

Identity: Noelle Mercier



Philippa Peters



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

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IDENTITY: NOELLE MERCIER

by Philippa Peters

*****1. Tell us what we don't know*****

Thierry stepped out of the bakery with his baguette and cream cheese-filled croissants. He turned to wave to Madame Loty as he always did just as a man in a dark raincoat eased away from the wall. His hand indicated the pavement in front of Thierry where a dark-windowed limousine pulled up in front of the pair.

Virginia Shepherd rolled down the front window. "Get in, Thierry," she said tersely, rolling the window back up and ignoring him as she went back on her cellphone.

A Section Chief here, in Paris, a part of the pickup of a basically unemployed agent? Thierry swallowed and handed his packages to the surprised muscle who'd opened the door for him.

“Enjoy,” said Thierry before the door slammed shut after him. The guard on the back seat frisked him quickly and neatly, removing the stiletto Thierry kept in his sock for occasions like this, occasions when he felt threatened. Despite the danger he recognized right away, Thierry would not have thought of using it on a higher-up in the agency all the way from Washington, especially a star on the rise as he’d heard that Ginny Shepherd was.

Ginny snapped her phone shut and half-turned from the front seat of the speeding car. “You’re coming with us,” she said, “back on active service. I need to know everything there is to know about Noelle Mercier, including if you were really fucking her or not.”

Thierry blanched. He knew instantly he’d made a mistake. To an operator like Ginny Shepherd, he’d probably given away the secret he’d held onto so fiercely through previous interrogations. Yes, he’d been making love to Noelle Mercier - had it really been a year since she’d left him? - whenever he could get her panties down after she’d returned in amnesiac distress to Paris.

“Everything about Noelle?” Thierry managed to gasp. “You, you must have all the files? She, she’s been retired what, a year, at least! I don’t know where she’s at these days.”

“She was here in Paris ten days ago,” snapped Ginny Shepherd. “The French are hopping mad that the fingerprints of one of our agents were found in the apartment of Ahmed Barrouqi and his brother, the banker. I trust you know who they were.”

“The executive and financial brains behind ...” Thierry began.

“Behind every attack on an American target since nine-eleven,” snapped Ginny Shepherd. “Ahmed was supposed to be protected while he was here to talk about some peace proposal the French thought they could foist on him. So, an agent of ours is identified as the one who took out the pair, both Ahmed and his brother.

“Who’ve co-operated in every way with the French, they’ve been telling us, for years. The brother guaranteed that Ahmed was tired of continual warfare and could broker a real peace. He was ready to make concessions to us, on behalf of his intimate friends, as he called them.

“You can guess what the French think now. One of us, they’re saying to my superiors,” she stressed that word, “has taken out the first real opportunity for ending the conflict in Central Asia. The boys of the Deuxieme Bureau don’t believe the double killing was ‘by accident,’ misunderstood orders, or any other face-saving euphemism you’d like to use for a disastrous incident. Having us simply disavow Noelle Mercier, as we already have, isn’t going to abate the shit storm that’s going on between Washington and Paris.”

“Noelle’s in Paris?” Thierry asked without trying to dissemble but, still, Ginny looked at him very sharply.

“Yes,” snapped the fortyish, blonde woman, well-groomed as all American women of her age and wealth would be. Her blue eyes were like steel, Thierry thought. She wouldn’t take ‘No’ for an answer. She’d be most disappointed in Thierry, even though he was on the ‘disabled list’, unused and unforgiven for what had happened the last time his superior had visited Paris. His and her overseers didn’t want another dead Section Chief. By the cortege of black-glassed Hummers that led and followed them, Thierry knew that was a given.

The car zipped into the underground garage of a building two kilometers from the embassy. It wasn’t a place Thierry had ever been in, much less heard about. He was brought to an interrogation room where there were images of the grisly murder of the Barrouqi brothers on the wall screen. They’d been shot, execution-style, through the front of the head, their faces almost obliterated.

Through a long glass wall, Thierry could see many people working computers, street scenes on the screens, many of the road they’d just driven. Intent

faces studied the cars moving along the streets. Along with charts and screens, there were pictures of Noelle, some that he'd never seen.

She'd never looked more beautiful, Thierry thought, aware that these were new photographs of Noelle, seemingly in New York, looking young, fresh and very girlish. She was on Mohammed Barrouqi's arm, his tongue hanging out – was that a stewardess's skirt and blouse – as if he'd never seen a girl like her before. He probably hadn't, thought Thierry ruefully. Hmm, Barrouqi in the States? And allowed to go free with the prettiest girl in the agency?

“How many fingerprints did the French find of Noelle?” asked Thierry, trying to be business-like. The pause that followed allowed Ginny to organize who she wanted in the interrogation room with him.

Ginny looked sharply at Jack Reynolds, her principal aide, as sharp as she was, younger, a man who'd attached himself to a shooting star, Thierry assessed.

“Two,” said Jack shortly as Ginny nodded to him. “One was on an unused bullet in the gun, the other on the alarm system to the apartment.”

“You think it's a setup?” asked Ginny, staring at Thierry fiercely from behind Jack's head, his eyes as predatory as hers.

“She'd never have done a job like this,” said Thierry, wondering at the desire that came over him to protect Noelle from his bosses as he'd done once before. That hadn't worked out so well. “A clear assassination and clues to lead back to her? She wasn't trained for executions like that, Jackson used to say all the time. He'd say that he could send me out with a gun and a cyanide pellet in my mouth if he wanted anyone just dead. Noelle was on a different level.”

“*The Bourne Identity*,” sneered Ginny. “The professional assassin? Don't make us laugh! She was just part of a security team we ran out of Paris that you were part of. Did she ever actually kill anyone?”

Thierry's blood froze. “You, you don't know anything about her at all, do you?” he gasped.

“Enlighten us,” said Ginny flatly.

“The files,” gasped Thierry.

“Have all been eliminated, as far as anyone, the deputy director included, can tell,” said Ginny, her look intense and baleful as she stared at Thierry. “So tell us anything and we’ll believe it ... for a few days anyway. Tell us all we need to know. And don’t tell me that *The Bourne Identity* was true because I won’t believe you.”

You should, thought Thierry Bouchard, you should. You should believe it. “How do you know it’s her?” he asked, desperately stalling for time to think.

“The fingerprints,” said Jack Reynolds as if he was speaking to a small child, while Ginny looked at Thierry grimly.

“We had a way of getting around that in Jackson’s section,” Thierry began. “Even if she left a print, it shouldn’t have led back to her.”

“Yes,” said Reynolds. “We checked yours and came up with a Colin Powell, a Marine killed in a car accident in Germany.”

“And Noelle’s?” asked Thierry, holding his breath.

“Nothing as famous as Colin Powell,” said Reynolds with a tight smile. “Her fingerprint check led to a different person also, a Flight-Lieutenant Stephen Nixon, who was killed on a helicopter mission over Iraq.”

Thank you for giving me Noelle’s real name, thought Thierry, shivering inside, certain it was true. She’d had all kinds of aliases in the time before she’d become Noelle totally. Jackson had used a name like that for ‘her’ a few times at the start.

“How’s Stevie Wonder coming along?” Jackson had sometimes enquired of the newbie’s handler, Thierry Bouchard.

“Great!” had always been the answer, even when the question changed to, “Are you sure you and Little

Stevie can handle what we expect of the two of you?" The answer again had always been positive though Noelle, as Thierry was calling 'her' all the time by then, would probably have disagreed vehemently with him. For the longest time, he'd never told her that Jackson checked up on her, Stevie Wonder's, progress as a woman and as an agent.

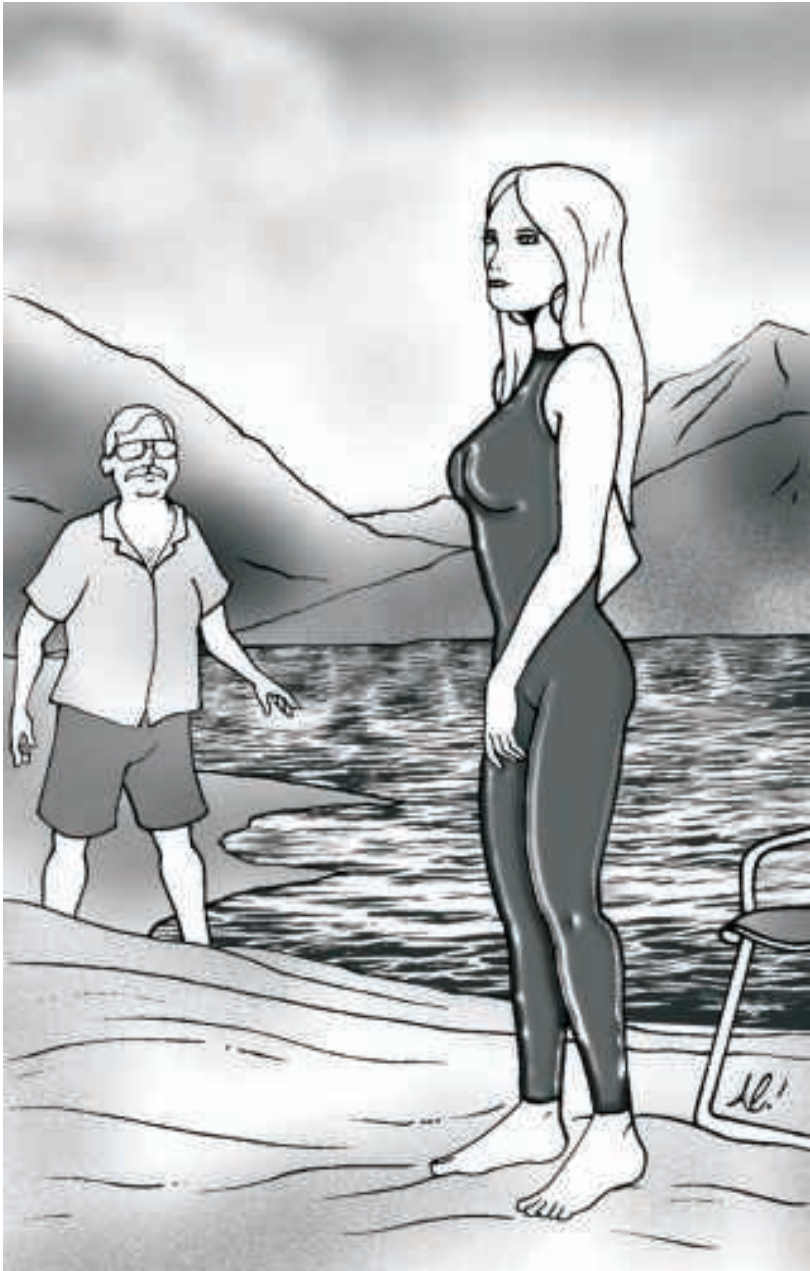
If I ever meet her again, I can tell her that, at least, Thierry thought glumly to himself. Maybe she won't kill me right away. She'd wanted so desperately to know who she really was, who 'he' was, the last time Thierry had kissed her, him, so passionately and told her, no, told him, to disappear outside Europe.

*****2. Mission complete*****

The plane blew apart most satisfactorily behind me as I dove from the sky. All sight of it had disappeared when I disengaged from the parachute, attached the weights I had in my pack, and began the long swim towards the Italian coast. That's what Thierry told me must have happened. I didn't remember it at all. He said a piece of the plane must have fallen on me, struck me on the head, it didn't have to be a large piece, and so I'd fallen into a catatonic sort of trance.

How could I have gone on swimming? I'd asked him doubtfully. Reflex action, he'd told me. I was trained to do that. It was good to know that my training had kicked in, that I'd been able to swim and head in the right direction. That's what the men, on the boat that picked me out of the Mediterranean Sea, had said I was doing, swimming slowly and methodically towards the coast, over thirty kilometers away.

The lookout had only seen me at the very last moment. I hadn't heard him yell or the boat coming up behind me. I hadn't heard it hit me. I don't remember the impact. I don't recall re-surfacing and trying to swim again. I don't recall catching hold of a float thrown into the water, holding onto it while I was hauled aboard the *Buena Fortuna*.



My first memory was of some old guy cutting me out of the wet suit I'd been wearing. "It's all right, lady," he said soothingly as I turned and grabbed the hand, with the scalpel in it, very tightly, enough to hurt him.

"It's all right, lady," he said again anxiously. "I'm not going to hurt you. I only want to get you out of this wetsuit - is that the right word? - you're wearing right now."

I wanted to ask him why he was calling me 'lady.' That wasn't the right word, I wanted to tell him. Couldn't he see who I was? And I needed the suit to swim and float in, I wanted to say.

"Our boat ran into you," the old man said, trying to pry my fingers from his wrist but he couldn't do it. "You won't need this ripped-up suit again, I promise you, lady. We'll take you wherever you want to go. We're headed into Genoa."

"Genoa?" I croaked. Was that where I was supposed to be going? Why would I be out swimming in the Mediterranean Sea to an Italian port? Because, because, and then the first fear hit me as I couldn't recall at all what I was supposed to be doing, swimming across a vast sea? And why was this man still calling me 'lady'? I let the man's hand go. He breathed hard in relief, instantly beginning to massage his wrist.

"Can I take off your swimming gear now, my dear?" the old man asked me. "Your flippers and mask are over there. Oh, and there's some kind of pack you were swimming with as well. Franco is looking at that."

I reached up to pull down the front zipper of the wetsuit. My hand ran over me, over my chest, over the breasts that bounced a little as I touched them. Breasts! I almost gagged and screamed at the old guy. What had he done to me? What kind of weird game was he playing with me? I sat up quickly, frightening the old man, frightening myself even more as long hair swept over my face and these womanly breasts bounced a little in front of me!

“My name is Niccolo,” said the old man with a nervous smile. “I serve as medic whenever we need one on *Buena Fortuna*.” He grimaced. “Horrible name, isn’t it, given to this boat by some English owner, previously. What is your name, lady?”

“My name is ...” I stopped, my mind swirling. I tried to say it, it was a woman’s name, this person who was me. I tried to spit out the word that described me, but I couldn’t. It just wouldn’t come. I think I scared the old man with the intensity with which I must have stared at him, me sitting there with long, blonde hair, thin eyebrows as I saw later, earrings at my ears, and perky, women’s breasts almost in his face.

“I don’t know what my name is,” I had to say, about to tell him not to call me ‘lady’ one more time or I’d break his wrist. I knew I could have done it as I held his hand.

Niccolo’s mouth dropped open a little. “The blow to your side and head,” he said, pointing to the wetsuit that didn’t cover half of me now, not completely. A huge, jagged slash ran up from my thigh and across my body, leaving the zippers to hold the whole thing together in places. I could now see why Niccolo was trying to cut the suit away from me.

“There’s no cut, no blood, just bruises,” said Niccolo quickly as I ran my fingers over my exposed smooth, hairless skin, skin like a woman’s, the fearful thought swept through me. “You can’t wear this back into the water, can you, pretty lady? Let me get you out of this. Don’t worry, my dear. I’ve seen a naked woman before.”

Niccolo tried to laugh at that remark. But there it was again, I thought in panic. I stared down at my chest and the two mounds protruding from me. That must be why he was spouting out all this ‘woman’ and ‘lady’ stuff? Couldn’t he see that I really wasn’t a woman? He must be able to tell by my voice, surely. He must be able to tell that I was ... I was ... I was ...

“Don’t try to force your name to come,” said Niccolo. “Just relax while I free this part from around

your breasts. There, my lady. It will all come back to you in a flood in a few minutes, I expect. You'll just be doing something perfectly natural, like having some soup with Franco and me and, presto, you'll say, I'm Gina, or I'm Sophia, something like that."

Well, I shuddered at such a suggestion. I knew I wasn't Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren, I knew that. But I couldn't believe how much womanish hair popped out in front of me when Niccolo cut around the suit and the top came away. My long hair actually snagged on some parts of the neckline as well.

"Sorry, sorry," Niccolo went on as I gasped at the pains at my neck. "You girls look so pretty with long, blonde hair, don't you, but hold still! I'm trying not to cut any of it. There, I've just freed it for you." He picked up a mirror then to show me that he hadn't damaged my long, blonde hair.

I could see 'myself'. "That, that's ..." not me, I was going to say, but terror took over me briefly as I stared at the girl. Well, it was definitely a girlish face looking back at me in confusion, with such thick, dark eyelashes. Thin eyebrows, a thin nose, red, painted lips, surely, and gleaming earrings, flower-shaped, all combined with my long hair to shout at me that I was a girl, a pretty girl!

"That's Marcella that you're looking at," said a smiling Niccolo, "or Natalia, Maria, Pia?"

I was none of those! But I could be as I looked down at myself and there were these lovely breasts attached, no, growing out of me! How could that have happened? It couldn't have because I, I was a man!

"Sit up, pretty lady," insisted Niccolo. "I help you get out of the bottom half of this suit. Trust me, my dear lady, you don't have to blush and be so embarrassed. It isn't as if I haven't undressed my own daughters many a time."

So, I half stood, half rested, my body against the table, I think it was that, on which I'd been laid. Mmm, my hips curved most seductively inwards as my hips curved out, tight panties between my legs to

cover my most female of parts. I didn't know why I didn't believe what I was seeing but the evidence was very clear, from my long, shapely women's legs to the painted toenails, like the shaped, painted, womanly fingernails I had, that I was a woman.

It was so strange as I stood before Niccolo. He checked the thin, golden links of a ladies' watch at my wrist. He swung the stone of the necklace I was apparently wearing as well. The thin golden chain swirled around me and showed me a flowery pendant that matched the earrings that I wore and now bounced between my naked, 'perky' breasts. Who had called them that? I can remember laughing at the description as whoever it was had said they were just how 'Vernon' liked them.

Someone had been amused with the shape of my breasts? Then, the fearful thought struck me hard. I must be a woman! I had breasts and someone else, the first name I recalled, a Vernon, liked them the way they were!

"We don't really have clothing for you, dear lady," said Niccolo. "But here's a tee-shirt of mine and some jeans, too. Franco and Paolo are far too tall for a pretty, little girl like you to be wearing their clothes."

With a shudder, I pulled his clean tee-shirt over my head. My breasts inflated the tee, of course, much to Niccolo's glee, I could see. I doubtfully took his jeans in hand. They looked enormous when I tried them against my thin waist.

"I do need a bathroom," I said to Niccolo.

"The head, dear pretty lady," he said, "is through here."

I wobbled forward, almost falling as the boat seemed to be swaying an awful lot.

"My tee-shirt has never looked so good," Niccolo gloated, with a smile at me, looking me up and down appreciatively.

I'd have done the same, I knew, but how could I? It was weird how these markedly feminine attributes of

mine seemed to turn me on, with each bounce, in that same way that they were turning on Niccolo as well.

But I was hurting between my legs. I sat down on the toilet and slipped the panties down my legs, thinking I had to do that since I was a girl. And what was this? I was taped up and bound around my sexual parts. It took me a while to find where I could pull the tape down from my female parts. I had done a very good job, it *was* me, wasn't it, of using tape to conceal that I didn't have a female vagina between my legs. No, I had a male penis and testicles!

And they really hurt as I freed them. I think I squealed with the pain. Niccolo knocked on the door that luckily I'd bolted. "Are you all right, Andrea?" he asked cooingly. "Do you need me to come in and help you?"

"No, I'm fine!" I called back, realizing that I was speaking in a girlish voice that matched most of the appearance I'd presented to Niccolo up to now.

