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The Mob Connection

By Sarah Thorpe

This was the day Jessica Rossi had been waiting for for several years. It was not a day she had looked forward to, but a day that would more or less crush most of her dreams. Once again she tried to talk to her husband Luigi, or Louis as he normally called himself, into changing his mind. But to no avail, Louis had every intention to go on with his plans. "You know, Jessi," he said, "that if I don't do what I'm supposed to do, I will be an outcast and lose my job. Finding a new job for a guy like me would be impossible. We live in a very good neighborhood, I make a decent amount of money and we have no worries in our lives."

"Our lives are nothing but a big worry. I know that disaster will strike some day. I wish you could have stopped this and let our kids become normal citizens."

"I'm sorry, but we're stuck. This goes back many generations and will continue to do so. Stop worrying, everything will be just fine. If something should happen to me, you and the kids will be well taken care of. Marco, and later Maria will have a good life. I will now pick up Marco and take him to the pick-up point and see him off. I will be back in a couple of hours." Louis left the room, picked up Marco and drove off.

For Jessi this was a big blow. She had for many years begged her husband to leave his present job, move and get a job with a normal company. The problem was that Louis worked for the Mob and had done so all his life. And so had his family done for many generations. Jessi herself came from a Mob family, so she knew all about it. She had seen people she loved being killed or molested for no reason at all and feared that such a thing could happen to her husband as well. That's why she had tried to get Louis out of it. But Louis was stuck with the family tradition and just carried on. Deep inside she knew that he had no choice, but she had tried anyway. And she sure would try to get her kids out of it. Marco was now ten years old and was on his way to his first summer camp. There other

Mob kids would join him and they would spend four weeks together. This would happen every summer until he left Junior High. In three years time his sister Maria will start the same cycle.

Jessi picked up Maria and drove to the park. There mother and daughter took a long walk. They talked about lots of things, but Jessi was careful not to mention what Louis and Marco was really up to. She kept a low profile. Instead she did her best to teach Maria the good values in life and tell her right from wrong. With a background like that she could make her own decisions later in life.

They arrived home about the same time as Louis. The three of them would now spend some quiet weeks together before they drove to the camp area to pick up Marco. Then the whole family would spend some weeks traveling the Western United States.

Five years later in October Jessi's nightmare came true. Her husband had been caught in a gang shoot-out and was killed. That left her alone with two kids, 15 and 12 years old and no husband to support her. After the funeral a colleague of her husband approached her and said that the money her husband had received every month would continue to float into her bank account. She was about to refuse the money, but she knew she needed them to survive, so she accepted. But from that day on she did all she could to convince Marco and Maria to do all they could to get out of the Mob's claws. They were easy to convince and promised to do their best. It would be difficult for Marco since he already was deep into their organization. He thought he knew a solution to the problem, but that would put his mother and sister in deep trouble. So until he found a safe way for all of them, he just had to wait.

For Maria it would be easier. Nothing special was expected from her, except that she one day would have to marry another guy from the Mob.

Things were now quiet for some years. Marco graduated from Senior High and went to College to study law and economics. Both topics interested him. Besides they would come in handy when working for the Mob.

During these years the three remaining Rossis talked a lot about the future. It was soon evident that both Marco and Maria wanted to get out and they laid plans accordingly. Marco also worked part time for the Mob and tried to learn as much as possible about the organization. This way he might be able to one day break it up from within. Then suddenly, out of the blue, bad news arrived; Jessi had been diagnosed with non-curable cancer and only had a limited time left. That made Marco and Maria even more certain that they had to break out. As the situation now turned out they decided to wait until their mother had passed away.

Jessi passed away only one week after Maria graduated from Senior High. On graduation day she was very sick and it took all her strength to be present at Maria's graduation ceremony. After the ceremony was over she was rushed to the hospital where she died one week later. Both Marco and Maria were on her bedside when it happened and the last

promise they gave her was that within a few months they would be free from the Mob; no matter what cost.

