

*A Little More*  
**Under the Cover**



**Philippa Peters**



An "Adult TV" Novel



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# A LITTLE MORE UNDER THE COVER

by Philippa Peters

*Part Two, A Continuation of 'Undercover'*

## **X. THE MAKING OF DENISE GORDON**

The two stunningly pretty girls, in Gina's opinion, were 'girls' she could really use in her future plans. They stood up, Michelle laughing, made Alice, blushing, do it again, without showing off the pretty, frilly panties she was wearing. Yes, it was hard to be a lady, thought Gina sardonically. But she had no doubt that Michelle would soon have this new girl in hand. She'd better after the conversation she'd had with her insider on the Vice Squad.

Gina Freeman's smile lasted only as long as the two 'girls' were with her. She couldn't help the expression of superiority, almost contempt, that replaced the smile when the two were gone.

So the queer cop was going to play the game out all the way, she thought sardonically. A brave man, but soon he'd have to be a braver woman. He looked like he could do it. But there must be something wrong with his sexual makeup, Gina was certain, for him even to have undertaken a task such as the one his superiors had set him. She'd never bent a cop before, not in this way at least, though she had in other cases, with Katie, a former cop, and her Barry-boy, another worker for the police department, checking out that Katie was passing to her dominatrix.

Gina suspected Johnny Bent had, in his own peculiar way, bent many cops, all over the country. Jack was supposed to have a power package: his records of who had done what when. Gil Corona had always been going on about it, but she'd known Jack better. He kept all his records, she was sure, in his prodigious memory. When he'd died, well, they were all on their own now, able to do what Jack did but in their own ways. If anyone claimed access to Johnny's 'power package,' who loved dressing up as a woman, who just preferred queens as their love partners and who had other fetishes they never wished to be revealed, Gina would know then who she should have removed from the Organization – after she'd made sure their claims weren't true.

Gina considered her options. She could let Tommy know about Polanski's infiltration attempt, a rather novel one, an extreme one in fact. Tommy was very straightforward. He'd start panicking and want to close everything down again as they had in the year after Jack died. Look what happened when that old pimp, Gil Corona, disappeared. There had been panic until she'd turned up the information that Corona had died in Longbar, the prison hospital, hit by the Colombians after that last deal had gone haywire. Corona was as stupid as he was vain, she thought angrily.

Still, Tommy would be worried about where the police had got their information from as well as how they were trying to slip in an informant in such a stupid way. But with any number of Johnny Bent messengers now anonymous since the old man's death, it wasn't surprising that someone had talked. It was a surprise really that the Feds hadn't gone public right away. That was more like them than this crafty approach was.

Gina had to admit that this Alice, no, Denise Gordon as she'd renamed her, this Denise was cute and made an extraordinarily good-looking woman. Gina would have to keep a careful eye on her, of course, but she could well make an ideal companion - after Angela's retirement as Gina's husband.

Angela. The very thought of 'her' brought a scowl to Gina's face. She was becoming an all-round pain in the butt, her husband was, continually whining about one thing or another. It was becoming clearer to Gina that she was losing her hold on Angela. The hormones had worked too well. She wouldn't make the same mistake with Denise Gordon.

Gina guessed that Angela was longing for *the* operation now. She was certainly useless in bed unless you were a lesbian. Gina knew herself and knew she had those tendencies in her. She loved the feel and aroma of a female body beside her in bed but she also wanted her partner to really enter her, not with the fake, 'action' sex toys that were all Angela could now provide her with. She wanted the real thing and felt suddenly hungry as she remembered how cute the new queen, new 'girlie,' Denise Gordon had looked in her blonde wig and green dress.

Johnny Bent had warned her about getting involved with the product, as he had called it. Johnny hadn't. He'd also lacked, he had said himself, the

strong streak of ambition and ruthlessness that might have carried him to the very top, to the head of his own family. Gina smiled to herself. Those qualities were not lacking in her. And she was the only one to see that times were changing. Queens weren't like they used to be. Exposure was no longer as big a threat as it once was. Many people were experimenters these days. The employees, that's how she thought of them, needed someone strong to keep them in line.

Gina had calculated that Tommy Black, not Gil Corona, would soon take over what was left of Jack's small permanent crew. Tommy had the name and the right mob connections. Besides, Corona had hated her as she had him. She knew they'd run into the same troubles with the girls that Jack had. Big Vic Campari had clashed with Jack over his methods of 'client surveillance' many times, which was one reason why Jack turned to using transvestites and queens.

The same fight had gone on between the grandson Arturo Campari and Tommy, but that was now settled. The deal with Jimmy Stick helped there. If she knew Tommy, he'd soon be letting the queen side of the business slip or go under completely and then where would she be?

Tommy needed her now because she did know some of the old ring and how it operated. It was a real pity Alice was a cop. She was so good in her early moves that she might well have been another Angela, Diane or Belle, Johnny's 'top girl.'

Angela again, she thought with a sigh. Angela couldn't keep her eyes off the men these days. Nor her hands. Gina had learned yesterday that Angela was beyond the petting and fondling stage with one of the Stick's men, the smaller one, Julio. Was that his

name? He was the one so nasty to all the queens. Did he think he'd fool Gina with such an act? He obviously was attracted to the 'girls.' What an easy target, she thought. If only he had something she wanted.

Well, Denise would need a permanent escort. Who better than a 'queen-hater' like Julio? she smiled to herself. Poor Angela would have to find herself a new playmate. She brought out the chart she had been working on but would never have shown to anyone, not even Tommy. She did not have Johnny's memory. She needed a diagram to show her who was going where and when.

Yes, there was a need for hookers in a convention hotel in Chicago. Angela could join them and do pickups. She loved to be taken for a woman. She'd love to do it. Her pickup could be informed of the limited tricks she'd do for a man. Angela would love the job. She wouldn't even care if she was caught. To be noticed as a woman, to be thought of as one, was all she was beginning to care about. Gina put her diagrams away after making a note. She had two things now to talk to Jimmy about. Soon, she wouldn't have to use 'women' like Angela. Jimmy was more co-operative in sharing his girls than Big or Little Vic.

Gina wondered how Angela would like being one of Jimmy's whores. She thought of the cop she was going to bend and imagined pretty Alice on the street as one of Jimmy's girls. There could be no more fitting ending, she thought gleefully.

I thought it would just be a blood test for AIDS as I sat in the professionally equipped doctor's office on a proper examining table. I didn't expect to have anything injected into my arm. I became woozy right away and had to lie down on the examining table, Michelle arranging my hair beneath my head like a cushion.

I swore at them thickly, but more at myself for being taken in by such a simple trick. I felt the doctor's hands on my legs as he lifted them up and I was stretched out on the table, barely able to do more than dribble from my red-painted mouth.

"Was this necessary?" I heard Michelle's musical voice say.

I couldn't see anything but the wash basin, next to the pillow. I just wanted to sleep, to sink into the soft pillow.

"Don't you usually just use a local?" I heard Michelle's voice again entering the miasma of swirling images in my head. I mustn't dream, I willed myself. I must stay awake. I must know what they were doing.

"...and then she said that this queen wouldn't be co-operative," said a deep voice that I recognized as Doc Medway's. No wonder I felt as if I was losing my hearing. His voice was like a gentle wave beating against a shore. I listened to it, understanding nothing and being lulled to sleep by it.

I felt myself half-turned. Someone was unbuttoning my dress. Ugh, me in 'my' dress! Oh, please, undo my waist cinch, I pleaded. That's the one that hurts the most.

"Well, it will make removing all her body hair that much easier," said Michelle's clear voice again. "But I think she should have some choice in whether she wants a T and A job, don't you?"

Yes, I said in my half-conscious state. Yes, she should, whoever she is, I tried to say aloud. What's a T and A job?

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I came to with a splitting headache. I must have groaned very loudly for a cool glass of water was instantly thrust into my hand and someone put their hand behind me to help me sit up and drink. It was a nice hand, pressing against something soft and silky that was caressing my skin.

“Don’t drink too much,” said Michelle Bennett. “Doc Medway gave you far too much sedative. I told him so.”

I vaguely remembered where I was and what I was supposed to be doing. “How long?” I started to ask.

“Well, you did come around two hours ago,” Michelle said brightly. “But then you drifted off again. I think you were tired. It seemed best to let you rest. It’s about eight o’clock in the evening now. That’s why I put the nightie on you. I thought you might like to just stay in bed until tomorrow. You know, catch up on your sleep.”

So that was it. I had a nightdress on, a woman’s nightie. I tried to control the panicky feelings going through me. I was dressed as a woman I thought with a gulp, recognizing the soft, caressing feeling now about my thighs. I sank back onto the fluffed-up pillow. And I was wearing a wig, I thought, and my women’s underwear. I had a bra on for sure, and the falsies on my chest.

I opened my eyes. Michelle Bennett was sitting on a white-quilted bed beside the one I was on in a white room, the lighting dim, looking at me with concern.

“Sorry about the way it happened,” Michelle said quietly, with great sympathy. “Normally, it’s several weeks before I propose it to someone like you. Then,

of course, you love it when you get real breasts so quickly.”

“Real breasts?” I squeaked, feeling the blood drain from my face. I put my hands to my chest. I looked up at her with what must be horror on my face. There were mounds there. Breasts! They had given me female breasts and dressed me in a nightie!

Panic-stricken, I reached down my body. The nightie was long and felt so peculiar against my skin. It registered that I didn’t have any hair on my body. The material was lying directly on my skin. I felt panties around my private parts, but, almost in relief, I felt my manhood intact.

Michelle was looking at me, horrified. “We’d never do something like that to you without your consent,” she said, sitting up very straight, her breasts perfect in her tight-fitting dress.

*I have breasts like that too*, I thought wildly. I pushed back the covers and swung my feet out of the bed. The nightie was billowing about me, touching me, sending strange chills up and down my body as I realized that my legs were absolutely smooth, hairless.

I stood up on my bare feet. My toenails were painted! The nightdress made me shiver as it danced about my bare legs. But it was the mounds on my chest that made me want to scream the most. I was wearing some sort of underwired bra that held the creamy mounds of smooth flesh in front of me. They moved as I moved my arms.

I felt like screaming or hitting someone. How dare they! How dare they deform me like this! I looked for Michelle, ready to attack her and to force my way out of that place. But she’d moved to a white, inlaid door and opened it. A long mirror on the inside gave me a

dizzying view of the white room before stopping on the ash-blond woman in the long, white nightdress. Like so many nightdresses, it was very revealing, revealing of long, white arms, ending in bright red fingernails clutching and lifting the long skirt to show off her equally bright toenails and shapely calves.

Even more revealing was the cleavage. The two mounds were pushed together by the tight bra but they were clearly mine. I was looking at myself as a woman. I reached up my hands to touch them.

“The bra is padded, naturally,” said Michelle brightly. “After an operation like that and the enlarging of the nipples, they’ll be sore for a little while but you’ll be able to wear a bikini next week.”

Next week! Next week, I’d be in considerable pain after having these ripped from my chest. Yes, I was going to teach Michelle and all her other Bent friends just what pain was! I couldn’t believe how I looked! How they’d *made* me look, I thought vengefully. The hair seemed attached to me, the blonde bangs over my forehead. No wonder my ears hurt. There were earrings there. It took a second glance for me to realize that these were not clip-ons! I had pierced ears too!

And my face! Something was wrong with my face. It was me and it wasn’t me. What was it? I looked so female. I didn’t even have makeup on. What was wrong with me? Then I realized that my face was slightly swollen on each cheek. Had they assaulted me while I slept?

“We didn’t touch your neck,” Michelle said, opening the other white panelled door to reveal a closet full of clothes, women’s clothes. “You don’t need to have your Adam’s apple shaved back. Yours really is invisible, isn’t it?”

“It was my idea that Doctor Medway touch up your cheeks, too. Don’t you think you look so much more feminine with smoothness and curves there rather than bones? It doesn’t stop feeling at all, either. I should know! I had my cheeks done five years ago; and I’m not boney at all now, am I? It all feels so real!

“By the way, I don’t want you sitting too much for the next few days, either. You should get used to standing or lying down.”

“Why?” I croaked, my throat dry as I made out the line of panties through the nightie on me and the line of my bra. I was shivering and didn’t know why as the nightie quivered against me. I was breaking out in goosebumps just looking at the strange person who was myself as a woman. No, not just as a woman. As a *pretty* woman, my face pale and shiny, my cheeks rounded and smooth, my eyebrows curved in such a delicate line.

My eyelashes, they couldn’t be my own, so dark and curvy, too. This wasn’t me! They had transplanted me, my ideas, my mind, into a female body! I screamed inside my head, shaking the long ash-blond hair about my neck. This isn’t me!

“Feel your hips,” Michelle said, grinning broadly. Shaking, I did so, wondering fearfully what else they could have done to me. What *hadn’t* they done to me! My hips were fleshy, rounded, womanly! My backside! The cheeks were fuller and the tops of my legs. I couldn’t help it. I had to pull up my nightie and expose my legs. They weren’t mine! I wanted to scream in protest. These were women’s legs, soft, rounded, beautiful, if you were a woman.

Michelle was going on about injections and hadn’t the doc done such a wonderful job curving me in all the right places? Didn’t I look so beautiful now with a woman’s body? I could be a girl all day long! She,

Michelle, was going to be with me all the time and teach me everything I had to know. We'd start on my voice right away.

Michelle gushed on with such enthusiasm that I couldn't get a word in edgeways. I couldn't yell at her. My throat was too dry. I couldn't look at the pretty legs and panties any more, not with the thought that this was me for a little while longer while I was still being held under compulsion here. I lowered my skirts and the floating about my legs gave me a weird, airy feeling that made me shiver, even though it wasn't unpleasant.

Nevertheless, I felt sick to my stomach as Michelle bubbled on happily about how wonderful she knew I felt now that I had no body or face hair. I had to have more treatments for that but she'd be as gentle as she could in doing it.

When she ran down, I had to ask her why, why they'd done this to me. "Why?" Michelle asked, puzzled. "You mean, you mean, you actually didn't want it done? You don't want to be able to pass as a woman, everywhere?"

Michelle sounded totally astonished. I remembered what I was supposed to be. I was a drag queen. I liked to dress in women's clothing, didn't I? Now I wouldn't need any padding at all. I should love it, love what they'd done to me. Love to wear all the pretty clothes in the cupboard in front of me. I almost swallowed my tongue as I thought of myself in a bikini. Men would look at me as I had looked at women before. When they knew it was me, oh, what a laughing-stock I would be then.

How could they do this to me!? I cried on the inside as I turned back to the bed, looking anywhere but at the girl in the mirror. I actually felt tears in my eyes. I felt Michelle's arm about my shoulder, trying to com-

fort me. I was Charley Howell! I didn't need any comforting by a...what was she? My coach? The woman who was going to make me a woman like her.

"I didn't want to go this far," I said miserably. "I didn't mind padding." Well, I did, but I couldn't admit that and keep my cover, could I?

"I heard that you wouldn't co-operate," Michelle said quietly. "I'm sorry if we went too far. But really," she took my hands in her soft ones, "you will find that this is marvellous. Would you like to go out tonight? We could go down to the Hilo and pick up a couple of Desiree's boy friends. They'll go wild over you."

"No!" I exclaimed and lay back on the bed, strange feelings going through me. I could feel hurts now, too. My nipples were throbbing and even my skin felt as it had been burned in several places.

"You're hurting," said Michelle with sudden understanding. "Yes, it would be wise to wait until you get all the stitches out and you're not so swollen up." She giggled. "You'll only be a B cup, you know. I hate big boobs like Desiree's, don't you?"

I had thought Desiree was padded up too much before. I was staggered to think that all that frontage was actually hers, no, *his*. As this was mine, I thought, my chest wobbling as I moved, the sensation eerie. I felt like I was wearing extra pants too, shorts of some kind. I'm a man, I wanted to scream, tossing my long hair back, my breasts wobbling. I can't do this any more!

"Let's put you in some stockings, a garter belt and a nice dress," said Michelle, cocking her head in a beguiling smile. "Doesn't that sound wonderful? You'll be a woman like me in no time."

## **XI. WHAT EVERY QUEEN WOULD LOVE**

“We’ve lost Annie Phelan,” Carson’s trembling voice revealed only a little of the grief he felt at the death of one of his best undercover agents.

Polanski looked up at the captain who had just stormed onto his office. “Annie?” he asked, his face going pale. “What happened?”

“A psycho with a knife,” snarled Carson. “Played games with her in that crummy apartment we set her up in, before she died.”

