

# **I Was Feminized by the FBI**

**Grace Mansfield**

## PART ONE

I graduated first in the academy at Quantico. This was in spite of the fact that I'm not a big guy. At five foot seven I just barely made the FBI requirements for height. And I was skinny.

But I was also smart, and I figured those big guys, all muscles, just had more body to lift and run than I did.

So I graduated first, and I had choices. I chose, get this, undercover, and it ended up being the oddest assignment in the history of the FBI.

I reported to Special Agent in Charge (SAC) Randolph Jones on a Monday morning. When I walked into the office there were three people waiting for me.

One, SAC Randolph, big and burly, short hair and looking like he had shotguns for eyes.

Two, a psych. Doc Felding. A nondescript sort of guy who, when a good looking girl walks into the room and everybody looks, he looks at the guys who look.

Three, a drop dead, knock out, pie in the eye babe.

Officially, she was Special Agent Crystal Shipps. Like the Doors song, but with an s. Or, perhaps I should say...ass.

My height, but taller in her heels. Long, brunette hair. Longer than regulation, but I was to find out that it was part of her undercover look. Her face was oval, her eyes were piercing blue, and her lips were colored 'fuck me' red.

Or, maybe 'blow me' red. I get mixed up when I think about that, especially when I am looking right at them.

"Agent Jensen, this is Special Crystal Shipps. And you know Doc Felding."

Felding was a freak. He had a reputation at the academy. He would ask the weirdest questions, get you talking, and then lower the boom. 'So you had sex with your mother. How was it?'

Unfortunately, he was usually right on, and a few agents never made it because of his practiced eye for emotional secrets.

"So, you want to go undercover?"

He was pleasant, but no nonsense.

"What do you think of gays?"

"They're people." I didn't hesitate.

Silence. I had given them the stock answer, and I realized they didn't appreciate it.

Felding cleared his throat. The guy who looked at guys who looked at babes was looking at me. I felt like a bug under the microscope.

"Do you know any gay people."

"No, sir. Not right now."

"And when did you know a gay person?"

I looked around, nothing wrong with what I was going to say, still, I was nervous.

"Well, I had a friend, best friend, when I was in college. We used to hang out a lot, and he ended up being gay."

"Ended up?"

"Yes, sir. He came out of the closet my sophomore year."

"How did that make you feel?"

"Well, I didn't much care. He wasn't hitting on me, we liked to go to old movies and talk into the night, so...it didn't bother me."

"And if he had hit on you?"

"He asked me once if I wanted..."

I explained the simple but complex relationship between a gay person and a straight person. I really didn't have anything on it, and I think the doctor figured that out pretty fast.

"How about transgenders?"

"I have no problem with them."

"Do you know any transgenders?"

I didn't, but I had met a few in college, college is where a lot of people start experimenting with sex. Weird things can happen in college.

"Can you kiss a man?"

I blinked and my head tilted slightly.

"I guess I could. Wouldn't be my preference, but if I had to." Curiouser and curiouser.

"And what if the man was a cross dresser."

The questions went on, and I was thoroughly befuddled. I was here for an undercover assignment, and it sounded like I was going to have a very strange undercover identity. This was proven at the end, when they all ignored me and looked at each other.

"What do you think, Agent Shipps?"

"I'm not sure. He looks good on the surface, but a guy who finishes first in his class is going to have an aggressive personality. Alpha dogs don't fare well in the transgender community."

Felding smiled. He had a secret, and I think I knew what he knew.

SAC Jones turned to me. "Well, Jensen? Are you too much of an alpha dog?"

"No, sir. I'm just smart."

"Oh?"

"I didn't get to be better than the other candidates by being alpha, I got there by being second or third place, watching the alpha figure it out and fade, then I used what I learned to step into first place."

That sort of stopped them. Except for Felding, who grinned. Yep. He knew what I knew. He had me pegged from the start.

"Agent Shipps?"

"I'll try him, sir."

"Very good." Jones turned to me. "Agent Jensen, we have a problem, and you might be able to help."

"Yes, sir," all eagerness.

"There is a serial killer in San Francisco."

"Yes, sir."

"He kills, leaves messages written with an old typewriter. Boasts. Poems. that sort of thing."

I nodded.

"We have a lead, a good one, but we need you to get close. Any evidence will do, but it would be especially juicy if we could find the typewriter."

"Yes, sir."

Crystal spoke, "The problem is he likes transgender men...which is to say men that are women."

That made me blink.

"That's right, agent Jones. We're going to have to make you over as a woman. You will become friends with the target, and investigate."

I looked at them. They were serious. Interestingly enough, Felding was watching Shipps, not me.

Crystal and I walked down the hall in the science division of Quantico. Her heels clicked loudly on the polished floor. Her lips were pursed in thought.

Suddenly, she stopped and faced me.

"So you'd like to be a woman." It was rhetorical, but still demanded an origination out of me.

"Not particularly."

"But you're driven to succeed, whatever it takes."

"I'm driven, yes, but what is the real problem here?"

She didn't say anything for a moment, but I could see wheels turning behind her baby blues. Serious wheels. Then: "I don't think you can do it."

"Why?"

"Because you're upstanding, moral, willing to sacrifice yourself for the common good."

"And that is a problem because?"

"Because I think trans people are mixed up, and I don't think you can fake mixed up well enough."

We stood there in the hallway, people walking past us, ignoring us.

"Everybody has questions. Everybody has a messed up part of their mind. If they don't, they are extra messed up."

"So you're willing to wear make up, get some serious boobs, and it doesn't bother you."

I quipped, "Will that mess me up enough for you."

She sort of pissed me off. I was ready and willing, and she was putting her own bullshit on me. And it was her bullshit. She was the one objecting to the trans mentality.

She just watched me for a long minute, then turned and walked, ignored me, but I kept up with her.

First stop, the medical wing. Usually people in med are putting together shooting victims, offering counseling to burned out agents, and that was about it. I was going to be a break in their routine.

"Good morning, sir." Crystal greeted a doctor, who's name tag said, "Jenkins."

Jenkins glanced at us. "Excellent. They're almost ready. Have a seat and they will call you.

We sat in a waiting room. Me playing a video game on my cell, her stewing.

She turned to me and hissed, "If you mess this up...this operation was my idea, and if you fuck it up I will cut your balls off. My career is on the line here."

I smiled, a light curve of the lips that meant nothing. Heck, she was the alpha dog here, and I just had to follow her until she burnt out. Then I could take the lead.

"Agent Jensen?" I followed a nurse to my destiny.

A boob job is an easy operation. A couple of slices under the boobs, plastic sacks inserted, sew it up. Nothing but a line under the boob to show where a doctor had done his magic.

Of course, that's for women. Men are a different problem.

Men don't have the extra fat on their chest. They also don't have extra skin. Also, their chests are wider.

Doc Jenkins explained all this to me as he measured me and made black marks on my body.

"We're going to have to give you some big ones, because your chest is wider. That will stretch the skin, and you are going to have to be careful."