At this time Marco had been married for one year already. His wife was the daughter of one his father's friends from the Mob. The wedding was arranged and he had no warm feelings for his wife. Anyway, a baby was expected in September.

A wedding for Maria was also set up. According to plans she would wed in August. But she had no intentions to go through with it. By that time she expected to be in a totally different place in the world and live with a good friend and her family. The idea to this plan had come up when Maria started her senior year. All through Junior and Senior High she had a best friend named Paula. Maria and Paula became inseparable. At the start of their senior year a new girl came to class. She was an exchange student from a country in Europe and would stay with Paula and her family. Soon this girl also became Maria's best friend.

The three girls stuck together like glue and had no secrets for each other. Maria actually told them both about her background and problems. They both felt sorry for her and promised to help as best they could. It was the new girl that came up with the solution. "Why don't you flee and live with me and my family in my country," she said one day. "I have talked with my parents and they are willing. Both my parents are very influential people and have ways to handle such things. You will be 100% safe under a new name and a new nationality."

Maria thought about it for a second and accepted the offer. They only had to find a non-traceable route.

Maria had a keen interest in languages, an interest she shared with Paula. So as soon as the new girl was in, they urged her to teach them her language. That went very well, and by graduation Maria spoke the language almost without an accent. That would come in very handy when she would live in that country.

During his college years one very important thing happened to Marco. He soon became a favorite amongst the girls. Both for his handsome looks, and because he was such a pleasant company. For Marco this felt right in some ways. He had always thrived better in female than in male company. When he was with the girls he almost felt like he was one of them. He dated several of his female friends, but none of the others became jealous because of that.

So one day in December the first year, the girls wanted to go out on the town and have a good meal and some fun. They wanted Marco to come along, but realized that that might create some problems. One boy out with seven girls might create some strange looks. Then one of the girls came up with an idea: "Why not dress Marco up as one of us?" she said, "then he will blend in and no one will be the wiser. I'm sure Marco will make a beautiful girl."

The other girls liked the idea at once. They looked at Marco to see his reaction. Marco just smiled and said: "I'm more than willing to try," he said.

The girls cheered- "But there is one condition," he continued, "If I don't look good or feel like I will make a fool of myself, the deal is off."

The girls agreed to this, but decided to get started right away anyway. It was Saturday morning and they had all the day and Sunday to train Marco. They started to search for items needed for Marco's transformation and found most of it. But they lacked a few things, things they had to go to the mall to get. Fortunately one of the girls, Lucy, worked part-time at a beauty parlor there. She called up her workplace and asked if they had what was needed. The owner confirmed it, so the gang rushed off.

At the arrival of the parlor Marco was taken to a room in the back. He was told to dress down to his underpants. He did as he was told. The girls had brought lots of clothes for him to wear and started to dress him. What else was needed they found at the parlor or in a store nearby. First came a gaff to keep his groin flat. A pantyhose and a panty followed. Lucy found a pair of silicone breasts and glued them to Marco's chest. Make-up was added to hide the dividing line between the silicone and the skin. A bra with half-cups was fastened around his chest. Marco started to feel like a girl. It was a growing sensation in him, realizing that maybe he should have been a girl instead of a boy.

The girls stared at him. They saw something in his eyes that told them that this had been the right thing to do. But now what? What to wear on the outside? The girls were all dressed in pants so it seemed appropriate that Marco did the same. Lucy found a pair of red pants and told him to put them on. Marco did as he was told. The pants fit like a glove. It was tight around his ass, showed off a flat groin and widened out at the ankles. He was given a white blouse with long sleeves and lots of frills. It also was a perfect fit. Looking in the mirror Marco should see the contours of his bra and breasts. He left the two upper buttons open to display some cleavage.

Marco was now told to sit down in a chair. He was not clean-shaven so the beautician started with shaving his face clean. She let Marco's face rest a little before she started to apply make-up to his face. At the same time Lucy started working on his fingernails. She shaped them, extended them and gave them a deep red color.