I bent to look at what was appearing more between my legs. My hair and necklace fell forward about my chest and neck. What the heck was I? It was almost with revulsion that I looked at my male parts. Yet, they felt so right! I was a man. It was these thrusting breasts, nipples showing through the tee-shirt, and the wide, fleshy hips that were wrong.

And my hair! Whoever had styled it so much like a woman's? Just pushing it back from my face made it fall into place. In the shaving mirror, a grimacing, distressed girl was looking back at me.

It took me a while to gather up the remnants of the tape. What could I do, I thought in dismay. I couldn't pretend to be a man, could I? My body and face were so much like a woman's. Oh, gods, I must be some kind of weirdo! I must be one of those fruitcakes, a man who thought there was a woman trapped in his body, who tried to be just like a woman.

A drag queen! Yes, that's what they were called. A travesti, a transvestite, that's what I must be. A man

who loved to dress in women's clothes. Oh, gods, had I altered my body so that I could be taken for a woman? And why would I do that? So everyone would treat me like a woman. I might even have a boy friend and enjoy kissing him as if I was his woman.

Ugh, I almost threw up at such thoughts. How could anyone be like this, a half-man, half-woman! It was gross and disgusting! Oh, gods, perhaps that blow to my head had knocked some sense into me. Perhaps I could get back, as soon as I could, to being what I was, a complete man.

But there was the job I'd just done! Slowly at first, I remembered all about it. I'd been a woman! It was true! I was a woman in a gorgeous dress, flaunting my breasts and pretty, female figure as I'd come clattering up the steps in my impossible high heels onto Vernon's plane!

I'd thrown my arms about his neck, covering his willing lips with my lipstick, wiggling my breasts back and forth against him. I kissed and kissed him, this Vernon, who put his arms about me, hugging me to him, whispering I was going to be his woman fully on this flight, wasn't I? And I was laughing, giggling as if I was drunk, nodding and promising Vernon, his smirk infuriating me, I felt, that I'd be his woman 'entirely', whatever that meant, on this flight.

In the boat's head, I stared at myself, my whole body quivering as I replayed what I, a woman, had done then with a man, at what seemed to be a later time in my memory for I was changed into another, really skimpy, revealing dress. I could remember twisting and twirling, a girl admiring myself in such a lovely, short gown, in front of the dressing mirror.

I'd jumped onto Vernon, pressing my breasts against him, not just kissing his lips in wild abandon but taking his hands and encouraging him to fondle my breasts and my hips. It was as if I was high on something. That must have been it, I thought. The other men I was going to kill, too! That stray thought almost made me cry out in anguish as I didn't know why I thought that or even if it was true. But this whole group of men were there, laughing and smiling

at 'Poor Vernon', whom they teased since he couldn't be away from his girl friend for just one day.

"Oh, so that's why the aft cabin is a bedroom," the swarthy Franz Guerter had said while I wiggled my hips as Vernon stroked me.

"Be a good girl, Simone," Vernon had called me but that wasn't my name. It was an alias. Goddess, I thought, wondering at the word I'd chosen to use. How on earth did I know that? "Go into the bed cabin and get ready to make love to me all flight long."

"You promised me!" I gushed at my latest boy friend. Vernon patted me on my rear, traced my panties against me as I wiggled my tush against him, slapping it when I let go of him.

I exaggerated my wiggle as I left Vernon to his conference with his friends. "Don't be too long," I said in my most high-pitched, little girlish voice as I slid the shoulder straps of my bra and my dress down enough to give Vernon a flash of what he'd be caressing and what he'd be missing if he didn't hurry up and do whatever weapons dealers do when they're together.

Oh yes, I stared in amazement at the blonde, girlish image in the mirror. It was all coming back to me, who I was and everything. I knew that none of that had been my affair. My only task was to get aboard the plane and kill everyone on it. I knew that. It all flooded back. I remembered why I'd been a girl and why I was on such a plane. I'd let Vernon pick me up in a bar, after I'd been part of the chorus line at the *Kitten*. He'd loved my almost naked dancing, just one of the girls. He'd had most of them in his time. I was the new girl which is why I was to be his latest lover.

I'd gushed about going with him to the Riviera as we rolled around and bucked together on his hotel bed. I wouldn't let him penetrate me all the way, not that I wasn't that sort of girl, I let him know. No, I just wanted to go South to the warm weather. If Vernon took me, he could have me all the way, his Simone, fashion model. His chorus girl, I called myself, cooing about that fancy new jet he'd bought, complete with

bed cabin for long trips, or for lovemaking with a very pretty girl, with long, blonde hair, Vernon's favorite type of girl.

Only, I couldn't remember how I'd become that kind of girl. But I clearly had and had done my job. I'd made sure that Vernon was dead, strangling him with my panties as his eyes bulged out as he'd seen the real me, but only after he'd sniffed my panties. I'd then stretched them around his scrawny neck.

Easy to place the bomb, time it, change into swimming gear and leave the plane. "That dumb blonde girl just fell out of the plane!" I heard someone screaming. I counted to twenty before the flash. I fell another fifteen seconds before I opened my parachute.

I shuddered as I pulled on Niccolo's pants in the closed bathroom, thinking about why I'd been swimming in the water. I'd killed a whole planeload of people. I was a murderer, I thought in horror. Why had I done it? What had those people done to me to make me disguise myself so thoroughly as a woman, work my way onto a plane, simpering all over my boy friend, being the sexiest of girls for him, in the skimpiest of dresses, before I went to bed with him. I'd even acted like a girl in his bed, right up to the moment I killed him.

No answers came to me. Niccolo called at the door again. Numb in thoughts and body, I went over the poor retaping I'd done. My panties did at least seem flatter with the tape holding in everything that should be out. How could I have done this, behaving like a woman?

Then, thoughts of the way I'd moved and behaved, the way I'd kissed men so easily and fawned so girlishly all over them came sickeningly to my mind. I hadn't just been a chorus girl in short, frilly, girlish costumes, I'd been an escort of some type as well. I'd loved kissing men and luring them into my room in many different hotels.

Oh gods, what was I? My memories, the ones that flooded into me all seemed to be of me kissing men,

wriggling against and about them. Yes, I'd done something for those men that only girls who were paid for such a service would do, I guessed, my face afire in the shame I felt from my recall.

Was that the way I had to move and behave, to get Niccolo to co-operate with me and get me off this ship, behave as a showgirl? I had to wrap the belt Niccolo gave me twice about my waist, but I could free it in an instant to become a weapon. Yes, I might need to take care of him, I thought grimly, shivering at what I was thinking. I had to protect myself against discovery of who I was. I opened the bathroom door and sashayed to the room where Niccolo had been helping me with my wetsuit.

"What do you think, Nicky?" I pouted coyly, shaking, yes, definitely shaking, feeling so squeamish inside. I swayed into the room in the awful jeans, pulled together at my waist.

"A new style for girls ...?" I began with a forced giggle and stopped then because Franco was standing there. He'd broken into the pack I'd brought away from the plane with me. Of all the items in it, all the makeup and change of undies, the bras and panties, the one Franco had chosen was the gun that I'd wrapped in my black panties, the ones I'd strangled Vernon with. Well, they were pretty and he didn't need them, I'd been thinking, laughing to myself at my little joke.

"I told you she wasn't just a swimmer," snarled Franco to Niccolo, who had a long, kitchen knife in his hand. "It's a con! She's gonna signal to her friends to jump us!"

"Jump you?" I had to ask, putting as much swish into it as I could. Gosh, what was my real name and why was I here, really, apart from killing people and dressing as a woman? "What do you have on board? A ton of cocaine?"

Oh, the looks on their faces! They did have something like that on board. Franco raised the gun in his hand. I reacted instinctively. I didn't know I could move that fast nor did I know that I could chop down

so hard. I was sure I broke Franco's wrist. He went down, his howling choking off, as I also kicked him, right on the chin.

And while I was doing that, I whirled into the lunging Niccolo, turned his hand and buried the knife into him and not into me as he'd intended, that sweet old man.

There was another one, wasn't there? I vaulted up the stairs, my bruises groaning and protesting that I shouldn't treat my body like that. Paolo was armed with a Very pistol. He fired at me; only I'd moved when I saw him. I kicked him several times, the last one sending him from the steering hatch right over the side of the boat. I looked back as he bobbed up, waving at the boat, leaving him behind.

I anchored the steering wheel, leaving the boat to progress at the same speed. I went down to the dining cabin, I suppose it was. Niccolo was taking a long time to die. Franco's neck was broken.

"Please, pretty lady!" gasped Niccolo, trying to plug his wound with a tablecloth. I pulled it away. It was pretty bad. I could have left him, like Paolo, to survive if he could. But he'd seen me, talked to me. Besides, he was pretty stupid. He still thought I was a woman, even though he'd seen me move like a man.

His head was at a weirder angle than Franco's after I'd kicked him. I jerked Niccolo with my arms and hands, not knowing I was that strong and could kill a man so easily. Funny, but I didn't feel anything at all about killing, like that, or in any way, just as I don't think I'd thought at all about the people on the plane I'd killed.

I found my pack and the spare, womanly revealing bikini in it. Six hours later, I gently eased the cocaine smugglers' boat into the coastal waters off San Remo. I'd wiped clean everywhere there might have been evidence of me. Then, near to the shore, I used the cellphone I'd found in the red panties in the pack.

There was a number stenciled on the inside of the panties I think I'd been wearing before I took my flier

out of Vernon's airplane. Clearly, it was there as some kind of backup plan. If it hadn't been there, as I've often wondered, I'm sure things wouldn't have worked out for me as they did over the next few years.

"Thierry here," said a man's voice I seemed to recognize.

"Do you know who I am?" I asked him nervously.

"Noelle!" said the man who'd called himself Thierry. "Mission complete! Vernon changed his flight plan en route but you pulled it off anyway. I told our friend you'd call in when you could. But you're nearly ten hours overdue ..."

"I, I'm hurt," I whispered into the phone. Gods, my voice was so female in tone. I was talking to this man as if I was a woman. "I, I was hit on the head."

"Say nothing else," said Thierry quickly.

"I'm on a boat," I had to say. "How-how do I find you?" I think that was what I had to do. What else was there for me to do, a 'woman' like me?

"You don't remember?" Thierry snapped at me.

"I, I was hit on the head," I told him. "I didn't know my name was Nicole."

"It isn't," said Thierry, his voice softening. "It's Noelle."

"I'm two kilometers off San Remo," I said, checking the instruments on the boat. The smugglers had spared no expense and had the finest of equipment.

"You can swim to the beach?" Thierry asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Do it," snapped Thierry. "Get to a beach café and buy yourself a drink. Wear your red and black bikini and some kind of tee-shirt or white top. One of us will be along to find you. Stay put until we do."

Thierry hung up on me. He didn't tell me what he'd be wearing. For a moment, I thought of dressing in all of Niccolo's male clothing, but I couldn't, not with my breasts, my hair and my voice. I was a woman, I thought with a shiver. That's what this voice on the phone would be expecting.

I must have looked a sight when I got ashore in my red and black edged bikini. I hadn't dared to try any of the makeup in the pack. I might have made myself look like a gargoyle. I'd tied my hair back as I had seen women do. In the mirrors, it looked all right. It did make me seem womanly.

I couldn't stand to wear Niccolo's pants. The voice on the phone hadn't said to do that. So, I just wore the tee-shirt. I walked past other women just like me, shivering as I saw the looks that men gave to my smooth, unshaven legs. Oh, yes, I did feel so like a woman, my breasts bobbing, even though I knew that I wasn't a woman. I knew I was a man.

I was fearful almost all the time I was seated in a restaurant as men kept coming up to me, even so early in the day, to strike up a conversation, but none of them talked about what I expected. No-one said, "Hello, Noelle, it's me," or something like that. I flushed every time they asked me if I was alone or waiting for someone. Soon, I agreed to that. I must have moved six times, back and forth along the beach before a tall, handsome man, or so I think now, came and sat beside me and asked me my name.

"Simone," I told him. "I'm waiting for a friend."

"Your name is Noelle," said the dark, handsome guy, "and you're waiting for Thierry. That's me, Thierry Bouchard."

I shuddered. I couldn't just get up and walk away with him, could I? "T-Tell me something about me that proves you really know that I'm Noelle whoever," I told him, staying still as he'd risen to extend his hand to me.

Thierry smiled and lowered his head to kiss my ear and whisper, "I've never seen you looking so beauti-

ful, Noelle. That tee-shirt really suits you with those red, bikini bottoms. And, my darling Noelle Mercier, you and I have something in common, don't we? We both have the same things between our legs, don't we?"

I shivered and put my hand in Thierry's. He lifted it to his lips to kiss it. Why would he do that if he knew ...? Oh yes, I was supposed to be a woman, wasn't I? I had to play the part for a little while longer, I thought, as I shivered in anguish at what I was going to have to do. I picked up my pack. He took it from me like a real gentleman as I sashayed with him, hand in hand, hoping no-one was laughing at me and my attempt to be feminine.

3. Tell us more we don't know about Noelle

"We've talked to Cortez, Cec you called him," Ginny Shepherd went on, "and Frank Desmond. They seem to have been quite fascinated by Noelle Mercier but both say that they were never on intimate terms with her."

Cec and Frank had been almost permanent members of the team in Paris, Thierry agreed. Noelle and he did have to use others on occasion for tails and things like that. But Cec and Frank knew the pair best.

It had been Cec who had been the limo driver who'd delivered the delectable 'Simone Dessault', one of Noelle's frequent aliases, to Vernon's private plane.

It had been Frank who'd made sure that the pack and its precious cargo, the bomb and a wetsuit plus, was properly stored on the plane. He was a regular part of the private airfield crew and didn't move to Thierry's group permanently until after that job. Thierry didn't doubt that one or both of them reported back to Jackson on both Noelle and him, particularly on him.

"Frank Desmond was a ground crew member of some standing," Thierry told Virginia Shepherd.

“He’s the one who put the bomb on board Vernon’s plane. That was the first time something went wrong as Cec probably told you.”

“You tell us,” said Jack Reynolds, his face giving nothing away.

“Noelle played the part of Simone Dessault,” Thierry said with a sigh. “That’s what we called it then, playing a part. She told Vernon she was a fashion model. He didn’t believe her as he wasn’t supposed to. He’d seen her as a chorus girl at *Parisian Kitten Girls*. But all the girls who looked like Simone, even if they worked as chorus girls, called themselves fashion models, though they were really just high-class call girls or escorts. Of course, she was never so crass as to ask Vernon for money or anything like that.”

“How did she get on the plane?” asked Jack sharply while Virginia strolled about the room, sometimes staring at Thierry, sometimes staring at the people at work on the other side of the mirror windows.

“She wouldn’t put out all the way unless he took her South, to somewhere warm, with him,” said Thierry, a dryness in his throat that water didn’t seem to quench. “That’s how she wormed her way into his bed. She’d made him tell her when he was going to be away for a few days, down South. Then, she did the little girl thing Vernon likes, liked, in a girl. He was putty in her hands. Simone was so excited, so over the moon, playing her part, when Vernon talked about the bed cabin on his new jet. He hadn’t had a woman in there, flying at over 10 000 meters altitude. She begged him to let her be his first.”

“And the poor sap fell for it?” asked Jack incredulously as if he wouldn’t have done the same if a vivacious girl like Simone had come on to him in the same way.

“Yes,” said Thierry shortly. “She knew what she wanted on the plane which is why I recruited Frank Desmond to make sure all the right equipment was in place.”

And no, Thierry didn't want to think what might have happened if what Simone wanted, he always called her by her working name when there was a mission on, hadn't been there. He didn't want to think what might have happened if the crew had overpowered her in some way and her essential secret had been revealed.

"She just gave blow jobs to this playboy-dealer?" asked Reynolds skeptically.

"She was really good at doing them," Thierry answered, glancing up at the prowling Virginia, wondering if Reynolds, and Shepherd, of course, did know more about Noelle than they were letting on. "Jackson had her trained by the best. Those were his words when we talked about what she might have to do to trap Vernon. He'd paid to have her trained by the best. It would be enough to gain her access to the plane from where she could take it.

"Yes, Jackson approved all the details of the operation. That was before, though, Simone and I worked out a different plan. We didn't want the bomb going off over houses and things like that. So it was our plan with Simone, that is Noelle, for her to entice Vernon to allow her on the plane and be the first woman he slept with at 10,000 meters. She'd kill him then and secure the bomb over the fuel line before she made her exit over the sea."

"Downright melodramatic, wasn't it?" commented Jack Reynolds.

"We were all young and new at the time, even Jackson," Thierry said stiffly.

"So what went so wrong?" asked Reynolds, puzzled. "You did the job, didn't you? All of you carried out what was wanted. Why did Jackson talk to you a dozen times over the next month? That was unusual, wasn't it? Why was he so pissed off with you in particular?"

They must have been interrogating Cec and Frank for days to come up with that, thought Thierry bleakly. And though those two can tell you the truth

as they knew it, I can't. Because I didn't tell Noelle the truth, Thierry admitted to himself, deep down where he didn't want to confront what he'd done after he met her in her bikini, looking so lost, so gorgeous and so feminine on the beach in San Remo.

Thierry knew he couldn't say anything about that to Jack Reynolds. He couldn't admit aloud that he'd lied to both Jackson and to Noelle in the aftermath of the Vernon killing. She'd been so confused, so womanly, as she whispered to him that she couldn't remember who she was. She couldn't remember at all why she was the way she was. What had she been doing to be so, so, strange? She'd been positively scared about what had been done to her, Thierry could see that.

He'd told her that she was his, Thierry's lover, that she did want to be a woman some day, and that they always shared a bed when they were in Paris. He made up a story about her losing her memory by being hit by a piece of the plane before he found out she'd also been hit by a drug smugglers' boat as she was swimming ashore.

"Vernon and his friends changed the itinerary of the plane in flight while Simone wasn't even in the main cabin," said Thierry to his relentless interrogators. "We didn't find out until a month later that they were flying into Tunis to meet with the Kushtun family. Simone was going to be a gift, we gathered, to the old man who had a special fondness for blue-eyed blondes."

"Jackson thought you jumped the gun too early?" asked Reynolds.

"No," said Thierry. He might have agreed. Who knew what he and Jackson had talked about? He could have bluffed it out until one of them, Virginia most likely, would ask him to listen to a taped telephone conversation Jackson had surreptitiously made. There Thierry would have been, convicting himself as a liar. "He understood the limits of the information we'd had and approved what we did."

“You had to get Jackson’s approval for every operation that you were engaged in,” interrupted Virginia Shepherd sharply.

“Up to then,” said Thierry and now he was lying. “After we were all debriefed, to use one of head office’s words, Jackson supplied new targets for us, and suggestions on how we might operate, but he didn’t want to know the operational details, not unless things had gone wrong.”

“But they went wrong with the hit on Vernon,” persisted Reynolds.

“What went wrong was that Noelle had to improvise to take down the plane as we originally planned. She was hit on the head, by something falling off the plane in the explosion, or from the boat that ran her down when she was swimming to shore,” Thierry went on. “She had partial amnesia.” Much more than that, Thierry knew, but wasn’t going to say, either. “She still had all of her skill set, everything she’d trained at, and more. But she just didn’t know who she really was. She didn’t know what she’d done before the plane and her role as Simone. For a while, she thought she was Simone in reality.”