"Careful how?"

"Don't suffer impact."

"No fistfights?"

"No fistfights, don't get struck, don't even fall down hard."

"So I have to use my brains and not my beauty," I quipped.

He glanced at me, then grinned. He understood me.

Crystal snorted. She didn't understand me.

"Okay, ready for the big leagues?"

"Center field, coach."

"Good." To a nurse, "Roll him in."

I came out of the anesthetic pretty fast. I was a bit mixed up, said a couple of stupid things, then woke up for real.

"How'd I do?"

The doctors and nurses were off doing other things, and Crystal was sitting in a chair dozing. She came awake, and said, "I don't know. Sit up and let's take a look."

I sat, the covers pulled down, and my eyes bugged out.

They were big! And the nipples were even bigger. I guess they had put a little something in them to make them stand out so well.

And, the odd thing, they were more sensitive. I had been afraid that some nerves might get cut, and that I might lose feeling, but the opposite seemed to be true. I touched one nipple and shivered.

"Geez, they're big," muttered Crystal.

I looked at her. She was staring at my tits with an expression that was somewhere between awe and jealousy.

Huh! And I wondered whether she maybe had a little bit of Lesbian DNA in her.

But at least she didn't seem so angry.

A short while later the doc happened by, examined me closely, check the glue under my tits—I didn't know they actually glued skin together—pronounced everything ship shape, and I was good to go.

They wheeled me out of the medical division in the obligatory wheel chair, and Crystal was waiting for me in a company car. We drove to her apartment, and began the next step on my metamorphosis. I had to learn to live like a girl.

Crystal lived in Lake Ridge, a community 18 miles and 27 minutes from Quantico. It was secluded, and her apartment butted up against some low hills. The hills were thick with woods.

I got out of the car, stretched, and stopped.

"What?" She noticed the expression on my face.

"It hurts to lift my arms."

"Don't lift your arms." Milk of human kindness.

I walked with her up a curvy walk and into an apartment. Inside was personality, but not much.

Modern furniture, mostly rolled steel with cushions. Sort of ugly to my tastes, but inexpensive, and most agents knew how to live inexpensively.

A fireplace made out of long, flat brick. Didn't look too used.

A kitchen, no big deal, and two bedrooms.

Well, one bedroom that looked like a bedroom, and the other like an office that had been turned into a bedroom. Her computer station was shoved into a corner in the living room and looked like it had been thrown together. Or thrown out of the bedroom.

"You'll sleep in there," she pointed at the smaller bedroom. "Here's a key to the apartment. Stay out of my room. Eat what you want, but watch your figure." She had a mean smile on her face when she said that.

"Okey dokey," I wandered into my bedroom and looked around.

"Okay, let's get started."

That sort of made me blink. I had just got out of the hospital, and she was rarin' to go. Must have been the alpha dog in her.

"Take off your clothes. There's some Nair in the bathroom. Everything below the eyebrows."

I went into the bathroom, found the Nair, and slathered it onto my body. After 15 minutes it was starting to burn a little, so I hopped into the shower and washed away my curls. It felt awfully weird, toweling myself off, to feel my skin. Hairless skin feels sort of electric, and sensual. It wasn't a minute before I had a big hard on.

Well, I think it was because I was handling a big pair of boobs. Didn't matter that they were mine...they were still boobs, and I was still a man.

Crystal came into the bathroom and frowned at my crotch. I have a pretty good sized tool. Then she handed me some body perfume. "Use this. We have to disguise the smell of 'man.'"

I applied the perfume-y stuff, it wasn't bad, a little sweet, but I could stand it.

"Okay, come on out here. Bring a towel."

I approached the kitchen table, which had a ton of bottles and creams and things on it. I began going through the items.

Foundation. Shampoo. Cleanser. Lipstick. Fake nails. Face primer. Blush. Hair spray. And on and on and on.

"You really go whole hog, don't you?"

"You do," she said, sounding a bit harsh, and she pulled the towel off my waist.

"Hey!"

"Sit here."

I sat, and she draped the towel around my neck, covering my body. I was naked except for that, and my boner was standing at attention.

She ignored my manhood and began lecturing me on make up.

"This is a cleanser. You need to make sure your face is totally clean before you put on make up. This is moisturizer. Make up doesn't like dry skin. You could end up with rashes and pimples and things. You have to put it on at least twice a day.

I stared at the tubes.

"Now, first things, let's..."

She put on my make up, which made my hard on harder, and then she took it off and made me put it on.

Oh, I was a mess. I never dreamed that women had to do all that stuff to their faces to look as good as they did, and I was quite unpracticed.

First time through I looked like they had made a special line of cosmetics called 'Frankenstein's face.'

Crystal didn't say anything, and I learned something about her. She was not just a professional agent, but a professional woman. She just kept her tone even, explained things time and again, and slowly, I began to get the hang of it.

Foundation. Blush. Eye shadow. My face went through metamorphoses after metamorphoses. The colors came and went, and slowly it stopped looking splotchy, like a man had applied it, and more like a woman had applied it. A woman who didn't know what she was doing, but that was better than a man who didn't know what he was doing.

But it took several days before I started really doing it right. And during those days she coached me on other things.

"No, no...unroll the nylons like this. See the line on the back?"

"Place one foot in front of the other. Walk on a line. Make a clicking sound."

"No! You'll break a nail that way!"

And on and on and on. We worked from dawn to dusk, and then she had me spend the night reading fashion magazines.

We went to a beauty salon and had extensions attached to my barely long enough hair.

Now I was starting to look like a woman. I was wearing corsets, and my hips were flaring. And my boobs were not sore anymore, and they stood out like the prow of the Queen Mary.

And I was leaving the apartment regularly. Learning how to walk with a swish. And this one really got me, learning how to walk, and conduct myself, so that men looked at me.

"Even transgenders, or Lesbians, they want the attention. They say they don't, but their body language reveals them."

"How odd," I remarked.

"What?"

"Women say they don't want that sort of attention, yet they advertise for it."

She frowned at me, there was something in my statement that she didn't like, but she didn't say anything.

So a month passed. And it was an odd month, and, shame on me, I kept getting huge boners. I was constantly erect.

"You must like being a woman," Crystal snapped one day. She was helping me pull up a girdle, and once again my dick got in the way.

"It doesn't help that you're handling it."

She ignored me and tried to push my dick under the stiff material. It felt like I was trying to fuck a very tight box of cornflakes.

We had tried gaffs, no joy. We had tried actually tying it back between my thighs, the cord running up my butt and hooking on my belt. No joy.

It seemed that no matter what we did that boner was just out and throbbing.

Finally, she tugged one too many times and I suddenly felt the trigger clicking inside. In an instant the sperm was surging up my cock.

"Oh, fuck!" I grunted.

She looked at me, but it was too late. My penis throbbed and deposited a big load on her hand.

"Oh, fuck!" she jumped back.

