

Everyone knew I was Gina's new 'girl'. They didn't say anything, after the show, as I dressed in an uplift bra and put on the front-slit, figure-hugging, white-sequinned gown. The beautician came right to me and redid my makeup for an ordinary, glamorous evening out. My hair was arranged so that the weaves of red hair swept loosely over my shoulders. It was pushed back over my right ear, however, to show that my pierced ears held long, golden hoops.

Michelle ushered me through the club, two fashionably dressed women, to Gina's table where, as usual, she dangled Michelle and I before rich patrons of her club. Inevitably, Michelle soon left, smiling demurely, with some chairman of some board or other. More performers were sent for to join us, to be introduced as well to various men. When some men tried to come on to me, Gina only laughed but usually refused them for me.

"Natalie is mine," she'd say, stroking my hand, which made me feel awful inside, but there was nothing I could do. Some men, powerful, rich men I supposed, objected to Gina putting me on show and 'not letting the prettiest girl be available' to them. So, sometimes, Gina sent me to the back rooms with a man, telling me specifically what I was to do. It was

usually to give the man a hand or blow job, or more than one, which seemed to put them all into a state of bliss as they hugged and fondled me, afterwards.

Gina's security men were everywhere, freeing me from the men I'd left enchanted with whatever I'd done to them, or they to me. I was never left alone for a moment. I'd given up hope of ever whispering a message for Polanski or anyone else in the Department to one of the johns, as I thought of them.

"Loved your act," men I didn't know would say to me. I could do little else but smile and shiver inside, knowing that they'd seen me, Denise Gordon, no, I mean, Charley Howell, no, Natalie White, as I never wanted anyone ever to see me.

Back in the dressing room, or on the way from Base One to Gina's or to the Hilo with the other girls, I didn't think of them as queens, they were too real, like me. Gina, this night in the Hilo, criticized my performance. "You have to encourage Gerry more," she insisted. "If he could get a hard-on every time he looks at you, it would be perfect."

I shuddered at the thought as Gina laughed. She'd already complained that I was wearing out her first choices, Brad and Chet, too quickly. They couldn't put it out as I did, being the queen I was, day after day, as I did. As if they were putting out anything, I thought angrily. They were just acting that they were emptying their male essences in me. Oh, perhaps Gina didn't know that. Perhaps they didn't really like girls like me at all, like Gerry did.

"We'll lay off the hormones for you," Gina said with a phoney smile. "Maybe we'll let Chet or Larry practice more with you, too. If Larry stroked you in bed like Gerry does, I know who'd have her erection first!"

She thought it was comical that I seethed. It was no use arguing with Gina. I'd thought she wouldn't make me do the act that Barbara Bailey had done before me; the public copulations, so shaming and embarrassing, though not for the smiling Barbara. But Natalie had had to take over from Barbara, even extending all the love play so that, when I finally came, there was almost a dynamic release of sexual tension everywhere in the Base One late night special audience.

All the girls from Base One's chorus line, draped over their dates or the men they were kissing, had begun to thank me for what I was doing on stage with my boyfriends. Apparently, I was making their trysts with their dates very easy and very pleasing, the way men behaved after watching me writhe about Gerry.

Gina held all the aces, however. If I exposed my true feelings, telling her to lay off all the drugs and let me be the queen I'd become with Alison Lang, I knew I'd be in deep trouble. So I only blushed and looked down at my pretty high heels and the white glittery stockings revealed by my slitted dress.

At the Hilo it was just as I remembered it from before going West. Only now I was in the Angela Freeman, later Barbara Bailey, role. I saw that Raquel had another young queen, slender and mannish, under her wing. He was already into a dress and wig and awed by the femaleness of we Base One dancers, studs coming around us like bees around a colourful flower.

I might as well have been on a leash, however. I didn't get to talk to Desiree who had a new boyfriend, permanent it seemed, because I could see the wedding ring she wore from the table I was anchored to. Michelle Bennett joined us later, nodding to Gina

about something both of them knew. I guessed Michelle had satisfied her man somewhere.

We went back to Adams Avenue by car, Michelle and me. She came into Gina's apartment with me, on the second floor. She helped me get ready for bed. She combed and brushed my hair and began to braid it for going to bed.

"It's still hard for me," I said, looking up at her doll-like features, "to think of you being a man once."

"Then don't think it," Michelle said, with a pretty smile, putting a dark ribbon about the ends of my thick braid. She helped me to clean the last of the makeup off my face and put on some of the light moisturizing cream and the soft Fleur-de-Lys perfume that Gina ordered me to wear to bed.

"I didn't really mean to deceive you," Michelle said quietly as she unzipped me and unfastened my bra for me. "I just didn't say anything to change your mind about me. It was nice to be treated as a real woman, as a sister, for a while, particularly after what we have to go through here. I loved teaching you to be a woman. You loved it, too, didn't you?"

What could I say? Michelle was my only friend in Knightsbridge. We were, in fact, girlfriends, though neither of us had been born as girls. "You were so good to me," I said. She beamed as she released my garter belt, slipping my silky stockings down my legs.

"All those girls in the gym we worked out with were all men, weren't they?" I asked. "Were they all female impersonators?"

Michelle smiled. "I wouldn't call any of them, 'men'," she said as she helped me into the long, white nightdress, long-sleeved and frilled at the high neck

and wrists. I felt like a teenaged or little girl getting ready for bed. When I looked at my clear, smooth face, so feminine in features, my eyebrows almost non-existent, my cheeks round and shiny, little kiss curls surrounding my face, I saw a young girl looking back at me. I didn't know where I was in that little nightie.

"None of them have had the operation," said Michelle thoughtfully of the dancers and actresses I'd been in classes with. "The only ones I know who did have the big O work for Jimmy now, you know, and you can guess as what. No, the ones in classes with you were on hormones, had T and A operations just like you and usually had some plastic surgery. You've seen all the most beautiful dancers now in the production numbers just like it used to be under Johnny Bent, I'm told."

"Don't they, we, ever get out?" I asked. "To Vegas or the big time?"

"Some do," Michelle agreed guardedly. She was looking at me hard. "Some go running off with a guy who promises them everything, a real home, being a wife, adopting babies, being a mother, everything." She sounded so bitter that I was sure she was describing her own life. "Then they come crawling back. What Gina has them do then is something I don't want to talk about."

I gulped. What could I do but put my hand out to her, my friend, in sympathy, our hands so soft and so similar. I rose from my dressing table and hugged her. Michelle's eyes were brimming with tears.

Michelle was so soft and rounded and female. She smelled so wonderful. Could she possibly feel as I did as I held her? I couldn't find out for we heard activity in the house below us. Gina was back.

Michelle hurriedly released me from our hug, smiling, as I touched my breasts where they had pressed so lightly against hers. I shivered, not wanting to let her go. "Gina's going to be here for you in a minute," she said, her eyes bright.

I wanted to talk to Michelle more. I wanted to pump her more about Johnny Bent. She was my girlfriend, wasn't she? But she was hurrying out as Gina came purposefully into the apartment. At the predatory look on Gina's face, I retreated to the bedroom and the bed I shared with her. She came after me, shedding her clothes as she came.

"You could leave your eye makeup on," Gina said, looking at me all the time, as she took off her dress and underwear before she slipped into the bed, naked, beside me. "I like those sleepers," she said, reaching out to touch my ear lobes. I'd put in the diamond studs instead of my usual gold ones.

Gina did not treat me in any way like Alison had treated Denise Gordon. From the start of our love-making, it was quite clear she was in control. She never allowed me any initiative. She told me exactly what to do; I had to do it, no matter how it made me shudder. She liked it when that happened. She liked it when I struggled. She called me her sister and said she was going to get a man for us to share, if ever I didn't make it with her. I wasn't going to be another Angela. When she told me to fuck her, um, to make love to her, she wanted me to do that, as savagely as a girl like me could do it.

I hadn't failed her yet. I didn't again even though I was always in a supine position to her. There was a fierce, competitive edge to our lovemaking as Gina loved to dominate me, make me touch her where I didn't want to, make me kiss her and exhaust myself in arousing her until she relented. Then, we joined in

such a tense physical union, her hands on my breasts squeezing and hurting me, until I couldn't hold back any longer. In trying to resist her and fight back, I always climaxed strongly and she sometimes did. If she didn't, my job was harder for I had to please her anyway which was excruciatingly unpleasant at times.

"I think you're growing too much," Gina said when we were done, having reduced me to an agonized, quivering mess. Her hand rested on my breasts, caressing them still. I think that's what she was referring to, the size of my nipples and breasts. "We'll cut back on your hormones, Natalie. You don't need so much stimulation in your act now, do you, girl? I made that mistake with Angela. I want you to be as much of a man as possible for me...and for our boy-friends," she added wickedly.

I had to get out soon, I knew that. I saw in her eyes that, some day, she was going to want to humiliate me even more. I would soon be taking a man in our bed, with my sister Gina there to crow over me. I wanted to cry.

"Ah now," Gina said, reading my fearful expression, snuggling up to me so that our breasts touched each other's. "One day you'll be just like me. You'll get some poor, besotted male to do all this to you. I'm just teaching you how much fun you can have when you become a full-time girl, as you will be one day."

"But, I don't want to be another Angela," I whispered in my trained, soprano, little-girl voice, hoping to please Gina with my submissiveness.

I guessed that she'd made the same promise to Angela once. Angela had gotten away somehow. I had to get out too. Or I'd be Gina's double, her 'sister,' soon, I just knew it. Gina would turn me over to

Jimmy Stick, I was certain. Then I could never go back to Jeff Polanski, not if she'd had me operated on, turned into a real girl, a real whore, and laid by more than half the Police Department, as I heard Jimmy's girls were doing of late.

*******XVIII. ENTER THE DON*******

Roger Lang hated the Knightsbridge ghetto intensely. The flagrant vice on its streets at all hours of the day offended his sense of order and propriety. He'd learned morality from his aunt. He was totally unconcerned with the vices of others. The drug trade didn't bother him. It would dry up if no one bought, if one could control oneself, and all of his family could. The flaunting of women, gays, and queens so publicly, however, was wrong.

Anything could be tolerated in private; alcoholism, gambling, even prostitution. A deviation from 'normal' behaviour was often a necessary part of a complex person. A simple person with simple tastes was of little value. Paradox was intriguing. Knightsbridge was, however, no paradox. It was simple and basic, and detestable.

Roger Lang was surprised at the lack of police control of the inner-city district. There were few patrol cars. The men he was forced to deal with on his aunt's behalf were complacent about the area. Didn't they realize that the very openness of immoral behaviour was a scandal that would be short-lived? Sooner or later, there would be an end to tolerance.

As his aunt had predicted, Roger was shunted from one minion to another of Don Maurizio's family. He was assured that the Don was now retired and could do nothing to help him. Roger's patient insistence, however, had him finally steered into the office

of Tommy Black, supposedly the boss of the courier service Denise Gordon was working for, and supposedly Gina Freeman's boss. He grimaced, wondering if she was really Angela Freeman's wife, or was it the other way around?