Oh, it was so easy to lie to the others, Thierry gloated, before checking himself. He shouldn’t do this. He would say something and be caught in one lie. It would all unravel. He shuddered. What would they think of her then? What would they think of him?

“Did you know her past?” cut in Virginia Shepherd again. “Did you tell her what she’d done for you already in Paris?”

“No,” said Thierry. “I didn’t have authority to tell her any of that. Besides, a contact, a control, as we called it, like me, was never given that kind of personal information on anyone. I didn’t know what Cec or Frank were before they joined the agency and my team.”

“There were other teams like yours?” Ginny asked sharply.

“I suspected it but I didn’t know,” said Thierry. “I know Jackson was distracted after the Vernon hit. We got the targets, carried out the missions. I got the manpower I needed when I needed it. Noelle’s amnesia bothered her between jobs. She said Jackson had promised her he’d give her all the answers she wanted after the Kushtun job.” That was the biggest lie yet as Noelle had never been in contact with Jackson again until he came over to find out what had happened with the Kushtun mission and why Noelle was still dressing as a shapely showgirl. “She said to me that he was going to open her file for her.”

And destroy me and my love affair with her, the most beautiful woman in the world, Thierry thought bleakly. He’d lied once more about Noelle and Jackson to these people who could have his head if they wanted. Still, nothing could be changed. It was all destined to end badly once Noelle found out how he’d lied to her, had manipulated her to be his woman, for over two years.

“Why would Jackson have done that?” asked Virginia sharply.

“How did the French get Noelle’s fingerprint identification?” asked Thierry, deliberately changing the topic. “How did they know she was an American agent? Do they know her real name or who she was before the plane explosion? You said her fingerprints led ...”

“We know what you’re saying,” snapped Reynolds. “Don’t go there!”

“You’re suggesting ...” said Ginny stiffly into the silence that followed while Reynolds stared at Thierry and slowly shook his head.

“Jackson didn’t operate in a void,” persisted Thierry. “Someone directed him. Noelle said something, once, after she talked to him to beg him for a look at her file.” Thierry shivered at what he was doing. He just couldn’t seem to stop embellishing the story he was creating about Noelle and Jackson, all of it untrue. “She said he agreed because it was all coming to an end, anyway. We’d been too successful.

Others were looking for us, I gathered. I wouldn't have minded going on a long break. I only wish I could have gone with Noelle, wherever she went."

"So, an amnesiac worked for us for two years, assassinating all and sundry targets she was given," summed up Jack Reynolds. "You expect us to believe that? You expect us to believe she didn't take out the Barrouqi brothers? You expect us to believe that this killing was an inside job, partly to discredit her?"

"Sounds about right," said Thierry, thinking about how long it would take them to check out all he'd told them, particularly if all Jackson's files had been scrubbed, as they'd implied. No, as Virginia Shepherd had told him. Not the most reliable of sources.

And why was Virginia Shepherd so intent on investigating this assassination? Surely this was a job for someone like Reynolds unless, yes, unless one of the Barrouqis, or both, had really been an agent or source for the agency. Oh yes, that meant Noelle was in serious trouble. Gods, he had to get a message to her somehow to get out of Paris, if she had 'come home'.

There was a knock on the door. "You won't believe this, ma'am," said the awkward young man who stood there, nervously eyeing both Virginia and Reynolds.

"Noelle Mercier has just entered the grid. She, she's bought a ticket on a known credit card assigned to her, in London, and is on a train headed into Paris at this very moment."

"Get all the teams in play!" snapped Virginia Shepherd. "Take her down wherever she is."

"Take her down?" gasped Thierry. "But she may not ..."

"She's been off the reservation for a year!" snapped Ginny, her look quelling any response Thierry was thinking of making. "Even if she had nothing to do with this affair and is being set up, as you clearly think, Terence Butcher, she's been gone for a year from us. She has a skill set that threatens every as-

signment we carry out in this part of the world. We have to take this woman out. See to it, Jack!”

Jack Reynolds jumped to obey. The room outside interrogation became a hive of activity as he strode around, yelling directions at various personnel.

“Looking for a romantic restoration of a lost love, Thierry?” asked Virginia, picking up her purse. She smiled at the strained look on his face. He was only glad that she couldn’t see inside his suddenly murderous heart.

“Come on,” Ginny Shepherd went on, shooing away the goons who were moving forward to take Thierry into custody. “You can come with us to the Gare du Nord, Terence. You’ll stand out there and greet her, show her it’s safe to reveal herself. If she does that, we’ll give her the chance to explain herself before we shoot her, at the very least.”

******4. Saved from the Frying Pan******

Thierry’s Italian sports car, a Lamborghini, got us special attention at the border crossing into France. I was still in just my bikini and Niccolo’s tee-shirt but the border guards seemed to think it was entirely appropriate for a girl like me, traveling in a sports car like the one Thierry was driving. He was smiling, smirking, I would have said, as I finally left with my passport, which Thierry had given to me, showing me as a girl named ‘Noelle Mercier’. He’d taken it back from me as soon as the sentries waved us on.

I sat in the car with Thierry, waved to the guards when he said to wave, put on my sunglasses and entered France as Noelle Mercier, a woman I’d never heard of before. Thierry put his hand over mine, making me jerk and shiver.

“What kind of girl do you think I am?” I blasted at him without even thinking what I was saying.

“I think we both know the answer to that one, don’t we?” said the man driving the car, a laconic smile on his face as I looked up at him. His hand made a move

towards my bare thigh, my bikini exposed, showing a tiny red triangle between my legs at the end of the white tee. His touch raised goose bumps in my flesh. I slapped his hand. He moved it from me and did something with the gear shift that made the car leap forward.

“I won’t be the only man making a move on you, Noelle sweetheart,” this Thierry fellow said, his French so Parisian unlike the girls I’d heard talking Languedoc on the steps of the passport office, “if we don’t get you in some kind of proper clothes.”

His phone rang then. He frowned as he answered it, his attention re-focussing on the road as he drove with one hand. “Abruzzi here,” he said. I thought your name was Thierry, I wanted to say. I didn’t realize at the time that it was. Thierry was his first name but Thierry used names as codes all the time when talking to his men in the field. That’s what I was, I found out soon enough, one of the men in the field.

“Cancel the alert,” he said to someone. “I’ve found her. We’ll be at Angelique’s for supper for sure. We’ll talk then, at her place.”

Later, Thierry explained that the Italian name indicated to Cec he was headed back from the Italian side of the border. Angelique’s meant Geneva for some reason and the time, supper, meant in two hours. Since no other name was mentioned, any talking would just be between Thierry and me. I wish I’d known all that at the time. But the smile on Thierry’s face as he ended the call, cracked open the phone and deposited different parts of it all over the sides of the road we traveled on, was all new to me, or I thought it was.

Another few phone calls outside Geneva, while the Swiss border guards waved us on with a most cursory look at our passports and even less time at the back of the car which Thierry at least opened for them, led to us stopping outside what appeared to be a most luxurious shop for women’s clothing and worse, underclothing.

“I’m not going in there,” I gasped at Thierry who swung the car into a back alley and into a reserved parking spot behind the store. A glamorous, blonde woman opened a door and smiled at us. Thierry unbuckled and vaulted out of the car.

“Ah, Diane,” he said, a huge smile on his face as he went up two or three steps and hugged the statuesque woman before kissing her bright, shiny mouth. “My poor little sparrow has lost her glorious tail feathers. She needs every piece of clothing many times over and, most especially, an outfit less conspicuous than her bikini, as you can see, to be driving in.”

The woman smiled and kept her arm about Thierry as she looked at me. “Stole you from some sugar daddy on the beach, has he?” she asked me while, all the time, she was studying me. I nervously opened the door, stood up in my tee-shirt and bare legs, blushing furiously as she, a woman, looked at me as if I was one as well.

Diane’s assistants descended on me as soon as I limped up the steps in bare feet, which they obviously thought was insane. In seconds, I had a tape measure about my hips, then about my waist, my bust, my feet, and everywhere else the girls could think of to put a measuring tape.

A mountain of feminine clothes appeared in front of the changing room, followed by a trolley carrying all kinds of dresses, suits, gowns and even more bikinis. I went hot just looking at all the female luxury before lingerie had even begun to arrive. I was hot and so embarrassed to see what these girls thought I could and should wear.

Prior to all that, however, Diane was livid with Thierry for letting me be driven away without a scarf on my lovely hair. I squirmed in the high, swiveling chair as one of the assistants took on the job of washing and re-setting my hair, whatever that meant. I didn’t know anything, I realized, of the time before I’d awakened on Niccolo’s table. What I mean is I didn’t remember even the simplest tasks that a supposed girl like me would surely have known.

I was frightened to death as the girls gave me what they called a facial, re-styled my hair, manicured and re-painted my finger- and toe-nails and applied makeup to my face. They put such a feminine perfume on me, Chanel, they told me reverently, the same as that worn by American film stars, as if I'd know then what it was. It must have been something very feminine and exclusive by the aroma that came to me from the perfume on my skin everywhere.

“She’s a really shy girl,” Thierry said with a laugh as he removed the female helpers from the cubicle I was in. They were determined to assist me, not only out of the tee-shirt but out of the bikini I was in as well. I was so terrified! I had visions of myself lashing out as I had at Franco and Niccolo. I just couldn’t let them remove my bikini panties and find out the secret I didn’t think anyone knew but this man in front of me. Thierry solved my problems as he moved the girls away, pulled some white tape out of a pocket and put it on a table while putting a finger on his lips.

Oh, how I flushed and blushed as I knew what he intended me to do with that. But what could I do? Expose myself to the half dozen women who worked in this couturier’s? How shocked they would be and what would I do then? Kill them after they’d worked on me to make me an adorable woman? That’s what they called the store, *Pour Les Femmes Adorables*. It was ‘Adorable’ that was on the labels in the clothing that had when I left the fantastic girls in Geneva.

The women did a wonderful job of sizing me. Once I’d removed the bikini and tee-shirt, everything fitted me perfectly. Perfectly that is, after I’d used the bathroom, sitting down as a woman should, taking a quarter of an hour, or more, to get the tape Thierry had given me, in place. I had to soak the bikini I’d worn for so long in cold water and hold it against me to get my male parts to reduce enough for the tape to hold me in place.

“Are you decent, Gina?” asked Thierry, who’d left to reassure the women that I was just shy and was using the bathroom. I didn’t dare to let him through the partly opened door.

“No!” I squawked at him, shaking, as the tape threatened to burst from me as I looked down over my rutting breasts at such tiny bits of feminine finery I was supposed to cover myself with.

Thierry came in, closed the door behind him, and laughed at my predicament. He broke open a package and black panties and a black bra fell out. I felt like such an idiot as I put the panties about me, hiding the taping job at last. Thierry brought out thin scissors and cut back the tape but pressed it in harder as well, flattening and concealing me completely.

I barely had my breasts into the cups of the bra, shivering mostly, I think, with shame at what I was doing, when Thierry opened the door as I squealed at him not to. I didn't know what I should cover with my hands from the eager girls outside, my panties or my breasts.

“Here you are, girls,” said Thierry, with a laugh and a bow to the grinning row of girls. “Just enough for modesty's sake. I wouldn't dare to make my darling girl into the woman of my dreams when I have such experts before me to teach her what she should wear and with what.”

I tried to make myself into a block of wood, but I couldn't do it. Soft hands, in the main, took over the attaching of a garter belt about my waist and, then, attaching thin, flesh-colored stockings to the garter belt, making feminine feelings swarm over me.

At least, I think they must have been feminine feelings because the way I felt as I was made into a girl was that I was the girl that these women were making. I had a sort of waist-cinch, so tight, applied to me, the frills moving against my breasts whenever I moved. It was like being caressed continually in that area, making my breasts want to stand up and thrust forward femininely.

“That's why we wear them,” said the dark-haired, serious girl as she tightened my bra, her hands manipulating my shivery breasts perfectly, she said, so

that I and the men who looked at me would both be pleased.

It turned out that I had to wear a tight, black skirt and thin, golden top, which a white and gold jacket complimented, when I had to ride in the car. A golden, black but mostly white scarf covered my hair and I was shown how to clip it into place with black and gold barrettes. Oh, did my fingernails ever look so femmy, really, as I lifted them to my hair and tried to do what the girls wanted me to do.

I was quivering when I stood and moved in the tight skirt, in my stockings. It was so indescribably effeminate, so unmasculine, to move in. The girls showed me where to put my feet, so close and so much in front of each other to induce the sashay, or sway, that girls had when they walked. In my high heels, black and open-toed, I was a caricature of a woman, I thought. How could I ever have worn the scandalous clothing I had as Simone? And how could I have pretended that I loved doing this! It was so embarrassing and humiliating!

I had to parade out front, in the store, for Thierry, who still was taller than me, even though I had such high, high heels on. I got to look at myself. All I could see was this beautiful girl. Me, I was a girl! And I did feel like one, in the clothes that clung to me, from my bra, to my stockings, to my skirt. Oh, and how I looked like one as well. No wonder Vernon had wanted to make love to me. I would have, I thought, a sick feeling rising all over me as I looked at this other me.

“We need the finishing touches,” said Thierry, still smiling, his arm about my so thin waist, rocking me slightly as I tried to smile and pretend I liked what the girls had done to me.

The girls all clapped their hands as Thierry put lovely, dangling earrings at my ears, a long, golden necklace about my throat, bangles and bracelets on my arms. Finally, actually going down on one knee, he placed a huge, clearly expensive woman’s sapphire engagement ring on my finger.

He could have put a painted glass or paste thing on my ring finger for all I was concerned. All I wanted to do was get out of *Pour Les Femmes Adorables* before I gave myself away. But Thierry wasn't finished with me. The girls crowded around expectantly.

I almost died as Thierry spoke the inevitable words to me. "My darling Gina," he said, looking most sincere, "the love of my life, will you please make me the happiest man in the world and tell me that you will marry me?"

The girls began to squeal and look so excited. Thierry stood up, just a little taller than me and leant towards me. I almost grabbed him and broke his arm. But that would have given the whole game away, whatever the game was that Thierry was playing with me.

Thierry kissed me on my newly painted, Ravishing Red lips. His hands went about my waist and drew me to him. Then, he partly turned me over so that when I tried to stand, I was pushing my lips against his, most passionately, the strangest of feelings running through me as he kissed me most forcefully.

The girls were chanting, "Yes, Yes, Yes!" when I finally came up for air as Thierry was pressing me to his chest, my breasts bouncing against him.

"Say yes," he whispered as his lips caressed my ears sending tingles right through my girlishly dressed body.

"Oh, yes," I murmured aloud, just looking at him, wondering if I should break his arm for what he was doing to me but all the girls began cheering. Of course, I had to kiss Thierry again and again until a beaming Diane came and broke us up by presenting Thierry with a huge, huge bill.

Thierry smote his forehead as the girls laughed and went off to package everything for me in pretty, pink suitcases.

"Some of this is going to our apartment in Paris," Thierry said as he hugged me. The girls raced around, packing away beautiful dresses and telling

me they'd be looking to see me in the Paris newspapers in my lovely dresses, at all the balls I was going to attend with my future husband. I smiled weakly as I was quivered inside, wondering how I'd ever got myself into such a terrible mess.

Diane seemed to know Thierry well. It made me shiver and wonder if he'd done such a thing before, bringing a girl to her store and proposing to her while all the while he bought her what was basically a bridal or honeymoon trousseau. Gods, wherever did such a word, about the clothes a bride had to have for her honeymoon, ever come from, into my mind?

"Take care of this one, Monsieur Talley," said Diane to the man I'd just promised to marry. "She's sweet, and a virgin, as anyone can see. You be really, really nice to her on your wedding night, Monsieur Talley. Men like you can be so charming out here and such brutes under the sheets!"

My cheeks must have been scarlet as I wiggled, taking the daintiest of steps, to the car that someone had brought to the front. Pink suitcases filled the trunk with just one black case that must have been Thierry's. I turned and backed into the car, pulling in my stockinged legs as I seemed to recall someone once yelling at me to do.

I must have been trained to be a girl, I thought in wonder, trying to think only of what I'd done so naturally. "Wave!" said the man I was supposed to marry, cutting across my thoughts. So I waved and smiled to the girls who'd done all they could do me, seeing in the off-mirror how happy and glamorous and pretty I was as a woman.

I squirmed and felt my stockings rubbing against one another and my garter belt gently pulling my stockings up my legs as I sat with crossed legs and tried to note where we were going. So this was how a woman felt, was all that ran through my shaky thoughts, however, not chasing away the queasiness that invaded my whole body. My breasts seemed far too aroused, so too my thighs where the garter belt tugged on me each time I stirred a leg.



I could barely do anything as a passenger in the car with the crazy feelings running through me. Luckily, I didn't have to as Thierry put his arm about my shoulders and directed me to lie against him as I had seen so many pretty girls do with their men in cars like this. I tried to remember where I'd seen girls behaving like me but I couldn't. We were on our way, my future husband and me, me with a ring on my finger and thoroughly now a young woman in dress and expectation.

"We'll stop in Point Cassy, the riverside hotel there," said Thierry as soon as we were over the border again. "We stayed there before when we did the mission in Marseilles. This is the honeymoon season for the hotels here. So, take this," he pressed a golden ring into my softened hand. "I'll sign us in as Monsieur and Madame Dufresnoy. You remember now, that you are Lise and I am Denis, just like last time, in case anyone notices."

"I'm Lise Dufresnoy," I said uncertainly, shivers running through me. Was it excitement I felt at the idea of playing a woman, a wife, to this man beside me?

"Yes," said Thierry sharply. "What is it? You sound as if you won't remember that. You said that you'd hit your head. Is it still bothering you that much?"

"Nice of you to ask, kind sir," I said to him, feeling mostly nettled and upset that he didn't seem to have noticed that something was wrong with me. I wasn't, after all, surely, behaving at all like the drag queen he must have known he was picking up. Surely, I hadn't behaved in the feminine way that I was now. Then, I thought about the way I had behaved with Vernon and felt, really, like throwing up.

"You remember the last time?" Thierry added as he questioned me even more sharply.

"No, I don't remember a last time," I told him, sitting back into the single seat and lowering the huge, black sunglasses over my eyes as I'd seen girls like me do. I just couldn't remember where I'd seen girls like me doing that. I startled Thierry then even more.

“I don’t even remember you at all,” I had to tell him. “I know that I’m not Gina or Lise or the other names you’ve called me, no matter what that passport for me said.” I was Simone Dussault, or at least I was, until the name on the passport had said I was ‘Noelle Mercier’. Was I really a Simon and not a Simone? I didn’t know, I thought, shuddering as I looked at Thierry’s grim expression. “I don’t know who you are, who you work for, whom I do, for that matter, and I don’t know who I am. Do you know or can you put me into contact with someone who does?”

There was a long silence as we sped along. I wanted to stretch and move but my tight skirt restricted all my leg movements. It was just like looking at a girl’s legs to look at my stockinged legs out in the space in front of me.

“You don’t remember anything about us, then?” Thierry suddenly asked, his voice strained and really distressed.

“Us?” I gulped, staring up at his suddenly clouded face.

“Yes, you and me, the girl and the boy,” said Thierry, a touch of anger in his voice. “You’re not playing a game with me, are you, Noelle?”

“A game!” I screamed. Oh, my voice was so awfully girlish and squealie. “I’m not a Noelle, I’m not! I’m ... I’m ...!” My words faded as I simply couldn’t remember who I was. I couldn’t and looked over to Thierry in complete despair.