Now I was left with no stimulation, and my pecker bobbed in the air, loosing stream after stream of gism. It was a damned ruined orgasm, and my eyes showed my frustration, and Crystal, that bitch, went from pissed off and wiping her hands to giggling.

"Oh, damn," I muttered, the throbbing coming to an end.

"Was it good for you?"

I just stood there and looked down. My tool was still semi-hard and dripping.

"I didn't need that."

Then, for the first time, her pissed off facade dropped. "looks like you did."

And she licked her hand.

I goggled at her, and her mean face popped back on.

"What? A girl can't like a little gism?"

I closed my mouth and shrugged.

"Maybe you should just jack off."

There was something just a little embarrassing about her remark, and I shook my head.

"Well, I'm not going to do it," which was a puzzling statement, because I had never asked her. It made me wonder what was going on through that pissy mind.

But my dick was down and we managed to get the corset up.

Oh, I was dynamite. Long nails, long hair, red lips, a body to die for, even if I needed a serious case of old Ma Rib Bone to make it happen.

We sat on the sofa, exhausted. "We need another method," I said. "I can't go through this every time I get dressed."

She frowned, and later I could have kicked myself. She was going to find a solution that I didn't like.

We walked down the corridor at Quantico. We were two babes, with svelte but round figures. Round in the right spots. Our heels clicked out a sexy rhythm and heads turned as we passed agents.

Nice for me, even the women turned to watch our sexy asses sway and advertise our assets.

We turned into SAC Jones office, and his secretary, who knew who we were and expected us, opened her mouth in surprise. Then she picked up the phone and apprised the SAC that we were here.

In two minutes we were sitting in front of the Special Agent. He considered us with bland eyes.

We knew we were a turn on, two tit heavy girls with innocent eyes and round hips, holsters on our hips, FBI badges hanging from our necks and into our cleavages.

To him we were just meat, being assigned to a task.

"It's been a month, Agent Shipps. How did Jensen do?"

"Adequate, sir."

I looked at her. Adequate? But Jones must have known her as well I did.

"Adequate. High praise coming from you." He studied me.

Suddenly the door opened and Doc Felding entered. He didn't apologize for being late, and if anybody had remarked he probably would have just analyzed them. He sat down in a chair to the side of Jones and then nobody spoke.

He inspected me, he scrutinized me, he made notes in a notebook. Then he nodded.

"When were you born?"

"May 26th."

"Year?"

"Now, honey, a girl never reveals that information."

He smiled. "Why not?"

I leaned forward and licked my lips and said, "Because."

He actually laughed. "Excellent. Excellent. Have you read all the material I sent you on sexual habits, mores, and so on?"

"Yes, sir." I turned off the charm.

"What does takataapui mean?"

"Māori for a partner of the same sex. A takataapui can be gay, lesbian, bisexual, or transgender."

He nodded, then suddenly sprang forward and screamed "You fuck!"

Jones and Crystal moved back, shocked. Crystal actually put one hand on her holster.

"Oh," I moved back, one hand going to my chest. It was a perfect reaction for a trans, and I had passed his 'shock test.'

He sat back, made a note, smiled a wan smile, then looked up at me. "She passes."

Jones, who had recovered from his surprise, smiled, and pushed a folder towards me. "Okay, Agent Jensen, it's up to you." Then he said to Crystal. "You may complete his training."

Huh? What was left to be done?

We caught a late flight to San Francisco. We were totally en femme, and wearing thick coats over our nylon clad legs.

"Going to be cold in San Fran," I remarked. I marveled at how different women's coats were. I liked the soft fur around my neck. I liked the way my breasts were encased.

And, here is a dirty, little secret. I enjoyed being a woman. I loved putting on make up and watching my face transform. And, hard dick notwithstanding, I loved putting on frilly clothes that rubbed my body and turned me on.

"Get some sleep," Crystal responded, then she turned away from me and closed her eyes.

Bitch. I had passed her 'course,' and she still treated me like shit. I guessed she was just naturally mean. One of those women who hate men, or women, and never really become part of the human race.

I sighed, and lay back and closed my own eyes.

We landed at LAX and took a cab to the Tenderloin district in SF. Specifically, we went to an apartment on 6th street, which was the heart of SF's transgender community.

And, what a community it is. Gay and trans were free and open, wearing whatever mix of clothing they chose. Restaurants catered to LGTBQ, shops were open in the advertising of their trans or gay merchandise, and everywhere were happy people, hugging, kissing, even dancing. It was like a trip into a hobbit fairyland.

The apartment was on the top floor of a six story building. The building was old San Fran, with ledges and curlicue decorations, and iron fire escapes on the bordering alley.

Inside it was fashionably old, but kept in pretty good repair.

It was a Friday night and we passed a few people in the lobby, took a lone elevator up to six, and fumbled with keys in a hallway where the lights didn't work.

The apartment itself was cozy. The rug was worn, but thick. It had actual wallpaper, but, again, in good repair. The fixtures in the kitchen and bathroom were new, but faux antique. The heating was done by an ancient steam radiator.

"Wow!" I said, as I put the bags down.

"I'm in the one on the right."

She walked past me, ignored me, and went into her room, and closed the door. Welcome home, honey.

I put my bags in my room, it was narrow, but big enough for a poster bed, then I wandered around the apartment.

Crystal had lived in it for a few months, and she had decorated it, and her taste wasn't too bad. A book case with lots of weird books. BDSM. Trans. Lightweights like Betty Freidan, Maya Angelou, and so on. And, on the bottom shelf, board games. Monopoly, Clue, Parcheesi and, totally out of place, Risk.

And a chess board, Chinese Checkers, decks of cards, and so on.

Huh. It was a glimpse at the child like cranny of a disturbed adult mind.

And I did think she was disturbed. She had been professional at first, then polite, then barely polite, then sneering, and finally...fuck you get out of my way.

There was a big screen TV, and a few video games. And, tip of the iceberg, war games. Shooter games. The FBI in the girl was coming out.

Finally, nothing else to do, I went to sleep. But I had already slept on the plane. So I lay awake, feeling my silky soft sleep wear, and my huge boner.

I smiled, and stroked, and felt huge under the covers. But I didn't get off. I was actually a little tired and wired, so I just let the beast go back to sleep, and, finally, I went to sleep.

I awoke to movement in my room. It was light out, but not too late. San Francisco fog, it looked earlier than it was. I glanced at the clock, 10:00.

"What?" I asked.

"Time to finish your training."

Oh, yeah, that weird remark by SAC Jones.

"Okay," I sat up.

She sat on the edge of the bed and pushed me back down. Her hand felt good on my chest.

"You've got to do what I say, no matter how weird it is."

"Okay." Stupid me.

She attached cuffs to one wrist, cross it over my body and cuffed it to the bed post. "Turn on your belly."

"Whoa," I said, "Kink city?" But I did what she asked. She cuffed my other other wrist. Then she quickly wrapped silk scarves around my ankles and tied them off. I was effectively spreadeagled.

"Hunch your butt up."