Roger gave Tommy Black his 'inscrutable' face when Tommy Black protested that Denise Gordon had run out on the Organization in Kansas City. As they sat there silently in Tommy Black's windowless office, Tommy's face had begun to perspire. He was a fat man but it wasn't particularly hot. It was soon painfully obvious to Tommy that Roger Lang knew that he was lying

Despite his personal feelings, Roger reluctantly decided to let the sweating mobster off the hook. In as gentle and Oriental a manner as possible, he suggested that Tommy enlist the aid of his Don in locating the missing Denise Gordon. With the information that Denise Gordon possessed about the Langs and about the courier system, she had to be found. Perhaps, Roger suggested further, a talk with Gina Freeman would be informative. Then, as Tommy hesitated, Roger dropped Alison's suggestion onto him.

"There is a reason of vital importance to you why she must be located," Roger said lightly. "This Denise Gordon could tie us to your drug trade, true. But also she overheard a conversation with us in which Don Maurizio was mentioned as heading up the new Bent Organization."

Tommy Black's florid face was a poker mask. The Organization, as far as Tommy knew, had never been identified by that name to these 'foreign transporters.' "Did you tell this to anyone else?" he asked emotionlessly, not realizing that his attempt to be unresponsive was as revealing as his usual genial manner.

Roger Lang shook his head. The pale grey eyes filled with relief. "The problem is solved then," Tommy sighed. "I've been asking around since you got here. Gina don't let anyone run out on her. She had the queen rubbed out in K.C."

The hair on the back of Lang's neck prickled. Black's words had the ring of truth.

"That queen and her boyfriend were light in some of the money packages," said Black, taking a dark, thick cigar from a well-worn box on his desk. "Seems like we did everybody a favour."

Roger Lang remained outwardly calm while inwardly he was distraught. If Tommy Black was telling the truth, and Black did seem to believe he was, then his aunt might well go to pieces. The doctors had said that with her one lung now infected too, six months was the most she could endure. Roger had vowed that her last months would be happy. So, he was here for that girl, he thought of her that way, the one who had so entranced his aunt. Denise Gordon had bewitched his aunt and, yes, Roger Lang could admit it, as she was dead, bewitched him too.

When Denise had danced close to him, her arms about him, he breathing in her feminine fragrance, Roger had desired her sexually, hardly able to keep himself from taking Denise away forcefully and imposing his manhood on her and in her, making her his woman. He had tried to deny his attraction to her. She was just so womanly, so gorgeous, so graceful, and so paradoxical. He had been so jealous of his aunt, he admitted to himself in Tommy Black's office as the air circulation machines cut in noisily. He could admit it now that he had no hope of returning her to his aunt.

“I don’t understand,” Roger said calmly, though he knew his case was hopeless. “How could you let such a person, in whom we said we had a vital interest, be disposed of so casually? I find it hard to believe. In such a circumstance, you must have known we would have covered any monetary losses.”

Tommy Black started to bluster. Roger preferred him like that. “That’s not the point,” Tommy said, leaning forward, his massive head glowering at the athletic young man before him. “We have to teach a lesson on occasion. We can never have our parcels tampered with, can we?”

“You approved this action?” asked Roger icily.

“Afterwards,” Tommy Black said, frowning. “I had another matter in hand. Gina took care of it. She checked it out with the big man. We don’t just run around bumping off anyone we please, you know.”

“You checked that she did that?” Roger persisted.

Black looked at Roger in disbelief. “Check up on the Don himself?” he asked, deliberately twisting what Roger had implied. “You gotta be kidding!”

Roger Lang regarded the so-called ‘new Johnny Bent’ and wasn’t impressed. He could see himself severing all ties with this new Bent Organization as soon as possible. Partly because of the exasperation he’d suffered and partly because he hated the reception he knew he’d receive when he got back to Alison, he insisted on a meeting with the Don himself.

Tommy Black got on his phone and talked in cryptic Italian to someone. The Don was on his way, he finally informed Roger. Gina Freeman, he learned, would be at any meeting, too. The Don wanted to put this Denise Gordon business to rest once and for all.

I rehearsed my bedroom scene with a most eager Chet all morning. He wanted to take it much further than Brad. We were both in leotards but I felt his hard-on as Gina had called it several times. He was eager to kiss me and brushed my breasts many times, smiling as he did so, thinking no doubt that he was pleasing me.

Shaking with the frustration of not beating Chet to a pulp, no, I couldn't be on any of Doc Medway's special medications, not the way I felt, irritated and silly, effeminate. I got back to my dressing room, changed into my green mini-dress and went up to Gina's room. My guard, Darro, let me into the office lounge where she worked. He actually didn't notice that she wasn't there. It took me a few minutes to realize, as I crossed my stocking legs as I sat as prettily as I could, that I was, for the first time since I'd been taken from Kansas City, alone.

It took me a lot longer to realize that I was still a policeman and, instead of sitting down and admiring my legs in my new stockings and heels, I should check that she wasn't in her bathroom, the door right behind her desk. She wasn't in there. I was free to wiggle femininely about the office and search for evidence of all the things I knew about. Like a maiden or damsel in distress, I nervously tried the phone but it connected only to a switchboard somewhere. I'd forgotten how to be a policeman and search an office, instead of testing Gina's perfume from the bathroom on me.

"Yes, Ms Freeman," said a soft, feminine voice on the other hand.

“Oh,” I said, knowing I sounded nothing like Gina. “Later.” I hung up and waited. No one called back. No one came to the office. I went to Gina’s desk and tentatively began to search, ready to scurry back to my chair and cross my legs girlishly if there was any sound from outside. I’d seen Gina store her papers away before but, surprisingly, her desk was clean of paper when I looked. No computer, no disks, no drawers either.

I looked about anxiously. Gina always had papers and diagrams when I was there doing my Natalie routines for her, even when she was talking on the phone, or to someone present. She’d have me strip to my panties; any guy in there was popping his eyes out at me, as sexy a stripper as I could be.

The guys would sometimes start touching themselves, indicating to me what I should do as a woman. Gina ignored them but was always watching me wiggle and cavort in my dancing as she was taking out files from her desk. I don’t know why I pressed the green button on what looked like a power bar on her desk. It worked immediately.

The click behind me made me spin around on my high heels, my earrings bobbing against my neck. A door I hadn’t known existed opened in the side wall of Gina’s office. Cautiously I entered. A light came on as I stepped in.

There was a computer there and a desk. File cabinets lined the far wall. There was no sound as I tottered forward on my high heels. I opened a cabinet just labelled D. There was a file for Denise Gordon with fantastic photos of me, some nudies that definitely made me blush. Just by accident, I saw a memo that Denise had been terminated in Kansas City along with Julio Rock after stealing from some packet intended for Ron in St. Louis. That made me

shudder but I didn't feel anything for Julio Rock, now that he was dead.

I didn't need porno pictures of me. Well, there weren't any like that but that's how I felt as I saw myself, as a girl, naked, my manhood concealed in some way, doing the tasks girls do to make themselves beautiful before going out on a date with a guy. Oh, there was a set with pictures of me becoming Natalie.

The computer was even more interesting, I told myself, breathing heavily again, as there were disks and flash drives in a small box beside the machine. My mouth fell open in shock as I saw a schematic of the whole Bent Organization outlined on the first program of the first disk. I was thinking how I could hide the disks, maybe the flash drives, in my bra, in my panties, under a wig, when the far wall of the office suddenly moved!

I stood there dumbfounded as a big man stepped into the gap, his massive head turning to look at me. I should have run but there was a gun in the man's hand.

I heard Gina's voice complaining, "You have my office bugged! And this! You can walk in and take my work whenever you want?"

"I told you someone was in here," said the big man, stepping towards me. "Who's she?"

Gina stepped in after the man, an older guy following her. "Natalie!" Gina screamed, aghast. "Why aren't you rehearsing?"

Because Chet was getting too friendly, I wanted to say. But then, Roger Lang followed after them into the small office space. My breath was taken away.

Gina darted forward and took the flash drive from my feminized hand as I stared wildly at Roger. He looked at me blankly. He didn't recognize me! I knew I must look differently from the time before. My makeup was different, rouge heavy on my cheeks, my eyelids black, my eye sockets painted white and grey, my eyebrows a thin reddish line. My hair was a mass of frizzy strands hanging down over my shoulder. I knew I'd lost weight and that the green mini-dress must hug my improving, growing, more female curves. But Roger didn't seem to see that it was me, Denise, at all.

Gina let loose with a torrent of swear words at me. She swung her fist suddenly and caught me on the side of my neck, catching my earring and leaving a red scratch on my skin. She went berserk then, raining blows down on to me as I tried to cover my head with my soft hands and bright red fingernails.

Gina even picked up a file box and would have smashed me with the heavy metal thing if Roger hadn't restrained her by seizing her arms.

"Stop now!" said the older man whom I suddenly realized I knew from a photo in Organized Crime's office. That was Don Maurizio! What was he doing here in Knightsbridge? In an office above a club for female impersonators? It didn't make sense!

Gina struggled against Roger but then stopped abruptly. "Okay," she said shaking herself free. "I'm all right now. You can relax." She looked at me bitterly.

"What's on that drive?" asked the Don quietly.

Roger held out his hand and took the drive from Gina. He put it in the computer, brought up the menu and chose the first program as I had.

“You put this on disk?” the man with the gun trained on me asked Gina disbelievingly. Oh yes, he was Tommy Black. Black went on and showed another scheme to the Don. “This is Gina’s organizational chart for the San Diego operation. It outlines every point and connection on the route we’re going to use through the Southwest. And this Natalie’s been looking at it.”

All the eyes turned to me. “Well, young lady,” said the old man. His gentle purr was most disarming. “What would you want with such a chart?”

“Young lady, hah!” sneered Gina, the words coming out in total disgust. “Natalie is no young lady. She works for me.”

The Don frowned at the riddle. He looked at my obvious cleavage.

“She’s a he,” Gina spat out the words. “She’s a drag act. We gave her tits a few months ago.”

Gina called me ‘she’ even though she knew I was a man. I felt my body shudder in private disgust at what I’d let her do to me.

“So, young man,” said the Don, in a voice dripping with sarcasm. “Just what were you up to in this office?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Gina said quickly. “She’s out to blackmail me. She’s been my boyfriend,” she smirked as she used the word, “ever since Angela deserted us. She knows I’m going to replace her. Probably she doesn’t want to go back on the streets. Well, you’re going to, my girl, as one of the Stick’s special girls!”

I trembled as Gina spun her lies to protect herself. “Is that true about you? You were Gina’s boyfriend?”

growled Tommy Black at me, his gun still aimed at me.

“Yes,” I said in a squeaky, girlish voice that didn’t sound like me. I swallowed and realized how scared I was of dying and how angry. Oh, why couldn’t I have been loaded up with my girly juice? To die like this, in such a short woman’s dress and women’s under-clothing, down to my high-cut silk panties, was just so, so silly! I should never have entered this office. If anyone heard it was me, Charley Howell, dead as a woman like this in my frilly, black panties, well, Sue would be one who’d be in hysterical laughter at such news, for sure, when she heard how I looked when I died.