The sneer on his face let Polanski know there was more. “You think that it was just a psycho?” he began.

“Annie Phelan was switched over to pipeline Charley Howell. She’s the last to see him; now she’s dead,” said Carson angrily. “What do you think? Annie could spot a psycho a mile away. She’d never have a guy in her place, anyway. We’re going to close up the Block on this, cut off Jimmy Stick from his source of income. We’ll find Howell for you too.” His face was ashy with grief. “This thing has cost us too much already.”

Polanski looked at the heavy-breathing captain for a long time. “You think Charley can give us evidence that this was a mob hit?” he asked, frowning.

Carson grimaced. “You’ve had us keep out of Knightsbridge for too long,” he said. “Wait till we get the Bent Organization. Wait, wait, wait! I’ve had it! Those guys think they’re immune. We’re gonna crack down and right now. If any of that deviate bunch was involved...”

Polanski knew the emotion. “Shoot first and piece it together later,” he said sarcastically.

“What’s the matter with you, Polanski?” raged Carson. “You’re being outfoxed. Phelan’s dead. Howell’s disappeared. He’s probably dead too. Annie said he had Jimmy’s boys holding onto him when he went off with a drag queen. How long has it been now? Ten days? Undercovers just don’t go out of sight for that long, not in an area like this. I tell you, your investigation is blown!”

Polanski firmed up his jaw. “The Commissioner agrees with me that the people we are after would just move out of here if we cracked down on Knightsbridge too tightly.”

Carson turned on his heel and stormed out of Polanski’s office, the door coming off its hinge at such abusive treatment. Polanski wanted to stalk right after him. He knew Carson was going to disobey any order the Commissioner might give him. He was going to have Knightsbridge stepped on and very heavily.

Jeff might as well go to the Commissioner’s now before he was called in. In the outer office, several members of the Narcotics Squad were gathered at the water cooler. They looked casually at his wrecked door but no one made a comment. Polanski left knowing he was the subject of several furtive and very hostile glances.

“There is a plan to clean up Knightsbridge after we get the Bent Organization, isn’t there?” asked the Commissioner, seemingly unperturbed by Polanski’s revelations.

“Yes,” said Polanski. “But Carson’s not ready to listen. He wants vengeance. So does my squad.”

The Commissioner grimaced. “Well, let him huff and puff and throw his weight about in Knightsbridge for a while,” he said firmly. “The bad

guys have to expect some reaction from us if they did ice one of ours. Let it go.”

Polanski sighed and nodded.

“How’s the undercover operation progressing?” the Commissioner wanted to know.

Polanski sighed again. “Howell confirmed so much of what Corona said and we know he was taken into the ring. Annie’s death, if it was an accident, couldn’t have come at a worst time. We’re going to bring Kate back from San Fran and see what she can find out. But she’s scared to death of coming back.”

“Back to square one,” said the Commissioner bitterly. His dead brother, a suicide, was not going to rest easy for a while yet.

“Howell’s still the key,” said Polanski. “If he’s been taken in, and can give us direct evidence, well, at least we could bust up the Organization. Publicity would do the rest on seeing it isn’t rebuilt. When we contact Howell again...”

“But if Howell’s been taken all the way in, will anyone now recognize him, or should I say, her?” asked the Commissioner.

Both men thought about that for a while. Surely Howell couldn’t have gone all the way as a queen. No, he’d have refused. They would toss him out, probably far away from this city. More likely he was dead. There were, after all, some things that no normal man could ever do.

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Michelle Bennett was a hard taskmistress for Denise Gordon. Denise Gordon; it was like it wasn’t

me, even though I responded to the name. I had to. No one called me anything now but Denise. Michelle seemed determined to get me into trim as a woman in record time. I must admit that I had to wonder at time if they weren't feeding me some drug in the water and light salads, my main foods, because sometimes, just sometimes, I found myself hardly able to remember I was Charley Howell. I wasn't acting at those times.

I would be dressed in a short sexy dress, my pretty legs encased in nylon, my makeup done by experts, my figure eye-catching and gently shaped by my feminine lingerie. Michelle would start it and urge me on in teasing whoever they had guarding us. It was fun to flirt with my tormentors who could not answer back. I loved it then. I was Denise.

The three visits daily to the gym were torture. What was so awful was that the gym was not just for Michelle and me but I had to join in with whatever classes were organized for that time. There were other girls there, dancers obviously by the graceful way they moved even in warm-ups. The lead-ups to ballet classes were the worst. I might have felt I wasn't a completely stupid parody of a woman if I had just been tightly padded. But I had breasts.

Breasts that jiggled when I moved. I had a figure. I could see my rounded fanny and shapely hips and thighs when I moved in the long mirror all down one wall. I felt so silly to be dressed in my tights and spandex outfit, like Michelle, trying to spin gracefully like a girl. So many times I had to stop out of sheer embarrassment at trying female moves like the girls there, but Michelle and the main instructor, Miss Debbie, were always encouraging.

My male parts hurt, too, in part because the sight of so many near naked females had its effect on me.



That made the tight binding of the g-string at times unbearable but Michelle only looked sympathetically at me when I complained. She wasn't allowed to make it easier for me there, she said sorrowfully. She'd helped a lot of the other boys to become dancers but I was special. I couldn't be treated for that hurt. I would have to learn to bear it.

The girls were 'toning up for the show,' Michelle said. Though I would never be part of such, I should learn how to dance like a girl. Wasn't it wonderful how much more gracefully I was moving now? I was getting more and more like a real girl as I got used to moving my arms and breasts together.

It wasn't long before I didn't have to use the waist cinch. Without the implants, I could guess that my cheeks would have been hollow and gaunt, my legs much slimmer than they were, though they weren't bulky or fat by any means. In fact my legs, as anyone could see—and everyone could see in the skimpy outfits and tights I had to wear—were as nice as any other woman's in my classes. I had been so distressed at being so exposed to other women, dressed exactly like them, at the start of my first aerobics class, as Michelle called it.

Sometimes when the music was just right and I got into a groove with Miss Debbie's instructions, I lost myself there, too, and became Denise. Michelle noticed such times and would beam at me in pleasure, so pleased whenever I did something girlish without having to be reminded by her.

I went to the same hair stylists as those who worked with the dancers and showgirls, with a bodyguard never too far away. I was never questioned about my own hair or about the wigs the stylists fastened so securely to my head, not even when I was still working on my voice.

I thought anyone could tell I was male but that didn't faze the stylists one bit. They seemed very used to someone in transition, as Michelle called it. I spent my time under the drier like a girl, in my pink robe, just like every girl in there, while I was waxed, had my electrolysis sessions done by Michelle all over, including my face. I had manicures and pedicures and was made-up in so many different ways that I couldn't keep track. I just know that I rarely looked like me any more.

I couldn't believe how all the girls treated me right from the start of me being made to enter their classes. They would smile at me and say nice things to me as if I was one of them. Sometimes a pretty girl, like Barbara Bailey, was so nice to me that I squirmed in embarrassment and shame that she had to look at me cavorting about the class so horribly in my tight female dancing clothes.

Many of them showed me some moves they'd mastered, how I could do them and be more like them. They really did all seem to want me to fit in with them, which just set my whole body on fire as I saw how I looked in the mirrors, sticking out my rounded rear end in a bump and grind, indistinguishable from the pretty girls around me.

My own hair was long enough, a male stylist decided, to cut in a new style but before he did it, he insisted I have my hair dyed. I couldn't believe it when I tottered to my feet to find myself a glossy platinum blonde. The short hair curved across my face at mid-ear, the back layered in blond waves. The large gold-tasselled earrings touched my neck beneath my hair. My makeup was so light and my eyes and eyebrows and mouth so clearly defined.

Michelle had me change into a short dress right there, a flapper dress, worn without a bra. I had to

change down to my panties right there in front of everyone, the men as well, and expose my breasts and female figure. Michelle had silver lame stockings for me, bracelets, necklaces, high heels, and the little dress that left my arms and back bare. The neckline just about covered my breasts which certainly jugged out and exposed the nipples. God, was I embarrassed.

Then Michelle brought me a coat, silk-lined, fake fur I think. I had to wait while she changed much less self-consciously than I did but with so much more feminine grace into her flapper dress. She led me out of the salon, clicking on my silver, sparkling high heels and out onto the street, to the waiting car.

It was the first time I'd been out since the fateful day when Annie Phelan decided I should dress and go with her, beating on me with her martial arts that I'd had no idea she possessed. Yes, she really could look after herself, a girl like her, putting a man like me to shame. I was so heated up and anxious to find an opportunity to find a way to contact Polanski that I didn't think of who I was or what I was doing until we went right down Knightsbridge Avenue and out of the district completely.

"Where are we going?" I squeaked in my new, high-pitched voice. I'd become suddenly conscious of how I was dressed, and who I really was, as well as whom I was expected to be.

"The Roaring Twenties Ball," laughed Michelle. "Don't you think Julio and Clem make great mobsters?" She indicated the guys in the front seat. The smaller, dapper one turned and grinned at me. "We're their molls. They'll look after us tonight. Don't drink too much, though. I hate spending time in the Ladies and I have to go with you anytime you go."

“We’re going to have a good time, anyway,” said the smaller one, Clem, smiling at me. “Does Denise know how to dance the Charleston?” he asked Michelle.

“Denise can do anything any other girl can,” said Michelle brightly. The little guy, Clem it was, gave me a slight, knowing smile. I stupidly blushed, knowing, I think, exactly what he was thinking.

The University Hall was crowded when we arrived. There must be some way, I thought, to get away from here. I mean, I could just walk away, run away. How could they stop me?

Clem helped me out of the car, grinning as my dress went up to expose my stocking tops and panties as I slid out. “Nice,” he said as he put his arm about me. I felt so ashamed to be complimented as if I was a woman. I was so ashamed to be standing there, in public, in a woman’s dress. I moved and it airily swirled about me.

I wobbled as I felt myself pulled to Clem’s body. We were the same height but I must have been in four-inch heels. “Stay tight like this to me, doll,” he said in a fake New York accent, “and there’ll be no trouble, see?” He squeezed my waist and looked down the front of my dress. He treated me as if I was a woman!

We went in with lots of other arrivals. Normal people, men dressed as men, gangsters, women dressed as women, gangster molls, all laughing, anticipating a good time, wonderful dances. And there was me, not normal, shivering in a skimpy silk dress, with not even a bra to cover my breasts, my hair as bright and platinum blonde as Harlow or any of those Twenties’ and Thirties’ actresses.

Michelle had given me a little purse with just makeup in it. I saw the pay phones in the vast

entranceway. No quarters to call a cab in the purse. I'd already checked. Then Julio took our coats away. I was exposed for everyone to see. I trembled. My dress shimmered as it picked up my nervous gesture. Around me, men and women smiled at me. I knew they would. They could recognize me for what I was, abnormal, a man in a dress, ungainly and deformed by womanly breasts and rounded by some ungodly injections of something into every part of him. I half-expected fingers to be pointed at me, for the laughter to begin and spread through the hall.

I was so sure I was going to be exposed that I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. I couldn't move any more like a girl. I couldn't speak like a girl. I had only to cry out and I could expose the fraud being perpetrated on me.

Just then, a big, florid-faced man came stumbling towards us, glass of champagne in hand. He stopped and looked at me, as if dumbfounded. I felt Clem's hand tighten on my bare arm. "My goodness, you are so pretty," the big man said, leering at me as he looked me up and down. "No, you're more than that. You're gorgeous. I just have to have a dance with you!"

Clem and Michelle had already moved and cut him off, before the big man could reach out and take my hand as he wanted.

"All Denise's dances are spoken for, friend," said Clem with a smile. Michelle took my arm, waved to the guy who began to protest that he only wanted to talk to the prettiest girl at the ball, and led me on into the huge room. Tables surrounded a huge dance floor where a hundred couples jitterbugging didn't fill the floor.

Michelle brought me to a table. There was seat for me and a nameplate with my name there, 'Denise

Gordon,' for all the world to see. Right next to the one that said 'Gina Freeman.'

Gina turned to look at me curiously as Julio sullenly took out my chair for me. Trembling from the encounter in the foyer, I sat down as femininely as I could, my legs shaking as I crossed them, wishing I was anywhere but out in a public place, dressed so provocatively as a woman.

Gina turned her head, her violet eyes full of laughter as she looked at me. She looked at my bosom and saw the nipples so alert in the dress. She read the mortification I felt in my eyes I am sure. "Yes," she said with a smile. "You will do, Denise, you will do. Michelle has wrought her usual miracle."

I wanted to kick her, hit her, wipe that little, knowing grin off her face. Gina Freeman introduced me then to the rest of the table. I tried to do my job, remember the names of the sixteen or so people there; the distinguished men, almost panting over the pretty girls there, one I saw was Angela and another Diane, the queen I had never got to talk to about her trips.

Both were behaving like attractive women out on dates with men they admired madly, their men being introduced as doctors or big businessmen of some kind. The names were vaguely familiar. Angela was with an older, grey-haired man. Maurizio, she had called him. If there was a second name, she didn't say it; and I couldn't see the name card.

"You can take her to dance now," Gina told Clem, who stood up immediately and took my so-feminine hand.

I wanted to object. I looked at Gina and she raised one elegant eyebrow. "Dance with your man, girl,"

she said softly to me. I don't think anyone else heard her.

I danced. I danced as a female among hundreds of other females who crowded the floor with their men, waiting second-by-second to be outed by someone. Surely, the girlish wiggling I was doing must have seemed odd to some people but any time I looked up all I saw were smiles of approval in my direction. Oh, the way my little dress, a dress on me (!), swirled so sissyish about me. Someone was going to laugh at me and my silly, feminine gestures at any moment. But no one did!

Other guys tried to cut in on us but Clem wouldn't let them touch his woman, me. One got quite belligerent. Julio appeared from nowhere to escort him out of the way. We danced the Charleston, me being all girlie, hearing Michelle squealing directions to wiggle my tush. I felt like I had escaped death when I did that, beginning several slow waltzes in which Clem held me very tight as if I was a girl, squeezing me as if I'd be inflamed by the touch of his hand on my rounded fanny. He made me jiggle even worse than before as I tried to control his hands and the feelings of femininity they were raising in me, several times, to Michelle's amusement. With feelings of despair, I joined her in leaving the floor, Clem's hand possessively about my waist.

We did go to the Ladies. Michelle watched me like a hawk. I had to dance with Clem again on Gina's orders, then Julio, who looked at me as if it was my fault he was having to dance with a man in a dress.

"I don't want to do this either," I said to him as he looked so disgruntled steering me in an old-fashioned quickstep.

Julio sneered at me. "Course you do," he grunted. "You queens are all alike. You want to be used like a

real woman, don't ya? Gonna tell me your tits ain't real? Well, I saw Alice, remember. I know how gay you really are, you little pre-vert."

I shuddered inside my little flapper dress. "So don't dance with me," I said, my voice deliberately very low and bitter. "You don't have to dance with a man in a dress."

Julio looked at me, startled at my voice. "Yeah, I do," he snarled. "She just told me," he nodded at Gina. "I'm the one who's got to take you out West when she sends you." His lip curled. "We'll be traveling as husband and wife. Unless I back out. Which means I'm dead."

I shuddered in his arms. The orchestra slowed the tempo right down and everyone around us began the clingy type of slow waltz. I wanted to run anywhere as Julio put his arms about me and hugged me as he would a woman. "Which side of the bed do you want to sleep on?" he whispered in my ear. My earring shivered as I jerked away from the touch of his rough face on mine, now so soft and womanly.

I tried to break away, leave the dance floor but I couldn't. He made me sway in my little dress against him. I pushed on his chest but he was very strong. I could have tried some of the tactics I was taught in police classes but I don't know if they would have worked. It would have decidedly caused such a fuss and drawn huge attention to me as a woman in a short flapper's dress. Why was it I didn't want to be exposed out there on the dance floor? I would be free. I could get away. Get my body back to being what it was supposed to be.

Clem suddenly intervened smoothly, taking me away from Julio. Clem put my arms about his neck. "Hang on, doll," he said softly. "It'll soon be over." He squeezed me tightly about my waist. "You do smell so

good. You really do make a wonderful girl. Promise me you'll never try to be a man again."

It was hilarious! He was coming onto me as if I was a woman, having to be protected from the big bad Julio. If I had really been a drag queen, would I really have welcomed his last request as a compliment?

"Sure," I said in my normal voice, meaning to let him know I was Charley. Only it didn't come out like that. My voice was too high, way too feminine. I sounded like a squeaky little girl.