“You’re Noelle Mercier,” Thierry said with a shudder of his own. “That’s all I’ve ever known you as since you were sent here by the agency.”

“The agency?” I asked him fearfully.

“Our bosses,” said Thierry, “the ones who send us out on the missions to kill the bad guys and make the world a safer place.” He paused. I waited, sensing he’d something else that he wanted to say. “You’re very good at your work,” he said with a shiver. I felt something similar run through the feminized body I

had. I don't think he meant that I was good at killing people. No, what I thought he meant sent hot shivers running through me. I squirmed in my seat as I seemed to feel the panties so tightly about me at that moment.

"Tell me what you know about me," I begged the man whose ring I was wearing and whose wife I was to pretend to be. I had to change the subject and get away from the terrible thoughts careering through me. His look at me seemed to tell me that I definitely acted as a woman at some time with this man.

I clenched my legs together, feeling my stockings pull again, my breasts being caressed by my female clothing, and feeling the numbness between my legs where the tiny, black, lacy panties concealed the biggest secret of all about me. I squirmed and wriggled as we sped along. Thierry told me all of the things I loved him to do to me, his wife, how we'd become lovers, him as a man and me as a woman, within the first week of us meeting.

*******5. Tell us which one is her*******

The London train eased into the station, a parade of porters moving along the platform to assist the alighting passengers with their luggage.

"How many of those are ours?" Thierry asked, recognizing two at least by the looks and challenges they got from the regular staff.

"Enough," said Virginia Shepherd as the train covered its last twenty meters, several of the most hardy passengers jumping off and heading speedily for the exits. "You go ahead, Thierry, and see if you can recognize your girl friend coming down the platform. We have sharpshooters on the other side if she tries to go that way."

Thierry stepped forward, the people from the train, now that it had stopped, coming off in a most disorderly fashion. It was impossible. There, that girl with the pretty figure, but she turned, smiled, and took the baby from the arms of her husband. No, it was

that older woman, bundled up, in the head scarf, but she took it off and her wrinkled face showed her to be sixty years of age at the very least.

She was here, in the arms of that young college boy, she was there, stopping to laugh with a porter and claim him to help obtain her luggage. Noelle was everywhere, so many smart, smiling, young women, with bags that would have been carry-on luggage on an airplane.

There were some, accosted by pairs of agents along the platform, who gave up papers to be examined. There were others who objected strenuously to being stopped. It was hard for Thierry to look everywhere at once.

Then, the cellphone in Thierry's pocket buzzed. Angrily, he took it out, glancing at its source. An unknown number, Thierry read. Shoot, Virginia, he snarled to himself. We're not alone out here. Those guys showing warrants and IDs to that pretty girl couldn't be an American, not with the voluble way that the speaker rattled off whatever he was saying. The girl was even smiling to him now. The French have more men out there as helpers than you do, Virginia, he thought.

"Yes, Virginia," Thierry said testily, sure she was calling off this whole abortion of a mission.

"Have you marked her yet?" whispered a light, feminine voice that sent shivers all up and down Thierry's spine.

"She hasn't seen you," Thierry whispered back, wondering why he was doing that. Ginny Shepherd was certainly having his phone tapped. She would know immediately that the girlish voice on this phone wasn't an operator of hers.

"Quite a reception when all I came back for was to kill you," said Noelle Mercier lightly as if she'd just said she'd be delighted to have a drink with him.

"Anyone with a gun and a cyanide ..." began Thierry, shivers running through him, as he looked around wildly. Where was she? Oh, to touch her

again, to feel the softness of her skin, to hear her giggle as he eased off her panties and encouraged her with the fondling on her tush to snuggle up so lovingly to him. He almost ejaculated on the spot at the thought of the two of them making love.

“Cyanide pill, yes, I remember,” giggled Noelle as she had in the last year when Thierry had really got so close to her. “Give my regards to Jackson’s replacement and tell him to go fuck himself. I don’t need Jackson or him any more. I went over his head.”

“Noelle,” said Thierry in alarm. The phone clicked. “Jackson’s dead,” he said into the phone. There was no response. “Noelle!” he shouted. “Jackson’s dead. Remember? Noelle!”

“Apparently, she doesn’t,” said a cool woman’s voice beside Thierry. Virginia Shepherd appeared from behind a placard along the walkway that Thierry had reached. “And look who’s here, the boys from the bureau.”

“You really shouldn’t do this here,” said the older man, leading the French party forward. His tone was so mild that it didn’t seem like an admonition at all. The looks on the faces of his companions told a completely different story, however.

“We had to react quickly,” said Ginny. “We had word, erroneous it seems, that the woman you want so badly was coming in from London on the train. But she didn’t show, did she?”

“Roland,” said the Frenchman, putting out a hand to Thierry. He didn’t say if it was a first name or a surname. “Not so erroneous a message, I do believe.” He was glancing with a smile at the phone in Thierry’s hand.

“Thierry Bouchard,” said Thierry, tempted to name himself by the name his teachers had inflicted on him in grade school. Terry Butcher, he’d been for years. “I think she was here,” he went on with a smile. “You saw me answer my cellphone.”

“Interesting message, wasn’t it?” said the Frenchman. “Do you think that you’ll last out the day, Mon-

sieur Bouchard? It would be a pity. I have so enjoyed listening to you speak, over the years, to so many of your colleagues and sources. You have a greater command of our language than does an old reprobate like me!”

“So does Noelle,” said Thierry with a grimace.

“That she does, that she does,” said Roland thoughtfully. “Such a lovely, adorable girl, isn’t she? Such a sad business that she’s become involved in. We’d be so disappointed if such a lovely girl was to disappear or turn up dead before we had a chance to talk to her.”

“So would we,” said Thierry while Virginia Shepherd stood in stony silence beside him.

****6. Life begins with a honeymoon****

We arrived late, Mr and Mrs Dufresnoy. I was already on pins and needles at the signing-in process and the presentation of my passport to the clerk, along with the marriage certificate that my ‘husband’ had obtained.

“Just today,” said the clerk, all of a-flutter in excitement. “Oh, so that is why your husband, Madame Dufresnoy, if I can call you that, phoned and changed your reservation to one of the honeymoon suites! They are so much more delightful than the regular suites. Let me explain all the extra features ...”

“We’re very tired,” said my husband, his arm about my waist, hugging me to him. “We do just want to go to bed!”

Yes, I flushed as much as the clerk did at that one. I don’t know which of us was more embarrassed. Yes, I must have convinced him that I was a proper, little virgin, I thought, as I wobbled along on women’s high heels, my steps restricted by a woman’s tight skirt, my husband squeezing me and caressing me all the way to our room for the night.

Only it wasn't just a room. It was a romantic, aromatic chamber that would have been any woman's idea of a most wonderful setting to consummate her love for a man. A man who could afford the luxury of a honeymoon suite at the Hotel Point Cassy. There were just a few things wrong with that scenario, of course, the chief of which was that there wasn't a real woman in the romantic, honeymoon suite.

I could feel the eyes of the bellhop on me as Thierry gave him a huge tip for carrying the pink suitcases into the room, placed among the black ones that the man said had been 'sent ahead' for my husband.

"You don't think," I said, my voice choked as I pointed to the white-frilled, canopy bed, the sheets so clearly silk, and the long, satin, woman's nightie on the pillow. The quilt was white satin, embossed with gold flowers. But pointing at the nightdress there was no way I was going to wear, just showed off my long, feminine nails and the pink lacquer I had on them.

Thierry smiled and moved towards me, the door now closed upon us, putting out his hands as if to take me in his arms. I backed away, my skirt and heels making that difficult.

"We don't have to pretend any more," I told Thierry as he grabbed my hands, pulling my ringed finger up to his mouth where he began to kiss it and my perfumed wrist.

"Who's pretending?" asked Thierry huskily. He went to put his arms around me. I swept him off his feet and dumped him on the carpeted floor. Whoever was below us, below the honeymoon suite, must be laughing at the noise. But then, what would you expect from such a room as this?

"Gosh," murmured Thierry. "I forgot what you are, for a moment. I forgot what you've been trained to do."

"So who do you think I am?" I asked him, my high heel pressing him back to the floor as he started to rise. "And what have I been trained to do?"

Thierry lay back and stared up at me. He smiled a little, wryly. I realized that he must be able to see right up the stretched skirt to the panties I was wearing. I was looking down over the mounds on my chest, feeling my longish hair swirl against my neck.

“I think you’re a woman,” said this man whom I could have killed in an instant. “I have, Noelle, since the first time I met you. I was talking to Jackson on the phone, saying how crazy he was sending us a, a girl like you. I turned around and there you were. You, you weren’t what we’d been discussing. You smiled at me; and I knew that you’d be perfect for the mission that we had to do.”

Oh, if only I had known Thierry so much better, I’d have known that anything he offered freely, sincerely, wasn’t true. I’d never been delivered to him in a short, bouncy, blonde wig, bangs across my forehead. I didn’t wear a short mini-skirt. I didn’t look like a girl right out of high school.

I wasn’t sent from the mysterious Jackson to tempt the Chinese agent who’d this thing for little, European schoolgirls. I didn’t cuddle up and coo into his ear, my black, shiny hair in braids. I didn’t go to bed with Chiang and give him a blow job while Thierry put his bodyguards to sleep.

I hadn’t worked Chiang over, sucking and kissing him as a girl would, according to Thierry, until Cec burst in on us and screamed, “What are you doing to my daughter, you filthy pig?” There’d been all kinds of witnesses in the hallway as I, half naked, but still in my panties, Thierry said, as he’d been there to witness it as well, or so he said, as my ‘father’, Cec, kicked a naked Chiang in his tiny genitals as he lay on the floor, groaning.

“Cec asked what we were all looking at,” Thierry embellished the story. I thought it was real and could actually imagine myself in my mini-skirt and doing all the girlie things Thierry said I did. “Behind the door, you snapped Chiang’s neck, and were hustled out by your father.”

“I, I wasn’t dressed?” I gasped.

“Not down the length of the hallway,” said Thierry. “Cec didn’t open the elevator I held for both of you until you were in your bra, blouse and miniskirt. Your picture as a brunette was in all the papers, and Cec’s, with his gaucho mustache. I’ve a copy of it somewhere. Would you like to see what a sweetie you were when you attracted your first man and did what you had to do that very first time for Uncle Sam?”

I didn’t remember shivering as I lay beside Thierry in my thin nightie, feeling his hand stroking my thigh and my hip, my panties tightening about me. I listened to Thierry telling me that that was how it was. I couldn’t remember it at all. It probably didn’t happen at all, I know now, knowing Thierry so much better.

“No,” I’d said to that recitation of lies, which I hadn’t known. I’d rolled over into Thierry’s arms and kissed him, so he said, letting him caress my breasts as I reached for his aroused, masculine member. It was one time when I straddled him and pushed myself down on his maleness, mauling his face with my lips, or so Thierry said.

Thierry’s stories of what I’d been and what I’d done, he claimed, always left me shaking and starved for sex. He was happy to requite me in any way I wanted. But I definitely wanted ‘it’, he claimed. We made love fervently, very often, as I wanted to make love with someone who truly did love me. And Thierry claimed he did. He said that I didn’t have to do for him what I did for ‘clients’, those whom we set a trap for and who were always dispatched, one way or another.

I seemed to have been quite a nymphomaniac, by Thierry’s accounts, loving the ‘missions’ I did, that all seemed to involve me having sex with someone, once several someones, all at the same time. I guess Thierry was just working out his fantasies when he was talking to me about what I’d done.

I believed him but it wasn’t like anything that went on in the honeymoon suite where I first went to bed with him, a second time, he said, as Lise Dufresnoy. I did have to sleep and I’d only nightdresses and panties to wear, unless I stole some of Thierry’s under-

pants. He didn't have any such thing as pajamas in his suitcases.

Once I'd let Thierry up from the floor, he instructed me on what I had to do to get ready for bed. "You always braid your hair, or put it in two pigtails at your neck," he told me and actually helped me to do it. I sat in front of the mirror, shaking as a man showed me, me a woman in a thin, black, silky nightdress, how to remove my makeup and showed me which lotions I always put on my face before I went to bed.

"And the Chanel goes here," whispered Thierry, making me jump as he sprayed between my breasts and along my neck and shoulders.

"Do that again," I said shakily to him, "and I might throw you out the window."

"I'm not doing anything I haven't done a hundred times before," complained Thierry, looking at me with big, sincere eyes as he stood up and opened the bed for me. He clearly thought I'd just fall in there with him and be his woman as, apparently, I'd been before. He didn't seem to understand that my mind had changed since I'd hit my head.

I was shivering in distress as I stood. Feminine softness swept about me for just the couple of steps to get into the bed. I lay back on the feminine, silk and satin pillow and, there, on the ceiling, in the mirror, there was a picture of me in a nightie, my breasts clearly showing through. I was so obviously a woman.

I stared upwards in dismay as Thierry slid into the bed on the other side. He darkened the lights, only vague shapes in the darkness above me.

"Most honeymooners love to leave the lights on," Thierry murmured, staying securely on his side of the bed.

"I don't want you to touch me at all," I told him. "Touch me and I'll break the hands or fingers that do that."

There was silence in our bedroom then for a little while. "You've really changed," murmured Thierry.

"I think I must have," I said with a shiver. "I can't believe what, what I've become, what I did with Vernon, what I did to Niccolo and the others on the boat that rescued me."

"On the boat that ran you over, nearly killed you, and left you impaired," said Thierry gently from across the bed. "Besides, they were drug smugglers and, from what you've said, would have killed you, probably after they'd used you as a woman, raped you, first."

"But you can't ..." I began and really began to shudder as I thought about it. You can't rape a man, I was going to say. But a graphic scene seemed to come to my mind, of a woman with a penis, being attacked by a man who was holding her down. It almost seemed as if it had occurred in a room like this, me viewing it in the mirror as it happened to me.

"Look, Noelle," said Thierry softly. "Don't think of it. We've both found out today what can happen to any man who touches you when you don't want him to, haven't we? The only thing I have to say is that you don't have to worry about touching me. I'm not going to go for my gun or do anything stupid."

"You can touch me any time, any where, for any purpose," he went on softly as I shivered in the long nightie caressing me in every movement I made. "We love making love to one another, we really do," Thierry insisted.

"But there's one thing," he finally said. I grimaced, expecting him to say something terrible then about the way we made love. "We, we don't say, I love you, or anything silly like that to one another, because of this business we're in. You have to go with some other guy from time to time but it doesn't mean that I don't ... well, you understood."

"We couldn't have been on the same team, regulations and all that, if we, well, if we ever said it in public. So, we just agreed not to say it, to make ourselves

uncomfortable at what you've had to do at times. Cec and Frank know we're a pair, anyway. And we are that, darling Noelle. We're a pair."

"We shouldn't be in bed together?" I had to ask Thierry. "There's a regulation against that?"

"Most definitely," laughed Thierry from out of the darkness. "If you were to tell Jackson about us shacking up ..."

"We're never going to be shacking up as a pair," I said frantically, quivering all over in my nightie, as I lay beside this man in one bed. "I, I'm not ..."

"Not that kind of girl," said Thierry softly.

I rolled to the outside of the bed, putting as much space as I could between Thierry and me. I don't think he touched me all night long. I was still lying on the outside of the bed in the morning, listening to birds chirping, kicking up a terrible row, before realizing I was awake, in a woman's nightie, in bed with a man, when I felt Thierry move and the bed felt lighter.

He went to the bathroom. Soon I heard the shower going. A light went on finally across the room. I heard him opening suitcases, taking out clothes.

"You can get up, Noelle," Thierry said to me, the stretching of the last sound in the name making it sound so feminine as was done in French. I sat up and looked at him. He was already in a shirt and pants. He smiled at me and raised his hands as if in surrender. "I didn't touch you, one whole night long."

"Thank you," I said as I felt the pigtails at my neck and the bounce of my breast. I glanced up and shuddered at the girl looking down at me.

"Not that I didn't want to," said Thierry. "I didn't even get my goodnight kiss, did I? How long's it been since you didn't kiss all of us, even grumpy Cec, before you went for your beauty sleep?"

"I thought that you said I was sleeping with you," I began, a lump coming to my throat as I had to finish the thought, "as, as if I was your girl friend."

“You are my girl friend, Noelle,” said Thierry with a smile. “Now, go and soak in the scented bath I ran for you. And don’t take hours enjoying it, Noelle, as it’s going to take us forever to get you primped as a girl, the way you love it, if I have to be the one to help you.”

I was shaking again as I went into the bathroom and slipped out of my nightie, the sight of a bare-breasted woman, me, making me break out in goosebumps. I took off my panties and covered my maleness with a hand. It was terrible! My figure was so feminine, my hips and thighs so rounded, my waist so narrow and my chest bouncing! It was like watching a goddess or a film actress entering the water for her bubble bath photo shoot. No, no showers for me now I was a woman, I supposed. That was one prediction that remained true all of the time I was with Thierry as his girl friend.

Thierry didn’t have to put makeup on me, style my hair or select my jewelry for me. He had rumped the bed so that it looked as if a most vigorous romp had taken place there. He had me sit at the huge dressing table in the long white robe the hotel provided, having made sure that I was taped, in white, silky panties and a matching bra before letting in a beautician who worked in the hotel.

Oh, what fun she had with me. Denise was there for me whenever I entered the hotel. She made sure I removed everything I wore perfectly, squealing in delight as she found more and more things, ultra feminine and frilly, in my pink suitcases, in which to dress me.

I had so many people come up to me in the dining room, which had a combo and dancing for those who wanted to stay in or visit the inn in the evenings, and ask my ‘husband’ if I could dance with them. It seemed to be lucky to dance with a bride. I was congratulated all the time on being a new wife. I blushed like a girl, I suppose, as I had to show off my rings to everyone.

I was Madame Dufresnoy, shown off everywhere in the town of Cassy by my most affectionate husband. I thought that Thierry was just getting his own back at

me for putting him down that first night but soon I realized it was a custom of the 'honeymoon' town to welcome new wives as they did me.

I danced with all the men who came to the hotel, their wives applauding me and begging to take pictures of me kissing their husbands. "This will keep the old goat satisfied," said one woman. "He'll be looking at your picture when he's making love to me tonight!"

"I'm so sorry!" I gasped, looking at the 'old goat', the town's bank manager, showing off his picture to his friends. "I shouldn't have kissed his cheek as I did!"

"Oh, you should have kissed more," the woman laughed to me. "Makes the old fellow fantasize he's making love to you. Makes me remember how it used to be. Bet you and your husband don't have that trouble, do you?"

I was so flustered that I agreed with Thierry to retire early. Oh, the knowing looks and the smiles we got, as, me flushing, we left the dining room early and retired to the honeymoon suite. The plaudits for us leaving early 'as we should' were cringe-inducing.

"This will be our last night," said Thierry, as he led me into the beautiful, prepared bedroom again. We'd spent five days, wandering through the town, me learning to walk as a woman again, clinging to my husband and, yes, acting as the loving wife, even kissing him on occasion, especially when I was asked to by the older members of the town.

"Last night?" I repeated stupidly.

"Got a call from Jackson," said Thierry. "Sends congratulations on a job well done with Vernon and friends. The usual commendation, the world is a safer place because of what you've done, the usual drill. But he has something else for us. We need to be in Paris tomorrow to receive the target for the mission and his suggestions on what he wants us to do."