There was amusement on the old man’s face as he looked me up and down, at the green, sexy dress I was poured into, my hair so long, and my makeup so heavy for the time of day.

Roger Lang stared at me. I began to shake inside, certain that he knew me. “What will you do with her?” he asked quietly.

“Don’t worry,” said Gina. She laughed unpleasantly, glowering at me. “We’ll make sure that the punishment fits the crime.”

Roger’s eyes were firmly fixed on me now but I don’t think he could see how I was blushing under his stare. Don’t tell anyone about me, I begged him silently. “Will you get rid of her in the same way that you got rid of Denise Gordon?” Roger asked, blowing any cover I could use, I was sure.

I couldn’t help the shudder than went through me, making my earrings swing against me and my skirt feel so tight, my heels like stilts on my feet. I batted my false eyelashes without thinking about it. Yes, my

heart did flutter as Roger Lang smiled knowingly at me.

“Probably,” began Gina, stopping suddenly as she looked at the strange, little smile on Roger’s face as he studied me. I was shivering with a weird, excited feeling, too, at the way he seemed to be showing that he admired me. But at the same time, I knew I was in deeper trouble if he revealed who I was.

“So, what will her name be next time?” asked Roger, wrecking all the hopes I’d been silently projecting to him. His voice was mocking. It was what I should have expected from him. “She’s been Cheryl, Denise and now Natalie,” he went on. “She was gorgeous as a blonde. I don’t really care for all that red hair. But I guess she can be anyone she pleases, can’t she?”

“Fascinating,” said the Don, moving back into Tommy Black’s adjoining office. Tommy Black waved the gun at me. I walked girlishly, with very tiny steps to keep my balance, into a larger office than Gina’s. I glanced back at the moving wall, mostly glass and brick-faced on Tommy’s side. No wonder Gina hadn’t known her entrance wasn’t the only one to her inner sanctum.

Roger Lang offered me a chair. I sat as gracefully as I could, my breasts definitely bouncing, which the Don was definitely aware of. I was shivering at how much bare, shapely leg and frilly black panties I was showing as I crossed my legs, smoothing my mini-skirt under me.

“I know you’re Denise, the girl I’ve been asking for,” said Roger Lang softly to me. “Did you steal money from the Organization?”

“No,” I said quickly while Gina cursed at me and called me a name I couldn’t possibly be, not being truly female, not having that part of a girl’s anatomy.

“You can’t believe this bitch,” Gina snarled to the others.

“Why did you pick this particular time to go into Gina Freeman’s office?” Roger asked from a little behind me. I had to turn my head to look at him, to answer him. Was he glad to see me? I couldn’t tell. Was he supposed to think Denise was dead? Gina’s file note suggested that.

“I-I was snooping,” I said, my voice normal now for me as a woman. “I was just left in the office, the first time I’ve ever been alone here. I, I thought I was playing a Dictaphone when I touched this machine in the drawer. The wall opened. I-I was just curious.”

I turned back to Tommy Black as I heard him grunt. Gina was pale and angry beside him. “So what were you looking at in there?” Tommy Black asked.

I bit my lip, tasted lipstick but tried to be the demure, little girl I’d often had to be in my acting classes. “I-I looked at my own file,” I said, hardly having to act scared. I was, and they must have seen my fright as I was looking at that gun.

“The, the file on, on Denise Gordon, said that I was dead,” I whispered. I didn’t have to fake the shiver, either. “S-So, I-I thought there’d be more about me on the computer. Maybe what Gina planned for me as Natalie. I’m a stripper, on stage, at the moment. I really want to be an actress, pretty soon, in, in real movies.”

It was a thin story, the best I could come up with at the moment. At least it made smiles come to the

Don's and to Tommy Black's face. Tommy even seemed to like my girlie figure as well. I knew that was the way I must act as if I really was a woman with these men. No matter what they wanted from me as a woman, blow jobs or whatever, I'd do that for them. Maybe I could talk myself out of this mess, be allowed to be a girl, be filled with girl juice, and be back on the stage as a nude, about-to-be-fucked showgirl.

There was a look between the men in the office. Deciding who gets to have me first, I knew, shudders plaguing me. I was going to be fucked as a woman, the thought ran through me. Yes, it was what men did to 'girls' like me, in this club, wasn't it? "I'll take her back with me," said Roger suddenly from behind me. "I'll keep her locked up with my aunt for a while. She can still be of service to us."

"And after Alison dies?" asked Don Maurizio brutally. I couldn't help the gasp of concern that left my lips. "Six months? A year? And then this little canary is singing to the cops?"

I turned to Roger and saw by the look on his face that it was true about Alison. I couldn't help the tears coming to my face as I thought about her, how loving, how sad she had been. "She's dying?" was all I could murmur.

"We'll take care of your pretty canary then," said Roger icily. "One way or another."

"We can live with that," said Don Maurizio, smiling but his eyes remained very still as he looked at me.

"Give her to Mr. Lang," the old man said to Tommy Black. He headed for the office door as if to leave.

"No," said Gina hoarsely. "You can't!" Her face was as pale as her platinum hair.

I felt Roger's hand on my shoulder, on my bra strap, suddenly, warm and almost protective.

Maurizio stopped and looked at Tommy Black. "You need better subordinates," he said, giving Gina what I would have called the evil eye.

"She's not your personal property, Gina," Tommy Black snarled, putting his gun back into the holster at his belt.

"She was never mine. Nor Alison's, neither," Gina said thickly, her violet eyes gleaming hotly at me. "I didn't tell you the whole truth about her."

I felt the lump in my throat getting large and larger, as Roger caressed my neck more tightly.

"She's not one of the girls, the drag queens we used as rewards to the queers in the old Bent Organization," Gina went on, her voice a croak. "She's a guy, but worse than that. She's a cop. She's a cop who was put undercover to infiltrate us. The Phelan woman confirmed it before she died."

"Then what the hell is she doing here?" snarled Tommy again.

"I was getting my own back for Angela," Gina said desperately. "I was going to turn her, one way or the other. She was going to send them the wrong information or she was going to be dead, like Phelan."

I went cold through and through as I heard her callous words about Annie.

"Come along, Mr Lang," said Don Maurizio then. I wanted Roger to go on holding me, protecting me. I couldn't believe when he let me go and followed the Don out of the office. Before he slammed the outer

door, the Don looked pointedly at Tommy Black. "Take care of this mess," he said, ushering Roger Lang before him, away from me.

The gun was back in Tommy's hand. Gina protested before dropping across a desk as she was hit across the face by the barrel of the large gun. He motioned grimly at me to stand. "What kind of cop are you?" Tommy Black laughed at me. "The one with the nicest gams and in the prettiest panties?"

"Gina's, she's lying," I stammered, knowing now that, being as feminine as I was, wasn't helping me. "I, I've been, been working for you. I went on that long visit to Lang's aunt. I was with Julio Rock. We went to Kansas..."

Tommy was listening to me, a sardonic smile on his face. "On Gina's orders," Tommy sneered. "Well, don't worry about her, pretty Natalie. She's gonna get what you're getting..."

He couldn't say any more as Gina smashed a computer into his face. The gun went off, the bullet going up through the ceiling. The gun fell out of his hand as Tommy crumpled to the ground.

I'd sunk to the floor, my dress up over my waist, showing off all my pretty underwear, not that there was anyone there to look at it. I crawled towards Tommy's fallen, groaning body, looking for the gun.

Then I saw it in Gina's hand as she stood before me, pointing it at me. "Don't shoot!" I squeaked, loathing the terrified, womanish voice that came out of my lipsticked mouth.

"What are you going to do, Lacy Panties? Tell me you have influence with the cops?" taunted Gina wildly. "Have me follow after Angela and cough up ev-

everything I know about men in dresses, carrying the wealth and products of the underworld around the country? Put me in the freak show with you? Did you see the nude pictures of you and Gerry? They'll look good in the tabloids, won't they?"

"Look," I said, quivering. "It doesn't have to be that way. I'm not the one you have to worry about. How long before Tommy's boys come up here? And you know what Tommy's going to do to you. Michelle could replace you in an instant, couldn't she?"

I waited until some of my words sank in. Gina lost the extreme wild look in her eyes. Now my heart was only beating twice as hard as normal. "As I see it," I said, "the Bent Organization is blown anyway. If you got in first to cut a deal with Lieutenant Polanski or the Commissioner, you could get complete immunity."

Gina looked at me for a long time before she lowered the gun. Tommy Black groaned and looked as if he was about to get up. She hit him with the barrel of the gun as he'd hit her.

"You're still my girlfriend as we leave," Gina said shakily, waving me with the gun towards the opening in the wall.

"We'll have to get out of here fast," I said. As I said it, the phone on the desk began to ring insistently. Gina picked it up and listened.

"No, Mr. Lang," she said, looking at me. "Tommy isn't here and neither is Denise. They went for a little ride together." Gina paused for a moment. "Try the railway tracks by the meat packers. Tommy likes to slice them up there. You might be in time."

Gina hung up and grimaced at me. "The Lang kid still made some deal with Don Maurizio for you," she smirked. "Loves that old aunt of his, doesn't he?"

I felt that incomprehensible lump rise in my throat again. I'd thought Roger Lang had totally deserted me. He hadn't and that made me feel better than I had since this confrontation began.

We picked up Gina's computer flash drives and some disks from the middle office. I couldn't believe we were headed out, out of this place and all the madness. She left the gun in her office and let me wipe her face clean of blood. We scampered down the stairs, through the Base One dressing rooms where several impersonators were dressing for a lunchtime lingerie show.

Chet was there, with Samantha lap dancing him in a see-through nightie and panties. I was urged to join them but I just waved to everyone as Gina followed me, glowering, a scarf about her head. We sashayed out through the club, two girls with exaggerated female walks in our tiny dresses on such high heels, right onto Redpath Avenue. Barbara Bailey, one of the prettiest girls in the club, and a real impersonator in that she hadn't been augmented anywhere, drew up in a cab.

We took it over and gave the cabbie the Hotel Windsor address downtown. I felt exhilarated all over at having made it out alive. I crossed my silky, nyloned legs and saw the cabby looking at me hungrily.

"You wouldn't believe who I just had in my cab," the driver said to us in very friendly fashion, almost drooling as I tried to tuck my little dress under me. "That pretty little doll you saw getting out? She wasn't no doll. She was a guy! Could you believe it? I

gotta tell you ladies, you know, you're gorgeous and all that, but that guy, that Barbara as he calls himself? Well, I wouldn't kick her out of bed. You know what I mean?"

*******XIX. DEBRIEFING*******

Lou Carson again did not recognize the voice on the phone. The woman said she was Charley Howell instead of saying she was phoning for him. This time, Lou accepted that 'she' could be who she said she was. He told her to stay where she was until he and Jeff could get there. Lou knew where Polanski was and called him to meet him at the central hotel where the girl, who said she was Charley, said she'd checked in with Gina Freeman. Carson knew who Gina was, of course.