"Good," Clem said and squeezed me tighter, my breasts pushing into his chest. They felt so strange rubbing up against him, moving and bouncing with every step I made in my high heels, reflecting every jolt through my body. I felt Clem's lips suddenly on my face and realized that he was kissing me. Kissing me! Me, Denise Gordon. I mean me, Charley Howell! And I was feeling so funny as my nipples rubbed on him. I felt a tightness at my groin and wanted to get away fast. I moved, shivering from head to toe, his lips attached to and gyrating all over, my lipsticked mouth.

I panicked and froze. A man was kissing me as he would have kissed a pretty woman, as I would have kissed a woman. My body was betraying me as I swayed on my high heels, feeling his suit pants against my bare legs. Why was I suddenly in such agony at my groin?

Clem's lips intensified the pressure. I felt his tongue on my lips. Agh! A man was kissing me and enjoying it! I pulled my head away, trembling, and felt his hand behind my layered hair pushing me back. He kissed my open mouth this time, his tongue entering me, harsh and demanding. I could feel my lipstick smearing over his rigidly-held lips.

Around me, I caught a glimpse of other couples doing the same. The world did not come to an end as I pushed him back. He finally let me go, a quizzical look on his face. I wanted to wipe my face, but I could see my lipstick on his mouth; I would smear it worse if I touched it. Why did it matter that I had smeared lipstick?

The music changed back to a lively quickstep. I glared at Clem, not knowing what to say, the trembling and alertness of my breasts so disconcerting. "I love the kissing waltzes," said Clem with a grin. "I think Julio was supposed to have you this time but I couldn't resist. I'd love to practise kissing with you." His hand casually stroked my hips as he escorted me back to the tables, as I shivered at the touch of the dress on my stockinged legs and the remembered feeling of the pressure on my lips.

Back at our table, I was still trembling at the humiliation of having a man kiss me, and so publicly too. Gina made such a joke about my smeared lipstick that I welcomed another trip to the Ladies with Michelle.

As we went past a group of drinking, leering men whom I tried not to notice, I distinctly heard someone say, "Thank goodness, the police are here tonight."

I turned quickly to look even as I kept hold of Michelle's hand. Surprise, I saw Jeff Polanski arriving at the group, looking so suave and sophisticated in his tuxedo. I tried to will him to look at me and then, suddenly, he did. A look of appreciation suddenly came over his face. He smiled at me and raised his eyebrows. Michelle pulled on my arm and we went into the Ladies where I hastily repaired my makeup.

Distress overtook me. I looked at myself in the mirror, from my hair and dress to my legs and figure.

Where was the Charley Howell in me? I thought desperately. My cheeks altered the look of my face but my figure, so clearly my own, was so female. Jeff Polanski, however, must recognize me, I thought hysterically.

One part of me, though, thought of what he would think if he knew this girl, this Denise Gordon, was me, Charley Howell, the cop he'd sent undercover. I thought of the look that would be on his face then. It wouldn't be the approving look I had just seen as he had looked at my breasts and my legs. I could almost hear him saying that I didn't have to go this far. I knew that! I hadn't wanted to go this far. This is what Gina Freeman had ordered done to me.

I looked for him again as I minced back to our table with Michelle but didn't see him. I was tempted to break away from Michelle but just as I'd resolved to run, Clem and Julio came from the standing crowd with our coats.

"Gina says enough is enough for one night," said Clem to a disappointed Michelle. "She's very pleased with both of you but you need your beauty sleep. I guess she has an assignment for you." He smiled as if I should be glad of that. On the other side of me, Julio took my arm. I looked up to see him glowering at me. I knew I wouldn't have a chance if I ran now. All I could do was smile at Jeff Polanski as he passed us, drink in hand, a silly grin on his face as he looked at me.

How else could I look but disappointed as Clem and Julio swept me out of the ball and into the foyer, eventually to the car and Knightsbridge? Surely Jeff knew who I was? I thought anxiously, as Michelle held my hand so companionably. He was just playing it cool. He knew there was nothing he could do there. But he'll come for me soon. I prayed that he would.

## **XII. I AM DENISE GORDON, WOMAN**

“Hey, Jeff!” Rod Gannon, an attorney at Legal Aid, had yelled to Polanski over the din of conversation and music at University Hall. Polanski smiled and joined the group of young up-and-coming lawyers easily. They were his kind of people.

“Do you see that girl, the good-looking blonde in the silver dress?” asked Gannon. “What a looker!”

Polanski looked where Gannon indicated and saw the girl, a stunning platinum-haired slender girl with a lovely figure look back at him as her equally good-looking, dark-haired girlfriend steered her away through the crowd. The blonde girl looked as if she desperately wanted to talk to him.

“Very nice,” Polanski said, making conversation with Gannon.

“Why don’t we ambush them on the way back from the Ladies’ Room?” asked Gannon with a wicked laugh.

“We could,” agreed Polanski pleasantly. Then he saw the Commissioner and his wife at a table with other bigwigs of City Administration. “I have to check in with Powers That Be first.”

Gannon pulled a face in sympathy and resumed his conversation with a pretty little lawyer whom he always introduced as working under him in Legal Aid. She seemed not to mind the innuendoes, Polanski thought, though he himself thought the joke pretty flat by now.

He wasn’t in the Commissioner’s good books of late. A cop was dead, Phelan. Another cop, Howell,

was missing, presumed dead. Howell's wife seemed to be buying up Europe for her mother, herself and her French 'Count' on the credit card the Department had given her. Arturo Campari's body had been found, or rather remains that they had identified as Arturo's, in a barrel at the bottom of the Haynes Reservoir. A complete fluke that.

Carson's rampage through Knightsbridge had been met with many outraged calls from people like those in this room, annoyed that their playground had been effectively shut down. There were a hundred arrests and none of them connected to anything the mob was doing. Organized Crime, the police department, that is, said that everything was very quiet. Business As Usual was the word.

Grant Powers was scarcely polite to him but Polanski stuck it out at the Commissioner's tables, enduring the barbs as long as he could. He took his champagne with him when he finally left, looking for Gannon or someone else with ambition like his own.

Jeff Polanski saw the blonde girl again, being helped into a fur coat. She looked up and was startled to see him. Her hair was so shiny and platinum, stylishly cut for short hair, but her features were vivid, her lips dark-red, her eyes and eyebrows black and attractive. She seemed to recognize him but her companions were leaving. One of the guys with her put his arm about her possessively. She was forced to sashay away on her very high, high heels, and, just like that, was gone.

Gannon tapped him on the shoulder. "Ah well," he said with a grin. "There's plenty more fish in the sea. But she sure was lovely, wasn't she? Did you notice that she wasn't wearing a bra?"

Polanski hadn't but he had admired her figure, the way the tasselled, silk dress had hung to every curve, but short enough to show off her shapely legs.

"Did you know her?" Gannon asked.

Polanski suddenly remembered that he knew one of the men with her. Julio, yes, Julio Vitelli, that was it. Also known as Rock or Julio Rock. A minder for Jimmy Stick, as he recalled. He made a deprecating smile. "I think I must have busted her once," he said slowly. He punched the surprised Rod Gannon in the shoulder. "She was with one of Jimmy Stick's boys here. I wouldn't be surprised if she isn't off to meet some businessman for, well, you know."

"She's a prostitute?" asked Rod, the astonished look still on his face. "She looked so nice. I wonder how much a girl like that would cost." He stopped, colouring, and then grinned sheepishly.

"Would you pay a thousand for a night with a girl like that?" asked Polanski, amused.

"Well," said Gannon, uncomfortable to be discussing such with a policeman. "Yes, actually, I think I would if I got the chance."

Polanski thought again of that beautiful, feminine, made-up face and sighed. "Me, too," he said regretfully. "I'd go to bed with her in a minute, at any price."

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It would be over six weeks before I was recalled to that private office where Gina had given me the name of Denise. I had, of course, undergone considerable changes since that first time. All, I guessed, initiated by her. I needed no disguise of long sleeves and high

collars to deceive anyone as to what I was when I met Gina again.

My 'training' had been intensified after my first outing. I was made to gain control of my voice. I was made to think that pants and t-shirts were not suitable wear for someone as pretty as me anymore. I learned to know better than to suggest such a thing. Silk dresses, soft lingerie, miniskirts to show off my legs; those were what I had to choose from every day.

I had to choose my look and the right lingerie, the right clothes and the right makeup. I had to learn which colours suited me. I had to learn which pantyhose showed off my legs to best advantage. I had to learn how to make any gown or dress look great on me. I had to learn which bras were best for me and how to show off my breasts to my best advantage as a female.

I had to learn most of all how to deal, or how not to deal, with male attention, especially male attention to the lovely additions to my body.

I had also learned not to be nauseous when a man kissed me. I didn't understand at first why I was added to a drama group in one of the upper studios in the house where I lived with Michelle and the goons assigned to watch me. When I was a little comfortable with the acting class, knowing that everyone there saw me as a woman, I was petrified when I had to take a turn as a housewife. Our coach got on the male actor I was in the scene with.

"Is that any way to greet your wife?" he asked Eddie, the musclebound young man who was supposed to be my husband in a scene about loss. "Greet her like any husband would a wife as pretty as this."

"How are you, hon?" said Eddie as I turned from the 'sink' to greet him. I wasn't prepared for the kiss

he gave me, so hard and demanding, while the rest of the class roared.

“Not like that,” the coach had said. “Like this.” He’d taken me, quivering with outrage, very gently in his arms, and kissed me gently, too.

“See,” he said. “It’s a special relationship between husband and wife. Marco, you take Eddie’s place.”

I trembled through the whole session with outrage as I played Wife to all the men in the group.

“I’m sorry it was you today,” said one of the girls sympathetically to me as we gathered our purses and headed on to our dance class. “But we’ve all had to go through that. You’ll find it easier from now on to open up and play anything in our classes.”

I didn’t. It was torture to play call girls picking up men. It wasn’t any easier to be a lesbian in one scene or a little child, an innocent daughter, in the next. But gradually, the afternoons of drama, having to play out love scenes, having to be a woman or daughter or mother, all rounded out part of my education as a woman. I actually began to think that I now knew how a woman might feel and think. I might be able to outwit Gina Freeman as I now had a foot in both worlds, male and female, I reasoned, as I cautiously and, without objection, experimented with how it was to be a female.

I think there was part of me that still cried out that it was all wrong what I was doing but, after you’ve been kissed and fondled by a really handsome guy whom all the girls were drooling over, wishing they were in your place, for a whole day, your nerves are completely shot. At least mine were. Well, it was a learning experience, as they say.

And along the way, I'd learned to kiss like a girl. I'd learned that men like to kiss pretty women. Since I was one, I learned to relax and accept kisses from men. Who am I kidding? On occasion, I actually liked it and found myself responding, particularly to Greg, who only came once or twice to classes but he singled me out right away as his girl partner in skits.

There had been a session with the doctor before each of the acting lessons with Greg. I had received injections to keep my breasts and other additions in shape. Strangely, I'd been overcome with weird feelings after these injections. I'd somehow forgotten who I was, that I was Charley. Everyone always called me Denise anyway and urged me on in the reading of the part in the romantic play. Greg, as the male lead, had been extra nice to me.

His kisses had been so unexpectedly enlivening, tingling my whole body as his tongue entered mine, leaving me feeling so female that it took me a long time to realize who I was. I was shocked when I realized that I was a man, not Greg's girl, not the actress Denise Gordon. I was almost disappointed to remember who I was. Then I was devastated inside when I thought about how I'd reacted as if I was really a female to a man.

Then Gordie (another nice guy, good-looking) just after my second round of shots, while I was still woozy, had requested me, Denise, to be his girl friend in the new play Michelle and I had learned the words to. I somehow got swept up in it again. I actually had begun to think of Gordie as my man. I'd kissed him fervently, to my great shame when I thought about it afterwards.

I knew then what the injections seemed to lead to. After my third set, I could barely wait to be a woman and have Brad get his hands on me once more and to

involve me in a lengthy necking session on the bed on stage in the so-called play I was supposedly rehearsing for. Oh, when he lifted my skirt and caressed my legs, making me wriggle all over him, I couldn't keep my body off his, loving his kisses of my, Denise's, shapely chest.

"I think she's ready," a grinning Brad had said to Michelle as we stood in the wings after that performance, my arms still about his neck, wanting his lips back on mine just one more time, with which he obliged me before I had to go to my interview.

"Isn't it nice to be a woman?" whispered Michelle as we minced arm-in-arm down the hallways to change for my visit to Gina.

"Yes," I said, meaning it, loving the way I looked, the way everyone looked at me, the men with smiles, the girls with envious glances. I saw no end in sight from what I was being subjected to. I couldn't help it, could I, if I was being given an education no other man like me would ever receive? I couldn't just go on hating everything and not co-operating with so many wonderful people who were only anxious that I be as good a girl as I could be.

I guessed that there were hormones in the shots. There must be. But, wow, how wonderful I felt as I changed into new panties and bra for my visit to Gina. I was the one who chose to wear a garter belt and stockings. They were so wonderful as I slipped them on my smooth legs and gently hooked them up. My legs were so feminine. I didn't mind now the compliments I got when I danced in my stockings or tights, with so many different men for partners now. They were free with their hands. On a day like today, when I'd had my shots, I minded not at all that holds turned into caresses. I was actually a man teaser, one part of my mind told me in disgust.

It was their fault, another part of me said, for not getting me out of this. Now I'd seen how the other half lives, what fools men were not to be able to see me for what I was. It was their own fault if they were deceived. I put on a red camisole to match my red, push-up bra, red panties and garter belt. My dress barely covered my stocking tops, coming to mid-thigh, but I didn't mind. So some man got a flash of stocking tops and garters, mine. If it turned him on, let him do something about it.

The red dress had a deep V at the front. I massaged my breasts into position to show them off even more. I had no padding in my bra now. I didn't need any. I thought of going in to see Gina without one but doubted she'd be impressed.

My hair was longer but Michelle wanted me to wear a wig, one that put a mass of curls and ringlets over my almost bare shoulders. I had to wear huge hoop earrings for them to be seen. I had my eyelashes curled, naturally. One of the beauticians had come to my room to make sure I got my eye makeup right. I still had a problem getting eyeliner on the inside of my lashes. With that done, everything else was easy, from eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, rouge, foundation, powder, and lipstick.

I hated wearing so much usually, but I must admit that it was glamorous with the way the sexy, girlish dress clung to my figure. My dark stockings made my legs beautiful as I slipped into my red high-heeled shoes, with almost no heel support or toe. I was ready before Michelle was even finished talking to Julio in the hallway.

“Oh, you're so gorgeous,” Michelle said happily. “And you got ready all by yourself! Isn't she wonderful, Jules?”



I put my thin red evening purse over my shoulder and simpered up to Julio, who was looking at me as if I was something the cat had hauled in. “What’s the matter, Julie?” I asked as femininely provocative as I could be. I enjoyed his discomfort. “Don’t you like girls?”

Julio’s face was as red as my dress as he ran away to get the car for us. We put on our coats as Michelle laughed at me. “Oh, Denise,” she giggled. “You are a bad, bad girl. How does it feel to be such a bad, bad girl?”

A strange lump was in my throat but I ignored it. “Wonderful,” I said with a smile, swinging my hips as we walked out towards the car where Julio stood with the door open. A cold wind blew down the street, making my stockinged legs shiver.

I was surprised by how my formerly familiar world looked. I’d forgotten it was there, I realized, as I slid into the car. I eased back in the seat, crossing my legs with a feminine sound of nylon on nylon. It was only a short ride but I couldn’t believe the thoughts that came to me. Of Annie Phelan and the room we’d shared once. Now I was just like Annie Phelan.

We could be sisters, I thought, the idea shocking my senses. What was I, I thought desperately, as I saw a group of queens chattering on a street corner. It must have been Adams. They were such caricatures, cartoons of women, men with makeup on their faces. Once I had been Alice, one of them. Once I had been a man, Charley Howell. Now—and the thought made me shiver all over in my feminine dress and underwear—now I was Denise Gordon, a woman.

Gina was very pleased with me. “Michelle did her work well,” she said as we sat on her sofa, our legs crossed, mine as beautiful as Michelle’s and Gina’s. “Who are you now?”