I was starting to get worried now. I had been half asleep when she had tied me down, but now I was awake, and feeling pretty damned vulnerable.

When I didn't hunch up enough she reached under my body, grabbed my balls, and twisted.

"OW!" And I hunched. And she stuffed a big pillow under my groin.

"Okay, wait here."

As if I was going any place.

She left the room and came back a minute later. She was buckling on a big strap on dildo. Well, maybe it wasn't that big, but it looked big. On second thought, it was bigger than my dick, so it *was* big!

"What the fuck is going on."

"Shut up," she said, and she sounded a bit breathy. She finished buckling the thing in place, then she sat down on the bed and placed a hand on my butt.

"Last lesson. One nobody told you about. How to make love as a trans."

"I can suck dick if I have to."

"Yeah, but many trans like it up the butt. Your target likes his partners to be compliant in that way."

"Hey..."

"Shush," she said, "Or I'll gag you."

She was rubbing my ass as she spoke, and, for a change, her voice wasn't sounding pissed off.

"Now, I'm going to be soft and gentle, and I want you to work with me. If you don't, it's going to hurt. If you piss me off I'll make sure it hurts. Are you ready to start?"

I blurted, "Why don't you like me?"

She didn't even hesitate, "I don't dislike you."

"But you're always angry with me."

"Well, maybe once I've popped your cherry I won't be."

It was a strange exchange, on the cusp of anal sex as it was.

She crawled on to the bed and undid a jar of lube. She placed a glob on my asshole and started to ream me with a finger.

"Ow!" I said, and there was panic in my voice.

"That doesn't hurt." She went to two fingers.

"It does."

"No, this does." She pushed three fingers in until her knuckles hit the inner ridge of rectal muscle.

"OW!"

She extracted her fingers and gently massaged me. "See? That's pain. What you are going through is identity resistance. You're hanging on to your manhood, and I'm taking it away. And you don't like it."

Fuck. She sounded like she had been taking lessons from a psychiatrist. And the image of Dr. Felding popped into my mind.

She continued penetrating me. Gentle, running her fingers around and around, pushing inside of me, stroking my inner thighs with her other hand.

For a long time I resisted. I wasn't consciously trying to resist, but my body was tensed, and I was rigid. Finally, time elapsing with no pain, nothing but pleasure, I began to relax. It felt good. It was a massage.

Suddenly, she stood up and left the room. When she came back, a moment later, soft music was playing. "Pink Floyd," she said, though I recognized it. "There is just something so sensual about Gilmore and Waters. I often wondered if they were lovers, and then broke up because they had a spat."

"Probably arguing over who got to be on top."

I spoke bitterly, but she laughed. The Queen of Mean was nowhere to be seen, and she seemed to actually be enjoying what we were doing. What she was doing.

Of course. She's alpha, and she thinks I'm not, so she is not just taking my manhood, she's assuming leadership.

With that thought I fully relaxed. I was in second place, waiting, learning, watching for my chance to move ahead.

She sensed my attitude change. She thrust four fingers into me, a little roughly, then took her fingers out and positioned herself between my legs. I could feel the dildo being placed against my brown star. I tensed.

She slapped my ass and laughed. "Don't do that."

And now that I was half way there, now that I had changed into a more accepting, read submissive, mode, I was able to command my muscles to relax.

She pushed forward slowly, and I felt the head pop in. I was expanded, my eyes were wide, my breathing had stopped.

"Start breathing," she said.

I forced myself to breath, all the while marveling at the sensations happening in my asshole.

The nerves were stretched, awake, wondering what was happening, wondering why this weird thing felt so good.

I breathed, my upper body rose and fell.

She pushed in a little.

I stopped breathing again. I grunted, and told myself to begin breathing.

A little more, feeling the large shaft slip into me. My eyes opened even more.

She reached under me and began massaging my balls. My dick was sticking into the mattress.

"Wait...wait...my dick hurts."

Nothing but consideration, she arranged my dick. Pushed it so it pointed down, then she continued moving into me.

Time disappeared, became an illusion, and there was only the peter in my ass. I was aware of her breasts brushing against my back, and the feeling of the big member splitting me apart. I could hardly breath, and she was saying something in my ear.

"Shhh, it's okay. It's okay."

And it became okay. Really okay.

"Hunh!" And I tried to push back into her dick.

She kissed me on the back of the neck, lifted my soft hair and pressed here lips, and it was electrifying.

Then she placed her hands on my hips and whispered. "Time to get going, honey."

She pulled out, and I arched my back. My rectum wanted her to stay deep inside of me.

She pushed, and I felt the plastic veins rubbing against my anal canal, opening me up.

And again, and again.

Somebody was groaning in the room, and I realized it was me. And I was pushing and pulling with my butt, finding a rhythm, working with her as she violated me.

"Fuck," she breathed, and she pounded harder.

For long minutes we did that, her pushing in and out, me grunting and even slobbering. The pleasure was too intense. It was too much, but there was no way I could cum, but, suddenly, she grunted and slammed into me extra hard.

"OHHH!" I could feel her hips arching down against my butt, and I knew...she was having an orgasm.

She wasn't even being penetrated, she was just being alpha, but apparently it was enough for her.

For a long moment she lay in me, her hips twitching, her breathing ragged, then she relaxed. She lay on me and her cock was still, and it was still deep within me. And it felt so good.

I twitched my rump, wanting more, but she misunderstood. "Sorry," and she pulled out of me.

I lay there, dazed, my chest heaving, my dick harder than it had ever been in my life.

She moved around the bed, undid the cuffs and the scarves. Then she pulled me around, made me sit up.

My asshole felt big...and good. It was the most pleasurable thing I had ever felt in my life.

She placed an arm around me, hugged me to her. Like a man would hug a woman he had just deflowered.

"It's okay. It's okay," she kept repeating, and she kissed my hair, and held me.

I realized, as I came back from nirvana, that she thought I didn't like it.

She couldn't have been more wrong.

An hour later I was getting dressed. I had just taken a shower, and I was about to put on panties, when she came into my room.

I looked at her, and I wondered what she saw in my eyes.

Certainly I felt no resentment. Not for the single most impactful and wonderful experience in my life. But not love. In spite of her gentleness I couldn't get past her mean.

Yes, she was softer...now that she had fucked me. And I felt a softer side in me emerging.

"Put this on," she tossed a black belt onto the bed.

I opened up the black bag and took out...a chastity tube!

"That will keep Mr. Happy under control." She had a twisted grin as she said this.

"I...are you serious?"

"As serious as a bulge in the panties."

I stared at her, then I figured out how to put the chastity tube on. I was so damned hard there was no way in the world I was going to get that thing on my cock.

"Better masturbate," she said. She was leaning against the door jamb, her arms folded under her world class breasts. She was laughing. Mean laughing. Enjoying my predicament.

I stood up and headed for the bathroom.

"Where are you going?"

"To jack off."

"Stop."

I did.

"Do it in front of me."

"You've got to be kidding!"

But she wasn't. Mutual masturbation is big in this community. In any community. So do it, and get over it.