Carson arrived to find Polanski waiting for him. "Just got the word," said Polanski. "There's an open contract on Gina Freeman and panic all through the Stick's little kingdom."

Carson grunted as he led his fellow officer to the number the girl had said. The room was dark. Three taps brought no one to the door. Just when he was beginning to get a bad feeling, a voice hissed, "Over here" from the darkness. Turning, Carson found himself beckoned to a room opposite to the one where the girl had told him she and Gina could be found.

The room was dark behind the girl. Lou smelled some exotic scent as he entered, his hand on the gun in his pocket. Polanski moved, too, as if he was expecting trouble. A bedside lamp was on but covered with a dark cloth, making it difficult to see the occupants of the room.



The girl closed the door and went over to check the curtains. The blonde on the bed took the scarf from the lamp. Both policemen were shocked but excited to see that she was indeed Gina Freeman. She seemed to have some sort of scalp wound but there was no disguising her platinum blonde hair and arrogant expression.

The other woman turned from the window and looked at the two men rather fearfully for a moment. She had a mass of red hair and heavy makeup. A prostitute, Polanski pegged her by the way she wore her tight, short dress. She had nice legs, nice boobs, not too big, but pushed up with one of those bras girls like her wore. He was sure she'd be really good in bed. She looked the type. She had long nails, glittering bright red. She wore thick earrings and a jewelled necklace, bangles and rings that girls of easy virtue wore. She had nice features, though, and moved well, femininely, thought Polanski. A high class bimbo perhaps.

The redhead spoke first to Gina. "This one is Captain Lou Carson," she said, surprising both officers as she obviously knew them. "He was in Vice six months ago. The other one is Lieutenant Jeff Polanski who set up this whole project to break the Bent Organization."

The red-haired girl looked at the two men who were frowning at her. Polanski was checking out the bathroom and kitchen area beyond. "This is Gina Freeman," the girl said nervously. "We had to run from Tommy Black and Don Maurizio but Gina did bring some drives and disks you're going to want to look at. She has to get immunity first before she turns them over. So you'd better get in touch with the federal prosecutor as quickly as you can."

Carson and Polanski looked at one another. "Yeah, well," said Jeff Polanski, staring at the girl. "Let's take this more slowly, huh? For starters, who are you?"

The blonde on the bed began to laugh. Gina Freeman leaned back and cackled. It was the only word for it. The redhead's face was a picture of consternation. "You don't know me?" she began hesitantly.

"No, they don't!" crowed the woman on the bed. "See how well I did my homework, Natalie darling. Not even your own boss knows you now."

Polanski looked hard at the redhead. He didn't know her, he was certain. Oh, the girl at the ball. Yes, this could be her. She looked at him and blushed, her curly eyelashes turning down. She couldn't look at Carson. "Okay, Gina," the high-pitched, girlie voice said at length. "You've had your fun. I, I'm sorry I have to dress this way in front of you guys," she lilted to the men studying her, admiring her, "but, but, we, we left on the run." She glanced up and saw the lack of understanding in their faces. "It's me, Charley Howell," the red-haired girl said in a low murmur. "Don't you recognize me?"

I sent in my resignation letter by mail the next day. Frankly, I didn't want to go downtown and let the rest of my squad see me. The interviews with Lou and Jeff Polanski were harrowing enough. Then when I had to talk to this prosecutor and several Feds, it got even worse.

They kept calling me 'Miss', referring to me as 'she' and 'the young lady,' even though I'd scrubbed my face clean and redone my hair. It wasn't so long with the hair strands removed. With a few pins, I kept it

back off my face. I'd soon get out to a barber; then, they'd know me for sure, I hoped. My eyebrows were so thin, my eyelashes so curled and my cheeks so soft and curved that I knew I'd be in for it when guys like Eddy Westham or Dave Mulligan saw me, never mind the regular uniformed cops. Then there was my figure. Especially my jiggling chest.

I finally got them to get me some new shirts and jeans. Of course, the only jeans that would fit me were ladies petites, accentuating the thinness of my waist. They felt so rough, too, with my legs now so smooth. I had to wear a bra. My breasts were too developed. I'd have to get them off soon, I knew. I looked like a schoolgirl with my face cleansed, in my shaping jeans and shirt that didn't disguise me as a man at all.

In the meantime, I felt strange and teary whenever I caught one of the men looking at me. They had such utter disbelief on their faces. They were guarded, too, as if I was about to come onto one of them, as a woman might. I was almost hysterical at that thought, wanting to cry, wanting, desperately, to be one of the boys again.

In socks and running shoes, I could barely walk. I hadn't been out of women's high heels for so long. I found myself walking on my toes like a girl when I moved. I found the men from the government, the Feds, looking at me very, very strangely.

I went out to a restaurant to eat once with Jeff Polanski and some of them, but the waitress called me 'Miss' again. The men around me were all unsure what to do. I waited and let them hold doors for me, quite naturally. I let them as it had been drilled into me by my taskmistress, Michelle. They responded properly but one or two looked at me, very angrily, when I let them treat me as a girl.

Not one of them seemed able to understand what I was thinking about, either. I was very close to losing it several times, but, when I didn't, and analyzed how I'd behaved, I realized I was acting in front of them still very much like a woman. I trembled inside all the time, even as I tried to be helpful to them.

Many things were embarrassing for me, too. Apart from mincing when I walked, I didn't know how to sit like a man any more. My voice was all wrong too and even though I had removed the nail varnish from my fingers, I hadn't cut them yet. I said I was waiting for a manicurist to do them properly. I'd loved to look at them with different colours, different shades of pink. It had taken me so long to grow them. Michelle had been so pleased when I got them right. I couldn't just bluntly cut them off.

I read about the results of Gina Freeman's cooperation with the police in the papers. Don Maurizio was in jail as was Tommy Black, Jimmy Stick and countless minions. Police were rolling up the ring everywhere. The Hilo was closed as was Base One. Drag queens were on the run. It was fodder for the tabloids and media, of course. Some of the prettier 'girls' were on television news shows all ready to tell about their part in the Bent Organization. I saw Barbara Bailey on one show but couldn't stomach it for long.

Strangely enough, now that it was all over, I found I didn't care about the job I'd done, the ending of a 'depraved' crime ring. If I had any feelings at all, it was for the innocent victims of the scam, the queens who were sent out on love trysts, as I had been, to service a motley crew of Bent individuals. As one of my fellow Base One dancers said on one show, "I had a place to go where I was accepted, where I was loved. I stayed out of all that drug-running stuff. But now I have no place to go."

She was a gorgeous blonde, a nude dancer, who had warned me of lap-dancing. I think she had a boyfriend. I hoped she would do all right now. I couldn't see why she wouldn't get a job in Vegas or Atlantic City as a real girl. I wouldn't have known the difference.

Sue called me from Paris. "What are you wearing?" had been her first question.

I almost gave her the right answer. A shirt and jeans. I didn't count the bra or panties I still had to wear. Or the gold studs I had in my ears.

"Oh, a black, leather miniskirt," I said, nettled by her abruptness. "And a lace, see-through blouse."

"How long is your hair now?" Sue almost snarled into the phone.

"I've just had it cut back and permed to shoulder length," I said, looking at my reddish hair tied back in an untidy ponytail. "You know, like Julia Roberts in that movie you liked."

The phone crashed. I didn't get a chance to explain or apologize. A day later, when I got the letter from SueAnn's lawyer, via Polanski, that she was seeking a divorce for 'irreconcilable differences,' I must admit I was glad.

I thought of Michelle and one of our conversations after my return as Natalie. Surprisingly, Michelle had once been married as a man. But she couldn't stop dressing like a woman. "My wife hated it that I was more attractive in a dress," she'd told me sadly. "I was more alive, vivacious. She couldn't compete with that, she said, and she didn't want to go to bed with another woman."

“So, it’s been men ever since,” I’d said lightly.

Michelle laughed. “Of course not,” she said. “I’ve had my moments with other women. Some men are nice, too. They can make you feel really feminine inside, you know.” Then she’d darkened. “One man I knew, you probably have guessed it already, wanted me to be his wife. I had the operation. I was going to give it all up, be a perfect doctor’s wife, live in the country and be a mother to his first wife’s kids.

“Only then, he discovered that he liked me as I was before. He moved on to some other pre-op queen, telling her lies like he told me.” She had had tears in her eyes. “So don’t get married, Denise,” she had said with a smile, blinking away the tears, her emotions ragged. “It’s not for girls like you and me.”

I had little to do in the apartment Polanski found for me in the Southend part of the city. There was a police watch on me, a detective named Sivorsky babysitting me most of the time. He was addicted to Sports TV. I retreated to my undecorated, drab room and looked out of the window, at buildings just like the one I was in, a huge concrete block.

Of course, the Commissioner wasn’t able to protect his brother and his son from the final unravelling of the great Bent Organization. The stories of MaryEllen, the Commissioner’s ‘sister,’ who’d done ‘rewards’ as I had with Alison Lang, and the dancer, Priscilla, a stripper and showgirl like me in Base One, were the ‘freak show’ that Gina had referred to. Inevitably, the Commissioner’s son was called Cissy in so many broadcasts, making me shiver, but only a little. I thought that my turn would come soon. I’d have to be the one to talk about all the crimes that were committed and how the Knightsbridge Block had been used as part of the answer to the war on drugs.

Two weeks went by with me trying to find all the information I needed to become me, Charley Howell, again.

When the phone rang, I was glad to get it, glad for anything to relieve the boredom that set in, now that the tension of being interrogated and studied was over for a while. Sivorsky didn't move as I answered the phone. He showed no interest in whoever it might be. I expected it to be a Fed. There'd be the usual confusion over my voice when they wanted to talk to Charley Howell. I'd try to convince them it was me, not a girl living with Charley.

A woman's voice asked, "Is that you, Denise?" I nearly dropped the holder in fright.

"Alison," I gasped.

"You don't sound like my Denise," Alison Lang said suspiciously.

"I'm shocked," I said, my heart pounding. "How did you get this number? I've only had it a day."

"There are ways," said Alison. "Roger got it for me. He said it was very expensive but you were worth it."

"I should tell you," I said, betraying all the police dictums I knew, "that we're being taped, listened to, recorded."

"No," said Alison. "We aren't. Not for the next six and a half minutes, Roger says. I had to call you after that Gina Freeman ratted on everyone."

I could almost see her there, in that cold living room, her robe about herself, talking to me.

“You know about me?” I asked slowly, still not knowing why I was so flushed, just talking to her.

“You just did your job,” said Alison. I could almost hear her smile over the phone. “And very well, I might add. But you’ve quit it now, haven’t you?”

“I’ve resigned,” I said slowly. My brain worked feverishly as I thought how she and Roger could possibly know that. Who was their informer? It had to be someone high up because Jeff Polanski had said the Police Commissioner was going to hold onto my resignation until this all blew over a little.