“I’m Denise Gordon,” I said without thinking about it. I was. I’d been submerged in femininity. I could barely think straight. I had been the female companion of a beautiful woman, who’d made me her girlfriend. I’d danced with so many handsome men who’d called me adorable! I’d been an actress and had kissed so many men who’d told me how they loved me and what a beautiful girl I was. I believed them. I could sit there right in front of Gina and not flinch at all. I shifted my legs and saw Gina smile as she looked at my stockings.

“I have an important assignment for you,” Gina said with a smile. “It might take all your skills as an actress.”

She had a chart in her hand. Gina looked at it with a little smile on her lips. I realized it was a diagram of some sort of operation. I was supposed to be looking out for such things but I couldn’t seem to get up the nerve to look at it closely. Abruptly, Gina tossed it onto the side table beside her.

Gina Freeman looked at me intently as if she knew the fleeting thoughts that had gone through my mind. No, I thought frantically, unable to bear the thought of her telling me I had to be more of a woman than I was. She couldn’t know I was a cop. I was only just getting the idea back myself. They wouldn’t have done all this to me if they even suspected that I was a cop. Never!

I had seemed to mislay the memory of what I really was for several weeks at least. I thought of all I’d done and the shame of it rocked me. I couldn’t look at Gina. I dropped my eyes to my lap, to the edge of my dress, my stockings, my hands, and my long, red fingernails.

“You’ll go to the West Coast with Julio,” Gina Freeman said. “He knows and will take care of you, day and night.”

She was looking at me as I looked up at her. I must have flushed a little.

“That won’t be any problem?” Gina asked. “Him and you?”

I remembered how I’d treated Julio before I came over. “I-I don’t think so,” I said nervously, shifting, feeling my panties about my hips and legs, having to re-cross my legs again.

Gina considered and smiled. “I’m curious,” she said, leaning back and smiling. “How do you really feel, now that you’re a woman full-time? You’re hardly a drag queen any more, are you? Michelle here and the doc have made you think like a real woman, haven’t they?”

I knew it. I knew there must have been female hormones and something more in those injections. They’d made me feel as I did. I suppose if I really was a drag queen, it would have been wonderful to have your feelings for men so intensified. I hoped the intense feelings, that I still had, would soon wear off.

I had to answer Gina. I thanked her for the acting lessons she’d made me take. I remembered how I had to be a nymphomaniac in one improvisation. “No, I’m not a drag queen,” I said in my high, feminine voice in answer to her question. “I’m a woman now, or I think of myself this way. It’s so wonderful to be dressed this way, to act this way with Greg or Brad. I know I should thank you. But you know how wonderful it is to be a woman yourself, to be treated so nicely by men. I wasn’t always treated so wonderfully before. Now I just love being a man teaser, as Michelle calls

it. I hope you don't mind what kind of girl you've made of me."

Both Michelle and Gina laughed at me. "Such a virgin," said Gina. She smiled at me. "I hope you'll still think the same about men when you get back. I think she can live with me for a while when she does return, Michelle."

"No word on Angela then?" asked Michelle sympathetically.

Gina went suddenly still and looked from one to the other of us. "What do you know about Angela?" she asked, her pink lips compressing into a narrow line. "Have you been talking about Angela? Are you queens all in it together, covering for each other?"

"No...mo," said Michelle anxiously. "I was just trying to be polite." She looked at me in distress.

I looked back at the gorgeous girl whom I'd dressed with for so long. Who'd tucked me up in bed in my first nightie. Who'd showered with me, ignoring the maleness that was sometimes aroused by the sight of her feminine nudity. And Gina's words hit home to me. She had said 'you queens', referring both to Michelle and me. Michelle Bennett was a man! No, that wasn't right. Michelle Bennett had been a man. She must have had the operation. I'd seen her nude. I knew she had no male features, no male genitals like me.

My face must have shown my thoughts for Gina gave a grim laugh. "Well," she said. "Here's one you fooled, Michelle. Denise didn't know you once went through everything she's just gone through. Soon she'll be like you all over, right? You and Doc Medway can fix her little problem."

Michelle flushed as she looked at me. “I...I don’t think so,” she said. Gina looked at both of us in surprise.

“You didn’t, the two of you...” Gina began with a laugh.

“None of your business,” said Michelle. I could tell she was blushing beneath her makeup.

I was flushing too at all the inferences floating around. I’d been aroused by Michelle several times but had never thought she’d ever be aroused by a man like me, one passing through, so to speak. After all, I was a drag queen on the way to being a woman.

“Oh, I really do have to have this one stay with me when she’s back,” said Gina. “I love a woman who can still make it as a man. You seem like something the doctor ordered, Denise.” She laughed again at her own joke.

I tried to rouse my anger but all I could feel was fear. I didn’t think I’d ever see Gina in a jail. The way it sounded, I was more likely to be incarcerated than her. Incarcerated as a woman until they found out otherwise. I shuddered. Would they put me in a woman’s prison while they checked my story, or in a man’s prison, where they’d take down my panties? That would be so horrible, for a while, at least.

Gina slid a small wallet across the table to me. “Put that in your purse, Denise,” she smirked. “Your contact on the coast is the person on the photograph in the front of that wallet. The name is on the back. You won’t be known immediately but Julio, who’s going with you, and who’ll be travelling as your husband, knows the correct password to introduce you to the right people. He has the itinerary. You don’t need to know that.”

Gina paused and looked at me with a serious face. “You do not tell him anything that this person has you do, or what you discuss, or what you bring back,” she said forcefully. “Julio should be clever enough not to ask, as he’s been told. I’ll see you when you get back, however. If you had to tell him, you let me know. We’ll settle up with Julio then, if need be.”

Gina got up and went to the white phone on her desk while I put the little wallet away. Michelle gave me a relieved smile, a corner of her mouth turning up as if she was trying to say that she was sorry she’d deceived me. She knew I thought she was a real woman. I couldn’t believe just looking at her. I had to be mistaken. She had to be a real woman, she had to be!

Gina spoke briefly. Julio soon joined us in the large, white-painted room. He sat stiffly next to me on the sofa, looking rigidly ahead. “Oh, for heaven’s sake, Julio,” Gina said from the table she leant against, covering the phone in her hand. “Is that any way to treat your wife? And don’t give me any of that you-don’t-like-queens crap. We all know here about what you were up to with Alisha, wasn’t that his name, down on Redpath, or some such place.”

I had to smile at the stricken look on Julio’s face. “Take her hand,” Gina ordered. Very gingerly, he put his hand on mine, his so rough, mine so smooth. “You have the rings,” Gina went on directly. “Well, come on, put them on her finger.”

Julio had two very nice rings, one for engagement, the other a wedding band. He slipped them on my finger. I could see that this was very tough for him. “Thank you,” I said sweetly, turning the screw a little harder. I had to keep him intimidated by me. My femininity seemed to disturb him more than it did others.

“You are now Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown,” Gina said, tossing another large wallet to Julio, one that I could see was loaded with money and credit cards. “You can put your arm around your wife, Harold. Cuddle Cheryl to you. You’re on your honeymoon, after all.”

Michelle gasped. I felt a little ill as Julio moved closer to me. I felt his hand on my bare shoulder. Gina went on about how we were to drive carefully. Julio wasn’t to leave me alone for a moment, not even when I showered. I was never to lock a door. When we got to our destination, I had a special evening dress to wear and a special wig. Julio was to deliver me, hand off the password and leave me.

Then she sent Michelle and me away. I was to get one more night of beauty sleep and everything would be ready for my husband and I to get an early start in the morning.

“It’s just like one of the plays you’ve been practising,” said Michelle as she helped me to take off my makeup, going over again all the things I had to do each night to be the perfect woman for my husband, the very next day.

“I, I can’t be Julio’s wife,” I protested unable to control the shudders that ran through me at the obvious things a girl would think about at this time.

“You have to be,” said Michelle sympathetically. “It’s just like one of the plays you did with Brad and Greg. You have to be affectionate in public as you’ve been taught. But what you do in private, you and Julio, well, that’s entirely up to you. I expect Gina is giving your play husband very explicit instructions in what he’s to do to you. She wants you to arrive where you are going in one piece, without problems. But if Julio wants to make love to you, just lay back and en-

joy it, Denise. He isn't a bad lover, you know. A girl like you, well, I think he'll be putty in your hands."

That was entirely what I was afraid of.

### **XIII. MRS. CHERYL BROWN**

"Okay, Julio," said Gina as soon as the two femininely dressed figures had left them. "Tell me all about Angela."

"I don't know where she is," began the tough guy, turning white as he looked at her.

"I have camera surveillance over there," Gina said icily. "You know about that. You didn't know I also have them in this room and the bedroom next door. So don't deny it, Julio. Just tell me about Angela and you."

Julio struggled mentally with it for a little while. "You don't know how it is," he finally blurted out. "Angela looks so damn much like a woman. She acted like one. She smelled so good and was there every day, flaunting herself. She started touching me, giving me little kisses, you know, like we were real close. I th-thought she really was a woman. You know, that she'd had the change. So, so we came back here. I couldn't stop once she got me going. I mean, I didn't know she was still a guy. I mean, he was so convincing."

"You came back here five times with her," Gina interrupted icily. "Did you expect her to have changed for you each time?"

Julio Rock looked so flustered. He babbled on about Angela's body being so feminine that he sort of forgot. Gina listened to him justifying why he, a

so-called normal man, had made love to her husband so many times. She knew as well about the quick jobs over at the clubs in the private rooms but Julio didn't seem to know that she knew. He wasn't right for this work, she decided.

Clem would have been better, Gina thought angrily. Clem didn't hide his admiration for the good-lookers like Diane, Beverly, or Denise. He'd made it with the first two for sure, many times. Diane and Beverley liked Clem as a lover, as much as he liked making love to them. She wondered about Clem and Angela. No, Angela was attracted to muscle-bound jerks like Julio. Clem was attracted to anything pretty in a skirt, male or female; and he was clever. He knew better, right from the start, than to play around with Gina's husband.

Julio didn't seem to realize he was already out after this one trip to the coast. Gina was not going to tolerate the attitude he displayed.

"It's okay, Julio," said Gina, feigning sympathy for the big man's plight when her attractive queen, her husband, had come onto him. "I can guess how it was for you. It's hard to resist anyone that sexy. I mean, after what we did to Angela, you'd have had to be really, really gay not to be attracted to her, right?"

Julio was eager to agree with that. What Gina really wanted from him was some hint as to where Angela had gone. She'd just not showed up at the club she'd been supposed to perform in as an adagio dancer. Her partner, Ricardo, who was gay, really, really gay, not impressed by anyone who wanted to be a woman at all, was threatening to quit unless Gina found him a new partner fast. Michelle had been so tied up in this one project with Denise that the new dancers weren't that ready. Problems, problems, Gina sighed.

Gina gave Julio very explicit instructions on how Denise Gordon was to be treated. She had watched Denise in her play rehearsals. She seemed to be everything Gina wanted. The way she'd kissed Brad and hung onto him had been so womanly. Maybe Gina should have let Brad bed her. He'd have had no objections, she knew; and what would the cop have done about that? she wondered with a smile. Taken it, for sure. He was trapped and yet seemed so determined not to give himself away. But it was better this way. Alison Lang wouldn't appreciate another queen so attracted to men that he couldn't be what she wanted.

Julio, prepped and anxious to please, was like a little puppy, Gina thought contemptuously. She left her salon, as she called it, and went upstairs to an office that people like Jeff Polanski would have given a year's pay to know about. A heavy man with a massive head capped in grey sat behind a desk. A slender, bird-like woman sat in a chair against the wall, leaving the armchair across from the heavy man free.

"The Lang thing is underway," boomed Giuseppe Simoni, otherwise known as Tommy Black. "About time."

"It takes time to set it up with the right person," said Gina carefully. "Alison Lang has special needs."

Tommy looked over at the birdy woman, Abby, who nodded. "Johnny kept that Chinese boy, Melissa, wasn't it, just for that payoff," Abby said.

"Melissa's married and living in California with her lawyer husband," said Gina quietly. "They've just adopted a child from Hong Kong, I believe. Anyway, she doesn't have the equipment to satisfy the Langs, anymore."

Tommy gave a snort of disgust. “The shutdown meant that we lost many like that one,” Gina went on.

“We won’t re-hash that,” said Tommy testily. “At least, you got the Lang operation under way.”

“I wish I hadn’t,” said Gina with a sigh, feeling herself suddenly under very intense scrutiny. “We still don’t know where Angela is. Julio doesn’t know a thing. I just think it’s dangerous to run anything right now. Angela did once go out to the Langs, remember? Not very successfully, even though I’d only just got him into dresses then. Angela also knows a lot about me personally. She knows how we operate the clubs, where our buildings are. We could all be under surveillance in no time if she’s gone into the police.”

“Why would she do that?” asked Abby. “No queen Johnny dealt with ever broke with us. They all loved him.”

“I’m not Johnny,” said Gina angrily. Then sensing the chill in the room, she lowered her tone. “Angela wanted out. She wanted the operation. She wanted us to set her up as a straight woman, as an actress. I mean, I took her from being a cocky little stud and turned her into the woman she is. Do you know the cost of all the plastic surgery she’s had? I wanted a bigger return on our investment. She wouldn’t commit to anything after she got out of hospital.”

“Oh my dear,” said Abby thoughtfully. “Didn’t you think of the blackmail possibilities after she became famous as a woman?”

Gina was stunned for a moment. She’d never thought of those possibilities.

“Remember Amanda Jagger,” Abby said, naming a busty actress who had been quite famous fifteen years before on a television program featuring scantily dressed women. “She was one of Johnny’s queens, you know. She once said to me that she didn’t realize she would be working for us even more when Jack let her go out to California. We didn’t need Big Vic’s girls then, I remember, for quite a while. Johnny used to call the sex changes his harem. The marks he used his harem with never knew who or what they’d made love to.”

“You girls do your work too well,” Tommy Black said grumpily, staring at the women as if he couldn’t believe what they were talking about. “So who’s going to suspect the queen you’ve got going out to the Langs isn’t a woman? She passes, right?”

Gina sighed and ran her hand through her own platinum hair. It was amazing how much alike she and Denise Gordon were when they had Denise out of wigs. “This is still an untried queen,” she said, “on a very big operation. No matter what your bosses say, we should have waited. The cops here are still pressing on us since we iced that undercover cop, that Phelan woman.”

She wondered what Tommy would say if he knew the real origins of Denise as she did. The police-woman who’d trained Denise to be a queen was now firmly on her payroll and was keeping a watch out for any replacement the Commissioner might get his blue-eyed boy to try to foist on them.

But Tommy was leaning back, his chair creaking under his bulk. “Don Maurizio wants the west coast operation running again,” he said, looking at Gina forcefully. “If we say we can’t do it now, he’ll find another way to bring the stuff in. We’ve done this Lang run a hundred times before, years ago. Alison Lang

knows we understand her needs better than anyone else. We can run this again now, even without Johnny. It's gotta be done or we could go out of business."

Gina smiled. That, she knew, was an empty threat. It was the direct order of the Don, Tommy had told her before, to get the Bent Organization up and running again. She was the only one really in trouble. If Angela talked, Gina was as good as dead. At best, Tommy would just cut her loose. At worst, they might decide she knew too much. And Gina was playing around with this cop who seemed to like being a woman as much as she did. She sighed. She couldn't wait to have this operation over in all the ways that that word implied.

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Michelle had very carefully packed away my hairpiece. The hairstylist had permed and cut my hair again. She'd given me very exact instructions about how I was to wash it, brush and comb it as well as how to use the curling iron to get the curve across my cheeks exactly right.

For travelling, I'd only use light makeup, my eyelashes curled and heavy with mascara, my false eyelashes packed away for my big date, whatever that was. I'd looked at the picture of the elegant, older woman and had been perplexed at what was expected of me. I knew Michelle didn't know what I was to do, not exactly. It was pointless to ask anyway. I was being sent somewhere and knowing what I had to do wasn't a part of it.

I knew I was into the illegal part of the Organization now. It seemed ridiculous that I was more worried about washing out my panties and pantyhose

properly than I was about how I was to get away. I had three suitcases, large ones, for all my lovely, female clothing, while poor Julio was allowed only one.

I couldn't believe some of the outfits Michelle had packed, the nighties in particular. She seemed to think that sexier was better, just as in my 'regular' female clothing. I dressed in a dark blue suit to travel, the skirt to mid-thigh, while the jacket hugged me and showed off the curves I'd developed.

Michelle waved us off from the steps of the building that housed us on Adams. I trembled and shook as I wiggled down to the car and got in, with a man, who had 'explicit instructions' on how to love me! I was off with my husband, as the rings on my fingers proclaimed me, on our so-called honeymoon in the West.