Yet there was a gleam in her eyes. Yes, she was enjoying this, watching my humiliation, getting her jollies from my red face.

"No."

"I'll put that in my report."

I wondered, then, what her report was going to look like: *This morning I butt fucked Agent Jensen. She enjoyed it. She wanted more. But she wouldn't masturbate for me so I refused to do her again.*

I came back to the bed and lay down. I was naked, my cock jutting into the air. I watched her eyes as I began stroking.

I've always been pretty good at jacking off, and the fact that somebody was watching me didn't bother me as much as I thought it would. Apparently my humiliation was not as serious as I might think.

Within minutes I was tugging, stroking. I was playing with my nipples with my other hand, and I could feel myself getting close.

Agent Shipp came to the bed and sat down. She stared at me, was fixated by me. She stared at my red cock. At one point she even reached out and took a bit of pre-cum on her finger. She tasted it thoughtfully, then looked into my eyes.

I felt it coming then. And, I hate to admit it, being in the presence of a mean, big-titted bitch didn't hurt.

"Could you...could you..." I gasped.

"What?"

"Play with my balls?"

She blinked, then grinned, then leaned towards my groin and reached for my balls.

Oh, the electricity surge through me. She held them, and turned them, and squeezed them lightly.

I groaned.

She slapped one of them, held it in her hand and smacked it with the palm of her other hand.

I began jerking, and my mind was stuttering to a stop. I had never felt anything this strong in my life.

Then she poked me in the asshole with one finger. Just a poke, no penetration, and it was enough. I actually howled as the semen shot out of my dick. I felt like my back was going to break in the most delicious manner, and semen shot out of my slit.

And it shot big, real big. A dozen massive streams. I had never cum so hard in my life.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed. "You near hit the ceiling. You hit me!"

And it was true. There was semen everywhere. Over me, the pillows, and even in Crystal's hair.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't move. I was near paralyzed from the shocking experience of my super cum.

Crystal shook her head, went into the bathroom. I thought she was going to clean herself off, but she came back out with a wash cloth. Gently, she cleaned my penis. It was slack now, empty, and she wiped the semen off it, cleaned my balls, and then picked up the chastity tube. With an enigmatic look, a look that, even though I was drained, put a thrill high in my chest, she put the rings on, then the tube, then she fastened the thing together with a small padlock.

I lay there, and she sat there, and we looked at each other, and I knew we were traveling at serious depth. Truths were coming out, and I didn't know what they meant.

Finally, she took the key to the padlock and put in on a gold chain hanging around her neck. The key now resided in a valley of boob. Beautiful boob, looking sexier than anything I had ever seen.

"This fits in with our scene. I'm your key holder."

Which meant that she was my alpha. In charge. Controlling my life...and my sex life. But I was okay with second place, waiting for my chance, and I said, "Okay."

## PART TWO

We hung around the SF scene for a while then, and things got weirder and weirder.

We walked through shops, holding hands, lipstick Lesbians to the casual glance, trans and woman to a more perceptive look, and thank God nobody was perceptive enough to see the real identities under our bras and nylons.

We met people, we sat at tables with our arms entwined, shoulder to shoulder in a semi-hug.

In dark corners we would kiss. Long, lingering kisses that required much repair to our lipsticks.

But that wasn't the weird part. The odd thing was that, after that one mind blowing sexual escapade, there was nothing.

On the street, to the public, we were lovers of the deepest order. In our apartment she ignored me, and even started getting that mean look on her face again. A glance of disdain. A curled lip at a question. She didn't like me.

How the hell could she go from being the most tremendous fuck in the world to a pissed off bitch I don't know.

But, mine not to reason why.

We hit the bars, and I have to tell you, no liquor is better than that which the agency pays for. We would go out, have a few, hug and kiss, do a lot of dancing, and the agency paid for it all.

Stolen cookies, baby, they are the sweetest.

The most irritating thing, however, was that with all the hugging and kissing, Crystal wouldn't let me out of the chastity tube.

Had she had squirted me off simply so she could put me in chastity and control me? It certainly looked like it.

"Honey?" I asked her one night, no matter that she hated me I had to stay in character or she'd bust my balls, "Do you think you can lend me that key for a while?"

She gave a snort of a laugh. "Stay in character."

"I'm in character. I just want a relief."

"You'll get relief when we get our bust."

So while she was faking the heat, slobbering over my lips, I would be desperate, ready to pop, and she knew it.

When we would go out she turned it on. She maximized flesh touch, scorched my lips with hers. Played with my boobs, and my nipples, till I thought I would scream.

Bitch.

And we narrowed in on Fernando Castillo.

Fernando Castillo was the target. We thought he was the serial killer. He was like Jack the Ripper, except picking on trans persons. HE would be seen with them for a while, then not, then they would show up dead, sliced and diced and deposited in an alley.

Then he would describe the scene, and write a little poem about how love was like a rock star, and nobody could figure out what he meant.

But Fernando Castillo had been discovered as a possibility. And we had to discover the truth of him.

Fernando lived in the apartment just a couple of doors down from ours, and he was a raving beauty. Investigation showed that he hadn't had his tool cut off, but he was as female as they come.

We kept a mirror just outside our little balcony, it was shielded, but it was angled so that we could see, and not be seen, the comings and goings of the gorgeous tranny.

And his comings and goings were many.

After a couple of weeks of noting when he left, when he came back, and with who, and even following him discreetly, we realized that Fernando wasn't going to be a push over.

We also realized that he was a bad person.

In a bar, he slapped a dyke for insulting him. When she looked to fight back he pulled out a knife, held her down and pin pricked her. Hardly a mark, but the terror in that woman's eyes was overwhelming. And he did this in the back room of 'The Escapade,' a local watering hall. He did it while people watched. And he laughed. And he threatened anybody who said anything. One man with a knife, and he had a whole crowd frightened.

And, the insult? 'Dearie, your nylons are crooked.' And for that he drove her out of the district. Word has it she went to New York. All the way across the country to get away from that bastard.

Was he a serial killer? A murderer who tortured his victims and cut them to pieces? Or was he just your normal, 'I hate the world' psychopath.

One day, watching him leave his apartment in the mirror, I saw him kick a dog. One of those cute, little, white poodles. He kicked the dog, a hard, vicious kick, and when the old lady walking it complained she got in her face and whispered something.

And the old lady poked up her doggy and ran down the street.

But it wasn't those incidents that highlighted her personality, it was just the simple way she conducted herself.

Gay people, trannies, they don't want to fight. Oh, they have a hissy fit every once in a while, but they don't get in brawls. They are a gentle people. They are more interested in living their fantasies, exploring their sex, than they are in fighting.

Fernando would insert himself in a conversation, pick out the weakest of the bunch, and be a bully.

Oh, he was subtle, many people thought he was a real queen.

But Crystal and I knew better.