“I’d like to see Denise Gordon again,” said Alison slowly, nervously. “I know you were playacting before...”

“Not with you,” I insisted. “But I am a man again now, you know.”

“Don’t give me that,” Alison said quickly. “You loved putting on my dresses and being primped at my beautician’s. Remember when we had the Shiseido masks. You looked so beautiful. I was hideous!”

I remembered our visit to the beauty parlour and scaring my hairdresser’s little girl when she looked at me having a facial.

“It was the other way around,” I said with a smile. Then I was jolted by the thought I was enjoying a memory of when I was a girl.

“Well, I want you back,” Alison said emphatically. “I want to do it all again with you. I want my girlfriend back.”

“I can’t be a girlfriend,” I whispered, a shudder passing through me.

“They’re embarrassed for you, back there,” Alison said, her voice getting a touch of anger which I realized, amazed, was directed at my superiors. “Polanski will be coming to you with a money offer and to tell you to go away, a long way away, on a vacation. They don’t want your story to surface, saving them answering some very embarrassing questions, about why they ever did this in the first place, and, if Polanski knew about the Commissioner’s brother, who was sometimes his sister, instead.”

“Alison,” I choked. “This line had better be secure!”

Alison seemed to check with someone while I felt my pulse racing again. “We have a couple of minutes,” she said. “Denise, come out and holiday with me. But only as Denise. I’m not interested in your brother, though he may be a lovely, little fellow right now. I have these outrageous bikinis I bought you in Hollywood last week.”

“I can’t,” I said, my mouth dry.

“Roger says Sivorsky is to drive you out of the city, to Canada supposedly,” Alison said, her voice suddenly breaking a little. “When you get to your first stop for gas, just go to the Ladies’ restroom. We’ll do the rest.” Her voice was breaking. “If you go to the Men’s, we’ll know you don’t want to go with us. We won’t ever see each other again.” I could sense that she was very near to crying.

“Alison,” I gasped. She didn’t understand. How could I possibly go with her now? I had to testify against her, send her to jail.

“I have to go,” Alison said, crying for sure. “I love you, Denise. I do,” she said. “And so does Roger.” She hung up, leaving me as if I’d been stabbed, my heart

beating wildly, my feelings and emotions totally mixed up.

Polanski relieved Sivorsky at supper. I knew I couldn't go anywhere. He got right to the point by handing me a check for a hundred thousand dollars. "Your bonus," he said. "But there's one thing we'd like you to do to earn it."

"Disappear for a while?" I asked, my anger just below the surface.

"Yes," Jeff Polanski said, pleased by my anticipation of the answer to his 'problem.' "I'm glad you see it the same way as us. There's this doctor in Canada too." He looked at my chest and coloured. "Well, he can make you a man again."

"But I'm a man now," I said, looking at him intently.

"Aw, come on, Charley," Polanski said, flushing and looking deeply embarrassed. "We suppressed the file pictures of Denise and Natalie. Some were very revealing. I mean, half the guys on the force want to date you."

"You passed them around first, asking if anyone knew me," I said directly.

Jeff denied it but I knew the truth. "The ball at University Hall?" I asked. "Remember the girl who made a pass at you, trying to contact you?"

Jeff swallowed. "That was you?" he asked, his face reddening.

Why was I doing it, putting him on the spot? I decided he could find out all about Alison Lang without

me. I'd go to Canada and get my sex change there. I'd become a man again.

******XX. SECOND HONEYMOON******

I couldn't believe it. I did have to use the bathroom after driving with Silent Sivorsky for three hours. There was a big sign on the Men's door that said clearly, 'Out-of-Order.'

"Sorry, Miss," said a mechanic, coming out of the Ladies' and calling to me. "We all have to use just the one today."

I went over to the facility and looked at myself in the dark mirrored glass of a car as I passed. How could he call me Miss? I had a toque on my head covering my hair. I had removed my earrings. I had dirtied my face about my eyebrows and I wore an enormous jacket and baggy jeans that covered my shape up completely. I was a man again. I was as manly as I could possibly make myself look.

I even wore mitts, covering my nails. We were going to Canada, after all. I shuffled over to the Ladies'. Soon, there was a family lined up to use it after me. I tried to slouch in like a man but I did hear the little girl say, "I hope that lady won't be too long," as I went in.

I didn't take long. So, I wasn't exactly the Charley Howell I'd been as I looked in the mirror, but I wasn't any gorgeous girl either. I shuffled out past the waiting family, not looking at anyone, just like a man. I went out of the gas station to get back in the car. It was gone. It wasn't at the pumps nor parked around the back. As I stood there, aghast, quaking, a big, black limousine stopped in front of the convenience section of the store.

A big man looked at me and opened one of the rear doors. "Your ride to Canada, Miss," he said.

The Mob, I thought wildly. Sivorsky sold me out. I wished desperately I had a gun. Polanski wouldn't let me have my old one back. I'd resigned, hadn't I? he'd explained. The chauffeur didn't pull a piece, though. He just looked at me without expression and again indicated the open rear door.

I nervously approached the car. There was someone in the back, drinking from a flask of something. I peered in. "Denise," said Roger Lang, smiling at me. "You went to the Ladies' after all."

"The Men's was out of order," I whispered, my body shaking with extreme nervousness. I barely whispered as I couldn't trust my feminized voice any more.

"Good," Roger smiled again. "I paid a hundred for that to be done. Now, I can tell Alison, no word of a lie, that you did go into the Ladies' Room at the first stop, without a guard taking you, or would you like to tell her yourself?" He reached for the telephone in the car.

The big man sort of pushed me, helped me into the car. I heard the click as the door locked behind me. I looked out wildly as the big man went round to the driving side.

"I-I don't want this," I whispered as I sat to one side, my legs ungainly spread across the car in the wide pants I was wearing.

"Denise," Roger said quietly. I don't know what I saw in his manner. But I sensed he wanted to be calm and reassuring, not threatening. He could not possibly guess how scared I was, how certain I was

about what he was going to do to me. I didn't want it, not again, I told myself. I shouldn't want what he was going to do to me. And yet something else was rising up in me, a hunger that had to be fed. Yes, I felt that it was going to be fed.

"I don't like this look of yours, either," Roger went on, still smiling at me, as if that should calm my fluttering nerves. "We're headed straight to the beauty parlour in..." He glanced out of the window as the car took off smoothly. I hardly felt a lurch. "...in whatever the nearest town is. And while you get all prettied up, I'll talk to Aunt Alison out on the coast."

I was being kidnapped again, I thought numbly. I was being forced into femininity once more. Roger seemed to read my thoughts.

"No, we're not forcing you to be a woman," he said lightly, smiling. I'd never seen Roger Lang smile so much. He had beautiful teeth. "Just say the word and you're free."

"Let me go," I said tightly, as we sped away on a different highway.

"Well," Roger smiled broadly. What a nice-looking guy he was when he didn't frown as I'd so often seen him doing, before. "You have to say it with some conviction, Denise darling."

I tried as Roger laughed off my frantic efforts. We were in Gordonstown before I could convince him I really wanted to go to Canada, to reclaim my position as a man.

I spent several hours in the beauty parlour with all these women about me, women who'd never seen me before, but who instantly took me to be a woman like them. I hadn't put on a gaff earlier although I'd put

one in my suitcase, full of jeans, shirts, and boxer shorts.

I was terribly confused by the way I felt. I wasn't on hormones. That couldn't be it. I mean I'd looked at Roger Lang in Gina's office even before that, and thought he was someone I could trust, someone who'd be a friend to me, Charley Howell. Now I was looking at him, noting his fine masculine characteristics. The lessons I'd absorbed from Michelle seemed to be taking forever to wear off.

I flushed as I thought despairingly how Michelle had me analyzing all men as if they were bed partners, thoughts I'd had about Polanski and his interrogators, but Michelle and me rating men had been a joke. It hadn't bothered me, not in the way such thoughts about Roger and his trim, well-muscled body did. He would be very attractive to any woman, I knew. I knew he knew it, too. I found him looking at me, not at all as if I was a man, a buddy of his. I was almost glad to escape into the beauty shop, but weird thoughts continued to pursue themselves through my head. Why had he come after me at all? Just for his aunt?

Then, there were the things I'd done. I'd done little things, like bringing the gaffs with me, and bras and panties, as if I knew I was going to need them again, while all the while denying it to myself. I needed a headshrinker, I thought with shivering despair.

I flushed with embarrassment when I opened my case in the trunk of the car and Roger saw my bras and panties on top of the other clothes. I shakily recovered my gaff in its package and went desperately to the restroom in the beautician's and put it on, along with fresh panties, lavender and white, and the robe they gave me. I didn't have a bra but Millie the owner told me not to worry. She pulled a face at my

grunge clothes and said that my husband had gone to get me proper clothing downtown. That made me shudder even more. She just hoped he knew my sizes.

It was like being home, the aromas, the attention, the caressing of every pore of my body. My hair was redone, lightened, permed and curled about my neck and ears in waves. My bangs were straight and glossy, partly red, streaked with blonde flashes. My face felt alive again after my mud pack. I hadn't worn makeup for so long that I'd almost forgotten the taste of lipstick, how vivid my eyes became with eyeliner and how feminine I looked with my eyebrows so thin, curved and highlighted with pencil.

I was smothered in lilac perfumes by one girl as another did my nails, both fingers and toes. I was waxed all over. Thank goodness for my gaff. It hurt physically but not as much as I would have hurt mentally if the girls who did my bikini line had seen what they shouldn't. I liked to be treated as one of 'us' by the girls and women around me. Even though I knew I shouldn't like it, really. And if I didn't think about really being a man, I enjoyed the whole experience of being accepted among real women.

I nervously luxuriated in the treatment of becoming a woman again. I willingly swapped my gold earring studs for the diamonds that brought out the green in my eyes, or so Millie said. She put a gold chain about my neck as I stood in just my panties in a room full of women, just one of them...as far as they knew.

She had new underwear, red and silk, the bra, panties and slip. They hugged my figure perfectly. Millie laughed and made a comment I couldn't hear about Roger when she gave me the garter belt and stockings.

It was a touch of ecstasy I felt as I smoothed the stockings up my legs and rounded thighs and attached them to the garters. My gaff seemed unbearably tight but I endured it as I put on my so-feminine lingerie. It had been so long since I had worn such wonderful, light and silky underwear.

“I bet he enjoys taking them off,” said Millie giving me a smile and intense look. “You’re starting on a second honeymoon, he said.”

“Y-Yes,” I agreed nervously as she brought out a gorgeous, lame dress in dark blue that matched the shoes and purse she had waiting for me. Thank you for that, Roger, I thought miserably. Me, a wife? That just made my pains worse. I wouldn’t mind seeing Alison again. But her nephew was troubling me a great deal. Why would he want me to dress up as a woman again, as a *beautiful* woman? She must be nearby. Surely he couldn’t have known what a beautiful, classic dress he had bought for me.