It was really strange to leave the Hill where I'd lived and worked all of my life. In my sunglasses and tight skirt, my hands so feminine, relaxed in my lap, it was entering a whole new world, a female world. Now, when we stopped for gas, the men who looked at me admiringly were real men. It made my heart beat faster when a trucker looked down on me and beeped his horn. These sort of rough-textured men were not at all like the smoothies who inhabited Knightsbridge.

I felt out of my depth, even strolling to the pop machine to get cokes for Julio. I seemed to meet grinning mechanics everywhere. I'd abandoned my suit jacket but my see-through blouse, my bra straps so evident, seemed to cause a lot of commotion among people who looked at me. They all tried to be friendly. I forget the number of times I was asked if I was a model. The looks Julio got when I squeaked that I was on my honeymoon were priceless.

“With him?” one guy asked me in disbelief just before we got into Salt Lake, I think it was.

“He’s my husband,” I’d said coolly.

“Oh, honey,” this guy had said. “A girl like you can do a lot better than that, believe me!”

I’d glanced at Julio in his expensive suit, arguing with the pump jockey over the numbers on the pumps. I had to agree with the man who’d stood there admiring my maroon skirt, white soft blouse and my womanly figure in it. I felt all strange at the look in his eyes. I was glad my sunglasses weren’t perched up in my blonde hair as they often were. They covered my made-up eyes and the way I felt about Julio. I was glad of that.

I waved goodbye to the pump operators, feeling very grateful I was so womanly. They didn’t look at me as if I was a freak. Of course, the wave of my red fingernails made Julio angry. We drove on that night for far longer than we had to. I was really tired when I finally managed to get to bed that night, so long did my female preparations take.

In reality, Julio treated me as if I was a porcelain doll all through the trip out west. He wouldn’t let me drive, even when I assured him that women did drive in America. I soon found that any time I referred to myself in the feminine, he’d cringe. It made for some delightful times in the evening getting ready for bed, walking in on him in a skimpy outfit, through which he could clearly see my boobs and tiny waist. I always wore panties of course, cut thigh-high so that he could see how smooth I was.

We always had separate beds. He would proof the room against my escape while I creamed my face in the open bathroom. I know he checked me out more than once while I was in the shower. I’m sure he got

an eyeful. He always disconnected the phone and set what I would call traps on the doors. Even if Julio was asleep, unless I knocked him unconscious, I'd never have gotten out of our room.

I did contemplate it, especially after I dressed for the first time. Julio watched me all the way, even to the way I'd made up my face. "Like me to make you up like me, my darling husband?" I teased him once. I saw the muscles flex in his arms.

"If Gina hadn't told me you were a man," Julio had begun, taking out his gun and beginning to rotate the chambers. I got the message, swallowed hard and backed off. I dressed and undressed in silence after that, his eyes on me avidly as if I was some kind of stripper, his own private dream come true.

I shivered often at looking up to find him watching me. I didn't feel much like a woman when he did that. I felt like a drag queen, even when I brushed my jiggling breast with an arm. I felt like a man putting on women's underwear, not at all the marvellous feeling I had now when Michelle was there praising me and suggesting what would look good on me.

Julio loved his 'girlie' magazines, too. He would buy one every place we stopped and leave them on the seat between us, usually open at some beaver shot. When I would close them after a while, he would smile to himself. I wanted to wash myself just for touching something that he had.

We weren't much of a couple, then, arriving in the Bay Area at our hotel. We were booked into the bridal suite, what else, but we must have been one of the most morose couples ever to be ensconced there. I could see by the look on the busboy's face that he was surprised and amused by the lack of affection between Julio and me.

If Julio had tried anything on then, I'd have decked him, or at least tried. Luckily for him, he didn't. The phone rang before Julio had a chance to take it out of the room. He answered it, naturally. I found that I was late for my prearranged visit to the beauty shop in the hotel.

Julio had to take me there, of course, and hang around in the lobby while I got the works. It was heavenly to be in such a womanly atmosphere after travelling with Julio for so long. I was enjoying myself so much, having my hair, nails and body attended, too, that I quite forgot that I was Charley Howell. I was Denise Gordon, soaking in every wonderful compliment from the beauticians. Judy, there already, had an appointment with me later to fit my wig for going out.

"He doesn't trust you at all, does he?" Judy said as Julio strolled past for a fourth time while I had my face waxed and peeled again. I felt so gorgeous.

"Don't talk about him," I said, almost napping under the drier as my hair was thoroughly cleaned and set again.

"I love this cut," said Judy enthusiastically when she combed out my hair. "It's so feminine. I wish I could wear it. Why are you going to cover it with a wig tonight?"

I looked out at Julio, still on patrol. "He likes long hair," I said. "And it is a formal affair." I left the rest to her imagination. Wait till she saw the dress I had to pour myself into. I got goosebumps just thinking about it. I got goosebumps just thinking how much I wanted to see myself in the dress. I got goosebumps thinking of how I would look having been made-up properly with my hair floating down my bare back.



I sashayed out of the beauty shop and caused two men to walk into marble pillars in the foyer of the hotel which I thought was delightful. I rode back to our suite with Julio and, of course, there was nothing to do but watch television. I don't know when I'd found watching sports to be so boring. I used to do it all the time when I was a man, I thought. Then I thought about what I was thinking and felt so embarrassed to be there, dressed in a clinging blouse and tight skirt with a man, who, if I encouraged him just a little, would definitely turn the sports off.

I put such thoughts away and curled up on the bed, not caring if I got makeup on my pillow. I tried to nap and surprisingly, despite the sports on television, I did. I was completely out of it, until Julio touched me on the shoulder, to wake me and tell me Judy was here to help me get ready to go out.

Judy raised a well-rounded eyebrow of her own to indicate her surprise at Julio's refusal to go out and even get a paper, a diplomatic suggestion of hers, to relieve his discomfort at being there while she primped me for my evening out.

"Doesn't even trust you with me, does he, love?" Judy whispered to me with a smile.

I smiled back and shook my head. While Julio watched an early evening football game, piped in from somewhere else, I took my clothes off in front of this other woman, who seemed not at all embarrassed by my bare breasts and panties. She exclaimed at the high quality of the black lace underwear that Michelle had prepared for me to wear.

The dress was backless and so I had a special bra that she helped me into. Her light touch aroused me just a little but I didn't let on. I retreated to the bathroom for privacy and changed into my black panties and garter belt. Judy had my stockings ready for me

when I returned, Julio giving me side glances as he watched me roll them up my legs and attach them.

I felt goosebumps coming over me again as I smoothed them to myself softly. Judy attached one at the back that I fumbled with, my long nails getting in the way. I put on a very thin-strapped, black silk chemise, the back very low-cut, non-existent really. It shimmered and touched me softly. I felt emotions not-so strange these days with me being so effeminate passing through me, particularly as Judy paid me compliments on my figure and pretty underclothes.

Judy redid my hair and my makeup, glamorizing my eyes and rouging my cheeks heavily before putting on and clipping the long blonde fall to me so that it couldn't be pulled off or jerked off easily. As the hair settled on my shoulders, I again felt so disconcerted to be sitting in front of the mirror to see such a girl in front of me. She was my fantasy, so slim, so glamorous, so blonde, her cleavage so soft and appealing, and she was *me*.

My evening gown was backless, black and tight to my figure, accentuating my bust, tiny waist, and rounded hips. A thin silver strap went about my neck and covered my bra strap. Judy arranged it just so with her soft hands and dabbed perfume on me just where it should go, on my arms, between my breasts and on my neck.

It was her inadvertent massage of my neck, my earrings in place in my pierced ears, that led her to discover the only thing that could give me away as a man. I looked up at her aghast as she traced out the line of my hidden Adam's apple.

Judy gave a low whistle and reached for more perfume. There was astonishment in her lovely, expertly made-up eyes, not as glamorous as mine, of course,

because I had my false eyelashes on, so much thicker and curlier than hers.

“So that’s why he doesn’t trust you with me!” Judy said, smiling cheerfully at me, while I squirmed in the gown that so revealed all my female assets. I didn’t know what to do or say to the woman who knew what I was. She had turned to pack away her brushes and stuff. I shivered as I looked at the glamorous woman in front of me. Somehow I felt like a woman, I realized. I wanted her to see me as the image I presented. I didn’t want her to laugh at me and call me a fraud.

Judy turned and seemed to catch my distress. She patted my arm reassuringly. She examined my nails to see that the red polish, matching my shiny lips and the stones in my earrings, was dried properly.

“Don’t worry, love,” Judy said in a low murmur, glancing at the man still engrossed in his football. “I know it takes all sorts. Your secret’s safe with me.” She sighed and shook her head. “But what you see in him, love, I’ll never know.”

When Judy stood up, Julio jumped to his feet and could hardly wait to get her out the door, giving her the agreed-upon money quite rudely along with a very big tip. She pulled a face at him but still managed to give me a cheery wave and a wink as she skipped out of the door.

My silver evening bag was already unpacked and my silver evening shoes, just bands on a high-heeled sole, were waiting on the bed. I got up and found it impossible to walk without sashaying, so tight was the dress. I had to bend to put on the shoes and Julio took that to be some kind of invitation because he ran a hand over my rounded implants.

I straightened up swiftly in shock as he put an arm about my waist. I half-turned, blonde hair falling

across my face and went to fend Julio off with one of my police moves. He took my arm easily and twisted it behind me, pressing my body close to his. My hair whipped softly against his face.

“Julio,” I said uncertainly as he stared at me so intently, inches away, his eyes on my red lips. “The-the job I’m supposed to do. You-you can’t spoil my makeup.”

It took him half a minute to regain his control. Julio almost seemed to be drinking in my perfume. With a grunt, he pushed me back onto my bed. Quivering and afraid, really afraid of him now, I put on my high heels while my hands shook. I should have been able to deck him. What had happened to me? When I’d pushed on him, it had been like a weak, little girl hitting on a big, strong man.

Was that what I was now, I thought, my mind in a whirl, a weak womanly man? Was that me? I stood up, slightly taller than him now and felt the skirts about my ankles, about my stockinged legs as I moved. I felt cold, with so much of my chest bare, so much of me on display, the extra parts of me. I moved as my hair fell again about my shoulders, caressing me. I felt suddenly very girlish as I picked up my evening purse, already packed and prepared by Michelle back in Knightsbridge.

Julio was grunting as he went to the closet and brought out the fur coat I was also to wear. He held it for me and I tried to gracefully slide into the silk lining, my skin reacting again to all the silky softness. I had to arrange my hair over the collar and find my long black gloves. This was as far as I could go to get ready for whatever was to come. I didn’t know where I was going, save it was to meet some old woman somewhere. Julio had to take me the rest of the way.

Julio was staring at me as if he'd never seen a woman in his life. I began to think in panic that we'd never get out of the hotel room. "I'm ready when you are," I said, my tone high and girlish to my own ear.

Julio gulped and nodded. He escorted me out and down through the hotel. I must admit to being the centre of attention as we went down in the elevator and out to the limousine waiting for us. I couldn't believe some of the comments from some of the men while the women were plainly envious of me.

As I rustled out on Julio's arm, I felt my colour rising as I thought of what they were seeing, what they were praising. Couldn't they tell that I was a man in deep disguise? It didn't seem that anyone could. I didn't want them to, either. I walked as girlishly as I could and batted my eyelids at the handsome driver, just as Michelle had showed me how to do. He stopped looking at my chest long enough to smile at me and frown at Julio.

It was raining by the time we got to the brightly-lit, colonnaded entrance to an old, well-kept mansion. The driveway led up through trees that quite hid the fact that the house was even there, though the driveway was lined with cars. There was still a space where I would have had to walk through the rain.

"Wait there," said Julio, disappearing for a moment, to come back with another man carrying a huge umbrella. Before I could protest, Julio reached into the car, bent down and picked me up as if I was as light as a feather, as if I was a woman. With the umbrella over me, I reached the entranceway without a drop of moisture getting on me or my shoes.

The doorman shook out his umbrella and opened the heavy, oaken door to admit us to a narrow, red-carpeted passage. Soft music floated down from the ceiling as we were ushered up to a small gateway

that barred passageway to what seemed to be a very busy, bustling room beyond.

The barrier was manned by two Asian men. The smaller gave Julio a businesslike assessment which changed to a smile as Julio produced what was clearly a membership card of some sort. The gateway was swiftly drawn back. The taller Chinese guy, part Chinese, I thought by the eyes, studied me with a close attention that would have been insulting to most women. I'd had such attention before, however; I stared back. I was sick of being afraid that people would take me for a man. I took Julio's hand. He did a quick double take but didn't let go.

The tall Chinese man smiled at Julio's reaction and, as we moved past the barrier, he reached out and took Julio's coat. The other came behind me and helped me out of mine. He did it in very gentlemanly style. For a moment, I felt most feminine as I saw his eyes were looking at me in admiration.

Julio took my hand and led me into what must be a gaming club, I realized. I was grateful for the tightness of the dress as we moved away, for it forced me to hold in my waist even more than normal and to take very short steps and mince properly as a young lady should. My breasts absurdly bounced at every step. I wished I'd worn a tight bodice of some sort. The reminder at every step, that I was a young lady with an enviable bust line was incredibly humiliating.

The club was divided into several sections. To the left was a dining room and what looked to be a dancing area, though no one was at the moment. To the right were gaming tables about which strolled many elegant couples, all very much at ease in the place. There was a bar area and another that seemed to be populated only by men intent on card games.

A grey-haired maitre d' approached us as we stopped to take in all the muted luxury of black-beamed walls and chandeliers. "You will dine now, sir?" the maitre d' inquired with a discreet smile. "Or perhaps a cocktail first?"

"Yeah," snapped Julio, seeming out-of-sorts, even angry, at being in such a classy place. It certainly wasn't a room for a gangster like him. "We'll try the bar first."

"But of course," said the maitre d', giving me an appreciative smile. He indicated the bar area in a sort of deep recess parallel to the almost full dining area.

Julio bulled right ahead to the bar. I almost tripped on my heels as I had to take quick, dainty steps to keep up with him. He went directly to a high stool in the centre of the bar, dragging me with him to become the centre of attention for the whole place. I coloured as more than one man—there seemed to be a lot of single men there—ran his eyes up and down my figure and my dress, taking in my feminized body, my almost bare, well-shaped breasts and long blonde hair. I was the perfect gangster's moll, I thought, perched on a stool, my legs crossed, my dress so tight.

Julio downed a double scotch straight away, ordering a vodka martini for me. He knew I hated it. If he'd asked me, I would have demanded a beer, a man's drink! No, I wouldn't really, but even white wine was better than vodka martinis.

Julio didn't speak as he began downing his second. I perched there like a doll on sale. When he signalled for the Chinese bartender to bring him a third, he spoke out for the first time. "Hey," he growled as the bartender rang up his purchase. "Is Roger on duty tonight?"

The bartender stared at Julio impassively. I felt he was sure to say, “No,” just on principle. He could see, I was sure, that Julio and probably me, just didn’t fit into a place like this.

“Who wants to know?” the bartender finally asked, almost insolently.

“An old friend said to look him up here,” said Julio in a lowered voice. He didn’t look at the bartender any more. “I was told to ask for the man who fixes everything, even antiques like the Studebaker.”

There was a flicker in the bartender’s eyes. He glanced at me. I flushed a little. I recognized that a password had been exchanged and very clumsily.

“You should take a table, sir,” the bartender said, already signalling to a waiter. “I believe I saw Mr. Lang earlier. I’ll see if he’s free to join you.”

With a deftness that spoke of long practice and skill, the older waiter had our glasses on his tray as we were led to a darker corner of the bar, away from all those eyes on my figure, to a spot secluded enough that no one could overhear what was said there.

As the waiter left, Julio gave him his empty glass and demanded more of the same. I didn’t want to talk but another sip of the martini was as bad as the first I’d tried. I removed my long gloves. We could be here a while. Luckily, a young, slender man came and sat on a third side of our table as the waiter brought Julio his fourth drink.

This man was quite different in looks to the other Chinese. His face was less broad, his eyes rounder and larger, his chin cleft and his demeanour far less cold. He smiled at me, a warm encouraging smile, a friendly smile. I liked him right away, no matter how I was dressed.

“Well, my friend,” the new arrival said to Julio, when the older waiter was gone. Julio was chugging back his drink, again. The new man’s voice was firm, well-educated, clear and surprisingly melodic. “I understand you’ve something to be fixed, even a Studebaker.” He looked at me admiringly as he spoke, his voice filled with amusement. “I’m Roger Lang.”