Marco followed the beautician's every move on his face. He was concentrated deeply in order to remember everything. He was sure he would start doing it himself very soon. The way she did his eyes was particularly interesting. When she was finished she placed a medium blonde shoulder length wig on his head and combed it out. Marco was almost ready. A pair of white pumps with 2" heels on his feet, a pair of clip-on earrings in his ears, a pendant around his neck, a bracelet on his right wrist and a female watch on his left. His personal belongings were placed in a handbag that was hung over his shoulder. The new Marco was ready for the world.

Marco walked over to a mirror to take a good look at himself. What he saw pleased him very much. He finally felt he had come home. He had no problems walking on 2" heels; it just felt natural. His steps mimicked that of a genetic girl; everything seemed to be in place. "I'm ready girls," he said, "let's do some serious shopping."

The girls were amazed. This was much more than they had bargained for. He looked and acted like a real girl. Are you sure you haven't done this before?" Nina, one of the girls asked.

"Never."

"But how come you know all the right moves?"

"I've studied my sister, and for the first time I'm practicing my knowledge."

"You should have been a girl at birth. Mother nature must have made a mistake when she made a boy out of you."

"Maybe. Let's see what time will bring. One thing is certain, however, I will do this again later. That's why you girls have to help me develop a female wardrobe and we start today."

"That's my girl," Lucy said, "but you need another name. Do you have any proposals?"

"Originally I thought about Marie, but since my sister's name is Maria I ruled that out. I would like to keep the M, so I think I settle for Michelle."

"Then Michelle it is," the girls said almost in unison.

The clock was now passed noon and Lucy had to start working. She promised to bring Marco's things back to Campus when her shift was over. She bid her friends goodbye and saw them heading for a pizza restaurant to have something to eat before the shopping began.

After the meal the girls went shopping. Most of the shopping was concentrated on Michelle's new wardrobe. She tried to pick most of it herself, but it was evident she needed lots of help. The girls did their best to guide her to the various shops and pick out clothes, lingerie and shoes that a girl her age might need. In the make-up department in a large store the girls showed her how to apply basic make-up. The finer art of make-up was left to Lucy.

Four hours later they considered themselves finished for the day. Michelle was laden with packages. She had paid everything cash, using a local ATM machine to withdraw money. She didn't dare to use Marco's credit card.

Back at Campus it was time for a light snack. The rest of the day was used to train Marco in his new role as a girl. That night Marco slept in a nightgown for the first time.

Sunday morning Michelle's training continued. She was urged to do her own make-up. She managed quite well. She also had to try on all the clothes she had bought there before. Around three they had a late lunch. During that meal Michelle acted so feminine that no one could have guessed that she in reality was a man.

After the meal the girls started to prepare for a night on the town. Michelle took a bath and made sure her body had a real feminine smell. When she dressed she put on a red, straight dress that reached halfway down her thighs. It had long sleeves and a v-shaped front that showed off the top of her new breasts. On her feet she had red open-toed pumps with 4" heels. Her newly painted toenails were clearly visible through the opening in the shoe. She was only 5'7" barefooted so she didn't seem too tall. She mastered the heels with grace. A touch-up of her face and she looked ravishing.

The girls went to a restaurant downtown for dinner. They were joined by Lucy who came straight from work. She looked at Michelle's face. "Come with me to the lady's room," she said, "and I'll give you the final touch."

Michelle followed Lucy to the lady's room. She was not nervous, she just felt it was the right place to go. Lucy told her what to do with her face, and Michelle followed every instruction to the letter. Soon they were back with the others,

Wine and food were ordered and they had a wonderful meal together. They left the restaurant for a nightclub. There they had some drinks before the music started. Soon the boys came up to them and asked them to dance. They all complied. Michelle had no inhibitions, she joined the guy on the floor and she danced like a girl as if it was the natural thing to do. Even in a slow dance she didn't make any mistakes. One of the guys she danced with clearly wanted to take her home and to bed, but she managed to fence him off. Going home with a man would be sheer disaster.