The three-quarter sleeved dress, ooo. I was in a woman’s dress again, it made me look so chic with its padded shoulders and stiff wrap-around collar, open down across my breasts. I wasn’t surprised when Millie said it came from the French boutique in town. It was gorgeous. Then I had shivering doubts as I put it on.

I, a man, shouldn’t have such thoughts about a dress, should I? But I badly wanted to put it on and to have my familiar high heels back on my feet. I loved the sensation of donning it over my newly waved hair and bra and slip. The waist was narrow and fitted over my hips before the skirts swirled about me, feathering my stockinged legs. In my heels, my hips swayed even more.

I felt like I was home. This was the way I had dressed for so long. I had wanted to be dressed like this all week. I'd missed it so much. It unsettled me that I was enjoying it to such a degree. I tried to ignore such thoughts and just enjoy. It wasn't going to last forever, was it?

The silver grey fur, "Genuine," Millie whispered in awe to me, also fitted me perfectly. I left it loose. When I walked out into the lobby, Millie bobbing after me, I felt every bit worth the stunned look Roger gave me. His chauffeur was staring at me too as if I was a vision. I think I was. A vision of loveliness.

I couldn't imagine what I was thinking of to have dressed in such grungy attire before. I was meant to dress in women's finery, I exulted, as I slipped my hand through Roger's arm, my bracelet jangling. I steeled myself and every nerve in my body. A female impersonator I might be but I wouldn't be intimidated by him if that was what he thought he was doing to me by having me dressed up so prettily as a woman. I smiled at him.

"Thank you," I said, knowing that my voice was still very feminine, "for the wonderful clothes. They feel so good on me."

Roger looked a little sick. "Even underneath?" he began.

I leaned to him and cuddled to him in my coat and classic dress. "I always wear a garter belt if I can," I said. "It helps me to feel so feminine and sexy." There, Mr. Lang, I thought mentally. You won't ever put me down again. I may be a drag queen but I can make you squirm any time I want to now.

Roger was a little rigid as I squeezed his arm but he bore up well as the chauffeur paid the bills I'd run up.



We just sauntered to the car arm-in-arm. I was used to people looking at me in the clubs. Now, however, I saw assessing looks of young women, a couple with babies. Envy was on their faces. On the faces of some of their husbands and boy friends, too. I shuddered and hurried Roger to the car, wanting to get away from all the stares directed at me in my fur coat and classy dress and styled, glossy hair.

“You do look fantastic,” Roger murmured as we approached the car. I could see our reflections clearly. He was Roger, young, tall, slender, good-looking. I was a red-blonde girl, hanging on to him, brightly made-up, clinging to him as if I really did adore him.

Roger made me sit next to him on the back seat in my fur coat. He asked me if I wanted a smoke, a drink, even something to eat, but I declined it all. “Are we flying out tonight?” I asked, beginning to come down so to speak after the high of crossing the crowded parking lot to our car. “To meet Alison.”

Roger turned and looked at me, his face still. “No, we’re not flying,” he said a touch of nervousness in his manner. “We shall drive in this limousine.”

“But that will take days,” I gasped, thinking immediately how Roger would make me feel after so long in his company, me dressed as a woman. I shook with fear at the thought of being womanly around him for days on end. “We shall have to stop several times.”

Roger nodded. “You will wear this,” he said, reaching into his pocket and coming out with a gold band. He took my left hand and put it on my finger as I could only gasp and shudder yet again. “Now you are Mrs. Lang,” he said, his voice having a strange quiver in it. “You will find cards identifying you as Mrs. Denise Lang in the wallet in your purse. There is no limit on them if you need anything.”

I gulped at him. I didn't understand. I had thought that we would be heading out to see Alison as quickly as we could. I shifted and the rustle of feminine silk unnerved us both, I think. Perhaps I was more than Roger had bargained for. I didn't dare to speak, my whole insides were shivering too much. I was to travel as his wife! What would that mean? Would I have to hold onto his arm? Would I have to be girlish and loving in public?

I shouldn't want to do that but the thought of it was somehow thrilling, disturbing and yet something I knew I could be. I was almost eager to play the part and yet I knew I shouldn't find such a prospect so thrilling. No man should want to be another man's wife, should he? I thought wildly, trying to shame myself, but despite my quivering, it seemed like my emotions did not want to be shamed.

"I-I have business on the way to the coast," Roger said, again that strand of nervousness in his voice. "I didn't want you to travel alone. You might have changed your mind. That would really have hurt Alison."

"How is her health?" I asked, thankful for a topic that wasn't about my girlishness. I remembered what I'd heard earlier. Six months, Don Maurizio had said, hadn't he?

"Very much better, thanks to you," said Roger thickly. "Oh, she may die soon, or she may not. I think she's going to live a very long time the way we're going to look after her."

"We?" I asked faintly, my stomach threatening to turn over again. It was dusk now. The car was turning off the road we were travelling onto a long driveway up to a very exclusive hotel, very much like an English country estate home.

“I’m moving into Alison’s house with you both,” Roger said as we went up directly beneath a canopied entranceway. Several liveried men leapt forth to open the doors to the limousine and to take whatever luggage was in the back. I didn’t see my old case on the trolley that came forward to take our luggage. I did see two part-Oriental males in the doorway checking the crowd about us as we went in.

Roger offered me his arm this time. I gulped nervously as my coat and dress swirled so pleasantly about me. Roger wouldn’t be embarrassed or shamed by the pretty blonde girl on his arm, I thought excitedly, as I saw myself in the dark mirrored doors, tripping up the steps so femininely on my husband’s arm.

The manager appeared, beaming. “Oh, Mrs. Lang!” he gushed, coming over to hug me ostentatiously, causing lots of people to look at me and smile. “I have never had the pleasure. Let me look at you. Yes, you are just as I would have expected Roger to have chosen. So lovely. Your first time here. So wonderful!”

I did my best to smile, too. I felt like panicking. This was not a queens’ club any more. I wasn’t among people who were used to seeing men in dresses. These people thought I really was a woman. I was conscious of the studied, intense scrutiny I got in the foyer, in the dining room at our reserved table, to which we went right away, my was fur taken at some point. There was constant attention to every detail of our being seated and ordering a meal. Excitement had given way to sheer terror on my part, sheer terror of being discovered for what I really was.

“We do own half the place,” said Roger. I gave him a bemused, thankful smile after two waiters almost rushed in competition to refill my wine glass. I knew he was trying to reassure me again. “We covered the

deficit of last year and gave everyone a raise this year. I liked Morty and this place when I first stayed here years ago. No prejudice at all, just very good service. So, I wanted to keep it open. We raised prices, too, this year. Improved the grounds, advertised in the right places. Even with all the expense, we'll make a profit this year, I think."

Roger sounded almost as excited as the manager had who had met us in the high-ceilinged foyer. The ceiling was the same here in the dining room where a quartet drifted easily through a series of popular standards. The hanging chandeliers and bright lights made it seem that everything was of the best. The walls were all colonnaded and marble-panelled. Roger went on about it for a while. The luxury was obvious everywhere you looked. I was able to relax and I felt like the adoring little woman as he went on, pointing out some of the treasures of the place.

He stopped sheepishly. "I'm boring you," Roger said at last.

"No, really," I said with a smile. I was interested, really I was, and also very relieved that I hadn't had to carry on a conversation with so many eyes watching me, eyes that in the foyer had reminded me how I felt as the naked Natalie, before Gerry took me to bed for the audience's pleasure. "You're not."

Roger took another drink. "I feel like a boy out on his first date," he said suddenly. "Would you like to dance?"

"In here?" I asked, wondering why I felt so apprehensive. I had danced so often with men now, I doubted that I would know what to do with a woman.

Roger shook his head, stood up and led me through a door which immediately opened for us,

into a lounge where another group played for dancing. He held me stiffly as he had when we first danced together on the coast. But in the waltz, he moved close to me and put his arms about my waist. I could almost imagine Alison in a far corner watching us. I put my arms nervously about his neck, my breasts pushing into his chest.

“I love your perfume,” Roger said thickly, squeezing me to him. Others were dancing more properly near to us.

“Roger,” I said in alarm as his lips brushed my neck. I felt strange sensations go through my femininely dressed body.

“You’re right,” Roger said huskily. “But let’s eat first.”

Our meal arrived the instant that we sat down in the plant-surrounded private table of ours. I was so flustered by dancing with him that I was grateful for the time to be doing something else, anything not reminding me what sort of woman I was.

Roger talked business as we lingered over wine and coffee, my nerves still very unsettled. He called me Denise and “darling” in front of the maitre d’ who came by several times to check that everything was perfect for us.

“The Lang companies are almost completely legitimate in business these days,” Roger said abruptly after I raised an eyebrow at a remark about the family’s money being invested well. “You did us a big favour without knowing it, Denise Gordon. We could not turn down an old friend’s request to pass what you know about through our facilities to the Bent Organization. After what they did to you, though, we can re-

fuse now. We are out of that business. I hope forever.”

A feeling of trepidation had begun to rise in me as Roger made small talk. It rose almost like a tidal wave when, finally, he said that we should retire early, if I didn't mind, so that we could get an early start the following day. The quivering inside me was stronger than I ever remembered, worse even than when Gerry and I first practised our kissing and lovemaking scenes. As we rose, Roger took my hand and pulled me to him. He smiled, recognizing surely the anguish on my face at the thought of what he might have planned for me.

“We are married now,” Roger hissed at me with a smile as he held my arm close to his body, my dress swinging against him. I felt a shiver through my stockings and loved the ecstatic feel of my dress against my silky legs. My breasts moved as I slid past the other diners after him, my hand shaking in his. I didn't feel any less apprehensive about him at his 'comforting' smile, though. He would probably make some snide remark at the door to whatever room I was assigned and make me feel very low about what I was doing now, so willingly. What I'd thought might happen in my worst nightmare, might be on his mind, or so I kidded myself.

We had to stop and talk to many people, all so happy to meet me, Roger's new wife. That made the familiar lump in my throat somehow huge. I'd forgotten how feminizing it is to play the ingénue, so to speak. Gina had always chided me when I was demure. But Roger made it easy, his arm about me, giving me loving squeezes here and there, making me be as girlish as I could be with his friends, by the things he said about me. I got through the room all right, but my femininity had heated to fever pitch.

It hadn't seemed, however, to take us over a half-hour to leave the dining room, as it actually had, and get out to the elevator and up to the fourth floor, as high as it went. Everything was luxurious; the passages with vaulted ceilings, the elevator marble-lined, and the suite, into which we were shown together, altogether sumptuous. The knowing eyes of the bell captain who ushered us in made my stomach lurch with by now familiar fears and thrills as Roger kept his arm about me. In his gentlemanly fashion, he ushered me into our suite.

"Here's the bedroom," said Roger, opening the in-laid door to show me the huge, four-poster bed on which a red silk nightie and black pyjamas had been laid out. He squeezed my waist as he directed my high heels to follow his steps into our bedroom.