I didn’t understand why Julio was suddenly behaving like such a lush. He looked at me and smiled. It was really more of a leer. It made me suddenly feel very odd to be sitting there in my thin dress, my panties and a bra tight about me. My long hair rested lightly on my bare skin. I knew Roger Lang was studying me. I was so ashamed to be in such a costume, such a disguise, in front of him.

Julio beckoned to Roger Lang to lean his way which Roger did with contempt. Julio whispered something I couldn’t hear into Roger Lang’s ear. The effect on the younger man was extraordinary. He dropped the disdain and looked at me with sharpened interest, his dark brown eyes alive with humour I shuddered as I thought of him laughing at me.

“Well,” Roger Lang said, smiling, smiling at me! I wished I was dressed as a man. I’d wipe that grin off his face. “I’m afraid I completely misjudged you,” he emphasized the ‘you’, “my darling girl.”

I shuddered. I was doing that all the time these days, wasn’t I, as I felt his eyes on me, probably judging everything about me; my obvious female breasts, my hair, my makeup, my nails, what he could see of my dress and feminized figure. I wished I was anywhere but there under that intense scrutiny. I shivered more as I was certain that Julio had told him that I wasn’t a real girl. It was one time, looking at Roger Lang’s genuine smile, that I wished that I was.

“Now,” I heard him say to Julio while I stared down at my lap. Only light, black silk separated my gaze from my stockings and garter belt. “You handled this stupidly,” he said to Julio. “My bartender thought you were a trafficker after a connection. He’d have had you thrown out. He should have and I wouldn’t have blamed him. I only came over because I thought I should make the acquaintance of your lovely companion. Now, be off with you.” He didn’t raise his voice but it was ominous enough as it was. “You’ve delivered the goods, so to speak. We don’t need you any longer.”

I had to look up then. Julio staggered to his feet. He was really leaving me. Roger Lang’s words carried no comfort. I was the goods for someone. I panicked. I stood to go with Julio who was already lurching away through the crowd.

Roger Lang reached out and took my arm with his hand. “Not you, my lovely,” he said, smiling again as he directed me back to my chair. “You stay. Now smile at the people watching us. Look as if you’re pleased that that boor has gone.”

I was shaking inside. My hair tickled me. I breathed heavily and was frantic at the sight of my breasts moving to the rhythm of my breathing. I tried to smile. “Beautiful,” said Roger Lang, his voice warm and encouraging. I could see his eyes were on my bouncing chest. “And what do we call such a pretty one as you?”

“Denise Gordon,” I whispered automatically, my wrist still held by Roger Lang. He was much stronger than he looked. “Oh,” I suddenly remembered what it said on the driving licence. “Cheryl,” I said quickly. “Mrs. Cheryl Brown.”

Roger Lang threw back his head and roared with laughter. I flushed as I felt other people looking our

way. “Mrs. Brown, indeed!” he laughed, shaking his head. Then he became serious, looking at me in amusement. “If you were Cheryl Brown, you’d be dead. She and her husband, Harold Brown, thought they could rip us off. We closed out their account last month.”

He stopped and looked at me intently. “Why am I babbling on to you?” Roger asked, frowning. I felt goosebumps rising over me again at his intense stare. I had an urge to tell him all about myself, to beg him to get me out of there. It was a good job I didn’t.

“You’re here for my aunt, Alison Lang,” he said slowly. I trembled and thought of the photograph and nodded, my ears hurting a little as my earrings moved.

“You’re not a messenger,” Roger added, looking me up and down again. I could see that he was assessing me now as a drag queen. I wished the floor would open up and swallow me as I caught the disdain in his eyes. Why, why did people have to look at me like that? I couldn’t help the way I was dressed, the shape of my body. Gina Freeman had had her people, like Michelle Bennett, do all of this done to me.

“You don’t know why you’re here, do you?” Roger asked, his eyes closing to slits.

I shook my head, my hair swirling about my shoulders. That’s what must be making me shiver, I thought, as weird, heady sensations coursed through me.

“You’re not a woman, are you?” Roger Lang asked, looking at my breasts.

I shook my head miserably, feeling all my feminine attachments most acutely and how femininely I was dressed, from panties to long hair.

“Say it,” Roger said. I could sense that he was getting very angry at my not speaking. “Say that you’re a man.”

I looked at him aghast. What was Roger Lang seeing as he looked at me? I felt fear arise in the pit of my stomach as he looked at me with those slitted eyes. “I-I’m a man,” I murmured, the ache at my groin, beneath my panties and gaff confirming what I said. Why did he want me to humiliate myself so?

“Drink that,” he said, indicating my martini. I shook my head, terrified that he’d make me, anyway. Roger Lang raised his eyebrows. “Then come on,” he said curtly. “I’ll introduce you to Aunt Alison.”

He guided me across the bar and towards the dining lounge. The maitre d’ appeared but Roger waved him away. I tried to keep up with his walk but that made me only wiggle even more. He looked down at me, his face clearer, more amused.

“Hard to walk in such high heels and such a tight dress,” Roger said, slowing and putting my arm through his.

What could I say? I should have said he should try it, but I guessed a man like Roger wouldn’t have a sense of humour about such things. He led me to another corner, to a table surrounded by trelliswork and clinging plants.

A woman sat there by herself, an older woman close to fifty, I’d say. She was heavily made-up about her lovely, iron-blue eyes. Her red-gold hair was piled up into a tight bun atop her head. Although she was European, she wore a silk, Chinese dress, slit from knee to ankle, revealing a slender, rounded calf.

“Yes, Roger?” she said, looking at me, studying my slim figure and tight dress, my silver heels, my long, blonde hair and feminine looks.

“This person,” Roger said as I was surprised by the unsteadiness of his voice, “is called Denise Gordon but she travelled here on the Cheryl Brown identity papers.”

The old woman’s eyes opened wider in a brief look of surprise. “Sit down,” she said to me. Roger held the chair for me. Alison, not looking at anything else but me, smiled. “You, too,” she added, Roger sitting again on a third side to the table.

I felt as if I was some rare and exotic animal, the way Alison Lang stared at me. I felt that I was some kind of dessert. I guessed that, in a kind of a way, I was. I shuddered at my thoughts. Alison laughed at me as if she knew exactly what I was thinking.

“Denise Gordon,” Alison said at last. “Isn’t she lovely, Roger? Who did such a wonderful job on you? Gina? I’d love to have seen you before she got her hands on you.”

She smiled again and reached out a wrinkled, scarlet-tipped hand to take one of mine. I shivered at her softness while across from me I saw Roger Lang stiffen. I also felt, in the atmosphere leaking from him, something like outraged disapproval.

“I shouldn’t be surprised, should I?” Alison’s wrinkled mouth smoothed out as she smiled. She was much older than I thought, I realized. “I didn’t think Gina could do a better job than the one she did on Jack Malloy. But he was so disappointing as Angela for someone like me, wasn’t he? I thought that if she ever did one as good again, she’d keep you to herself. But here you are.”

Alison Lang smiled at me. Again, I didn't know what to say. Her face darkened. "We haven't tried you out yet, though, have we?" she said, her voice wistful. "You look so wonderful and pretty, Denise, but looks aren't the only thing I'm interested in." I felt my temperature rising as my hair moved softly, my earrings shivering as I tried to control my apprehensions. What could this old woman do to me? I thought angrily, but then I saw Roger Lang's face and knew. I felt the fear from the tip of my red-painted toes to the top of my fake mane of hair.

"I've been disappointed so many times since Melissa," said Alison, looking at me. "I went out to see her last month. She has two kids, a toddler and a baby. She loves being a mother and dutiful wife to an auto salesman." She shrugged. "She says she doesn't miss her male parts at all. I hope, Denise Gordon, that you're not the same."

I was shocked at the way she talked. "No," I gasped involuntarily.

"Good," Alison said, smiling again, her eyes wrinkling with humour. She looked around as if lost. The maitre d' appeared as if by magic. "We'll eat now," she said, her voice amused. "My nephew and Miss Gordon will join me for the chef's pick of the kitchen."

The maitre d' nodded, murmured quietly and was gone.

The meal was extraordinarily fine. Despite stringent warnings from Michelle about breaking my diet, I had to try everything. Alison responded to every whim of mine. When I pulled a face at the bitterness of an almond dessert, it was whisked away and replaced with some kind of Cherries Jubilee that was fantastic.

“You should eat more,” said Alison when I pushed away the still half-full dish. “You’re so thin. Such a narrow waist. Of course, it makes you curvier, more womanly. Don’t you think so, Roger?”

Roger’s disapproval of me seemed to have grown through the meal. The friendlier Alison became, the colder he got. Alison chattered on incessantly about the club, the band, their wages, the payoffs on each gambling table, the cost of fines for the occasional police raid and the payoffs to the police themselves.

I’m being told too much, I thought worriedly. Did that mean I’d never get out of this place alive? I was frightened by that thought, regretting for the thousandth time I’d ever told Jeff Polanski I’d do an undercover job for him.

Interspersed in all Alison’s chatter were compliments for me, for my exquisite hands and nails, for my figure, my real breasts, I had to tell them how I got them, my slim waist, my excellent makeup, my gorgeous hair. Finally, we had to go to the Ladies’ Room together. She admired the way I walked and my high heels that made me taller than her.

Roger brooded and looked at me most angrily when we returned to the table. He pointedly held the chair for Alison but I had to sit as best I could, sweeping my skirt and slip under me gracefully as I had so much practice in doing.

“Oh, don’t sit down, Denise dear,” said Alison as Roger pushed in her chair for her. “I want to see you dance with Roger.” I could see him freeze as she said it, but she couldn’t see his face and reaction.

“Please, Roger,” Alison Lang said to her nephew, looking up at him with a sudden smile. “I can’t very well dance here with Denise. And I’ve always found that there’s nothing a girl enjoys more, or rouses her



so much, as dancing with a handsome man. Don't you agree, Denise?"

I tried to protest but Alison would have nothing of that. If Roger agreed or not, I don't know for, abruptly, he came to my chair and took my hand. Almost forcibly, I was escorted to the dance floor, his hand on my bare back, chills going up and down my spine as again I had to mince on my high heels to keep up to him.

My dress swirled about my stockings as he held me close for a waltz. We were soon in the middle of the now crowded floor, well out of Alison's sight. His hand was tight about my waist, the other crushing my hand. I winced and Roger said, "What's the matter, Miss Gordon? Did I step on your girly toes?"

"You're hurting me," I gasped, pulling my hand free.

Roger Lang smiled, took my arm and put it about his neck. My breasts were then tight against his chest. He looked down at my cleavage, it was very pronounced and female. He smiled as I flushed. He lifted my other arm about his neck. Both of his went about me, one on my bare back where my bra strap should have been. He pressed me tighter to him, his other hand almost below my waist. My sensitive breasts wobbled and I felt such nervous emotions tingling through me.

I thought Roger was playing with me but then he pressed my head against his shoulder and looked into my eyes. "God," he said gruffly. "You're so beautiful. You must be a woman."

I shivered as I felt myself being pressed everywhere against him. I felt my breasts betraying me by getting so hard against him. I knew my nipples would be showing when we left the floor. What was wrong with

me? I thought fearfully. I even began to feel an ache in my groin area as Roger pulled me tighter to him, like the other men did with their women.

Roger treated me as if I was a woman. I felt his lips graze my cheek and hair and I held onto him for dear life, swaying to the music, so scared to move my head in case he kissed me, as if I was a woman, in front of everybody. I trembled, not sure if I wanted him to do that or not.

“You know what you are here for now, lovely Denise,” Roger Lang whispered as the band switched to another waltz. He didn’t let me go at all.

“I-I think so,” I said, totally ashamed of the way I was feeling.

“Put on a good show,” Roger whispered angrily in my heavily jewelled ear, swirling me suddenly to a new, more open spot. I hung onto him as any woman would have. He stroked my back with his hands, knowing, I’m sure, how that affected the front of me. I shivered at the womanly feelings running through me as I danced in the arms of such a handsome man.

“You won’t, of course,” Roger said so lightly only I could hear him. “You queens are all alike. You say that you’re a man beneath all that feminine finery, but we know differently, don’t we? You’d rather have a man doing it to you, wouldn’t you? Wouldn’t you?”

“No,” I gasped, as he swirled me again, pressing my head back to his shoulder as we began to sway again.

“She’s not just a stupid, old woman trying to make her fantasies come true,” Roger said, his voice desperate. “There was a Fu Chi, a boy she grew up with as a sister. They were lovers, too. Her husband killed him. She killed her husband.”

There was a long pause before Roger Lang began again. "I'm the one who has to pick up the pieces after you and the Angelas leave," he said. "I have to take the gun away from her head. So what do you know of being a man, Denise Gordon? That's what my aunt wants, a beautiful man in a dress, her Fu Chi back again."

"I-I'll do my best," I whispered back at him, why I didn't know. I should keep quiet. I knew that.

Roger Lang laughed scornfully in my ear. "You're more than halfway a woman, aren't you? How many hormones are you on to get a figure like this, to have such beautiful breasts that any man would love to touch?" I tried to break free. I didn't want to hear more of his insults but he hung onto me. "Another Melissa, right? Off to the chop shop with the money we pay you; then marriage to some accountant and buying babies on the black market?"

The music stopped. Roger led me, seething at his angry words, back to Alison's table. Alison was standing, a wrap about her shoulders. "You were both so beautiful," she said with a smile. "Denise, you look so lovely in Roger's arms, I could cry." She did indeed look on the verge of tears.

Roger kept his arm about my waist longer than necessary until a waiter brought my coat. He held it for me as I slipped into the silky lining again.

He took my hand and put it into his aunt's. "Well, here she is, Aunt Alison," Roger Lang said, his face taut. I felt pretty much the same way. "She's all yours. I hope you both get what you're after tonight."

## XIV. ALISON

John Joseph Malloy hadn't been a particularly robust boy. He had, however, run with a tough gang. His progression in life to the point where everyone accepted him as Angela Freeman had finally led to its expected conclusion. He could no longer function as a man. He depended on the doc's injections of hormones and loved the way they made him feel so womanly. He had to make love to a man at such times. Even better was to get a man to make love to him. Julio had been so great, so rough with his pretty little woman. Angela loved that.

Angela didn't function any longer as Gina's husband. Everyone knew her as that and she hated it. She hated it when Gina made her try to be her husband. It was even worse when Gina treated her as a wife. It was the end when Gina taunted her over what she'd been, a 'tough' named Jack Malloy. Gina brought up again and again all the humiliating things she'd made Jack endure until she'd told him he could be Angela full-time at last.

Angela could remember how she'd felt as a man, having to beg to appear as a woman, having to beg to be treated as a woman, having to beg for Gina to marry her. She'd spent their wedding day as a bride, having so many men kiss her for the first time. She'd realized then what she'd been missing, letting herself be dominated only by Gina.

Angela knew in her bones that Gina would never let her take that last step to becoming a woman but would always keep her, Angela the queen, around, as a trophy, the man she'd turned into such an attractive woman. Gina dominated her as she had since Jack Malloy had first fallen for the platinum blonde. She'd started him doing weird things for her, right away.

Jack Malloy had some things to be grateful for. How could he have known how much he'd love being a woman if it hadn't been for Gina compelling him to wear skirts, panties, and wigs about her apartment, abasing himself completely before the love she'd shower on him? But that was all over now. Angela didn't want any of the love Gina was still willing to give.

Angela planned it with great care. She had a box of Doc Medway's injections stashed in her fridge. They were easy to put in her makeup case when the time came. She could buy or borrow more makeup somewhere else.

She teased the guards at the Adams Avenue house and found, after early misgivings, that they both responded to her ultra-feminine softness. Angela was soon at the cuddling stage with each of them. They loved her breasts, their caresses driving her wild, but they did something to the guys, too. She soon had Julio in bed with her whenever she wanted.

Clem was different. He'd take her in a hallway, spinning her around and ripping her panties down beneath her short skirts. He caressed her breasts, always penetrating her tush with such wonderful movements until they both came, he kissing her hair. At other times, he just wanted a quick blowjob. He didn't seem to want it at all in bed with her as Julio did. That was what was so nice with Julio, to be face-to-face with a man, her legs grasping his waist, as he penetrated and filled her like a woman should be filled. Angela loved Julio for that.