They stayed at the nightclub until two. Then they drove back to Campus and went to bed. Marco had a small house of his own and there Michelle settled in for the night. Michelle's new clothes were in the closets. That night Michelle went to sleep in a nightgown for the second time, and from this day one it became a regular routine.

On Monday morning Michelle change back to Marco again. She was sorry she had to change back, it had been so much fun being Michelle. But she knew that it was Marco that was expected to come to class so she had no choice.

Marco had one more weekend as Michelle before he returned home for Christmas. He told his mother and sister everything about Michelle and made sure that they both understood that he saw this as a getaway and wanted to pursue the issue in the years to come. He also stated clearly that Michelle was the best thing that had happened to him and that being her felt like the right thing to do.

"Can you dress up for us?" his mother asked.

"No. I won't do it. Simply because I want no one outside this house to get any ideas that a person like Michelle exists. She will be my getaway so the fewer that knows about her the better. I trust nobody except you two. But to show you how I looked I have some pictures. Please take a look."

Marco handed out about 20 pictures to his mother and sister. They showed Michelle in different situations and clothes. Jessi and Maria were awestruck. It was amazing! Marco looked so good as Michelle that it was unbelievable. They gave him lots of praises for his new look. "With looks like that," his mother said, "I have no doubts that Marco can disappear. You only need a new credible identity."

"I know mother, and I'm working on it. But nothing will happen until we can fine a safe way for us all. If one of us disappears, the two remaining will have a hell afterwards."

"We understand, but how can we meet Michelle then?"

"You can either come to Campus or we can meet on a neutral place somewhere. My plans are for Michelle to be out every second weekend."

"I think your sister and I have to come and visit Michelle in the not so distant future then." Jessi concluded.

"The girls and I have already planned to go to Vegas the last weekend in January. You can come and join us there."

“I think we’ll do just that.”

On Christmas day Marco’s future wife and her parents came for dinner. They talked about the wedding and decided that it would take place in July one and a half year from now. Then Marco’s future bride had just finished Senior High. For her parents that was the proper time for a girl to get married.

Marco didn’t like the girl, but he had no options. He had hoped that the wedding would be postponed until the following year so he could see Maria through Senior High as well. He wouldn’t do anything before she had finished High School.

Marco’s mother and sister went to Las Vegas that last weekend in January. They had a room at the same hotel as Marco and the girls. The only thing was that Marco wasn’t there; it was Michelle. He had traveled as Michelle and brought only female clothes.

When Michelle saw her mother and sister she went straight up to them and said hello. They couldn’t believe their eyes; Michelle looked much better in person than on the pictures. At this time Michelle was wearing tight red pants that showed off her flat groin and a white blouse with a v-shaped front that showed off her beautiful breasts. On her feet she had red sandals with 3” heels.

“You look so beautiful and natural,” Jessi said, “How do you do it? You have a flat groin and breasts as me and your sister.”

“I’ll show you later, please come with me and say hello to the rest of the girls.” Michelle took her mother and sister to a corner in the lobby where the other girls sat. When the presentation was over they all agreed to meet in one hour. Then they would start looking at what the town had to offer.

The ten women had a wonderful weekend in Las Vegas together. They managed to get tickets to two shows; one was a typical Vegas show while the other was a concert with a famous singer. The rest of the time they tried several ways to increase their assets. The most successful of them was Michelle. With her analytical brain she managed to win a fair sum of money at the Blackjack table. To her it was only to play with the odds and remember what cards had been dealt.

They all left Vegas on Sunday afternoon with a promise to come back another time.

After that day Jessi and Maria met Michelle several time. They had learned her secrets, but were still amazed how good and natural she looked. They suspected already at this stage that maybe Marco one day would change into Michelle on a permanent basis.