"Roger!" I gulped again, totally alarmed, the fear that had been growing on entering the suite together, now confirmed. I tried desperately to pull away, my knees like jelly, but he still held onto my hand. Oh, what a fool I was! Mrs. Lang! I should have known there was something wrong, something perverse that he was going to put me through. I was a man, I told myself. I was a *man*, not a wife, even though my soft hair swirled at my neck. I was not a wife, I tried to think fiercely.

But then, Roger pulled me strongly to him in the doorway of the bedroom, his arm going about my waist. He had a strange look on his face as he moved his chin. Before I knew it, he was kissing me; and I was kissing him.

It was an extraordinary kiss. I mean, I'd exchanged kisses in my classes with Brad, Gerry, Chet and others. They had stirred me, but that was the juice in me, the hormones, that had made me feel so feminine. This was different. Roger kissed me ardently,

lovingly, passionately. I, trembling but without objection, responded to him!

And I shouldn't have felt that way! I was going to Canada. I was going to lose my breasts and rounded hips and be a man again! But his lips caressed mine so lovingly, his tongue entered my lipsticked mouth. I felt myself pressing into him, my breasts firming, as I put my arms about his neck. Ooo, I surrendered to the bliss I felt in kissing Roger Lang. I was shaking as he kissed and kissed me. He was shuddering, too, hardly knowing where to put his arms about me.

I didn't stop him at all when he pressed my rounded hips into his taut, male body. I wanted to be a female. I wanted to thrill a male with my femininity. I wanted Roger to want me as a woman. And he seemed to want me. I exulted in it, knowing that this was what I had come with him for. He was the only one of all those around Gina who'd seen me always as a woman and treated me as a woman. I knew in every fibre of me that I shouldn't want to be treated as a woman. Yet still I wanted Roger to treat me as a desirable woman, his wife.

Roger's hand brushed my hair lightly, as we ended our first, blissful kiss, and I felt myself being pulled into him again, his body against mine. I felt my breasts almost spring to attention once more, the nipples so sensitive, as I touched against him. He stroked my silk-covered back and pushed my soft, bare arms about his neck once more, increasing the pressure of his kiss. I was such a fool. I opened my mouth to him and let him into me, thrilled again at his every touch. His hands were like bands of iron pushing my skirts up against him. I felt his huge, rigid male erection against me.

I held him tightly as I felt a convulsion pass through me at that touch. I couldn't go on with this, I

thought in panic. I wanted to be free. I was a man, not a wife! I tried weakly to pull my mouth away but Roger wouldn't let go of me. Why couldn't I try harder? I thought briefly, but suppressed it as this man sighed and grunted, his pleasure obvious in kissing me.

Again, I felt so weak, so dizzy, so pleased by his kisses that I didn't want to stop, not at all. I knew I should break away. But he wasn't hurting me. I heard his admiring words and felt his admiration of me as a woman. I loved his compliments, every part of me seeming to be heated and energized by his whispered adoration of me as a woman. Other women have heard it. I've even said such words. Now it rose up in me how much I was thrilled to be admired as a woman by such a handsome man as Roger.

He twirled me. We sort of danced to the bed and fell across the end. Roger kissed my neck and my ears, breathing heavily, me loving it and letting him know that by kissing him back all over his face. My nerves tingled all over at such a forward gesture on my part. His hands pressed my hips and thighs forward into his so that I could feel his male desire between my legs. I wriggled beneath him feeling exquisitely pleased that such a man did not hate me at all. Then, I thought of what I was doing and regretted I wasn't a woman for him.

"Oh, Roger!" I cried, my nails digging into his neck, my nerves tingling ecstatically as he stroked my thighs. "We can't do this! Alison..."

"Wholeheartedly approves," Roger Lang murmured, his hands quivering as mine were. He undid his tie and loosened his shirt.

“What did you say!” I gasped, stunned as never before in my life. I tried to sit up but he trapped my stockinged legs with his body. Roger ran his hand down me, stroking the dress that covered my waist and hips as I quivered with all sorts of strange emotions. I knew he wanted me, wanted me as a man wants a woman. I knew he wanted me to be a woman to his man. I can’t do this with a man! I cried to myself. I wasn’t really a woman or a drag queen. I’d only been acting a part! Most of the time!

“I’ve wanted you since I first saw you,” Roger whispered. I looked into his eyes, not doubting what I was hearing. “I hated it that you were a man. But I wanted you so much. Alison saw it first. You are the most womanly person we’ve ever met. But so reluctant to use your femaleness.”

“But she wanted me to be a man in a dress. And I am,” I said, feeling myself overheating everywhere as his hand raised my dress, stroked my thigh, finding my garter belt.

“Fu Chi was the great love of Alison’s life,” Roger said, kissing my ear, finding the smooth leg between my stocking and my panties. I tried to tell myself to make him stop but I was going through such chills and thrills at his touch that I was desperate, suddenly, for more of these so discomforting caresses.

“You remind her of him.” Roger whispered, his hand now between my legs as I gurgled in a delight I didn’t want to acknowledge. “She wants you, yes. But she will share you.”

I shuddered as his hand eased my dress up. “W-What about m-me? What *I* think,” I stammered, trying to gain control, pushing against him to stop his so enervating fondling.

“You’re my wife now,” Roger said with an arrogant smile, kissing me again, caressing my lips with his tongue, while I jerked my head hungrily, delighting in his arousal of the woman in me. His hands unzipped my dress, opened my bra, and fondled me while I did nothing to stop him, enjoying far too much the sensations his mouth aroused in me.

When his hand slid around to my bra, I yelped and had to pull away from him. “I hurt you?” he asked, his face a mask of concern, reaching out to caress my arm and bare back.

“N-No,” I said shakily. I had been so lost in the kissing, being a woman, that I had forgotten my own maleness. The touch of his hand on my breast had made that part of me check in strongly and hurtingly. “Well, maybe.”

Roger laughed, understanding right away. He climbed onto the bed then, kicking off his shoes, pulling me back to lie with my dress hanging from me. I looked at him fearfully as we lay back on the pillows and he started kissing me so wonderfully again. I tried to stop his hands but he eased the dress down my body and his mouth found my breasts.

I nervously fought him, unable to bear the wonderful, awful pain in my panties but Roger would not stop with his masculine domination of my feminine person. He undid his own shirt and before I knew it, I was tremblingly kissing his chest, biting at his nipples as he had at mine.

“I want to undress you,” Roger whispered to me. I didn’t say, “No,” as I should have. It took him a long time. It was excruciatingly female to have him kissing my whole body as he removed an article of clothing from me. I was a quivering wreck after he kissed my legs while taking off my stockings. He undressed

himself, too, and was naked when he finally pushed all our clothes off the bed and opened the covers, pressing his skin next to mine.

It was like an electric shock going through me as Roger touched my quivering, naked breasts with his chest, his hairy leg on my smooth one. I still had my panties and gaff on as he took me in his arms and pushed his manhood between my legs. I was frantic with the feminine emotions he'd released in me. He pushed my legs apart, touching me, making me forget entirely I was a just a feminized man. He called me 'darling Denise' as I let my legs entwine his, his mouth and hands caressing my breasts. I felt him beginning to rock on me. He came, right away, ejaculating between my legs, frenziedly kissing and caressing my so-feminized body.

My nerve ends frayed, I thought that would be the end of it as Roger hung onto me, nibbling on my ear. I turned from him as he began to clean himself with tissues. Now he knew what it was like to make love to a man like me, I thought, still trembling from being treated so like a woman. Now we could get back to the antagonistic relationship we'd had on the coast. I was so dejected at not being enough of a woman for him.

"Sorry," Roger whispered softly, turning my head back to him, my long hair soft about my neck and face. "I just couldn't hold back. You're just too much woman for me." His hand caressed between my legs. I shuddered, tightening on his hand, amazed at his words. He began again, slowly this time, kissing my sensitive titties until I writhed beneath him, unable to bear more of the ecstatic feelings his mouth aroused in me.

Roger was so gentle as he took off my panties and then my gaff. It was awful when he did that. I knew he might have thought of me still as a woman to that

point but it was too much with my manhood exposed. It was painful and humiliating. Besides which, when he touched my naked breasts again, I couldn't disguise that I had an erection, too.

Roger didn't seem annoyed by it. He kissed me just as hard as when I had my panties on, caressed me just as lovingly between my legs and got just as hard himself. I wanted to be so feminine for him. I tried to ignore my maleness and kissed him in the way Gina had taught me, letting him stroke and caress me as if I was a woman. But as a woman, I knew he would want to penetrate me. Ooo, he did. I was too far gone by then in wanting to please him, wishing I could have been a more perfect woman for him, to try to stop him.

Roger whispered, "You're my woman, Denise. I love you," as he fondled me and kissed me. I wriggled and opened my mouth and legs to him, kissing him back everywhere. He said he loved me kissing him and letting him touch me as I did. I forgot I was a man for a little while as he straddled me again, forcing my legs up about his waist. Then the thing happened that I'd thought would be the worst thing that could ever happen to me. Only it wasn't the worst thing at all. I didn't protest at all beyond a few squeaks as Roger penetrated me with his manhood. Indeed, when I realized what he was doing, I did everything I could to ease him into me and make him feel that he was penetrating a woman after all.

Roger made me feel like a woman, whispering how much he loved me, how beautiful I was, how I was too much of a woman. Oh, how I writhed and wriggled as I felt him slide into my tush. He came so wonderfully inside me, each of us wiggling frantically to excite the other in pleasure. I did feel ecstatically like a woman taking her man deep in her until he collapsed on me, his manhood convulsing inside me, his woman. His

lips found mine again for more shivery kisses, my hair messed across our faces, my insides on fire after his determined assault. I held onto him, with my mouth and hands, glorying in what he'd done to me.

I knew it wasn't what a woman really feels to take a man. Michelle had once said it was better because it was more bizarre, more intense; guilt, shame, and love all rolled up into one. And I felt it all. It was a heady cocktail topped off by the recurring chant in my head that I was a woman now. I was Denise, I'd made love to a man. I'd never be that young policeman I'd once been, ever again. I writhed beneath my man, my lover, my husband, demanding he love me again. Ooo, he set out to make me, even more, his woman.

"I thought it would be awful," Roger said, stroking my hard, agonized maleness, as I wriggled, my legs still up about him. He made me come, arching my back as he stroked my breasts my back, my hips. I held him, trying not to. I didn't want to make it like that with another man, I cried silently to myself. I didn't want to come as a man, no matter how hard I was. No matter that I had to, to let the ecstasy go. But I did. Within seconds, I was a whimpering, simpering mass of tears. I stared at him wildly, unable to comprehend what I was doing in bed with a man, letting him have sex, repeatedly, with me.

"It was the first time for you with a man," Roger said quietly, suddenly, putting his arms about me as I tried, quivering, to push him away. Through the tears on my mascara'd lashes, I had to admit he was right. No, the odd weirdnesses from before didn't count.

"Oh, Denise," Roger said, kissing me while I just felt so disgusted with myself. "You are so adorable. A virgin, and you let me be your first one."