"I have to kill someone else," I said soberly, as I undid my necklace and put it into the pink, jewelry box.

My earrings followed as Thierry came behind me and undid and opened my gown for me.

“It may not come to that,” said Thierry lightly. “But most likely it will. You are the ‘asset’ on our team. I hate that word, ‘asset’, don’t you? It sounds as if we were in a movie or something. I hate using jargon to make what we do sound as if it’s something different from what it really is.”

“The asset is the assassin,” I said slowly as I brushed out my hair as Denise had showed me I must do each day. “A murderer.”

“Not necessarily,” said Thierry, stripping to his shorts easily. He smiled as he crossed behind me to help me with my bra and to arrange my lotions for me. “What you do with me on our team, Noelle, is plan the operations. Yes, we all have input, but you are the one who’s the genius in planning the operation so that it looks so natural, as if it wasn’t an execution at all. The film kind of ‘asset’, the assassin, is a dime a dozen. Cec and Frank are like that. They’ll go out and do exactly what we tell them to do, kill anyone in any way we tell them to.”

“So what kind of asset are you, Thierry?” I asked him as he lifted the red, silky nightie and put it over my head. Its touch caused me to shiver and almost instinctively, I lifted my hands to cover my breasts from his glance. He always looked at me so greedily when I disrobed, I’d noticed. I was getting used to it but this time he deliberately didn’t admire my female ‘assets’, or so I thought.

“The very best kind of asset,” said Thierry with a laugh, looking at my painted eyes in the mirror. “I tell you what’s to be done and encourage you to do it, using all my special skills.” I shuddered as I looked up at him and knew very well what he meant by his ‘very special skills’. He’d used them on me all the time as we visited the honeymoon stops and sites about Point Cassy.

Thierry had made me familiar with his mouth, his kisses, the gentle and the demanding kind. I was used to the touch of a man’s hands on all parts of my

body, particularly my tush. But if he'd done any of that here in the bedroom, well, my little threat still was in force; and we both, I think, knew it. "I console you after a mission, pick you up and congratulate you, give you a little break ..."

"As this has been," I said, standing and unhooking my stockings and letting them fall onto my high heels and my garter belt. Oh, how that induced the strangest of feelings in me. I turned and Thierry was staring at me, at my feminine legs. He licked his lips before going on having made me shiver and feel as if I was really this Noelle that I'd been pretending to be all week. "A break," Thierry agreed. "But when we get back, I have to report in."

"Report I've changed after the blow on the head," I said, feeling more than a little disturbed at his intense stare. Thierry jerked as if he was going to reach out and caress my shoulder. He'd done that when I'd put on my lovely gown but now he stopped as if he couldn't. I could have told him I wouldn't have minded, Noelle wouldn't have minded, but I couldn't. I just quivered and shook the silky nightie about my body, easing my breasts, with very nervous fingers into the lacy cups meant to support a woman's shapeliest attributes.

"You do have a total amnesia on what happened before, don't you?" asked Thierry, still staring at me. "You need to be in one of our special hospitals. We need a replacement for you."

I slipped into the silky bed. It was for the last time, Thierry had said. He slipped in on the other side. I'd done nothing else but women's tasks in the last few days. I dressed like a woman, I acted like a woman, at times, such as when we were in groups of other newly-weds, holidaying like us.

Then, I'd let Thierry be affectionate. I responded as I saw the excited girls with us do as well. In the parfumerie, choosing fragrances for me, I'd forgotten for a long stretch of time that I wasn't really a woman. The experience of trying different, feminine fragrances, being praised and being kissed by my husband, had been so real. I'd really felt I was Noelle,

that is Lise. Yes, I'd thought, amazing myself, this could be real.

I eased slowly across the bed. "I always kissed you good night?" I asked the man lying in the bed with me.

"Always," he said, lying to me, I found out so much later.

I felt so womanish. I let Thierry put his arm about me, as he had all day long, and snuggled to him as we'd done so many times for people in the honeymooners' town, I'd finally realized. They all thought they were making the honeymoon so real for me! I'd want to come back again and again to re-live the honeymoon thrills I'd experienced.

Thierry slipped his arms about my slim waist. I shivered as I kissed another man fully and completely, enjoying the tingles and shakes passing through me. See, I told myself, that wasn't so bad, was it? It wasn't awful. Noelle would have liked the way that Thierry kissed 'her'.

His hand brushed my breast, as he moved to kiss me more. I froze as womanly feelings swept all over me. Wow, I trembled. This must be how a woman really felt when a man like me touched her. Thierry stopped moving, probably afraid I would break some part of him, but I knew the touch and reaction wasn't his fault.

I leaned against him and kissed him softly, feeling another strange surge as my breasts touched his chest. I felt as if I was Noelle. I let him kiss me more forcefully and responded to him, feeling so feminine as my breasts squirmed against him as he sighed.

I lifted my arms about Thierry's neck as he had made me do on the bridge where the woman from the parfumerie had wanted to photograph us. Now, in bed with me, he gently kissed me, my body resisting getting any closer to him. You dope, I tried to tell myself. This is a man you are kissing. He thinks he's kissing a woman. You are perfumed like one, I reminded myself. You must feel like a woman. Oh, his

hand pressed my hair across my braid. How had it come undone?

“I love you, Noelle,” my so-called husband whispered to me as I rocked in his arms. But we don’t say that, I thought wildly, as I threshed against him as his feet and legs touched against mine. I took a furtive look above us and, yes, the mirror showed me that there they were, a man and a woman, caressing one another, for all the world like a husband and wife in bed.

“I, I can’t do more!” I said with a shudder, images of Vernon and what I’d done for him, was it really me, coming unbidden to my mind. Is that what Thierry wanted from me? I’d done it for one man, hadn’t I, aroused and sated him with my mouth. Ugh! I couldn’t do that again! I wouldn’t. I was never going to do that again!

Thierry’s mouth closed so sweetly on mine, making me shiver openly as I considered all I’d done, that I knew I’d done. What had I done? I’d made a man feel so wonderfully masculine as I rolled and wriggled femininely around my victim. Thierry had told me that I’d make a man think I was a woman. I was very good at doing that.

I know I let the last target, Vernon, almost swallow my breasts, counting the seconds to the time when I’d make him pay for the indignities he was doing to me. No, that wasn’t true. I was a girl called Simone. I loved what I was doing with Vernon, to him and for him. I’m sure he did as well.

I was laughing and giggling as I fooled Vernon into thinking he was being made love to by a woman. He’d loved taking off my panties, even though I was caressing his erection with my lovely tush. I’d turned to him and taken his manhood in my mouth as I’d done him before. He had been laughing and telling me what I’d promised, trying to put his hand inside the cache-sexe I’d worn.

When Vernon realized what he was caressing, he looked at me in horror and anger. I spat the contents of my mouth onto his face. I wrapped my scented

panties around his neck, cutting off his screams, as I choked the life out of him with pretty, black lace.

Why had I called him “pervert” then, or was it myself I was saying that to?

I buried my head into Thierry’s shoulder, trying to drive the images of loving a man so shamefully, and killing him so barbarically, out of my thoughts. Thierry seemed to sense my distress. He hugged me and kissed me again, his gentle, loving mouth helping me eliminate the strange images from my mind.

This was Thierry, my fellow worker, who called me Noelle, told me he loved me, despite all I’d done. My breasts were hurting me. I wanted them caressed. Thierry did it easily. I wanted him to kiss my rampant nipples. He obliged me. He rolled on top of me as I felt his hard manhood on my panties. Oh, but my panties were so agitated as well.

“I never did this with you in bed!” I protested, trying to push him away and not break anything on his body.

“Yes, you did, my darling,” whispered Thierry. “I thought that it was all coming back to you, Noelle, that you were my woman again as I want you to be.”

My nightdress was being eased down my so female body. Thierry dropped his head from my breasts to kiss my navel. Oh, how that excited me. I wiggled under him, the surges of excitement and feminine thrills overpowering me. Oh, women didn’t want this, I thought, as my own little manhood burned.

“What did we do ...?” I gasped to my lover, his manly, muscled, male body caressing my feminized one. “I didn’t ...” I wanted to tell him how much I hated the very thought of rousing him as I had Vernon. “I don’t want to blow ...”

“Shush,” said Thierry. “We never did that. At least, you never did that to me, Noelle. We just did it that once, right before you went with Vernon, so that you’d know what to do, make him love you for doing it, and take you with him on his plane. That was the

only time for you. No, we made love as man and woman.”

“But,” I gasped as his mouth touched my burgeoning maleness. I gyrated beneath him about to throw him off me. No! I couldn’t let another man touch me as I touched myself!

“Let me show you what you loved to have me do,” murmured the man who claimed I’d been his girl friend for so long. He snagged my panties and pulled them from me, then spread my legs wide apart while reaching for something under his pillow. I put my arms back about his head, keeping his mouth from anywhere but my own.

I could stand that. I could stand the caresses of my breasts and hips and I could even let myself shiver in pleasure at his touch. He was putting some lotion or cream on his fingers, on his hand. He lifted me against him and reached around me, pressing my aroused breasts against him as I desperately kissed him.

His fingers were cold and greasy as they touched my tush. I squealed as Thierry touched and caressed the opening there as I wriggled and writhed beneath him. I’d known I wanted sex. I’d have done the solitary act for myself that any man does. This had been so odd, so far, so pleasantly weird to be Noelle and to want to be kissed and touched by another man.

“No, I can’t ..!” I screamed as Thierry kissed me forcefully, pressing against me, my nipples on fire. He caressed my breasts, his legs were on my thighs, spreading them, his hands lifting me.

“No, I’m not that kind of ...” girl, I was going to say, but his mouth wouldn’t let me say it. And it was untrue. I wasn’t that kind of man, I wanted to protest. I wasn’t gay. I should break his neck for what he intended to do to me. I couldn’t have loved doing this with him! I couldn’t!

Thierry penetrated me. I hung onto him so hard that I might have strangled him. I might have broken his neck. He was such a brave man to go on with

what he was doing while I clenched my legs at his sides, squealing as one of his hands began to do to me what I would have done to my own penis if I'd been alone.

Thierry was gasping for breath, still kissing and fondling me as he began to plunge into me, into my tush, lifting me and making me accept him as if I was a woman. It was such an incredible, different feeling, unlike anything I'd imagined. I was a woman, taking a man inside me!

I know I screamed again and again as he kept going back and forth, calling me "Darling Noelle", which is what I was, I supposed, and telling me he loved me, such a beautiful, fantastic woman. There was a moment, as I ejaculated in one of the most stupendous climaxes I've ever had, Thierry bucking in and out of me, filling me as well, that I actually thought it was true. Yes, I actually joined in with his gyrations and kissed him in a frenzy as I found out what it was like to be a real woman. So Noelle told herself.

****7. What I can never tell anybody****

Thierry sat by himself in the interrogation room and thought about the message from Noelle and what it implied. She'd sent him a message and his brain couldn't remember enough to unscramble it. He didn't think for a moment she really wanted to kill him. But she knew everything, she'd said. That numbed him. She knew now he'd never slept with her as a woman before he'd taken her to Point Cassy and lied to her about all he'd done with her.

Noelle must have found out that she hadn't arrived in France as a travesti at all. It was something that Jackson and he, Thierry, had persuaded her to do in order to get that perverted swine, Craznour, who did like she-males, transvestites, crossdressers, but not transsexuals as he wanted a 'girl' with an active cock.

That had been so hard, persuading Johnny, that's what he'd called her then, his darling Noelle, that the job could only be done by a good-looking boy like



himself who could dress up like a girl and fool an ugly, hard-bitten pervert like Craznour.

Jackson had arranged for the women who'd trained 'Noelle'. There was one who had once been a man and knew exactly what Craznour would want from a girl like Noelle. She'd been the one to train the shocked, embarrassed boy into being a travesti who could have worked the stage at *Chez Nous* or *Le Carousel*.

"Why can't I just go into the men's room after him and shoot him, stab him, or break his neck?" Johnny, Noelle that is, had asked. "I could take him out on the Metro and make it look like an accident!"

"His associates know his tastes," Thierry had told him patiently, admiring the 'girl' in the short, blonde wig, in her stylish dress, staring angrily at her image in the mirror as she spoke to him in her mannish voice. "If one of the girls whom he was seen leaving with takes him out with her pimp, as part of a robbery, they'll nod and go on to whatever else they're planning. Jackson's plan is that another team is ready to move in on his associates with a weapons buy as soon as you've taken care of Craznour.

"Craznour's associates can't be spooked by thinking it was an arranged hit. They have to believe it was all an accident and keep on going. It's why you're here, Johnny, isn't it? You're the expert on setting it up to look like a real accident, aren't you?"

"My name isn't Johnny," he'd said with a scowl that looked so incongruous on his red, gleaming lips. The woman who'd worked on him had done a magnificent job of making him look like a real girl. Thierry was really, really impressed. Now, if only they could do something about the voice.

"It isn't Danielle, or Noelle, or Simone, either," Johnny had protested.

"It will be," Thierry said to him, thinking of the new passports he'd received from the embassy. There were French, Belgian, Swiss and US passports in a variety of female names. The 'Noelle Mercier' pass-

port had been on top. That was why he began to call her 'Noelle', just as he'd called him 'Johnny', because four of his fake passports, useless now, had the name John either first or second in the alias.

"After Madame Retoullier has done something with your voice," Thierry reminded his protesting agent, that lesson set to take place in the evening. It would lead inevitably, at Madame's insistence, on 'Noelle' going out on the town to practice whatever it was that the different Madames had taught 'her'.

Johnny grunted and sat down, his legs wide apart mannishly.

"Now, now," Thierry said to him pleasantly. "You're pouting like a girl." Thierry had said something similarly to him, a month before, when Johnny had objected to going back to school as a teenager. Thierry had said 'as a boy' then, of course.

Johnny went in the end, did a fantastic job as usual and had all kinds of girls who wanted to make it with him. They called the phone he'd used all through the following week when his mission was completed. Thierry finally had to smash it himself and set Johnny to work on being 'Noelle'.

Thierry had been on the phone to Jackson, telling him what a stupid idea it all was, to have an asset do what Johnny was doing, when 'Noelle' walked in with Madame Souillet, who was training her to be a girl. "Oh, man," Thierry remembered he'd thought, getting a stirring in his pants just looking at 'her', at the changes Renee had made to 'our schoolboy' as he'd been calling Johnny to Jackson.

"I change my mind," Thierry had told Jackson. "This is going to work. We'll get on the operational details right away."

It had been quite the most thrilling time of Thierry's life as Johnny was transformed, protesting all the way, into Noelle. Thierry had loved taking her out in the evening, her makeup so perfect, the Madames saw to that. There she was, on the dance floor, Noelle, whom no-one would have ever called a girl. It

was a wonder they ever got Craznour interested in 'her'.

"Thank goodness that's over," Noelle had said in her lovely, feminine voice as she sat beside Thierry in the taxi, his arm about her, Craznour's bewigged, corseted body hanging from the open closet of women's clothing, clearly in a perverted sex arousal game gone wrong. The opera stocking around his neck was the crowning touch.

Who, but the most conscientious of policemen, would come looking for a girl who wasn't a girl, everyone would guess, who'd gone to Craznour's home for 'fun and games' as he'd told his bodyguard. That poor guy was sleeping lightly against the door frame, his coffee lightly doctored. He'd be able to make the discovery himself that he'd slept on the job.

It didn't matter if he recognized 'Noelle' hadn't been a girl. Everyone knew Craznour's tastes in sex partners, if not that he was into really kinky stuff.

"He was pleading with me," Noelle had whispered to Thierry, when he'd entered the house and was led to the scene in the bedroom. "He still wanted to have sex with me when I had him hanging there."

"I notice he'd ejaculated," Thierry told her, though he hadn't. "The whole scene will be very convincing."

"Do you think they'll off the bodyguard?" she'd asked in her still girlish voice.

"I would think so," said Thierry. "If I was him, I'd run as soon as I saw the bedroom. He could get a couple of days' start before anyone has the nerve to go in there and brave the alarms that we set."

"If he re-set the alarms," said Noelle gloomily.

"Of course," agreed Thierry.

"Can't wait to get out of these clothes," Noelle said as the cab driver dropped them, two blocks from where 'she' lived. Thierry insisted they have a drink in the quiet, little club on Rue St Devan. She held his arm properly, nevertheless, and minced in her high,

black, women's shoes into the club, even smiling prettily at the waiter who called her 'mademoiselle'.

"I've got to get my hair fixed as well," Noelle said, smiling at him over the rim of her glass. Thierry had wondered if she knew how pretty she was, with her eyes made up so beautifully, her lips so fresh with lipstick and her false fingernails gleaming so attractively.

"You don't need to," said Thierry. "There is this other job that Jackson wants us to do."

Noelle went very still. "Like this?" she asked.

Thierry nodded.

"No," she'd said. Thierry remembered it clearly. "The next time, you can wear the panties and the dress; oh, and the damned corset!"

******8. Life begins and ends in Paris******

I was on edge all that morning as I dressed again as a woman and had breakfast with my husband, said goodbye to all the staff who'd attended to us, especially Denise. She'd helped me so much with my makeup and clothing. Thierry had magnificent tips for them all. After that, my suitcases of female clothing once more loaded into his Lamborghini, we were off to Paris.

"Another identity established," murmured Thierry as we went along. I realized then that the whole interlude had been part of some new mission. I wondered if he would call me 'Lise' now until I'd done what he wanted me to do. "We'll be meeting the Cabernets in Paris tomorrow evening. Jackson has sent us the file."

"So when they check up on us," I said slowly.

"Yes," said Thierry with a frown. "Oh, I keep forgetting. You don't recall that you were the one who suggested this, serving two purposes." He smiled at some secret thought. "Of course, I didn't have as

much sex or as much lovemaking as you promised me.”

“Do you ever think of anything else but that?” I asked him with a flush, my sunglasses and scarf disguising my emotions, I hoped. It was a silly thing to say as I hadn’t been thinking of anything else but that since we’d left Point Cassy.

“No, I don’t,” said Thierry with a charming smile. “With such a beautiful wife as you, my darling Noelle, how can I think of anything else but getting you back to our apartment in Paris? The bedroom, all in pink, do you remember that, that you and your interior decorator designed. It makes the honeymoon suite at Point Cassy look downright dowdy.”

“You’re just saying that,” I said with a shiver. I can’t be this girlie, I thought, dismay coming over me. I can’t be sitting here, my legs crossed, just wishing that we could stop at some hotel and go back to what we were doing most of the night at the Hotel Point Cassy.

“The third time was the charm last night, wasn’t it?” Thierry asked me, reaching out and taking my hand, with the beautiful rings in place, in his. Involuntarily, I squeezed his hand, blushing as I glanced at him. He looked so smug. I suppose he had every right to, after what he’d awakened in me and what I’d done for my so-called husband, my lover and boy friend, as he called himself, in our honeymoon bed.

“It was all,” I began as he raised an eyebrow, checking the road, waiting for the compliment I’d pay him, “pretty devastating,” I finished meekly, girlishly.

“Devastating!” Thierry was shocked. “It was incredible, fantastic, unbelievably wonderful! I’ve never, ever, made love to such a woman, a woman who can love a man so ... Oh, you were putting me on, weren’t you, my adorable, little pussy!”

“As good as it was before between us?” I asked him, trembling at the word he used for me. There was nervousness in my voice as I knew what he meant.