Marco’s wedding took place as scheduled. He consummated the marriage, but didn’t get his new wife pregnant until Christmas. This was mainly due to the fact that they were at two different Campuses.

At that time Maria had met her new European friend and started make arrangements with her. Jessi, Maria and Marco’s mother, had been diagnosed with cancer and would die within a few moths. That made the coming July a perfect time to make their getaway.

This was the situation in early July a few years ago. Annie Wolfe, top female investigator sat at her desk going through some unsolved cases. Suddenly the telephone rang. Annie lifted the receiver and said: "Detective Annie Wolfe speaking. How can I be of your assistance?"

"My name is Lana Hardy and I'm a police officer myself, working in Anaheim. I have come across a story of great importance that I want you to handle. I would therefore like to meet you at a neutral place."

"Why can't you pursue that story yourself?"

"First of all it concerns something that will take place in your precinct. I will tell you more when we meet. Can you meet me for lunch in the Italian restaurant at the Buena Park Mall at noon? I will be there before you, so you can just ask for my table when you come to the entrance."

"I'm not sure I know where that mall is."

"It's off I-5 not far from Knott's Berry Farm. Take the Beach Blvd exit. It's on your left. You can't miss it. Just go through the first entrance you see after leaving the freeway. The restaurant is just a few yards from the entrance. If you have any doubts about me, just check with my boss Pam Miller. She is informed about the meeting and knows what I know. "

"I will inform my boss David Miller about this. And according to your description I think I can find the place. It's a long drive from here to there, but I will make it. See you at noon. I will be in plain clothes."

"So will I. See you at noon."

After she hung up Annie went straight to her boss and told him what she'd just heard. "So she works for Pam," he said, "You see, Pam is my sister-in-law. She's married to my brother Harold. He is in a completely different business; he owns a construction company. I'll call Pam right away."

David placed the call and put Annie on the speaker. In the other end Pam had Lana in her office. They were on the speaker as well. It didn't take long before they all agreed that the meeting was important and should take place. No details were given though.

Before Annie left she checked with some of the traffic guys how the traffic was on I-5. "You're pretty much home free southbound on this time of the day. Heavy traffic yes, but normally no jams. Going back will be the same if you're on the freeway before 2:30. After that everything can happen," was the message she received. The main problems had been being road constructions.

Just in case Annie left a little before eleven. She noticed right away that the traffic on I-5 was heavy, but it moved at steady speed. She had no problems finding the mall, and at 11:55 she entered the restaurant. She asked for Lana's table and was taken straight to her.

The two female detectives greeted each other as old friends. They hit it off immediately. After having eaten Lana went straight to the point. "I have a sister living up in your area," she opened, "She works as a school teacher in Grade School. Her husband runs a store in the area. They have a daughter named Paula who has just finished Senior High. Paula's best friend all through High School has been a girl named Maria Rossi. Maria's fa-

ther worked for the Mob, as has his family done for many generations. Maria's father was killed in a gang shoot-out six years ago.

"As a mobsters daughter Maria is stuck with the system. But she wants to get out of the grip. So does her three year older brother. He's in College studying law and economics. He is more or less obliged to work for the Mob when he graduates. Maria wants to talk to someone about the situation and therefore confided with my sister. She again talked to me, and after some checking we found that you would be the right person to speak to. We thought these contacts should go indirectly in case someone's checking up on her. This is about all I know. Maria wants to speak to someone, and you seem to be the best choice."

"How will I meet her?"

"That's the really strange part. I was asked to book an airline ticket to New York in the name of the person that should talk to Maria. Through connections within the airline it will be made sure that the two of you will sit next to each other with no one on either side of you. Both you and her will have to wear something that can connect you."

"When is the flight?"

"Sunday morning 8 A.M. That will take you to New York around 4 P.M. local time. What Maria will do when she arrives, I have no idea. She will most probably leave you at the airport. You can return whenever you want, just give me the date and time."

The two women discussed the case until Annie thought it was time for her to hit the road. They bid farewell and promised to keep in touch.