A new guard, Darro, Angela played differently. He was different. He was naive. She let him touch but he could go no further because they were sure to be discovered. If only they could get out of Knightsbridge for an hour or so, she hinted to him, batting her curly

eyelashes at him. She could say to Gina that she'd been shopping, she added wistfully in her little-girl voice. No one had to know she'd been making love to sweet Darro.

Darro had arranged it. She promised to wear her red silk lingerie because that really turned him on the most with a woman. She'd kissed him so lovingly and stroked his hair, his hands under her skirt just moments before Gina had come into the outer office where he was 'guarding' her.

Darro had almost given it away when Gina had asked him to get Clem for something. He'd given a light-hearted, nervous reply. Gina had noted it and wanted to know what he had to smile about. Angela knew that Darro's interest in her as a woman was peaking. She had to get him to move her out, quickly, or she'd be Gina's whore forever, which wasn't such a bad thing, was it?

Angela had just walked out of the Hilo in the end, on the arm of a client, in her dark wig and black dress, her makeup different to her normal day wear. Darro, at the door, had just smiled in anticipation of what she was going to do for him, as she'd promised him she'd do, later that night, and let her go with an obvious client.

They had indeed met later after she'd frolicked with Mr. Jackson, as all the 'girls' called their clients. Darro came to the same motel where his heavy-handed fucking of her was an unmitigated disaster. The bodyguard hadn't realized Angela hadn't been operated on yet. He didn't want to give it to her the way she wanted to take it. She'd had to do things she hadn't wanted to do which left her very annoyed with her inexpert lover.

Angela had showered first. While Darro was showering, she just walked away from the motel. What

could an annoyed Darro say to anyone back in the clubs? To everyone, she'd just disappeared. What Angela didn't know was that Gina was so mad at Angela's disappearance that anyone admitting any help to Angela's going away was bound to have an unforeseen accident or be kicked out, to say the least. So, Darro kept quiet.

The worst thing was that the account started in her name by Gina had no money in it. Neither did the accounts she shared with Gina. It was as if Gina had anticipated her running, which she had. All Angela had with her on the run was the couple of hundred bucks she'd filched from the luckless Darro's pants pockets.

Angela had always thought she could earn her living, when Gina ditched her, as a whore. Her encounter with Darro, though, unnerved her. How could she hold off a man who wanted more than he'd paid for? She wasn't the little tough she'd once been. Any regular man could overpower her new female self. She was frightened of trying it as a female prostitute while, as a drag queen, she'd be nabbed in days by Gina's goons, she was sure.

Angela wanted her operation. Then she'd have no worries. She could marry or she could whore, no one the wiser. She could even do both!

There was no place she could think of to get that kind of money but from Gina's enemies. At first, Angela shrank from the idea. But after she'd been out one frightening day and watched her room at the motel being searched, she realized she had very little option. She'd just been lucky she'd gone out to buy a paper, the one she'd hid behind. The paper she'd bought showed her how girls like her advertised themselves to find clients, those who might like girls like Angela. She finally gave in, phoned Narcotics and

got Jeff Polanski, who quickly had her picked up and secreted away in a closed-up, bankrupt resort north of the city.

It took a while for Angela and the cops to agree on her price for talking about Gina Freeman and Tommy Black. She was annoyed by the one guy who kept referring to Angela as 'him' and calling her John. Polanski replaced him soon with a woman police officer who, had she known, had an even worse opinion of Angela than the male officer she replaced. Angela treated her as a fellow woman, however, sure the woman was more sympathetic and was soon pouring out the stories of her affairs to astonished and very disgusted ears.

Polanski soon arranged a private interview with the luscious Angela and quickly arranged for her to shop by catalog and over the phone, so that her basic, womanly needs were met. In a tantalizing, skimpy minidress, paid for by police funds, Angela finalized an agreement for her story and her testimony, if needed. She'd have her operation paid for, the date set, as she insisted, for just two weeks away.

Angela told Jeff Polanski everything she knew about Gina and her friends, about the clubs and houses they controlled. She told them all about the Lang family, and how anything that needed entry into the States could be brought in by them for a cut. There was even an operation in progress right at that moment with the Langs, involving a queen named Denise Gordon. She regretted giving up Julio Rock but the blonde Denise Gordon, Angela had only met very recently, she told a perturbed detective lieutenant. Desiree, another queen, had recruited her 'off the streets'. She'd used been called Alice then.

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Alison Lang lived in a large, secluded house not far from the club. Her own private apartments, as she called them, were on the second floor of the four-storey building. A Chinese butler, in formal evening suit, opened the double doors to us with a flourish. He took the coats from us elegantly gowned women and quickly followed us up the wide, curved staircase to the second landing.

“We’ll serve ourselves, Chu,” Alison said to the butler who bowed silently, smiled and left us in a huge room, expensively furnished. It was panelled in white wood, a thick, white shag rug running from wall to wall, deadening the sound of our high heels which had clicked so noisily in the hallway.

Alison sat gracefully on a brown-striped chesterfield. “Come and sit beside me,” she said huskily. I moved slowly, not wanting to catch a heel, my dress rippling against me. I smoothed my dress as femininely as I could as I sat down, hardly knowing why I was trying to impress this woman with my womanliness.

Alison looked at me shyly, nervously putting out her hand to me. I hadn’t put my gloves back on since I’d taken them off in the bar of the club. I gave her my hand which she began to caress.

I was puzzled by the temerity of her approach. Was I supposed to initiate contact? I wondered. Alison broke off suddenly with an audible sigh, her hand trembling. She stood and went off to another room that I could only suppose to be a bedroom.

“Help yourself to a drink, Denise,” Alison said over her shoulder, entering the other room and closing the door behind her.

I got up and went to where Alison, I had to call her that, had indicated there was a bar. I really didn't want alcohol. I didn't want lots of liquid in my system. I poured a small glass of water and ice. I shivered as I strolled in my long dress, my heels sinking into the shag. My bare arms, shoulders and chest and, yes, my breasts, were all aquiver. The flimsy dress and my thin lingerie offered me no warmth. Why must it be so cold? I wondered.

I kicked off my high heels and my feet protested the return of feeling, my dress now caught on the pile, tugging at me, making a noise. I moved, seductively feminine, to see the jade items displayed on white shelves. Alison was clearly a collector.

Alison returned as abruptly as she'd left. Gone were the Chinese dress and elaborate hairstyle. She'd changed into a long soft negligee, a shorter nightdress beneath. Her red-gold hair framed her face in gentle waves. She didn't look more than fifty again.

"I hope I'm not rushing you," Alison said, her eyes still tremulous as she looked at me. "I'm a little tired and would like to go to bed. Since my maid has retired," she really looked at me nervously, "may I help you get ready for bed?"

"Of course," I said, swallowing hard at the lump in my throat. I knew I couldn't draw back now. Polanski would have to reprimand me later for what I was going to do, *had* to do.

Alison Lang smiled vividly as if I'd done her the greatest favour in the world. She was trembling. She took my hand as I put down the iced water. She led me into her bedroom.

The bed was already turned down, its silk counterpane neatly folded along the end of the bed. A short

nightdress of light blue nylon, I think, a darker frill at the sleeves and down the front lay on the bed. It closed at the front with ribbons. Gauzy, blue panties lay beside the brief nightdress. I could only guess that, with my figure, I'd look like something out of Frederick's of Hollywood or Victoria's Secret catalogue in such a revealing nightie.

"All queens like frillies, don't you?" Alison asked. She was blushing but there was a sparkle in her eye.

"I think so," I said as she led me to the bed. Alison turned and with quivering hands she put her arms about my neck, stroking my long, blonde hair. She pulled me to her. She was in her high-heeled mules and I in stocking feet. We were the same height.

Her mouth met mine, my firm breasts crushed into hers. It was weird to be kissing a woman. Alison's breasts were aroused, too. I could scarcely believe the violence of her kiss, how she clung to me, stroking my hair. She wanted to go down on the bed. I let her. I knew what was going to happen.

Alison was whimpering and going crazy as we kissed. When I caressed her, she began to shiver all over. She bit my ear, her hands wandering all over me, stroking my breasts, my back, my waist and my hips. Her lips attacked me in violent outbursts. I licked her lips, she welcoming me penetrating her mouth. That was so weird. I hadn't kissed like that since Annie Phelan...

It had been men kissing me since Annie, making me feel like a woman. With Alison's hands on me so lightly, I felt strange. Alison Lang wanted me to treat her as a man treats a woman but, weirdly, she was also treating me as if I was a fragile female. I found it strangely arousing. I was quivering, as much as she was, at our mutual caresses.

Alison began to undress me. All the time she kissed my lips, face and neck, her hands stroked lovingly each part of me that was revealed. My dress was slid down. She exclaimed when she found my garter belt. "Fu Chi," she murmured as her hands stroked inside my garters and gently freed them from my stockings.

"I'm not him," I tried to say, being smothered by her kisses. Alison had become more ardent. I felt myself responding to her. Age made no difference. This was a woman who wanted me to make love to her. I could feel the heat rising in me as she caressed my smooth skin to the top of my high-cut panties.

"I know," Alison whispered. "But Fu Chi loved garter belts and corsets so much." She eased the straps of my camisole down me and kissed my upper chest which really gave me a start. I couldn't believe how it felt so pleasant to have a woman kissing my chest. I didn't have a chance to analyze it because she'd undone my strapless bra. My breasts were free and on fire.

Alison kissed my nipples. I felt the most incredible hurt from my groin. I wriggled with shock and pain, groaning. She drew back immediately, thinking she'd hurt me. I pulled her back, trembling with strange emotions. Her tongue once more ran over my nipple so gently. First she aroused one breast, then the other. All I could do was cling to her, almost unable to move.

I wriggled free of my dress and slip as Alison pushed my panties down too, kissing my stomach and caressing my still stockinged legs. I was groaning as she finally raised her head and smiled at me. "You like that?" she whispered seductively as I squeezed her hand. I don't know what was coming over me but I did.

Alison lifted up the nightie and her fingers trembled as she began to put it on me. "Will you put these on," she asked shyly, handing me the blue panties, "and take this off?" She tweaked my gaff.

I nodded, hardly able to speak. Alison swept my clothes from the bed and went over to the light switch, dimming the lights to almost nothing as I rolled my stockings off smooth, bare, feminine legs, slipped off my panties, and released my gaff.

I was in agony as I tried to pull on the soft, blue silk panties. Alison chuckled as she opened the covers more and guided me into bed. "You boys and your things," she whispered again. "Must you bind them up so tightly? I was always afraid Melissa would damage herself." She sighed and put her trembling arms about my waist, pulling us close together. "Perhaps she did but she didn't care, did she? She knew she wouldn't have a boy's things one day, didn't she? I don't want you to be like her."

"I'm not at all like her," I gasped as she put her legs through mine and about me. Her nightdress was open. She undid one of my ribbons and began to caress my breast. I did the same for her and felt my passion growing.

"Oh," Alison said with a chuckle. I think I heard delight in her voice. I forgot all about the resolutions I'd made when I'd agreed to take on this crazy assignment. She was an older woman who loved me as I was, the pretty, blonde woman Gina had turned me into. More, however, Alison loved my growing manhood. She did things to me I didn't believe possible until I was crying for her to let me make love to her.

"Young men," Alison whispered, her hands playing with my earrings and hair as I mounted her, my panties levered to one side. "You should take your time, my darling girl."

I couldn't. It had been so long since I'd been a real man with a woman. I couldn't hold back my desire. Alison seemed to enjoy it even more than I did. Her series of enraptured cries as I penetrated her must surely have woken every member of the household. "Oh, Denise," she gasped, pinching my nipples as I came so quickly. "Oh, Denise. I've been waiting so long for someone like you."

Alison began to cry very softly, her nails digging into my shoulders as she pressed me, our breasts touching, my hair across both our faces, which she loved, kissing me through it. I was trembling myself with pleasurable sensations I didn't care to name.

I'd expected her to be like SueAnn, taking and giving nothing back, but Alison wasn't like my wife, Nor was she like Annie Phelan, who wanted me to do everything I wanted, while she asked nothing in return. Alison Lang snuggled up to me and kissed my breasts again and again.

"They're so soft," she said wonderingly. "So beautiful, like you, Denise." Alison kissed me there again, my nipple hardening. "Do you get as much pleasure from yours when they're caressed as I do?" she asked, stroking me and surely feeling I was hardening again everywhere.

"Yes, probably," I gasped truthfully. It was one area where I'd always know now how to treat a woman romantically. I trembled, feeling my passion rise as Alison bent to nibble on them again.

"Oh, Denise," murmured Alison, raising her face and letting me put my mouth to her older, more sagging breasts. "I'm so happy. You'll have to stay with me now, darling Denise, forever."

Alison moved on top of me and made love to me generously and expertly, her confidence growing as

she perceived that I was, deep down, a male, even though I looked and wiggled like a woman. I was so easily roused by her seductive knowledge. The greatest paroxysm of joy I've ever experienced from a partner came when she reached a climax, me trying to wiggle yet again inside her. But I was too spent to join in fully, having climaxed inside her half a dozen times, well three really good ones, for sure. I was only able to cling to her and stroke her as she came for her tenth or twelfth time.

More weary than sated, we slept in each other's arms, our nighties and panties long since abandoned. In the dim light of dawn, I was awakened by someone lightly kissing my face. There was a giggle in my ear. "We've ruined the pillows," said a soft whisper.

"We must take off our makeup next time," Alison whispered as I came to realize where I was. I was still naked but for my wig, and, I hoped, my false eyelashes. "But I was greedy. I still am."

Alison slid atop me again, taking her time about letting me join her. We rolled around. I felt her hands all over me, particularly on my rounded thighs and tush, urging me to press manfully into her. I had to be on top to come but she didn't mind. She seemed to be in bliss as we lay together waiting for sleep to return.

I was exhausted and when I did fully awake, Alison sitting there at the side of the bed, looking at me. I instantly covered up my breasts, which made her laugh.

"Wake up, Denise," she said with an impish grin. "The bathroom's there. I've been studying every inch of your lovely body as I waited for you to wake up. You've nothing to hide from me."

There were crow's feet under her eyes, revealing further that she was not a young woman. She smiled, looking so cool in a simple white blouse and dark blue skirt. Her shiny hair was loose, held back by a schoolgirlish blue band.

Alison followed me into the bathroom and took my earrings, eyelashes and wig from me. My face was a sight with smeared makeup. I was glad to bathe thoroughly in scented water and clean myself up. She sat on the padded toilet seat and watched me.

"You have such a female figure," Alison said in an amazed tone. "If it wasn't for him," she pointed at my maleness as I towelled myself rapidly, blushing under her stare, "you'd be a woman. Of the type Roger likes so much, actually."

I was glad of the white, terrycloth robe that hid my maleness and made me look like Denise again. What was wrong with me? I thought in surprise. I should be glad to show my maleness and be ashamed of the rest of how I looked. It was just the sudden talk of Roger Lang. My body remembered how he'd held me against him, how he'd kissed me and how my breasts had touched him, being so aroused. I was as aroused again as I had been before, just thinking of Roger.

I used the drier on my hair. As it dried, it all fell neatly and shinily into place. "Oh, beautiful," said Alison. "You didn't have to wear a wig at all."

I looked at myself. Scrubbed clean, my eyebrows so thin and fair, my eyelashes so curly, I looked like a woman. My shape beneath the robe was curvy, like a woman. Even my feet, with their red, shiny nails, were feminine.

Alison came behind me and undid my robe, exposing my breasts, my slender waist, my shapely legs, and my rounded backside. "I'm going to dress you to-

day,” she said, smiling at me as she put her hands inside my robe and began to stroke my bare skin. “When you see some of the pretty little dresses I’ve picked out, your heart is going to go pitter-patter!”

Alison was almost shaking with excitement as she brought me my gaff, pretty dark blue panties, a blue bra and slip, long pantyhose that made my legs look bare and, of course, a little black dress.

She wanted to do my makeup, herself. Alison talked on about so many feminine things, perfumes, different styles of makeup, but in the end she only changed me a little, emphasizing the sides of my eyes heavily. I quite liked it. It was a look I would be attracted to on another girl. I caught myself again. How could I say or think ‘another girl’ as if I was one? I wasn’t a girl, I told myself anxiously, as I adjusted my uplifting bra to cup my breasts more tightly and put some of Alison’s own special perfume on me.

In a short, black, cocktail dress, with a string of pearls, black gloves, black, sequinned purse and black, shiny, patent leather heels, I was, as Alison gushed, “ready for any occasion.”