“Oh, a hundred times better,” Thierry enthused.

“A hundred times?” I gasped. Then, a teasing idea came to me. I couldn’t resist. “Was I that bad at making love to a man before we were married?”

Thierry laughed heartily at that one. “No, my darling wife,” he said, reaching over. I had to move to let him get his arm about me. “You never sucked at love-making, my darling, never. Hmm, I shouldn’t have used that word, should I, because you never did that before ...!”

“But you said,” I had to retort, thinking of that third time when he’d laid back. I’d worked and worked girlishly to arouse him and finally I had. Then, I’d sat, basically, on his erect male member, being so sexually female, and ridden him, gasping and squealing as he caressed and fondled my breasts and my hips.

Oh, how I’d convulsed and fallen on him in ecstasy as he filled me. I had this strange, wonderfully strange climax, that made me jiggle and shiver everywhere on my body, falling onto him to beg his caresses to make the incredible surge of pleasure keep pouring through me.

Thierry had said that it was my orgasm, my female orgasm. He used those words. I’d had them all the time before when we made love. If I hadn’t aroused him so well with what I had done to his manhood with my mouth, he wouldn’t have realized what it was he was really missing, me being an orgasmic woman. His words had set me off to doing it all again for him. Yes, I did become, eventually, an orgasmic woman again, though my husband was less help than he claimed afterwards that he had been.

“I said that it was wonderful, wonderful, fantastic, what it should be between a man and a woman, the way that you loved and aroused me,” said Thierry, hugging me, letting me kiss his cheek even though we were speeding along the national highway. “I want to do it all again, tonight, but I’m a man, darling Noelle. I’ll have to stop and buy some chemicals to keep going again, I think.”

In the rest of our conversation, I gathered that I was just a woman. I could lie there and be aroused by my partner. He had all the work to do, being the man, Thierry spouted off to me. I didn't mind what he was saying. I was tingling all over as I listened to him calling me 'woman' and 'darling Noelle'. I was beginning to believe that, yes, I was both of those things.

The Parisian apartment was everything Thierry had said it would be. It was definitely a woman's apartment and it was mine. Thierry didn't even take the time to bring up our suitcases before he had me inside, in our bed, I pleasuring him as he pleased me.

"Thierry!" I'd protested as he pulled my skirt down, then my panties, but my erection betrayed me as much as his did, showing how we wanted each other. I know I had misgivings but they were all swept away as my lover lifted my legs about him. There I was, in another overhead mirror, my legs high over my lover's back as I wiggled and gyrated like a woman, my mouth mauling the man making love to me, working so hard. He kissed my nipples and my convulsions started. Oh, I was orgasmic! It didn't take me arousing him orally at all.

I squealed and held onto him as he drove and drove into me, his woman, I spasmed again. It was so wonderful to be female, girlish ecstasy on my face in the mirrors as we went on and on, loving and pleasuring one another.

"I love you, Thierry," I had to tell him, delighting when he told his woman, me, how he loved me as well. When he released inside me, I felt so delightfully feminine, rutting with my husband, the passion and ecstasy so intense and enjoyable as I teased him as he caressed and fondled every part of me. I giggled in female bliss as my orgasm took hold of me. I could do nothing for an age as I was in love as a woman with my wonderful husband.

"I do have to check in," Thierry insisted, after I had made him do me again, the lovely pink counterpane on the feminine bed quite ruined by the emissions from man and woman in their lovemaking.

“Oh, I’m a mess,” I said, looking into the mirror at my hair and makeup. My boy friend leant over me and caressed my breast, his mouth on mine, demanding further kisses.

“If this is a mess,” Thierry murmured to me, standing naked in front of me, “I love you being a womanly mess. I’m proud to have done this to you, my woman. I love you, my darling Noelle.”

I felt so girlish as I rose beside him, as naked as he. Thierry slapped my tush and pushed me to the bathroom as he said he had to call in. It was important.

The bathroom was gorgeous, full of feminine products, scents and lotions. I descended into a foamy bath and tied up my hair as I removed all of my makeup. I luxuriated and was half asleep when Thierry climbed in with me, wrapping me in his muscular arms.

I hadn’t thought of making love in a bath. But, again, it was rapturous, my legs so high in the air, me squealing like a stuck pig, a very apt analogy, as my boy friend whispered that the pills he had stopped to buy were kicking in. I was in for a most unbelievable, womanly night.

It was amazing I survived it. Thierry’s ravaging of me was endless. Even all the lotions and grease in my tush didn’t save me from feeling sore all over when I finally awoke the next day, my tush against him. I could feel a flicker of life there even before he awoke.

I began to slide from our bed, my bra, my panties and my stockings looking so obscene where they had been tossed to the floor as they were mixed in with Thierry’s male clothing. I slid out a bare, hairless leg, trying to hook the panties so that I wouldn’t emerge naked but that slight movement woke my boy friend. His arm tightened about my waist.

I felt a stubbly man’s face on my neck, his head lifting my hair to one side so that he could kiss me. Ooooo, there it was, the feel of his manhood between my legs, at the back of my thighs as Thierry aroused himself against me.

“Again,” was all I could think of to whisper as his familiar hands now caressed my breasts and began to really awaken me as well, readying me for another round of being Thierry’s girl friend.

Thierry half moved me so that he could stay at my tush and yet kiss me as well on my lips as my breast stiffened under his fondling, womanly feelings filling me once more.

“Surely, we weren’t like this all the time, ever since Jackson sent me to Paris,” I murmured to the man who was making love to me again, his manhood rising lovingly against my tush. He prepared to impale me on his pole while one of his hands reached around me and took my own arousing pecker and began to encourage it to rise more as he began to penetrate me in a way that felt so right these last couple of days.

Yes, that’s all the time it had taken for the attentions of an expert male lover to make me all girlie and cutesie, wanting his male attentions and compliments to my girlishness never to stop.

“We were worse,” said Thierry between passionate kisses that made me stretch out my feminine body against him, his hairy legs working to caress mine that were so bare and so shapely compared to his.

I smiled and kissed him, swishing my hair across his face, delighting in the thrusts he made into me. I jiggled in his lap and held onto his face, not letting him stop caressing and rousing me to such wonderful womanhood. I tried to get him to stop rousing my thing with his hand but he wouldn’t. Then, I felt he was right as I began to feel my femmy orgasm take over me again.

“Oh, yes,” I breathed to him. “Oh, yes, Thierry! Oh, do me, do me, my darling man! Oh, I love you so, Thierry. Noelle really loves you.” I clamped my mouth to his and let passion take over me. I bucked and bounced on his pole and felt his other hand on my legs, on my thighs, stroking me as I touched my own breasts and let the climax that I couldn’t hold back soar all through me.

I twisted and bounced, writhed and wriggled on his thrusting, piston-like manhood. Thierry filled me, exploding into me. I squealed again as he grabbed at my breasts and agitated my nipples so that it seemed as if my body was in spasm. It felt so fantastic that I couldn't stop. I wouldn't let him stop even when he gasped and tried to hold me tighter against him so that he could stop my vibrating.

No, I didn't want that. I just wanted to be boffed and boffed some more, as men said that they did to girls like me when I was at school.

I use 'boffed' because I hate the 'f word' but it was the one I should use as I knew that that was what Thierry was doing to me. Yes, he was fucking me! I was in female bliss as he did it. I didn't want him ever to stop doing it, no matter how sore my tush was, no matter how I was grinding down on him. He had to arouse the last iota of feminine feeling as my boy friend made love to his woman. There, I used the right words for me, *his woman*.

I'd bathed with Thierry in our honeymoon suite. Was that only one day before? It seemed like an age since he and I had threshed around in the bathwater. He'd smelled so good for most of the day following.

We bathed together again, mostly just kissing and fondling one another as we were both too sore for another all-out session of lovemaking immediately.

"Tonight," Thierry promised me. "After we have been to the Grand Ball in the Tuileries."

"The Cabernets," I said with a shudder as we lay in the bath and kissed, his caressing and fondling of my breasts and woman's body almost unceasing, even if it was gentler than the night before.

"Yes," agreed Thierry. "You'll be at *Dominique's* this afternoon, having your hair done, long extensions put in."

"Extensions?" I asked my male lover who was holding me so close to him. His meds must be cutting in again, I guessed, as I felt a hardness against my thigh.

“Yes,” he groaned. It did seem that he was in great agony. “The target is Gilbert Cabernet who really likes women with long, golden hair. So, you’ll get a dye job this afternoon and hair extensions. You’ll get your makeup done as exquisitely as it always is, just like it was for Vernon and his friends. I’m the one who’s going to be in agony while you flirt with Gilbert and tell him all kinds of lies like how you only married me, Lise Dufresnoy, for the money I have. Now it appears I don’t have as much as I bragged I did.”

“And he’ll take me off to some seedy hotel,” I began with a shiver.

“Not with his wife right there,” said Thierry with a laugh. “We’ll come home together tonight. But in a few days or so, he’ll arrange to have me visit him for a business meeting, which he won’t be there for, because something came up, his pecker actually. He’ll be meeting my darling wife in some fashionable hotel where nothing fancy is going to happen, not right away. The virulent strain you pass to him won’t manifest itself for a week. Then it will move quickly to wreck him.”

“Making the world a safer place,” I murmured. “But what, what if what he wants is a beautiful, long-haired blonde for a fling, but it isn’t me? What do I do about what I really have between my legs when it comes to me consummating an affair with this Gilbert Cabernet?”

“You don’t recall doing the research on this already, Lise?” my husband, I had to get into pretend mode as well as he did, asked me as we stood together and dried each other, so different from one another. We clearly, as I covered myself all the time, were not of the same gender, not the way that we looked together.

“You know I don’t,” I had to tell him again.

“He’s deathly afraid of contracting AIDS,” Thierry said. “You talked to the other girls at the service we have you work for. And he’s the one who is oral only, double O, in all the records. Generous, but loves it

when he doesn't have to pay and can screw another man's wife."

I shivered as Thierry talked to me all the time that I re-dressed as a girl, the light quite going out of another womanly experience as he told me all the things I'd done and planned to take care of Gilbert Cabernet. There was a backup plan, a remote calling transmitter which I could use to call either Thierry or Cec, who'd be on hand.

"Cec doesn't know ...?" I asked. Thierry shook his head.

"Nor Frank," he said, kissing me, Thierry's kiss seeming so cold as we planned for me to make love to another man and infect him with a disease that would kill him very soon. And I planned this, I thought bleakly. I'm really not a very nice person, whether I'm a man or a woman.

How could I be 'nice' when I'm an assassin, I thought, kissing the man who wanted to kiss me, the passion not there, even when he stroked my tush and my panties that held me so tightly. How did I ever come to this? How did I come to be an assassin? How did I ever become a travesti? I seemed to love making love to Thierry, as he had said I did. How could I be a killer and a girlish lover, at the same time?

If I ever got to talk to this Jackson, I must ask him who I really was, I decided. I shuddered as I realized what I wanted to do, really. I wanted to go back to the person I was who wasn't involved in all of this killing and stuff. I wanted to go back to Point Cassy with a real husband and make love to him as Thierry had loved me so gloriously these past few days.

****9. Tell us why she's going to kill you****

Virginia Shepherd had listened to the recording of Noelle's phone call and clearly was puzzled. There was that look on her face as she strode into the interrogation room after breaking off from some other phone call she'd been making. "Do you really think she's come back to Paris to kill you?" she asked

Thierry tersely, even as Jack Reynolds followed her with coffee cups for the three of them. She had to go back and hold the door for him.

“No,” Thierry said firmly.

Ginny and Jack exchanged glances. “Explain,” said Ginny.

Thierry sipped on the hot, black coffee and wondered if he should talk about the codes they’d used. But Ginny Shepherd was staring at him, as if reading his mind. Somehow, she succeeded.

“Angelique for Geneva,” said Virginia.

“You have very suspicious minds,” said Thierry with a shrug, taking a further deep draught of the coffee, letting it burn his throat. Let them think that the wincing he made were from that, not from how close they were getting to enlisting him in the hunt for Noelle. He still couldn’t bring himself to tell them what he should about Noelle.

“She didn’t send me any secret message, if that’s what you think,” Thierry went on, almost wishing he could say Noelle had come back to kill him. She did, after all, have ample reason, no, reasons, to kill Thierry if she’d really gone to someone with authority over Jackson. Not the least for the lie that persisted that she was supposed to have killed him.

If Noelle was in touch with someone who’d been Jackson’s director, that person could have told her who she really was. Perhaps that was it. She was involved with someone else in the agency back in the States. Thierry had told her to run from that but when had she really ever listened to him, save to wriggle more girlishly in her lovely dress and swirl her hair about him as he took down her panties, fondling her breasts, before he lovingly fucked her?

“Did she kill Jackson?” Virginia asked into the pause as Thierry gathered his thoughts. “You yelled that he was dead, into the phone, Thierry. You think someone’s trying to set her up, someone beyond our pay grade. If it’s something like that, is it because she really didn’t kill Jackson?”

“What did Cec and Frank say about that?” asked Thierry with a straight a face as he could make.

Ginny looked knowingly at Jack. “I think you’re right,” she said. “Thierry Bouchard isn’t going to help us find Noelle Mercier. I think we need a heavy team to get the answers we want.”

Thierry paled. This wasn’t going the way he wanted it from the very first. Sooner or later, he was going to have to tell all. He’d have to tell Ginny what she wouldn’t believe at all about Noelle Mercier.

“Why isn’t she working for us any more?” asked Jack Reynolds as if he was trying to give Thierry one last chance to be straight with them.

“The Kushtun mission,” said Thierry with a sigh, glad for a change of topic.

“She failed on that one, we were told,” said Ginny grimly.

“She took out the three main targets,” protested Thierry. It was great to hear her still call Noëlle, ‘she’. Maybe there wasn’t anyone, save for Noelle herself, to prove to his listeners what a ‘pervert’ he was - as Thierry had been called by Noëlle, when he did things to her she didn’t like. There was nothing, of course, that she did that he didn’t like.

“It was a disaster as a clandestine mission, wasn’t it?” persisted Virginia Shepherd, her arms folded. She was in her Section Chief mode, brooking no argument with Thierry over ‘disaster’. “She was supposed to engineer an accident at sea. And what did she do? Loaded the families ...”

“Women and children only,” Thierry pointed out,

“... onto lifeboats so they could sail into Marseilles and accuse us of acts of war and piracy on the high seas. Not what she was told to do. She left that screaming third or fourth wife of old man Kushtun to tell the world how she begged the American woman agent who’d killed her husband for her innocent children’s lives!”

“What was she to do?” Thierry countered, this conversation eerily like the one he’d had with Jackson. That, in the middle of another mission, had precipitated the director of the ‘European project’ to come, unexpectedly, to the apartment in Paris to demand different answers to those Thierry had given him. “Blow the ship? Kill them all? Some of those children were still in diapers.”

“She should have taken out the whole family,” snapped Virginia. “That Halifa woman is poison. She’s on every Arabic news channel, spewing about the martyrdom of her family of bomb makers and terrorists, turning whoever she can against us.”

“Noelle couldn’t know that,” argued Thierry. “It was a deckful of sleeping children and their mothers she saw after she’d set the bomb.” But Noelle had been spat upon and slapped by the Halifa woman. She’d shook as she’d told that to Thierry and how the woman clung to the baby she was holding as she did it.

“I should have killed her,” Noelle had said with a shiver. “I’m sure she’s going to be a pain in the future.” And, of course, Halifa Kushtun was just that now.

“She couldn’t take failure,” said Ginny. It sounded to Thierry that she was quoting a report or someone else who’d briefed her on the ‘failed’ mission. Which it wasn’t, Thierry still insisted to anyone who’d listen. “She argued with Jackson here about it, on the streets. He grabbed her, threatened her with his gun which she took from him.

“She downed Jackson’s security, before she danced off down the street and got Cortez to drive her off on the Belov-Belanger, mission. That’s the way Cec Cortez described it. He and his driver went to help Noelle but the air was thick with bullets, Noelle was screaming about being on the same side but she ran to him as the French police arrived. And Jackson was laying in the gutter, dead, with two bullets in his head. “When you were interrogated, do you remember what you said, Thierry?”

“I think Noelle’s given in her quitting notice,” Thierry said, remembering all that went on, the shouted threats and insults before Jackson had drawn on Noelle on the street.

Thierry had been as astounded as Noelle that it all came to a head. An enraged Jackson had appeared in the Paris apartment, after two years of uninterrupted success by Noelle on her missions, to ask why the whole Kushtun family hadn’t been wiped out as he’d ‘ordered’. And to see ‘her’, the woman he’d had created, Thierry knew, shocked into silence as Jackson studied the gorgeous Noelle.

“Jackson raped her,” Thierry said to the accusing faces then, shocking them. “He deserved what he got.”

Bursting into the apartment, Jackson had laughed at the two of them, Noelle in a black, sultry, low-necklined, swirling cocktail dress. Thierry had unwound from her loving caress. “Who the hell is this lovely brunette girl on your arm, Thierry, flaunting her tits?” Jackson asked with no preview. Noelle quivered as their ‘boss’, a man she didn’t know, touched her soft-skinned face.

But Jackson knew ‘her’, Thierry had thought, stunned, as he watched the man from America fondle and caress the lovely girl, pretending he didn’t know who ‘she’ was.

Jackson had come all the way from the US to talk to Stevie specifically about the Kushtun failure, he said. Why wasn’t Stevie answering his pages? Why wasn’t he in the apartment they’d provided for him? Was Thierry living with this cute brunette bimbo? He, Jackson, would take her for the night. She could keep him happy!

Noelle had come awake from her stunned amazement at what Jackson was saying, only when Thierry told her who the man was. She’d tried to tell Jackson she was the guy he’d sent from the US. “Is my real name Stevie?” she’d asked so adorably. Jackson’s face had made an unbelievable grimace as he looked

at 'her', at the obvious changes in her figure now so much a part of 'her'.

"Noelle is working tonight!" Thierry had finally managed to interrupt. "She's dressed like a model as she has a date with your target, Jackson. It will be his last!"

Jackson had turned on Thierry, wanting to know how Thierry thought they could trap a Russian millionaire arms dealer with an effing drag queen.

Noelle had broken free from him then, swishing in her pretty dress, her breasts so perky and female. Jackson seemed at last to realize that this was his Stevie Wonder; and that, two years since she'd received her breasts and rounded tush, she, Noelle, Stevie, still had them.

Noelle clearly wasn't the 'asset' Jackson expected.

"You gave us the target. We're doing the job tonight, if you let us," Thierry had implored the furious Section Chief. The gorgeous girl Thierry had made love to for so long just stared at him as she began to work out how Thierry had lied to 'her'.

"Instead of going off on those daydreams of your girl friend," said Ginny harshly, "just tell us about her, Thierry. Tell us how we can contact her in Paris." And take her out, was unspoken.

*****10. You can't go home again*****

I'd used the credit card in London, laughing to myself as I thought about Thierry. Well, he'd come and meet me, wouldn't he? He'd expect to see me again as a woman. It would be like old times as I got him to help me take care of Barrouqi, as soon as he arrived from the States. Thierry had told me I shouldn't ever use a credit card anywhere in Europe as the French, German, Russian and English knew as soon as Thierry did, which was almost instantly, where I was and what I was purchasing. We'd see if that worked, I thought in amusement.