Annie drove back to the station and went straight to David. She told him what she'd learned and they agreed that she should go along. David called up someone he knew in New York and arranged for Annie to talk to him about Mob connections on Monday and Tuesday. Annie would fly back to LAX on Tuesday afternoon.

The rest of the week was spent preparing for the New York trip. It was soon evident that this whole scenario could have very big implications. It all depended on the information Annie was given at the plane.

Annie came early to LAX. Her husband Jeff drove her. He had the twins in the backseat. Jeff would later take the twins to Disneyland and spend the day there. Anne was dressed in a red two-piece suit and pumps with 3" heels. She checked in and went to the gate. She looked around to see if someone in the crowd could be Maria, but found no one. She entered the plane and found her seat. It was an aisle seat on the last row in business class on the right side of the plane. As agreed she fastened a green button on her right collar. A few minutes later a beautiful young girl came in and took the window seat. She was dressed in a white top and a short blue skirt. On the left side of her top she wore a green button. The two women looked at each other in silence. The green buttons they wore was the sign that they were connected. Annie could sense a little nervousness in the girl. Annie opened her handbag and took out her Police ID-card. She showed it discreetly to the girl next to her. That seemed to calm her down a little.

Not a word was said between the two before the plane was well in the air. Annie opened the conversation in a casual way telling the girl her name. The girl presented herself as Maria Rossi and that she was on her way to New York to do some shopping. Annie

stated that her trip was business only and that she was going to some meetings in New York the next day. She finished off by saying that Maria could start her story anytime she liked.

Thirty minutes after take-off Maria started to talk. "As you've heard," she opened, "my name is Maria Rossi. My real purpose of the trip is to run away from the Mob. My father was rather high in the organization, but he was killed six years ago. My mother died of cancer less than two weeks ago. That leaves me and my brother Marco. We both want to get out and fleeing is my way. He wants to give himself in and talk, but he would like to do that in a way that doesn't rise any suspicions."

"How will he do that?"



"On Friday there will be a large exchange of goods and money in a warehouse in your precinct. Amongst the people there will be my brother and he will be wearing a wire. You can receive the signals within a 300 yards radius. The two groups in the warehouse trust each other so no body search will be done. My brother and I want you folks to come in and bust the sales and arrest the people involved. Take them all into custody, including my brother, but put them in separate prisons if possible. At least keep my brother away from the rest of them. He will start talking right away and guide you to places where certain documents are stored. They should give you enough ammunition to arrest most of the gangs. Your next job will be to keep him safe until the trial. What tactics you will use is up to you. You can charge him like the rest or you can let be. You will find very little on him anyway. At the trial he is willing to come to the witness stand and be examined. After the trial you must relocate him and give him a new identity. He is willing to go very far in order to change

identity. His life ain't worth very much after he has been on the witness stand."

Annie listened in awe. This could be big. She asked Maria for more details, including the frequency of Marco's wire and a description on how he looks. Maria gave as many details as she could. It took more than two hours before Maria was finished. Annie had a recorder in her handbag and everything that had been said was now on tape there. She informed Maria what she had done and it was OK with her.

After lunch was served they carried on in a more casual way. Maria told Annie that she had gained citizenship in a country in Europe and would move and live there. She already knew the language. How this was done she did not tell and Annie didn't care. Her first thoughts were that Maria would move to UK or Italy, but she didn't ask.

Just before landing Maria asked Annie if she had a private e-mail account. Annie confirmed it and wanted to write it down to her. "Please don't," she said, "I will remember it."

They left the plane together. Both were traveling light and had no extra suitcase. Out in the arrival hall they bid goodbye. Annie had a colleague from NYPD to pick her up, while Maria went straight for the taxi stand.

Annie was taken to a hotel downtown where she checked in. Next day was spent at a police station in New York discussing the Mob and its nation wide connections. All the time David was kept updated and as soon as he heard Maria's statements, he started preparing for the raid on Friday.