“I’ve slept with others before,” I said snappishly, trying to disentangle myself but Roger wouldn’t let me. He put a blanket over us and cuddled me in his arms.

“But no men,” he said. “You never made love with a man before.”

“Not a real man like you,” I agreed shakily thinking what it made me now. I’d broken every rule in my own book of conduct. Roger still held me and softly kissed my cheek as if I was a woman. He stroked my hair. I shivered, wondering how he could still treat me as a woman, now that he had proof that I wasn’t.

“Now you’re truly a woman,” Roger said gently, pressing my rigid arms away from his chest. He kissed me softly. “I should have gone more slowly as one should with a virgin. And I will, I promise you, all the next times we make love.”

Roger was as good as his word. I put on the nightie, my nerves shot, and tried to sleep, my back to him. Big mistake. He cuddled up to me. He had his hands about me in no time, caressing my breasts within my silk nightie. He was against me, kissing my neck, my hair, my scented ears. The feel of his erection against the back of my legs was wonderful and terrifying. His loving words in my ear, his caresses roused something in me, however, something I didn’t know was in me.

I welcomed his thrilling caresses. I loved his praises of my femaleness. Feminine feelings washed over me as I wiggled my backside against his ardent maleness. I wanted him to make love to me all night. I adored being his woman and let him touch me and stroke me possessively wherever he wished. And he wished for everything. I didn’t try to get up on him. I remained always in the female position as Roger

seemed to love doing it to me like that, again and again.

Some time in the night, I know I whispered, "I love you, too," back to one of his endearments, meaning it as a wife to her husband. I lost myself in softness, in pleasing my man, in pushing and arching and helping him to receive the pleasure that he should from his most compliant wife, me.

I did things and let him do things to me that I would have been appalled at even the day before if anyone had asked me to do such with a man. But somehow, with Roger, it was different. I felt that he was my man and I was his woman. It was as Denise that I gave him my body to enjoy as I had so enjoyed his lovemaking, his feminizing of me and his adoration of my femininity.

We were still not sated with each other's bodies in the morning. I lay naked in the bed, his hands stroking me, while Roger phoned Manny, our chauffeur, and told him that he and his wife, me, liked the hotel so much we were going to honeymoon there a little longer. Which we did. He took me in his arms. I didn't think at all like a man.

"Remember how I once made you confess to me that you were a man," Roger asked as we lay tangled up in each other.

"You want me to say it again," I teased, my hand on his soft maleness.

"I want you to tell me the opposite," Roger said, kissing my face, my nose and eyes, brushing my lips. "I want you to tell me that you are a woman and always will be. I want you always to be in dresses, panties and bras except for when we're making love like this."

I realized with surprise I could make that promise. I intended to be a woman now. I wanted to only dress in lingerie and high heels and dresses. I wanted my body to please Roger. I would beautify it and feminize it in any way he wanted. I might be Mrs. Lang in name only but I willingly gave up any claims I ever had to masculinity in bed with him. I promised him faithfully I'd do anything and everything to be the woman he wanted me to be.

As a woman, I was a terrible coquette. I made love to him, getting up on him and dropping my breasts into his mouth, my hair caressing his face. He loved it. Roger knew by then he had only to touch my breasts and I'd fall into his arms and devour him, ready as a woman to make love, or be made love to again.

XXI. EPILOGUE

I was on the beach with Alison three months later, in white shorts over my orange bikini, amusing her by building a huge sandcastle. My hair was blonde again. I enjoyed turning heads wherever we went. I understood by the looks and offers I got that blondes could indeed have more fun, if they wanted it.

I'd had a fantastic honeymoon with Roger across the West. We even made love in the car, finding the best position to be when I sat in his lap and wiggled. It was much tamer, saner, with Alison. I hadn't thought that after Roger I'd be able to come sexually with her. I was so afraid of letting her down as she'd been let down before.

But Alison Lang was wonderful to me. We shopped as girlfriends, or as mother and daughter, first. That broke the ice that might have gotten in the way between us. She was still basically a shy, even straight-laced person, who did love me. She was so anxious I should be pleased that it was easy to become her lover again.

“I love that bikini on you,” said Alison as I lay back on our towel. “You are getting more shapely every day now, you know.”

“Can’t be,” I said lazily. “I don’t have injections any more. Doc Medway is out of business.” I slipped off my shorts so that I could keep my tan even. Alison didn’t mind when I took my top off.

“There are other doctors,” said Alison, stroking my back, smoothing my hair about my button earrings. “Pills work more slowly but the changes are more permanent, too.”

I stiffened. I opened my eyes that the beautician had painted so beautifully that morning before we had come to the beach. “You wouldn’t,” I said, laying on my front. My bra had been feeling tighter.

“In your nightly coffee,” said Alison complacently.

“Why?” I gasped. “I’m girlish enough for you, aren’t I?”

“For me, yes,” said Alison. “But Roger comes back from East Asia tomorrow. You haven’t seen him in over two months.”

I swallowed hard. Alison patted the thong part of my bikini and my shapely bottom. “I need a rest, too,” she said with a laugh. “I’m quite exhausted with sex, every night, and goodness knows how many times in

the day, whenever we get new lingerie for you. No, you and Roger should go down to Catalina on his yacht for a week or two. I'll recuperate and be looking forward to your return in two weeks."

I sat up on my arm and felt my breasts move, my hair and earrings lying on my neck and across my face. "Alison, I love you," I said.

"You love Roger more," Alison said complacently.

"Differently," I said softly. "I don't want to leave you."

"Oh tush," Alison laughed. "Roger has made it clear anyway. I have to get out of his way for the next little while."

I hadn't heard anything from Roger since I'd kissed him goodbye longingly and lingeringly at the airport. It had been one of the few times when I'd reminded myself what I really was, Charley Howell, an undercover policeman. He must have seen the look in my eyes because he'd suddenly hugged me to him and kissed my ear, my hair, most lovingly.

"You're never going back," Roger insisted. "Never. You're Denise Gordon. You're a woman now."

I looked up at him and put my arms about his neck, begging for his kiss.

"Say it," he said fiercely.

I knew what he meant. With the feel of his lips on mine, his arms about my slim waist, pulling me into him, my breasts tingling with being crushed in his embrace, I told him, "I am a woman," and I meant it. Goodbye to being Charley Howell, goodbye to my so-called career as a policeman. I'd joined with the

Langs totally. As they both wanted me only as Denise, I'd given in to the love they both expressed so much more than me. Denise was who I would be until the next turn of fortune's wheel.

Roger must have read that in my face, too, for he cursed and kissed me softly. "You won't ever leave us," he stated firmly. "Will you?"

I shook my blonde curls, hair tips really, my earrings dancing on my neck. "No," I agreed breathlessly. "I'll be a good Denise Gordon until you show me the door."

"No, a good, female Denise Lang," Roger said as he was called once again for his plane. He gave me a twisted smile. "We must make it real when I get back." Which is why I felt my stomach react so when Alison said he was coming back.

"He said he wants you to meet him," said Alison, her eyes gleaming, "in something short and sexy. I'm to make sure the limousine has smoked glass between the driver and passengers."

I must admit I'd blushed at that. I felt like wiggling my rear end right there and then. I was out of practice.

"Roger has a birth certificate for you, too, but he won't tell you right away," Alison went on amusement, stroking my side softly as she smiled at me.

"A birth certificate? Why?" I asked, rolling over to bare my breasts to the sun. We were a long way from the nearest people to us, a little group of servants and security guards, male and female, dressed casually like us.

“Denise Gordon is now a woman, officially,” Alison said, looking at my jutting out breasts. “Roger can legally marry you now. If he wants you to go to Las Vegas tomorrow, that’s what it’s for. But don’t go, please. I want to see you as a bride before I die.”

“You can’t mean it!” I gasped, my heart pounding at her words.

“I shall be gone soon. You will be Roger’s wife in every way then,” Alison said. She frowned. “He doesn’t want to talk about an operation for you, you know. He says he loves you the way you are. But he does want to make you legally his. I just want to see you as a bride before I die.”

I shivered as I lay down on the warm blanket, listening to Alison describing the wedding dress she wanted to have made for me. We would go shopping again that evening and see what her dress shop would do for me to make me the loveliest bride since Alison had married her husband. A thousand people had attended the reception.

I stretched out my long, shapely legs, wondering about what Alison had said. At the thought of Roger coming back to me, at the thought of making love to him again, feeling his mouth on me, my breasts, I shuddered. I thought of how I would dress, of the sexy, little yellow dress I’d just bought. I’d have to wear a garter belt. He loved to see my legs in black stockings and a black garter belt. I had a low-cut bra and panty set in dark green silk that would blow his mind, as well.

I stood up and let Alison fix my bra in the back. I minced even without a skirt or dress as we went back to the car. I thought suddenly that I hadn’t had a masculine thought or qualm in all the time I was with Alison. I was even thinking of marriage to Roger and

being a bride as something wonderful and exciting. I knew how much Alison would love dressing me up for it. I wouldn't miss one feminine or female fancy if I was married formally.

I waited nervously in the private waiting room as planes came in and out of the airport. Ooo, I looked more like a showgirl than a regular girl, in the dress, bra, and makeup that Alison had insisted I wear to greet Roger.

A plane drew up on the tarmac right outside the window I was looking out of and a man ran down the steps before they were even in place. Everyone was laughing as Roger Lang galloped across the space in front of the building and burst in through the door of the room where I was standing, looking out for him.

Oh, the kiss that I shared with him, me wiggling in his arms at the loving, womanly feelings he aroused in me. "I love you, my darling Denise," were the first words from Roger's lips.

"I, I love you, my darling Roger," I murmured girlishly in reply. Oh, the car ride. Thank goodness that the front was blocked off. Yes, I became Roger's woman again. It was such an incredible ride as he came, so rampantly male, inside me as I wiggled, wriggled and encouraged him passionately to do to me. Yes, I climaxed as well as 'my husband' showed me how much he had missed his 'wife.' He promised me that he would never go away again on such a trip without having me with him, his adoring lover and showgirl.

I scrambled into my bra and panties as Roger had to check in about something, his re-entry into the country, I thought. He rushed off as I found myself doing a reverse strip tease in front of the open door and windows for a bunch of smiling men.

I smiled to myself, buoyed by all the sex I had had as a woman with my lover and ‘husband. I felt my hips move a little more as I wriggled into my short dress and arranged it over my breasts. I saw how a group of young men almost had their eyes bug out as they looked at me. Roger had better watch out, I thought smugly. I hoped that after being away for so long, he was man enough for a girl like me.

I didn’t set out in a million years to be a cross-dresser, a transvestite. I hardly knew, even when I became a policeman, what the terms meant. My husband, Roger Lang taught me that there were other words to describe me. “Woman,” he’d often call me. “That dress will look just wonderful on you,” And those high heels and that bra and panty set.

Yes, yes, yes, marvellously, wonderfully, lovingly, sexily, passionately, legally, my husband, Roger, was definitely man enough for me, his wife. And me, oh yes, I was definitely all woman enough for my husband, too.

*****END*****