“Only if they’ve flagged the card,” I’d laughed at him then. “So give me something that’s never been used. No-one will know it’s me. I do stick out, you know, Thierry darling, whenever I have to use mountains of cash instead of a credit card like everyone else.”

“I like you to stick out,” Thierry had said, holding me, kissing me and caressing two appendages on me, making them stick out a lot more.

“You beast,” I’d said to him, repeating what I’d heard another girl say to her boy friend affectionately.

“Hmm,” Thierry said, getting all worked up as we kissed some more. I wiggled my hips against him as he touched my tush and panties. “We’ve got time for a quickie.” He pushed me towards the bedroom.

I pouted and pretended to protest. But I didn’t mind at all. We’d done several jobs with Cec and Frank but I hadn’t had to seduce anyone, with a blowjob or anything else, in six months. So I was more in female love with Thierry than I’d ever been. I recognized he was keeping his affections just for me, too, his woman. I loved him for it. Ooo, I always had time for a quickie. Ooo, I felt so much like a woman as my femmy clothing tantalized me as my man squirmed his way into me, kissing and fondling me, as a man should a woman.

The only way I could show him I loved him, me, Noelle Mercier, pretty girl, was to let him make love to me at any time of the day. I’d learned to be ready. Whenever I turned my back on him, his hands would snake around my thin waist, my skirt would be lifted. Before I knew it, I was impaled, his manhood inside me. Ooo, I couldn’t stop at just one ‘girlish’ penetration! I had to have him face-to-face, bucking under him until my passion to be an orgasmic woman was met and sated.

Those were such wonderful days in our lovely apartment. It was such a thrill to go out with such a handsome man as Thierry, to dance in his arms and be more girlishly frivolous and flirty than any girl we

met. I loved dress shopping and, oh, how I tormented my boy friend with my teasing and fondling, inside and out of the house. In the apartment, away from the crowd we cultivated as a boy-and-girl couple, he was able to have all his male needs and desires explored by his loving, wiggly girl friend.

And yet, all that heavenly time as a woman came to an end with such a crash. It was more of a surprise to my lover, Thierry, than it was to me, as I didn't recall Jackson at all, not even when he'd said he'd recruited me as I was a 'good man' in Iraq.

Oh, how I first squealed so girlishly at Jackson, thinking that Thierry wanted me to come on as a girl to his friend! The blinds dropped from my eyes when Jackson called me 'Stevie'. I'd sort of put it on the back burner, finding out who I really was. I loved being Noelle, Lise, Simone, or Jeannette. My male identity hadn't been important any more as I made passionate love, every day, to Thierry, whom I loved deliriously, me having become totally a woman, in every thought and desire.

"You didn't come over here to be a girl," Jackson sneered at me. I still didn't remember leaving the US. I stood there in my strapless, black evening gown, my beaded purse in my hand, shimmying as Jackson put his arm about me in a caress, wondering if I should go for the gun attached to my garter on my thigh, to protect my boy friend from this Ugly American who'd invaded my feminine apartment.

But the laughing American had told me he was my boss while Thierry stood there, white as a sheet, as this Jackson, exposed all the lies Thierry had told me about myself as a woman.

I'd been a boy, totally, or so said this Jackson, the first time I'd seen him in the flesh. I was really a man, a soldier, I should say. Jackson had recruited me, I'd been a helicopter pilot. My death had been faked so that I could work for Thierry as an 'asset'. Jackson kept using that term although Thierry and I had stopped since it was, as I'd seen in the *Bourne* movies in Paris, a part of film jargon for spies.



I did go through sniper training, as an asset, I'd learned from Thierry, but I didn't do any of that type of work for him. Now, Jackson was sneering at me, asking me if I'd kept up with my training or was I just intent on graduating from the Crazy Horse chorus line to being a high-class whore in sexy women's underwear.

After reports, Thierry always said Jackson wanted me to be who I was, Noelle. But right there, meeting Jackson for the 'first time', Jackson shook his head every time he looked at me, in my evening dress, glitter, long hair and femininity.

"I, I'm here, in Europe, to plan missions," I whispered girlishly to Jackson. I must have seemed awful to him, his 'man' in a tight-fitting, glittering evening gown, made up exquisitely like a woman, on the way out on a date, to be kissed and caressed by another man who thought I was a real, attractive woman.

I stood there, a shapely, long-haired woman, to make love to the target Jackson wanted dead. I saw the sneer on Jackson's face, sensing I'd been lied to, a lot, about the Section Chief.

"I'm on my way to kill Belanger," I said, watching the shock in Jackson's eyes at the way I spoke in a woman's lilt. He'd ordered the kill. "I have a date with him, the Russian," I pleaded with him. "It's tonight in his hotel room!"

After his date with a beautiful, brunette woman, an escort, the police would find Belanger, Russian despite his name, dead from his exertions in making love to his whore, that is, to me. That seemed to disconcert Jackson the most. I tried to explain in my girlish voice what I was going to do, but all I could see when I looked at him was that Jackson was staring at my breasts, so tightly bound by my uplift bra.

"Our waiter, Frank, will pass me the drugs in a syringe," I tried to go on, doggedly explaining the operation to a man who could stop it with a word. I'd have been patted down by Edouard's bodyguard already, the touch of another man's hands all over me stimulating me for my real target. Edouard knew that. I'd

let finally let him, Belanger, kiss and maul me for a while.

I didn't tell Jackson I'd be stripped down to my black corset, black panties and stockings, my garter belt attachments being what Belanger liked to touch and play with as he stroked my panties while we kissed. I already knew that, from my last 'date'.

I did tell Jackson we'd send a drink to the Russian's bodyguard, who'd awaken eventually to find his employer dying, the lovely escort girl in tears, and a doctor called by the hotel. Cec, the doctor, would tell the police the man had died making love to me.

"He should never have bought such a lovely escort and got himself so worked up, making love to her," Cec would say. I twirled femininely in my gorgeous dress. Jackson could see how our story would be believed.

I shivered as I said the last part, swaying in my lovely dress, a day in the spa preparing me for this night as a new woman, in my finest, frilly lingerie. I was just the woman Belanger wanted. "This is my job, my mission," I said nervously, girlishly, to Jackson who laughed when I added it was the operation he'd approved. The air bubble, as a last resort, from the syringe would make it look like our man had died from an embolism.

"He approved, didn't he, Thierry?" I asked, my dress swishing as I turned to draw my boy friend into this weird confrontation. Jackson seemed furious that I wasn't a boy, that my hair was so long, flowing down below my breasts, that I hadn't gone back to some clinic he'd paid for, hadn't he?

The last was directed solely at my boy friend. Thierry was my control as well as my lover. He got the targets from Jackson. He said that Jackson loved the way I worked as a woman. Jackson wanted me to stay in Paris, doing jobs requiring 'wet' work from a woman.

We did our missions, Thierry and me. We just did as we were told and made love when we weren't kill-

ing others. We planned operations. I was always the woman now if one was needed; and a woman always was. Ooo, I loved all the exotic, female clothing I had to wear and the way I was treated by men who adored me. Oh yes, I loved ridding the world of men like Belanger, arming children in Africa to fight, after I'd made him ride me, of course.

I didn't know what Thierry had said about me as I stood in my lovely dress, facing a man grimacing at me, dressed totally in women's clothing. "You ordered this," I whispered again, feeling my long skirts so wonderfully against my stockinged legs. But Jackson started complaining about the Kushtun mission being an effing, tranny-sized cock-up.

"I became a girl because you ordered me to," I finally screamed at Jackson. As far as I knew, Jackson, according to Thierry, suggested I be a girl on all missions, with the success I was having.

"Not a real girl," Jackson snarled at me. But that's what I am, I wanted to say. I was a 'real' woman as I stood before Jackson. I tossed my long hair over my shoulders as I looked at my boy friend and lover, my breasts on show, as they would be for Belanger, who'd be lost in mauling them, allowing me to take him out.

"I'm beginning to understand the Kushtun job," sneered Jackson. "You've become soft, perverted, haven't you? Look at the she-male you've become! You like the effing tits you only needed to get on that plane with that Vernon guy!"

Jackson grabbed me, feeling my breasts, confirming they were real. Thierry did nothing to my amazement. I took Jackson's thumbs off my nipples and bent them so that he let go of me. I had to re-arrange my bra and my dress to be the girl I was supposed to be for Belanger.

"So you're soft and girlie now," Jackson snapped. "You don't follow orders any more."

I'd been told to kill all of the Kushtun family, but surely he didn't know about the women and children

on the yacht. I'd had to get them off, despite the slap I took. I looked to Thierry, expecting him to explain as he'd said he would. He'd said there'd be no problem. We had another mission, the dealer Belanger, just perfect for a woman like me. I could wear my strapless St Laurent and Givenchy dresses.

But the look on Thierry's face told me he hadn't resolved anything with our boss at all. "There was a reason why we wanted that rat's nest cleaned away," Jackson went on. "Now, we've a worse mess. We've that Halifa woman making all kinds of noises. Our allies are asking if we have some kind of wet squad over here carrying out assassinations, all because our little fem here got his panties in a knot and couldn't carry out his frigging orders!"

Thierry had told me I was the one begging Jackson, before I hit my head so badly, to keep my job in Paris, loving the feminine benefits of such a location. Jackson didn't say anything about me talking to him. I think Thierry had made me his woman against orders.

According to Jackson, I'd done four or five missions as a queen or in a dress before I did the one where I was the showgirl, Simone. For that one, I had to have breasts, a rounded tush and my facial features subtly changed, made a little more feminine. Vernon had to believe I was a woman and so I went into 'training'.

Shaking all over, I heard Thierry 'reassure' our boss that I wasn't gay but Jackson only growled, "It would be better if the kid was. He got the augmentations, the T and A, the Madames to teach him how to use his attributes properly, but, as soon as you got back, you were supposed to put Stevie Wonder through the clinic again, Thierry. We've a sharp-shooter job I need him for."

"You want me to become a man again?" I'd had to blurt out at Jackson. "But I came to Paris to work like this."

"Bull," shouted Jackson. "Where'd you get your information, lieutenant? Yes. Lieutenant Stephen

Nixon, helicopter pilot, in Iraq. We faked your death and trained you to become the assassin you are. I expected to meet a real man over here, a killer, not a pussy who's letting every pervert in Europe fuck him like a woman before he kills them!"

"I was a normal guy?" I gasped.

"You were a very normal male recruit up to the time you came over here," snarled Jackson, making a face at the silent Thierry.

"But, but, Vernon, and the airplane," I said with a shudder.

"Your plan," sneered Jackson. "We thought it was bizarre to do what you did to become 'Simone Dussault'. You actually went to a clinic where you were given breast augmentations as if you were a woman, as well as having your tush rounded and your nose, chin and brows shaped! Above and beyond, soldier! But we wanted Stevie Boy back! You liked it too much, didn't you? Changing into a woman on Uncle Sam's dime?"

All the lessons I supposedly took! The Madames who'd 'trained' me! That was true! I reeled and almost collapsed on my high heels, in my swishy dress, my long hair swirling about my exposed breasts.

*****11. Getting even with Thierry*****

Oh, I had so much to settle with Thierry Bouchard, I said smugly to myself as the express train pulled into Paris. And yes, there he was, as he should be, on the platform, out there where I could see him, out there where I could just march up to him and shake his hand, or kiss him if I was brave enough and didn't mind scandalizing the nuns who were just behind me leaving the train.

But it didn't take me ten seconds to see the trap I'd be walking into. There were men all over the platforms, watching Thierry and undoubtedly looking for me as well. There were even snipers in the screening above the exits from the platform.

Thierry, Thierry, I thought sadly, but I didn't look at him at all as I struggled with my soldier's pack and scowled at the inspector, the only one to look at me closely. Still all the hair I'd plastered over my face worked. I got out without incident. Then it was my turn to do a little hunting.

"Negative," the goon at the entrance to the latrine was saying, ignoring me as I huffed and puffed past him. He didn't expect the pack, and the metal box inside, that laid him out. That assault gave me a radio. It didn't take long before I was on the circuit and could hear just who was out there against me.

I'd been grunting for so long, trying to close up my vocal cords that it wasn't easy to talk like Noelle again. Thierry was startled to hear me tell him why I was in Paris. Yes, I felt like killing him. If I'd had my arms around him at that moment, I think that I'd have kissed him and killed him. I hope in that order.

The procession of Americans, the French appearing out of the shadows and shooing them off, I could see, was easy to follow. I boosted a car a fussy passenger fussed over locking up for a day while she went to her office or something. I brooded for quite a while about whether to save Thierry or not.

Since my tracker led me to a place that wasn't the embassy, I didn't doubt they'd interrogate him 'hard'. We'd all gone through that in our training. I remembered some of the filthy things they'd done to us men. I wondered if the women's training was different. Thierry had said something about there being an institutional bias about putting women into kill-sets like ours. Which accounted for me in the summery, white dress I'd worn that day, my legs bare, smooth and tanned, toenails so red in my white high heels. That made me figure that there were others around, like Thierry and me.

It wasn't a large building. There weren't a hundred entrances and a million electronic locks. By nightfall, some would leave as I saw the woman, Virginia Shepherd, and several others do. Some would be sleeping and the direct approach was sometimes the best.

I'd stolen enough equipment from Ezra Marsh's home and office to fake a few official looking envelopes, computer disks in shiny sleeves. Ezra was Jackson's superior, a deputy director, who'd loved the Noelle Mercier I'd become. He loved me sitting in his lap and wriggling girlishly on him. Apart from the obvious, what he 'gave' me in out lovemaking, he thought he was humoring me with the few files he let me access.

Ezra didn't know how much Thierry had taught me about stealing files from a superior. It was well worth the torrid love I could so easily coax out of Ezra, feeling still so much of a woman, as I finally read and deleted my history with the agency.

A few documents with references to codes were always compelling, particularly the ones ordering whoever I approached to detain me in a secure office until replies to enquiries were prepared for me, a boyish officer, by Virginia Shepherd. It took me longer than putting on my makeup now to 'become' a man. Oh, how my breasts, taped so cruelly, hurt me. They had to stay that way until I was released.

I had a gun in my hand, reversed, that I handed to the guard with a smile, before I remembered who I was. He muttered "Fag," under his breath and told me to stop where I was. I held out the butt of my gun and showed the courier insignia I'd covered in the raincoat I'd worn over my manly uniform.

"Lieutenant Nixon," I said to the stiff. "You're to detain me while this package goes to your Section Chief."

The usual occurred. I asked for a bed, saying I didn't mind a cell, if that's all they had. All I wanted was sleep. They could wake me when the brass decided I could go. They took my gun and gave me a cell after a cursory pat down I interrupted a little as I took off the tie I'd worn. If they'd found what they shouldn't about me, I'd have had to start my little war a few hours earlier than I wanted.

“Turn out the lights,” I said with a yawn as I stretched out. The security with me asked me where I thought I was, the Ritz.

“Been there,” I murmured. “No better than this.”

****12. Tell me why they’re after me****

Thierry sagged and couldn’t stop himself from lying on his arms on the table.

“Get him up,” he heard Jack Reynolds say in an exasperated voice.

Sleep deprivation, thought Thierry, and continual questioning by four of them, badgering and hectoring him, not caring what he answered. They knew the time for him to confess wasn’t yet. The heavy squad hadn’t arrived.

“Where is she?” Reynolds kept intoning, not bothering to state ‘her’ name, Noelle. “She couldn’t have left the train, anywhere. And she definitely got on it.”

Thierry thought of Noelle, smiling so prettily, making his heart thud with desire for ‘her’, bouncing in her nightie, teasing him with a smile, her fingers, lifting her panties as if she’d take them off. No one ever saw what he did, that she was entirely a woman.

Thierry shocked himself as the implications of what he’d thought reverberated in his head. Noelle was a man, Stevie Wonder. She’d always been such a wonderful actress when she put her mind to it. She could imitate him, or Cec, perfectly, even though she looked so sweet and adorable, putting on her makeup. Oh, gods, they hadn’t looked at any of the men coming off the train, had they?

Thierry thought of Noelle smiling at a porter, huffing and puffing with her luggage. What pretty dresses might she have in there? They knew nothing about Noelle. They didn’t know she was a man!

There was a thud and a sudden indrawn breath behind Thierry. Then, another thud. Thierry didn’t

care what they were doing. For a moment, no-one was yelling. It was as if he was finally in dreamland, watching the girl he'd created, smile at his avid watching of her, doing her imitation of a Can-Can dancer, flipping her petticoats over her back to tempt him into making passionate love with her.

"You want to stay here till the heavy squad arrives," said a soft, familiar voice in his ear.

Thierry jerked backwards as someone moved away behind him. The first things he saw as he half rose to his feet were the bodies on the floor. Jack Reynolds twitched which he didn't care about at all. He looked to the open door to the interrogation room and came face-to-face with a young, boyish soldier, stubble on his face, watching him, a look of amusement in the kid's blue eyes.

The kid's blue eyes. Thierry almost threw up though he'd not eaten or drunk in hours. "You, you've changed back!" he gasped.

"Sure!" said the kid. "How d'you like me now, Thierry?" He, the kid, struck a pose like a female model, smiling at Thierry. The older man stared at the 'boy', seeing some resemblance to the girl he'd known so intimately. But there was something about him. No, not the way he stood, in a girlish stance, hand curved on his hip. It was the voice. It wasn't quite the same as Thierry remembered. It was sort of neutral. He, the kid soldier, had thicker eyebrows than Noelle. There was the stubble, of all things, dark hairs on his, 'her' face.

"Not quite what you expected, darling?" asked Steve Nixon.

Thierry shuddered as he looked at the slender 'boy' he half-remembered. "No," was all he could think to say.

"Let's get out of here," said 'Stevie', as Jackson had called him. Would that be what 'he' would want to be called, thought Thierry.

There were bodies lying at crucial entry and exit points to the outside. The alarms outside the interro-

gation room were going wild. A desk was wedged beneath the front door portcullis, holding it up. They were able to slide out easily.

“I thought you were here to kill me,” said Thierry lightly as the boy moved as economically as Thierry recalled, whether ‘Johnny’ had been dressed as a girl or a boy.

The smile on the kid’s face sent more shivers through Thierry. He knew that smile and had loved it directed at him. “Maybe tomorrow,” Steve Nixon said, taking Thierry’s hand as if he was a girl, leading Thierry across the street. The car was several blocks away. Red, blue and green lights were flashing along some streets as Stevie eased the car from one alleyway across to another.

“Where to?” the young American soldier asked Thierry in Noelle’s voice, sending shivers up Thierry’s back as he looked at ‘him’ and heard ‘her’.

“I have a ‘pension’,” said Thierry, awake as he had been at the start of the long day. “In the Arab section.”

“Will they steal this car?” the soldier asked in the light tones Noelle used.

“Definitely,” said Thierry. “Especially if you leave it unlocked.”

“Good,” said the kid in Noelle’s tones again.

Soon, they rolled into a quarter where Thierry had to direct the driver. When the car was parked, back from a streetlight, Steve Nixon took a duffel bag from the trunk, deliberately left the car doors unlocked, tossing the keys into a weed-infested garden area. He was grinning as he walked up to a stiffening Thierry.

Thierry gulped, thinking of the sway in the soldier’s walk, put on, no doubt, because he was being stared at by Thierry.