We made contact on a Friday night. Lots of people. Lots of feathers and pearls. Trannies with lots of make up, newbies looking shy, dancing and drinking and heavy music, and Crystal and I were in The Escapade. We had made our way through the street, focused in on Fernando's hang out, and we were now considered regulars.

Crystal left me at a table and ordered drinks, and, just like that Fernando moved in.

I watched him elbow in and strike up a conversation. I smiled and waited a couple of minutes. I studied him carefully, tried to see deeper into his personality.

He...she was wearing a pencil skirt and a fur stole. Her make up was perfect. Her hair, I didn't think it was real, was dark and sultry and halfway down her back. Her eyes glittered with a smoldering Latin look.

I watched for a minute as she and Crystal chatted, and had just about decided to go over and introduce myself when Crystal turned and pointed at me.

Fernando's eyes got interested all the way across the room. He waved. I waved my fingertips and smiled. And he strolled across the dance floor towards me. He held drinks in his hands, and Crystal had disappeared.

Of course. He wasn't interested in a woman, he was interested in trannies, like himself. Like me.

Crystal and I knew this, and Crystal had given him my scent.

"Good evening, darling." She sat down and smooched my cheek.

I giggled, but not too much. I was supposed to be a newbie to the scene, but not too new.

"And what is your name?"

"Mariana Castillo. Please, have a sip or eight," she giggled.

I sipped, and I eyed Miss Castillo. What a gorgeous hunk of flesh, and this was the man who was supposed to fuck me. I dreaded it, there was male in me, but I was fascinated, too.

Would I cum as hard as Crystal had made me?

"Where's Crystal?"

"A trip to the water closet," she sipped her own drink, a fruity concoction in a tall glass.

She placed her hand on my thigh.

"Tell me, how serious are you about Crystal?"

Man, he worked fast! But he was so alpha it was understandable. And it was a little frightening. In this crowd of gentle people she was a wolf.

"I moved out here with her."

She smiled, her lips were full, rich with color, just a bare touch of glitter to make them sparkle in the dark.

"Ah, yes. But..." and she cocked her head and looked innocently interested, and her hand slid up to touch my chastity tube.

"Oh!" I blurted.

She smiled. "So that is it. You are property of the mistress."

"I, uh...I'm not comfortable talking about—"

Fernando drew back. He laughed. "Forgive me for being forward, but when one sees the most delightful flower in the garden...one is impelled to 'pluck' it.

Pluck. As in fuck.

Then we chatted easily, and he was, under the mean, an interesting fellow. He...damn it, she. I had to keep thinking of her as a her if I was going to pull this off...was well traveled. Had lived in trans communities around the world. Mexico City, Spain, Hong Kong.

"I decided to keep my flesh as a reminder."

Reminder, huh! As a tool of ass destruction. There was rumor that he was a rough lover.

Crystal returned. She smooched Fernando and picked up her own drink and downed it. Quick and fast. "That line was out the door. I thought I was going to have to squat right there in the hallway."

We laughed, and I frowned at Crystal. Crystal pretended not to notice, but Fernando did. I could hear him making calculations in his head as to how he could split us apart and take me away.

But we weren't ready for that. We needed him to trust me more, to relax when I was with him, to let his guard down.

So we had a few drinks, I danced with Fernando once, and he could dance extremely well, and his hands were awfully free, and then Crystal and I went home.

She had an arm around my shoulder, possessive, when we walked out the door.

I acted a little...peevish. Not breaking contact, but just showing a little displeasure in my body language.

I could feel Fernando's eyes...damn! Mariana's eyes, stay in character!...watch us as we walked out the door. They were hot, and scorching and contemplating what kind of a fuck I would be.

Crystal and I arrived home, and we had a fight.

She opened the door, led the way in, tossed her keys on the table, then turned to me. Her eyes were thick with thought. "You don't have to fuck him if you don't want."

That was sort of a blinker. I mean, wasn't that why we were here? Wasn't I supposed to get close and...whatever the job required?"

"Whatever I need to do," I was the picture of noncommittal.

The answer didn't please Crystal. She frowned, I could see her eyes getting really pissed, but she went into the kitchen and started some tea.

"What?" I asked, following her.

She came up with a lame ass excuse. "I don't know if you can stay in character...with a man's dick up your butt."

I laughed. "I had your dick up there."

"It's different."

"And then I said something stupid. It was probably the drinks, but I said, "are you getting jealous?"

It was a gibe, not normally me, but there it was, and she popped.

"Fuck you! Agent Jensen!" Her tones were enough to scorch pork chops.

Having had enough, being frustrated and drunk, I snapped back. "Fuck you, Agent Shit!"

She slapped me, or tried to. Just a wee touch of the alpha in me showed then, and I caught her hand, easily, and moved so she was off balance then. Then I realized I was showing too much of myself. I pretended to be off balance, kept her up, and tripped myself, and fell.

It wasn't hard to look awkward, and I turned over and glared up at her.

She bought it, and she laughed. "Asshole!" then she went back to ignoring me. She turned and grabbed a tea bag.

I got up and retired. Not an alpha, but a beta, seeking refuge from a bully. If I didn't have to keep up the facade of being an agent I would have sniffled, but that would have been too much.

So I closed the door, got undressed and got into bed. I was laying there in the dark, contemplating. My arms behind my head, and suddenly there was a light tapping on my door.

"Yes?"

Crystal entered. She was in a night gown, and she was so fucking beautiful it hurt. And it would have hurt even if I didn't have a chastity tube strangling my best friend.

She sat on the edge of my bed and touched my shoulder. "I'm sorry." Then she stroked my arm, softly. "Sometimes, sometimes I..." She leaned down and kissed my cheek.

I looked at her in the darkness. Normally, I would have responded. A beautiful woman walks into your bedroom, hey...what am I supposed to do, eh?"

But the way she ran hot and cold, her meanness, I was leery.

She looked into my eyes for a long moment, then she sighed, stood up and left the room.

WTF?

What was I supposed to think?

Bitch had problems.

The next few weeks we made sporadic appearances at The Escapade. Sometimes Mariana was there, sometimes not. Sometimes she chatted us up, and sometimes she didn't. But always she was eyeing me, waiting, and I knew for what. She was waiting for Crystal to get out of her way.

But, for some reason, Crystal wasn't getting.

I discussed this with her.

"Why don't you let him make his move. Her move?"

"Time's not right," she answered tersely.

But it was bullshit. The time was right, and I knew I was going to have to make things happen.

A Saturday night, and we were at The Escapades. Mariana came in, gave us the high wave, and I knew it was time.

"I'm going home with her tonight."

Crystal: "No. I want to do a search."

"Okay. You go home and pretend to be sick, you can search, I can stall, and then I'll go home with her."

"No."

"Why not!"

"She's a serial killer."

"Maybe. But she doesn't kill until after she's dumped her victims and let some time elapse.

And no amount of argument swayed her. And I was getting frustrated.

So Mariana drifts our way, plops down. She was wearing the most gorgeous red haired wig, her tits were high and tight, and she was wearing a slithery blue gown.