Maria took a taxi to Grand Central Station. There she bought a train ticket to Washington DC. Both taxi and train were paid cash in order to leave no electronic tracks behind. In Washington she took a room in a small hotel that accepted cash. Next morning she took a taxi to the Embassy of the country she would move to. She was expected and a new passport with a new name was already there for her. She had sent her picture and other relevant data several days before. She had a long talk with the ambassador before it was time for her to leave for the airport. She left everything American at the Embassy before she was taken to the airport. She checked in and was on her way. Around noon the next day local time she arrived at her destination. She was met by her girlfriend from High School and drove with her to her new home. Finally she felt safe. A few hours later an e-mail was sent to Paula telling that Maria had arrived safely.

One week later, after the raid, Maria had all her U.S. money on a new bank account in her new name. In late August she started at the University with her new friend to study languages. All summer Paula had kept them updated on the events back home. Maria liked what she read, especially when she heard that her brother was safe and sound and had started talking.

Back in California things were busy. Annie was back on work on Wednesday and found that preparations for the raid was well in hand. Annie was given the task of taking care of Marco. He was after all the most valuable person in the warehouse.

The bust took place just at the right time. Marco's wire had relayed valuable information to the police. When the police busted in Annie went straight for Marco. She put him under arrest and handcuffed him. Annie whispered in his ear that Maria was safe and she saw that that was a great relief to him. Annie located the wire and put it in one of her pockets.

A total of ten persons were arrested and lots of drugs, weapons and money were confiscated. The prisoners were taken to different prisons to keep them from getting in contact with each other. Marco was taken to Annie's station and placed in a cell there until further notice. Two days later the preliminary hearings were held and everybody was denied bail. A large amount of defense lawyers were handling the case. For Marco's part it was a dear friend he trusted and who knew Marco's agenda. He soon proved that he could be trusted in this case so Marco was safe.

Marco started telling his story almost from the moment he arrived at the police station. David was leading the interrogation himself, assisted by Annie. David's wife, Diane was also a part in the game. She was assistant DA and would lead the case from the prosecutor's side.

Marco's information was very valuable. Several more raids were done and papers and computers were confiscated. No more arrests were made at this point, however. It soon became clear to the Mob that someone had blown the whistle, but whom? Nobody had any clue. Every person had been checked and double-checked and they all checked out right. Words went out to all associated Mob gangs in the country to try to find the leak, but to no avail.

Marco had now to be placed in a safe house. The question was only where. A suitable house was found and he was placed there under heavy surveillance. Once moving in he asked for Annie to come and talk to him. Annie arrived and the two sat down in the living room away from any windows. Marco started talking at once.

"At Campus I rent a small house. If I'm under suspicion for blowing the whistle it might already be under surveillance. You guys can just raid it in order to show that you have done your homework. That house is of no interest to me right now. What I need is two large suitcases located in a beauty parlor in the mall not far from Campus. A very good friend of mine, Lucy, works there and she has custody of these suitcases. I want you to go there and pick up the suitcases and take them here. That will make life much easier for me. I will write something on a paper that you can show to Lucy and she will give you the suitcases. It's in code and you will be expected."

"I will do as you ask me, just give me the paper and the directions to find the beauty parlor."

Marco gave her the paper and she was on her way. She had no problems finding the parlor. She went in and asked for Lucy. Lucy came out and was handed the paper. Without hesitation she took Annie to the backroom and showed Annie the suitcases. Lucy saw Annie's predicament and called for two guys to help her to her car with the suitcases. Annie thanked Lucy and the guys for their help and headed back to Marco.

With some struggle Annie managed to get the suitcases into the house. Marco took them to his bedroom and asked Annie to wait outside. Annie found some magazines and sat down in an easy chair to read.