“Lead on, darling,” ‘she’ said, though he was still the soldier, putting his arm through Thierry’s. He couldn’t believe what he was doing, leading another

guy through back alleys to the 'hole', the room he kept for just such an emergency as this. Yes, Thierry thought, unable to spot anyone watching the front of the 'hole'. The entire American community of spies in Paris was going to be out looking for him. And for 'Johnny' as well, he was sure.

"You look trashed," said the soldier, taking off the uniform jacket and tossing it onto an old chair. "Take the bed, Thierry. No questions till tomorrow, please."

Thierry stared at 'him', at this strange re-incarnation. It was as though he was living part of his life over again. "I, I have to know," he began, staring in fascination at the stubble on the young man's face that, crazily, to Thierry's eyes, the young man was now peeling off his face.

"No, I'm not going to kill you," said Noelle, gasping as she took off what must have been a terribly tight cap on her head, unpinning it so that her longish, bouncy hair could spring free. "No, I haven't recovered any of my memories or what I did before Vernon's plane. As I told you, I remember wiggling out of a car and jumping into Vernon's arms and kissing him. I remember grinding my tush against him. He spanked me and told me, Simone, to go to the cabin bed. He'd meet me and take me to heaven. That's still as far as I go back."

"Your eyebrows," said Thierry, laying out on his bed, sliding out of his shirt and pants and beneath the sheets.

Noelle smiled and peeled off the eyebrows. There she was, his lover, his girl friend, her eyebrows femininely thin as he remembered, looking down at him over a rough, military shirt. "Touch me, you unmitigated liar," 'she' tilted at him, "and I'll break your wrist, Thierry."

"You, you didn't come back to, to be my woman, then?" Thierry asked.

"Let's discuss that in the morning, shall we?" Noelle whispered, doing her femmy wiggle so perfectly.

“A goodnight kiss would be worth a broken wrist,” said Thierry, feeling the weariness sweeping over him as he sank into the bed, she still in the uniform, watching him, her face without makeup but unmistakably female, he’d have said.

“I should tie you to the bed, should I?” she asked, her voice imitating him. She’d teased him like that, had Noelle, but Thierry had the idea that, this time, a year since he’d seen her, she wasn’t joking with him any more.

“I’ll be good,” he whispered.

“In the morning, darling Thierry,” she said after a little while. At least, that’s what Thierry thought he heard Noelle say, but sleep came too quickly once he’d closed his eyes, she kissing him so sweetly, so femininely.

*****13. Getting things straight*****

“You think this is the frigging way I want you to run things over here!” Jackson snarled at Thierry, poking him savagely in the chest. I’d pulled out of Jackson’s ‘embrace’, swishing over to my boy friend for protection, as a woman should. “You think I want my best operative to be dressed up as your sexual fantasy!”

I stared at the long mirror on the back of the entrance door to our apartment and looked at myself. I’d had my long hair dyed black, as Belanger loved girls with black, shiny hair. Blondes, Thierry had told me, just didn’t turn him on. Belanger thought that blondes just lay back and wanted to be amused. He, as the man, had to do all the work. He preferred brunettes like me. I was Belanger’s sexual fantasy.

Thierry had been posing as a friendly customer of Belanger’s. He let slip that I wasn’t his wife or girl friend after Belanger admired me at the ‘affair’ we attended at some millionaire’s house in the Bois du Boulogne. I was ‘powdering my nose’ at the time.

Later, as I was admiring an early Picasso, Belanger leaned over, stroked my soft-skinned shoulder and whispered in my ear that he'd like an evening of my time just as Thierry was having. I'd smiled flirtily, taken the pen from his pocket and written the number of my 'escort agency' on his sleeve.

That was why I was the shapely brunette, my hair long, falling seductively down my back. It was why I was wearing such a tight corset, my breasts pushed upward to accentuate my womanly figure. It was why my dress was strapless and my feminine underclothing so silky and refined. I'd spent a day in a spa as a woman and had my face and body feminized by women who believed I was a woman, just like them. All the time I luxuriated in female fantasies, I believed I was female.

I knew I'd be the right woman for Edouard, the name Belanger had used to hire me. I'd play my part, putting on girlish mannerisms and teasing Edouard as any girl would do. When he wanted to love me, I'd pretend it was Thierry trying to make love to me in new and daring ways. It didn't matter, after all, if I slipped up, if 'Edouard' discovered I wasn't entirely the woman of his dreams. He was a dead man anyway.

"Enjoy yourself," Thierry would have said to me as I was leaving. He did each time I went out on a mission that involved enticing a man to make love to me.

Jackson wouldn't let me go. "Look at you," he said, grabbing my hands and turning me to face the attractive girl in mirror-tiled wall. He caressed me, about my waist, his hands on my breasts. He kissed my neck. I jumped, sensing, despite all the things he was saying, that he wanted me, wanted me to be his woman. I looked frantically to my darling Thierry for help but he was just watching me, a sick look on his face. I had to struggle to control my womanly feelings and not drive a fist through Jackson's, or Thierry's, balls.

I recovered, swishing my dress back around me, loving the feel of it about my stockinged legs. I minced away from Jackson in my high heels, my

dress parting as it should at the hem, revealing my stockings, my lovely ankles and the anklet I wore as well as my delicate, strappy, five inch high heels. Yes, Edouard was a very tall man. He'd requested I wear really high, femmy heels.

But it was Jackson who pulled me back, who drew me close and wanted me to kiss him.

"You are a woman, aren't you?" Jackson murmured, making my hair and earrings dance against his neck. "And women are too effing soft to be in this business. They've got all kinds of foibles ...!"

"Noelle is on her way out to do the job on Belanger," Thierry at last spoke, cutting across Jackson's arousing caresses. "You said it was urgent. She's ready to do it, no problems. You can have her back ..."

Jackson pulled my shaking, feminine body against him. "Not yet," burst from his lips. "She has to prove to me she can do what you said. She'll fuck him first, won't she? Yes, she'll have her fun, won't she? Fuck it. You can do me first, Noelle! Thierry, send in a kill squad and get the job done."

"But you can't!" Thierry called out as Jackson pushed me, opening my dress, his mouth at my neck, rousing womanly feelings in me. I was flung into the bedroom, Jackson frenziedly sweeping my dress from me so that he could caress my panties, my garter belt, my stockings and kiss my breasts as he released me from my bra.

"We have explicit orders from the top!" called Thierry hoarsely, not stopping our boss, our superior, from taking me as if I was a woman. "We can't ever let anyone find we're here or how we operate!"

Jackson shoved Thierry out of the door.

"Stop!" Thierry shouted. Jackson turned me over, spanking my wiggling tush until I reared up for him.

"Oh, what a lovely ass," Jackson said as he pushed my panties aside and entered me, his hands stretching about me, one caressing my breasts, the other my

clit. I couldn't believe how aroused and hard his manhood was. In seconds, he was inside me, rocking me back and forth. Ooo, I was a shivering woman as he turned my head and kissed me ferociously, burying his tongue in my mouth

"D-Don't!" I squeaked girlishly. Oh, but the caresses were so firm, so masculine. And I was such a weak, little girl, wasn't I? Thierry told me I had to be all the time. Ooo, I loved it as Jackson proved to me I was just a weak, silly girl who'd do anything for a man!

Ooo, Belanger would never have me like this! I rocked and rocked, encouraging my lover to inseminate me more and more. I twisted about and made Jackson face me, caress me as I wanted, as I did things to him that Thierry loved. Oh, yes, we were lovers, man and woman.

I made Jackson come again, listening to him cursing as he pumped me full of his male essence. I shifted my lovely lingerie in my manicured hands, making him come and come, writhing femininely all over him until he flagged. He suddenly cursed, pulled away from kissing my breasts and left me.

I heard the two men arguing over me. "You raped my girl friend!" Thierry yelled. Oh, how it hurt when Jackson jeered at the words Thierry used. I found my way to the dressing table. Trembling, I did my makeup, re-scented and re-dressed, becoming the womanly escort Belanger expected. The lacquer on my femininely-shaped fingernails gleamed against the dark, silk of my strapless dress, my breasts bouncing as I didn't wear my bra. I definitely was bouncing as I rejoined the 'men'.

"Jackson?" I asked, knowing my voice was as beautifully feminine as the rest of me. He wasn't there.

"Gone to order the kill," said Thierry, trying to hold me, kiss me. I broke free easily. I minced down the steps onto the street. Jackson turned, a sneer on his face as I appeared. There were two other men, moving towards him, his bodyguards. Cec, across the road,

was with my chauffeur, probably explaining the financial arrangements with Belanger. I was, after all, supposed to be a high-class, highly-paid prostitute.

Jackson stepped towards me. "I don't want you with faggots!" he hissed at me. "Tell your faggot boy friend he's finished here. He'll be dead if he gets in the way of this operation."

"It's not what you think!" I protested. "Let me do the job!"

The puzzled, frowning men with Jackson moved right up to him, one reaching for a weapon, staring at me, still holding up my dress, my legs exposing the lovely stockings I was wearing.

Thierry came out the front door. "You raped Noelle!" I heard him say.

"Faggot!" screamed Jackson at him. "She loves taking it like a woman, like you!"

I could see the bodyguard looking at me with widening eyes. Flushing, I tried to stop the enraged Jackson. I did what I was trained to do. I kicked upward, showing off my panties, garter belt and corset for sure as I dislodged the bodyguard's gun. It went off, as it hurtled across the street. Jackson pulled out a gun. I dropped him with a quick slap over his wrist, twisting his gun from him, using an elbow to put him down.

The second bodyguard started yelling, telling me to put down the gun. I did as I saw Cec and the man with him jerk into action. The second guy saw them and opened fire, hitting the man supposed to be my chauffeur. Cec fired as he ran behind a car. I started screaming, in as high a girlish voice as I could.

"We're all on the same side!" I squealed.

Lights came on in the building behind us. "You idiot!" I squealed at the groaning Jackson. "Gunshots on a Parisian street, a body over there! You can't expect us to clean this up! The cops will be here in two minutes!"

“Get out of here, Noelle!” hissed Thierry, coming down the steps behind me.

“On the date?” I asked him unsteadily.

“Cec will get you there,” said Thierry, motioning to Cec to bring the car, ruining my lipstick with a fierce kiss.

Jackson recovered, berating Thierry, lifting my legs and high heels into Cec’s car, showing off my garters to him!

“What about Bernard?” I asked Cec, who eased away, blue lights flashing at the end of the street.

“He’s a goner,” said Cec succinctly. “Belanger?”

“Yes,” I said to him, shivering a little as I’d come out without a wrap and the night air was cool.

“Why was Jacko calling Thierry those names?” Cec asked me, noting my wobbling breasts and frowning. “Shouldn’t we abort this mission?”

“We do it,” I said to him. “Jackson wanted to send you, Frank, and Bernard, I suppose, on a shoot-on-sight mission, Belanger and whoever’s with him. I’ll take Bernard’s place.”

“Not in my book,” growled Cec, a smile playing along his thick lips as he looked at me and deliberately licked them. “I guess we’ll do it the way Thierry planned.” He sighed. “Monsieur Belanger doesn’t know what a lucky man he is.”

*******14. Tell us what's going on*******

Thierry awoke. There was a young woman in his apartment, sitting, legs crossed in the chair near the window. She had command of all the entrances, windows and doors, to the apartment. A coffee cup steamed beside her hand, her bracelet shining golden in the sunlight. It was like her hair, brushed and waved behind her ears, a chic and elegant style for her, Noelle Mercier.

Noelle was reading the delivered newspaper. She looked up when he made a slight movement and smiled at him. "Coffee?" she asked and stood up to get some for him, her figure in her straight skirt and stiff, white blouse, so beautifully female.

"So," said Noelle, leaning over so that he could get a good look at her pretty bra and even prettier, shapelier breasts, "why were you standing there on Le Gare du Nord with a ring of steel around you?"

"Ring of steel?" asked Thierry, his undershirt and pants rumpled as he got out of bed. He felt unclean beside her sparkling femininity. He so much wanted to touch the lovely legs that were crossed so femininely opposite him. He was surprised to see it was two o'clock. It had been an age since he'd risen in the afternoon. The last time had been with Noelle, when she'd returned from the Kushtun mission. He'd spent half the night loving and consoling her, telling her she was right in what she'd done. He'd make it right with Jackson.

Which he hadn't done as Jackson had lit into him in the post-operational report, sarcastically asking Thierry what part of his instructions he hadn't understood. "Thirty years, that family has plagued us," Jackson had thundered before Thierry had been able to get a word in. "I promised they'd never be a thorn again and what do I see on BBC World but this woman!

"There she is, screaming about husband and parents being assassinated by American agents, one of them a woman who set her adrift in a boat, to be saved by the French coastguard!"

Thierry hadn't said anything about Noelle, confronted with a deck load of tiny children and teen-aged mothers.

"Surely you noticed," Noelle was going on as Thierry thought of the things she'd said when he'd picked 'Lise' up from her interview at the police station after Belanger was found dead. She'd played it perfectly. The inquest was perfunctory. Death by natural causes, an embolism Edouard Belanger hadn't known about, was the coroner's opinion. The sexy prostitute who'd caused the death wasn't called in court to save relatives from public embarrassment.

"Surely you noticed," said Noelle sharply, breaking into Thierry's daydream, "the snipers above and between the posters, the hunters all over the platform, looking for me! How would they have known I was coming in on that train, Thierry darling, if you hadn't told them?"

"I didn't," said Thierry. "One of those bright boys outside the interrogation room twigged onto it and burst in on us, all excited. You'd used a credit card I'd given you. We all had to rush to the station to see if we could catch you."

"You were there to trap me," Noelle said, raising her cup to her lovely, painted lips. She didn't look at all like the boy from yesterday, Thierry could see, thankfully. He smiled as she wrinkled her nose at the lipstick she left on her coffee cup. She hated washing such cups, he knew.

"I've been out ever since Jackson," said Thierry. "I told you I would be. I was picked up yesterday, before breakfast, by a Section Chief of all things, right on the street, because of what you did, here in Paris."

"And what did I do?" asked Noelle, looking genuinely puzzled to Thierry's eyes.

"Assassinated the Barrouqi brothers," said Thierry, watching her stiffen and stare at him, the coffee cup motionless in her feminine hand. "They found prints of yours on the bullet and on some

alarm. Where I was being interrogated, there were photos from the killing.”

Noelle set down her cup. “I thought it strange,” Noelle said in her lovely, lilting voice, “that someone had blown their faces off. I thought it was someone in a rage. Reminded me of Jackson.”

Thierry stiffened at that. Yes, well, she’d have seen or heard about Jackson, wouldn’t she, if she was ‘in’ again. She’d run, as he told her to. She must know the official version now was that Noelle had killed Jackson. It wasn’t an accident any more, bodyguards shooting at each other.

What could Thierry have done, with what Jackson was spouting so loudly? Thierry wasn’t a killer, was he? Noelle was the ‘asset’. Jackson hadn’t thought Thierry a threat, hadn’t seen the silenced gun in Thierry’s left hand?

Despite having made love to Noelle, Jackson threatened her existence even after Noelle had left with Cec. The section was closed, finished, he’d yelled, sirens concealing what happened. Thierry fired twice into his superior’s head, tossing the gun close to Bernard’s body. Thierry departed quickly, as a coward would have. Everyone knew he was a non-combatant. It couldn’t have been him who’d killed Jackson.

“Not going to say anything about that?” laughed the adorable, ultra-feminine woman opposite Thierry. “What did you tell the estimable Virginia Shepherd about me?”

“That you’d never do a mission like that,” said Thierry. “You never left evidence even on a messy job. Besides, I asked her how the French had your fingerprints so fast.”

“Well done, Thierry,” said Noelle with a smile. “My champion. They didn’t buy it?”

“They knew I was suggesting they look higher up the food chain,” said Thierry, staring at Noelle, admiring how lovely she looked, so perfectly female in the most unromantic type of setting. “Someone’s try-

ing to frame you, getting the French to do the dirty work ...”

“Didn’t want me talking about what I’ve done,” murmured Noelle thoughtfully.

“Shepherd really wants to find you here in Paris,” Thierry went on. “Figured you’d coded me and wanted that out of me. You got to me before the real heavy work began.”

“Twelve hours,” said Noelle bleakly. “I figured you for that.”

“You figured wrong,” said Thierry with a grim smile. “All they had to do was to take out a pair of pliers and wave them in front of me. They’d have had anything they wanted. But they followed the playbook.”

“Lucky us,” said Noelle. “You know we’re on the running list now.”

Thierry nodded. “And so that you know, darling Thierry,” said the blonde girl, moving the waves of soft, womanly hair across her left cheek back behind her left ear, her earring moving and glinting as she did it with a fingers vividly painted in red polish, “I wasn’t in Paris at any time before yesterday since I left you on Rue de Garonne, a year ago.

“And the Barrouqi brothers? I entertained Ahmed in New York a couple of months ago for, for a friend in our business. He thought I was a gift for him. I broke his right hand which he put in my panties. Did either of your victims have a broken right hand? He was wearing a sling when he complained about me to the deputy director. I was sent here to kill him. Yes, a mission needing a woman of my special qualities!”

Thierry stared at the girl across the table from him. “They sent you here to be eliminated!” he said in fury. “Jackson. They’ve hung that on you!”

Noelle gave him a wry smile. “Looks that way, doesn’t it?” she said.

“What are you going to do?” asked Thierry finally, scratching his beard and knowing that he had to clean up right away.

“Find my enemy,” said Noelle with a brief smile. “More to the point, what are you going to do if not run?”

“I’m going to shave, have a shower, and put on some clean underclothes if only for a few minutes,” Thierry said, standing and moving towards his bathroom.

“Why for only a few minutes?” asked Noelle with a little frown making her feminized face look so beautiful. Thierry had always loved it that he could make her do that on occasion.

“Because, before I go running off anywhere, the first thing I am going to do after I’m clean, is to make love to the most beautiful woman in the world, my darling Noelle,” said Thierry. He looked meaningfully to the bed. “You could change the sheets, darling, while I make myself ready for you.”

*****15. Breaking up is hard to do*****

Thierry manipulated me again. He said he hadn’t had a woman since I’d left. I didn’t ask him, even though it was on the tip of my tongue, to ask if he’d had a man.

It wasn’t a long time for me without sex. Yes, I let men caress me. Yes, I let them partly undress me, let them kiss and fondle my breasts. Some, I stopped from taking my panties from me. With Thierry, or Ezra, I didn’t have to stop and it was so wonderful. I really did feel as if I was a femmy woman as Thierry eased my panties from me, spread my legs and lifted them about his waist. I’d forgotten how wonderful I felt to be an orgasmic woman as my lover penetrated me time and again.

Well, I couldn’t just leave, could I, not with such a willing and unsatisfied man with me. Oh, he must have taken a few pills while he was away in the bath-

room. I took full advantage of him, my darling Thierry.

And no, I didn't kill him. I broke my word. I made love to him for a day and finally left him. I had another man in mind who'd betrayed me just as much as Thierry. That one, I promised myself, I really was going to kill. I gave him my silent word as I tossed and turned on Thierry's really magnificent male appendage, feeling so like a woman with his whispered compliments on my femininity.

I'd not forgotten, either, how wonderful multiple orgasms can be to a sexy, passionate woman my liar of a lover had made me into. I so loved getting up and putting on my frilliest panties, my softest bra, my sexy garter belt with nude stockings, and petticoated skirts that I quite forgave Thierry for dumping Jackson's murder on me. Yes, who else would have put bullets into the back of Jackson's head, after all?

*****end of part one*****