"Those earrings are incredible," I said, handling them, feeling her flesh, tickling her ears.

She leaned into me. "My little dazzlers, I call them."

Crystal looked cross-eyed. It was obvious that I was moving ahead, and she didn't like it.

I looked at her, "You feel all right?"

"I'm fine."

Okay, so that's how you want to play it.

"Let's have some more drinks!" I chirped.

I kept the table supplied, charging up more to the FBI.

I drank a lot, but not to the point of being impaired. Too much.

Mariana drank a bit, too.

Crystal didn't drink much. And she knew what I was doing, and she kept scowling at me.

Finally, enough drink in me to excuse my attitude, I said, "Why don't you just go home, you big grumpy butt!"

Mariana giggled.

Crystal, being alpha, began to respond.

"Why don't you stop drinking so much."

"Just because you can't handle your 'wine spritzers,'"

Mariana and I kept giggling, and touching each other, and Crystal kept getting madder and madder.

Finally, it all popped.

"Mariana, let's dance."

"Sure."

"Sit your ass down."

I looked at her, "You sit down, you can sit on your little bubble ass and bounce, for all I care."

Now we were on her feet. Me to go dancing, her to stop me.

"Sit down!" Her voice was rising, people were looking.

I pushed her, and she fell back on the bench and sat, and stared up at me with big eyes. Then she came after me. And I, the soul of delicacy, shifted behind Mariana.

Now, I was betting Mariana wanted me more than she wanted to cut Crystal, and cutting Crystal would have driven me off. And I was right.

Mariana just stayed in the way, Crystal looked ridiculous trying to get around her, and everybody started laughing, and, enough was enough. Crystal, almost beside herself, picked up her purse and stomped out of the bar.

The crowd turned away, and Mariana turned to me, and she moved in on me.

"I thought she'd never leave."

And me, pretending to be drunk, said, "Wanna fuck?"

Mariana's face lit up like the fourth. Even her earrings were smiling. She took my hand and led me out of The Escapade and towards her apartment.

Then commenced one of the most awful nights of my life.

We entered her apartment. It was modern, sound system, expensive furniture, big screen, and at one end of the room was a big St. Andrew's cross. It was on a motor so it could tilt vertical or horizontal.

A St. Andrew's Cross? Fuck! But I ignored that, because in one corner at the other end of the room was a nifty, little old ancient typewriter.

Bingo.

"Ooh!" I squealed. "My mama had one of these." I gushed over the old machine. "You simply have to write me a love letter."

"Oh, that? Doesn't work too well. I was going to chuck it."

She was pulling me towards the cross.

I pouted. "Not until you write me a love letter."

If I could get a sample we could compare it to the threatening letters. Without a freely given sample we would need a warrant. And she was planning to get rid of that typer? Fuck. I needed that sample.

"No letter until we make sweet, love."

"No love until..."

And we bantered back and forth.

I knew Mariana wanted to get me to the cross, fuck me senseless, and that I might not get the letter.

On the other hand, I was going to have to take a chance. I needed that letter.

So I turned and stared at the cross.

"What is that?"

"That's my furniture. It's comfy. Want to find out how comfy?"

Oh, I didn't. But what was I supposed to do? I had come this far. I had fake tits and was a tranny, and I was going to back out? No way.

"So how does it work?"

She tilted the 'furniture' vertical. She walked me up to the cross and put my arms up and buckled straps around the wrists. I tried to move, but no way.

Then she fastened my ankles to the thing.

Then she walked around the machine, staring at me, and ripping my clothes off. She didn't slice them, or unbutton them, she just ripped them off my frame, and didn't care when my flesh bruised or was torn open.

Then she began taking her clothes off.

She had real tits. Big ones, and she slipped out of her bra.

She stepped up to the other side of the cross and leaned her face between the cross pieces. She kissed me.

She knew how to kiss. Tell the truth, I don't think I have ever been kissed so well.

Inside, I knew she was a man. Inside, I cared. Outside, I gave my lips to hers. I had a job to do.

She touched my face with one hand, stroked my jaw, and lip locked me. Her hands touched my breasts, fondled them, pulled the nipples. Then REALLY pulled them.

"OW!"

She stepped back and laughed. "Did you know this apartment is the top one, and there is no one in the next apartment down? We can make as much noise as we want."

As she wanted. I started to worry.

Yes, I had been tied down and politely butt fucked by Crystal, but this was different. This was the hunger of a psychopath.

"Hey, I don't like pain," I protested.

She took off her pants and revealed a sizable cock. Sizable like in 8 inches, and thick, with a big, dripping head.

"I do."

"I came here for a little slap and tickle, not a lot."

"I came here for a lot, not a little." She pushed against me from the rear and reached in front of me. She grabbed me by the cage and lifted. I gasped and went up an inch.

"And you're going to give me a lot, not a little. Okay, sweet cheeks?"

"Well, uh, I—"

"Or I'm going to cut this off. You want it cut off? Bitch?"

"I'd rather keep it for a while."

"Then you'd better be good. Are you good?"

"I'm the best." And, at that moment, I was willing to be the best. Anything to stem the coming storm.

"Excellent," and the cross started tilting to the horizontal. Mariana lay on top of me, her weight increasing, her big cock laying between my cheeks.

She grabbed me, turned my head, and kissed me.

Then she hunched up, positioned herself, and drove her cock into me.

I screamed.

Crystal had been soft and gentle, a feather tickling my rectum. Mariana was trying to bust my rectum. No lube, no foreplay, just ram it in and who cares if you bleed.

She took me then, and I freely admit that I cried. And I cried a lot. My mascara flowed down my cheeks and dripped on the floor. I sobbed as she busted me open.

And, when it was done, when she had spit her sperm into me, she left me there. She simply got up, went out of the room, and I heard her rummaging in a refrigerator.

I lay there, terribly beaten. Abused like I had never imagined.

She had something to eat, a snack, and then returned to the room.

"Ready for round two?"

Round two was worse. I was ripped up, torn apart, and she didn't care. If anything, she liked it that way.

I cried more. I couldn't stop crying.

And then it was over.

She untied me, watched as I got dressed. I couldn't sit on my ass, and I leaned against walls, and finally lay on the floor and wiggled into what was left of my clothes.

Then I tried to walk, and it was terrible. I was bleeding, and every muscle in me hurt, and I fell to the floor a couple of times before I got to the door. I didn't even think about getting a sample letter.

I staggered down the stairs and out onto the street, then up the street to the apartment.

Crystal saw me coming. She met me at the door, held me in her arms and helped me upstairs.

I had stopped crying by now, but I was a mess. My clothes were torn, and my skin was bruised and bleeding.

"You stupid bitch," muttered Crystal, almost carrying me into the apartment.

She tried to sit me down, but I couldn't sit on my asshole. She took me into my room and took my clothes off, then she started applying first aid.

"I told you not to. That fucking son of a bitch," she talked softly as she pampered me, fixed me, cured me. Her soft hands brought forth more tears, and, at one point, she just lay down and held me.