I had pearls at my ears, too. Alison wouldn’t hear that perhaps I was overdressed for breakfast. “Lunch,” Alison giggled, “and who knows who we might meet. You would want to make a good impression, wouldn’t you? After lunch, we have to go shopping.”

The shopping seemed to be all for me. Alison seemed to want to outfit me for any possible occasion that could occur for a month ahead without once re-wearing a dress, or underwear, or nightie, or stockings. She was excited at every new fashion she saw and wanted to see me in it. We had to buy the bikinis and swimsuits, once I had tried them on. I secretly promised myself, after seeing how very curva-

ceous I had become, never, ever to wear such things. I mean, I could hardly keep my hands off myself after seeing the blonde girl in the hot pink bikini. I wouldn't have expected any man not to want to touch me.

We had a leisurely lunch at a very expensive restaurant. I was starving by the time we went to eat but was strong-willed enough to eat only a fraction of the many items we were offered. Michelle Bennett had stressed so often that to keep my girlish figure, I must diet. Only the first and last bites were remembered. I restricted myself to two bites only of what Alison ordered.

After lunch, loaded with parcels, mostly for me, we were just packing up the car when we saw an old Chinese gentleman coming down the street. To our horror, he tried to cross the road against the traffic lights. Alison was the first to run after him and almost caught him after he was sideswiped by a car.

Within moments, Alison had signalled to me and the bodyguard-driver of her car. We carried the groaning man back to the car and laid him on the back seat. They weren't looking at me at all, I realized in wonder. I could get away, I thought, edging a little away from the car. Then Alison turned, tears in her eyes, and reached out her hand for me.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said, "but we have to cut short this shopping trip. We must get this man home."

"What about police and ambulance?" I asked, wondering how I could make contact in such an occurrence if I ran for it in my high heels and short, flirty dress. What would anyone I contacted think of me when first they saw me, dressed and made-up, perfumed as well as I was.

Alison shook her head. “The older people in our community,” she said, hugging my arm and stroking me tenderly, “are still terrified by officials. All Hsiao Ling wants to do is to get home. We’ll do that for him.” She reached for a phone in the car. “I’ll call up an old friend, a doctor, a friend of mine.” She paused and smiled at me sadly. “Hsiao won’t have insurance and is too proud to accept any charity. You may have to put on a little act with me.”

The old Chinese man lived in a rotted, terraced house like many others on the block we delivered him to. I shivered. We could have been back in Knightsbridge. A young Chinese man met us at the door, his bag proclaiming him to be a doctor as we helped the old man into his house. Alison was all business, making tea, as the old man was laid out on a couch, his wife too shocked to do more than wail for him.

The old man was concerned about the doctor but Alison spoke quickly in his language. He seemed to think it all right. “Bruises and shock,” were the only words the doctor spoke. He left pills on the table beside the old man and came over to me. I didn’t know what to expect and was totally shocked when he put his arms about me and kissed me strongly on the lips.

Alison had covered her mouth to prevent herself from laughing at the look on my face as the doctor left. She came over to me and whispered. “I told them Samuel was your husband,” she chuckled. “They were worried you’d notify the police. This is an illegal immigrant family. They were most worried you’d feel you had to report the accident.”

Alison took my hand and bowed slightly to the older man and woman. I allowed myself to be ushered out of the building by a smiling Alison. A young

man arrived as we were leaving. He looked at Alison and me and breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness it was you, Madame Lang," Barry Ling said formally. "My grandfather is honoured by your concern."

"You need to get him out of here," said Alison bluntly while the grey-suited businessman blanched. "If you can't find a place in that apartment building you manage, then talk to Roger. He'll fix them up in better style than this hovel you've consigned them to."

Barry Ling began to apologize volubly in Chinese. Alison waved him away as we got back into the car. "It is my responsibility really," she said, cuddling up to me and taking my arm, her stockinged leg next to mine. I could sense that our driver was deliberately not looking at us. "Ever since my husband, well since my husband died, I've had to look out for everyone's welfare. Barry Ling is a computer programmer. He can do better for his grandparents than this."

We went down to the seafront then and watched tall sailing ships in some kind of race. Alison insisted I open the box with my new red coat just like hers. We strolled arm-in-arm while she pointed out excitedly the main ships, knowing where they were all from. Roger Lang was waiting for us in a wooden pavilion, sheltered from the wind. Several of his bodyguards, I thought of them that way, maintained a perimeter several yards away so that we could talk privately.

Alison greeted her nephew with enormous affection, kissing his face while he stared at me. "Your real hair looks nicer," he said shortly as Alison demanded he pay a compliment to her lovely Denise.

Alison laughed and took my arm again, her happiness unfeigned. She related our incident with the

Lings. Roger sighed. "So everyone will love you even more," he said, sighing.

"What an awful thing to say!" snapped Alison angrily.

"It's true, Aunt Alison," said Roger, slightly stressing Alison's relationship to him. "You're respected enough as it is. This will only add to it. That you care for the old and act in their interests will soon get around. I'll talk to Barry tomorrow."

"I didn't do this for accolades," Alison said pointedly.

"I know," said Roger, smiling at her. He looked at me, his smile fading. "So you see, Miss Gordon," he said formally, "why my aunt is the most influential of all business people in our district. She has a reputation for honesty and morality."

"Which I'd do nothing to undermine," I said quickly, knowing I was telling the truth. I wasn't going to say anything about Alison Lang to my supervisors if I ever got out of this place.

Alison beamed at me and squeezed my hand.

I could feel the cold now on my legs, a natural feeling, so used was I to wearing skirts and being female, I realized with a start. Alison wanted to walk a little further. Roger scowled at our linked arms as we walked. Alison wanted to know what he thought of my new lipstick. Didn't it become me?

Roger scowled. "You didn't ask about the other matter from this morning," he said.

"You got an answer already?" Alison asked in surprise.

Roger's eyes flicked to me and hooded. I felt a little panicked. I didn't want to hear more than I should. I didn't like that look of Roger's.

"Tommy says we can have her back on another job soon but she has to carry back the package, not Julio," Roger went on. I relaxed a little. It seemed I was going to live.

There was silence as Alison clutched my hand. "Just a week," she said bitterly. She looked at me. "You do understand what we're talking about, don't you, Denise?"

I hesitated for a moment. I felt Roger's tension beside me. I didn't think it would serve any purpose to lie. "Yes," I said, turning on my high heels to look at her, shivering as my dress and coat hugged my legs more tightly in the breeze.

"See," said Alison to Roger. "We need to keep Denise with us for several reasons. Mostly, her people should be willing to give her up if they want their stuff to move through here without difficulty."

She smiled as I glanced at Roger. He had a look similar to mine, I think, high anxiety. "Don't worry, dears," Alison said brightly. "I haven't felt so good and so alive in years. I don't think I can bear losing you in a week, Denise. I hardly know you. But finding someone like you..." Tears came to her eyes. I had to squeeze her hand again which made Roger's mouth tighten into a straighter line.

"Oh, I'll go along with it," Alison said finally in disgust, hooking Roger with her other arm so that he had to walk back along the boardwalk with us, our heels so noisy on the wood. "But I won't give you the, um, the package, Denise, until you absolutely have to go. Now, let's go home and dress for tonight, Denise. You wait till you see her in the dresses we

bought for her today, Roger. You'll look so wonderful on the dance floor together."

"I can hardly wait," said Roger Lang sourly. His aunt chuckled and punched his arm. I wished she'd hit him harder and in a more vulnerable place.

"You don't approve of Alison's involvement with me," I murmured to him, hours later as we slow-waltzed more formally on the dance floor at the Lang's gambling club.

Alison and I had spent a torrid hour in her bedroom once I'd taken off my dress. She'd wanted to caress me and have me take her. She didn't let me undress much further. In fact, when I changed into my new underwear to go out, she wanted me again. The sight of my almost naked body and feminine curves turned her on.

Once she said, "Fu Chi wanted breasts so much. He'd have loved to be like you," as we lay in each other's arms in bed, her slim leg between mine. Alison seemed to like that. She caressed mine, softly over my thighs, and giggled when my maleness jerked against her. "We tried so many things, oil, molasses, foam, taping. Fu Chi looked great on the outside, really pretty and authentic, but he didn't like me to take off his bra. You don't mind, do you?"

I had to agree that I didn't. Alison suckled on me. I couldn't help reacting to her. We roused each other again and coupled once more in an aura of femininity. I was becoming so used to it, in just one day, that it seemed almost normal. Hunger brought her to the end of dallying with me.

Alison dressed me in the first of my new evening gowns, one with a long, print skirt and a black, halter-type top. She had me wear a new fall too, a mass of curls, pinned away from my face so that my

rounded, feminine cheeks were prominently featured by rouge. My eyes were darkly painted and my lips were Passionate Pink. I had bangles on my arm, a locket at my neck and huge hoops that moved with every tremor of my head and lovely curls.

I wasn't wearing a bra. Yes, my chest jiggled with every move I made. It was terribly disconcerting to mince into the club and feel so many eyes on, I'm sure, my chest. I felt like a woman as Alison introduced me to several of her associates. Then she insisted I dance with Roger. I could barely stand the sensations of femininity I'd had from every step Roger only heightened those feelings in me as he didn't seem any more comfortable than me.

Roger hadn't tried to speak to me as we danced, me the woman in our partnership. He bit his lip and looked into my eyes as we moved easily, my skirt dancing about my high heels and stockings. I could feel the tug on my garter belt and his hand at my narrow waist on my panties if he did but know. Oh, when he played with me there, I knew that he knew what I was wearing beneath my dress.

"You may be a man, Miss Denise Gordon," Roger said with quiet venom. "But you are also a whore, aren't you?" I stiffened and looked at him through the dark fringe of my mascara-ed eyelashes. "You are a prostitute," he said, his voice thick. "If I offered you a price, you'd do anything I wanted, wouldn't you?"

I knew I was supposed to be that sort of a woman. No, I was supposed to be that sort of drag queen. It hurt, though, terribly, to be thought of that way. I don't know why but I'd liked Roger Lang from the moment I saw him. I hated that he'd say such things to me.

"Well?" Roger asked, demanding an answer.

“I guess you’re right,” I said, biting my lip and tasting my lipstick. I dropped my gaze. I couldn’t look him in the eyes, not when Roger felt that way about me.

The band ended its set. We politely applauded them. Roger took my arm to escort me back to Annette. “So,” I said, my cheeks flushed for sure. “Are you really that embarrassed by having to dance with a male whore just to please your aunt?”

Roger Lang flushed, not looking at me at all. “It’s not for the likes of you to question me at all,” he snapped. Then, he lowered his voice. “What would be your price for sleeping with me?”

I should have slapped him. I would have loved to but we were almost the last couple off the floor. Alison was standing and clapping for us at our table.

“I don’t sleep with men,” I said, my heart in my throat, as Roger sneered at me and took my arm. He did seem a little stunned as he thought about it, though. I hurried away from him, my breasts bouncing again, just a little, enough to divert him from further snide remarks.

Roger was subdued as we sat with Alison. Then, surprisingly, in the next set, he asked me to dance again, not waiting for Alison’s suggestion. He held me closely as he would have a woman, certainly able to feel my breasts against him. He was an excellent dancer. I’d been taught to dance as a woman at Gina’s. We glided easily together. In the slowest dances, he had me again put my arms about him as he held my waist tightly. I felt his mouth brush my scented ear as we hugged each other, my breasts so aroused against him.

“You don’t mind that,” Roger said quietly, holding me so that I bounced against him. “You want to be treated like a woman.”

I trembled at the way I was feeling, femininity ready to swamp me and make me say something I could never take back. I sought for something to say and remembered how rude he had been to me in the bar. “I’m a man,” I whispered back to him, repeating what he’d told me to say.

Roger stiffened. “I can make you say differently,” he said. I think he was trying to make a joke.

I hugged him and deliberately pushed my aroused breasts into his chest. “I’m a man,” I said, unable to keep the tremor out of my voice.

Alison confessed to me later in bed how jealous she’d been to see how sexily I’d danced with Roger. “You’re attracted to my nephew, aren’t you?” she said, putting more perfume between my breasts.

“I was teasing him,” I told her, still shaking with the way I’d felt being held by Roger Lang. “He was so rude to me.”

Alison laughed at my nervous, indignant account of how he’d spoken to me and how I’d answered him back. “If you’d like to sleep with him,” Alison said, cuddling again up to me, “you can.”

“What?” I gasped, in the act of drawing her body against mine, our nipples touching from our jutting out breasts.

“See,” Alison giggled. “Such a thought arouses you, doesn’t it? Fu used to have his boyfriends as well as me, you know. He was such a pretty girl. He said that girls liked him, but he, and you I bet, have to have men occasionally to prove you are attractive

women. So, I understand, you see. I knew Melissa had a husband somewhere, before she went under the knife, and I lost her.”

“I told you I wasn’t like that,” I said with a shudder. I didn’t want to think about the ideas that Alison raised to make me feel good about myself as a man in a pretty dress.

Alison cooed as I caressed her. “I wouldn’t mind sharing you with Roger,” she said. “He doesn’t understand me, why I like boys like you, but he is very attracted to you. Anyone can see that. If he made love to you, I’d understand.”

“Don’t!” I said quickly, not wanting her to put such excruciating thoughts in my head, covering her mouth with mine as Alison giggled. She helped me out of my panties again, running her hands over my rounded, female-shaped hips and thighs. Was she talking like that because it aroused me even more than when we’d made love before? My manhood certainly seemed to be very hard after such thoughts and such talk. What was happening to me? I couldn’t want to make love to Roger, could I? No, I swore to myself, I wouldn’t ever make love to another man.

Alison and I were in bed at least twice every day during my week with her. I went everywhere with her. She was very open with me. We visited markets where she was welcomed like a queen. I was hugged and kissed by men and by women because I was making her happy. So many remarked that I was making her so happy, that it wasn’t awkward after a while. I wasn’t embarrassed by thoughts of whether they knew what I was, or if they saw me as a lesbian. I felt so weird at such thoughts.

Alison was no help. “Of course you’re a lesbian,” she laughed at me. “You wouldn’t be in my bed if you weren’t.” Then she goosed me as I was washing my

hands after making sandwiches for our lunch in the huge first-floor kitchen.

Alison liked to kiss and cuddle me anywhere in the house which disconcerted Roger when he came for a visit on my last evening before leaving.

Roger was still in a three-piece suit, his waistcoat tailored to his slender frame. Alison put on some music and danced with me, she in her pantsuit, me in a crinkly party dress.

“I think Roger’s angry,” Alison said as she twirled me, she doing the male part. “He thinks he’s the only one who should dance with you.”

Roger snorted and stood up angrily. “You know what she is, don’t you?” he said, indicating me.

Alison laughed. “He’s jealous!” she said exuberantly, giving me a spin. “Didn’t I tell you so?”

Roger flushed and almost ran out of our apartment. “Well,” said Alison with a smile. “We won’t be sharing him just yet, I’m afraid.”

Thank goodness, I thought, beginning to think of going back to Knightsbridge with some sort of relief.

The following morning naturally led to a tearful departure on the driveway. Alison wept and hung on to me, even as I tried to reassure her I’d be back. I was dressed in a grey woman’s suit with a black mock turtle sweater and grey and black high heels. My hair was normal again, shiny and short. I wore just a little makeup on my eyes and light powder, my mouth a plum colour like my eye shadow.

“Take care, darling Denise,” Alison said huskily. “If you’re not back soon, I’ll be coming over there after you.” She took me by the shoulders. We kissed, long

and lingeringly on the lips, our female bodies pressed together while the bodyguards, drivers and Roger, looked discreetly away.

“You change colouring like a chameleon,” said Roger Lang, staring at me as we drove away, he and I in the back seat of the car, Alison waving frantically after me. I turned and waved too, my eyes bright.

I turned back to him, my hip against his, my skirt about mid-thigh. Roger looked at my chest as I contorted to sit away from him.

“When you see Julio,” Roger said grimly, “he’ll want to know about the package. He doesn’t know but it’s in the new spare tire your car will have. Do not tell him that. That’s for Gina only to know.”

We met up with Julio at a viewpoint on the highway. He complained about the extra suitcases I had with all my new dresses. He didn’t get out to help the driver put them in the car, on the back seat as well. I looked at Julio who leered at me. I shuddered and thought how long it was going to take us to get back. If he laid a hand on me, I hoped I could use some of the moves I’d learned from police experts. The trouble was, they were so hard to exercise in a tight skirt, high heels and with these odd mounds on my chest, not to mention my wiggly backside.

\*\*\*\*\* End of Part Two\*\*\*\*\*