"I saw it. I saw the typewriter. But I couldn't get a sample."

"We don't need a fucking sample."

"We do. I don't want to go back, but I will if I have to."

She stared at me. I was saying an alpha thing, but she knew I wasn't an alpha. I was second place in her mind.

Finally, I slipped into a light sleep, and I barely felt her as she slipped out of my bedroom.

I didn't sleep long. Something awoke me, and I knew what it was. Crystal had closed the door. She had left, and I knew where she was going.

She was going to pay a visit to Mariana.

Oh, fuck. She was walking into the den of the devil, and the devil was home.

I rolled off the bed, and tears started anew.

I pulled on a skirt. I couldn't put my legs into pants.

I pulled a light jacket over my upper body.

If anybody looked, they would be able to see my chastity tube. If anybody cared, my tits were hanging out in the breeze.

But I didn't care. I knew what was going to happen to Crystal, and I had to stop it.

I staggered out of the apartment. I could walk better now, but not by a lot.

The elevator was in use, and it was notoriously slow, so I went down the stairs, almost falling, holding on to the bannister. I reached the street and walked towards Mariana's apartment. Time was moving so slowly, I was dreadfully afraid. Every moment Crystal spent in the apartment of Mariana was a potential life time.

The door was locked. I looked through the glass and could see mail boxes, a couple of potted plants. And the elevator.

I tried to kick the glass, but I couldn't lift my leg enough to get any force.

I ran at it, and bounced. It was solid.

I pried a brick out of a nearby planter box and smashed at the glass, and it shattered. Passersby goggled, and I think somebody was using their cell phone, but I didn't care.

I staggered into the elevator and hit number six.

As the elevator rose I happened to look at my nails. Busted. And I laughed, and I sobbed. I had broken my nails, Crystal was going to have a shit fit when she saw that.

I stepped out of the elevator, and I heard Crystal. The apartment couldn't be heard below, but I wasn't below. I was right outside.

Crystal screamed. A bad scream.

I ran at that door, and I didn't care if it was made of steel I was going through.

Fortunately, it wasn't made of steel, and I went through. In fact, I ripped it off its hinges, then tripped and fell on it.

Mariana was at the cross. Crystal was tied to the cross. Crystal turned her head and stared at me. She was crying, but Mariana hadn't gotten started yet. I had made it in time.

Mariana grinned when she realized who it was. "Ready for round three?"

"FBI," I said, slowly getting to my feet. "You're under arrest."

Mariana put her head back and laughed. "Oh, you're good. I haven't heard that one before. Where's your badge?"

I didn't have one.

"Get out or I'll cut your tiny package off," she snarled.

"I'm taking Crystal with me."

Mariana pulled out a knife. It was a thin stiletto, and I knew she was willing to use it.

"Get out!" cried Crystal.

"Not without you."

Mariana came at me then, and then was the moment that I couldn't afford to be second place. This was when I had to jump past everybody else and be the alpha dog. No matter how much it hurt.

She stabbed straight in, meaning to go right through my gut and into my backbone.

When your life depends on it, you can ignore pain, and so I did. I slipped to the side and caught her knife arm in a lock. I twisted it around, and she ended up cutting her own face.

She managed to wiggle free, and she wiped her face with her hand, and stared at the blood on her hand. She looked at me, and the face of psychotic rage was revealed. She was going to kill me. Or die trying.

I moved slightly to the side, and she charged, and I backed up, and when she was close enough I went down.

I got cut, a bad slice across the buttocks, but she went through the picture window, across the two foot balcony, and over the rail.

I listened to her scream, all the way down. And I heard the sodden splat of her body on the pavement.

I went to Crystal. I let her loose, and she collapsed in my arms.

## EPILOGUE

I sat in The Escapade. I was at the bar, sipping bourbon and Coke. I was wearing a pencil skirt and a jacket, no blouse, no bra. My breasts could be seen, but no nips. My hair as long, I didn't need any extensions any more, and my make up was impeccable. I was sucking bourbon and Coke through a straw, and my red lips pursed and sucked, pursed and sucked.

I had left the FBI. I had gotten a commendation, and offers, but I realized there was something else more important in my life.

I liked being a woman.

Somebody sat down next to me. I ignored them.

"Hello." It was soft and subdued, but I recognized Crystal's voice right away.

I turned and stared.

Beautiful as ever. Big breasted, hair still longer than regulations, and the kind of woman that made a man lust after her. Or a woman. Or a man being a woman.

I smiled. I turned to the bartender. "Roxie? Could we have a couple of drinks at a table?"

I took Crystal's hand and led her to our booth. The one we had sat at while we chased the 'Tranny Slicer,' as the newspapers had dubbed Mariana.

We sat down and waited.

Roxie brought us a couple of fresh drinks. She smiled at Crystal. "We missed you."

"And I missed you." Crystal sighed, and had a genuine smile.

Roxie looked at me. "And she missed you."

Crystal said nothing. I said nothing. Roxie tactfully withdrew.

When she was gone we each sipped our drinks, and Crystal said, "I miss you."

Not 'missed,' but 'miss.' Right now. Present time.

"I love you," I said back.

She smiled. She placed a hand on mine. She had long, red nails. As did I. I hadn't seen her in six weeks, not since I had left the FBI. And we hadn't talked back then.

I brought up the subject foremost in my mind. "Why were you so angry with me?"

"Huh," she grunted. "I was drawn to you. Right from the beginning. That first time, when we left Jones office, I could feel myself being drawn to you, and it pissed me off. I wanted a career, not a lover."

"I thought you were just a little psycho."

She smiled ruefully. "When it came to you, I definitely was. But do you remember that night? When we got in our first argument? And I came into your room?"

"Yes."

"I wanted you. I wanted you bad. If you had made even the slightest move..." she trailed off.

"I was afraid. I couldn't read you. I wanted to, but..." I shrugged.

We sipped more. Had another drink. Not talking, just staring at each other, and...feeling each other.

Finally, she said, "that last night. I didn't want you to go. I was afraid for you."

"I know."

"But then I was going to get even. I thought I could take her. Boy did I miscalculate."

"It turned out all right."

"Because of you. You could hardly walk, yet you showed up, and when she pulled out that knife...I thought it was all over."

I shrugged. We were moving into territory I didn't usually talk about.

"How did you do it? I saw you move, you were badly injured, but you didn't move like somebody in second place."

"I had to."

"I thought you weren't alpha. Even after you explained it to Felding, I thought you were just a second place bozo who got lucky."

"I did."

"The luck of an alpha."

I shrugged, but I knew she could see me. the real me.

"So," she sat back, put her arms up on the back of the booth, "you quit the FBI."

"I guess it's pretty easy to see why." I opened my hands towards myself, indicated my garb.

She nodded, then: "I quit, too."

Then she looked at me, really looked, and she said "And it's pretty easy to see why."

I reached my hand out to take hers. She took it, and placed a black bag in it.

I stared at the black bag, then I stared at her, and a slow grin seeped across my face.

END