In the bedroom Marco opened the suitcases and took out what he needed. By now he knew all the tricks on how to transform himself into a beautiful woman. He went to the adjacent bathroom and took a shower and shaved. When he was dry he glued the silicone breasts to his own chest and hid the dividing line with make-up. A gaff made his groin flat. He put on a sheer pantyhose, panty and bra and sat down by the vanity to fix up his face. He used all the tricks he had learned and soon his face was perfect. Not too much, not too little, just the right amount for daytime use. He found a white flowery dress with a flaring skirt and put it on. The dress had a v-shaped front and showed off his new cleavage. The dress was sleeveless and his waist was accentuated with a blue belt. He put white sandals with 3" heels on his feet and placed the medium blonde wig on his head. Finally he painted his nails in the same color as his lips. The nails were already shaped and long enough and he needed no extensions.

After the nail polish had dried he added some jewelry and stepped into the living room. Annie heard the door open and turned around. What she saw gave her a shock. Could this person be the same person who left her a while ago? It seemed impossible! "Marco, is that you?" she managed to stutter.

"Yes it's me," Marco replied in his normal voice. Changing the pitch a little he continued. "But please call me Michelle now. That name is much more appropriate when I'm dressed like this."

"You look absolutely fantastic. I really think you don't need a safe house to stay in. You can live like that and reappear as Marco when you have to come to the witness stand."

"That was my idea as well. I have been out as Michelle on many occasions and met many people I know as Marco, but none has ever shown any sign of suspicion." Michelle sat down on the sofa, facing Annie.

"I bet you can make it. How many people know about Marco and Michelle?"

"Nine. One is my sister and one is my lawyer, the other seven is my girlfriends from Campus. Lucy is one of them. Neither of them will say a word about it."

"Do they know that Michelle now is out and will stay for a while?"

"They will know by the end of the day. Lucy understood when you picked up the suitcases and she will tell the others right away."

"Will you continue to go to College?"

"I plan to. I have signed up for another year and will attend lectures as Michelle. When it comes to exams and graduation, I don't know yet. I'm sure I will find a way."

"What do you plan to do when the trial is over? How far will you go? I bet Marco will be a target after that."

"I know, and I want to go all the way. When the trial is over someone must make an arrangement so that Marco can be declared officially dead. Then I want to go through a full sex change operation, or SRS, and live the rest of my life as a woman. I plan to work as a

lawyer. Having helped you with cracking the gangs, I also expect some services from you. Like paying for my operation for instance.”

“We might even do better than that. We will also help you establish a completely new identity with a new background story.”

“Sounds great, but why not start by giving me a female ID and a driver’s license?”

“I’ll get on to it right away. But for that I need your picture and your fingerprints. We can fix that down at the station. Want to come along?”

“It’s OK for me. I feel safe as Michelle.”

Annie made a quick call to David and gave him the basics. He assembled the crew necessary for the task and started waiting. 20 minutes later Annie and Michelle came through his door. He asked Michelle a few questions before they went to take the necessary pictures and fingerprints. 30 minutes later they were back in David’s office with the required papers. They were issued on Michelle Paulson. She was about one month older than Marco and had been given a proper social security number. The papers had been produced locally and were completely legal. It was something that was done on many police stations in order to give people a new identity in a hurry.

Michelle was now home free. She was equipped with a car and the keys to the house. She could stay as long as she wanted. Just in case David had the house under 24 hours surveillance and an agent was never far from Michelle.

Michelle thrived in her new role. She felt free at last. The fact that she had to appear as Marco a few more times was considered only a minor inconvenience. She met Marco’s lawyer from time to time and they soon started to date. The lawyer, Peter Dearborn, knew that Marco and Michelle was the same person, but that was all right with him. He was in love and that was it.

Michelle also had warm feelings for Peter and it didn’t take long before they were considered a couple. Her girlfriends at College were very happy that Michelle had come out at last and wished her all the best. In fact the two had met for the first time about two years earlier. It was on a day out with the girls and Michelle and Peter had danced several dances together. She was intrigued by him and he by her. Michelle had said she attended College and Peter had hoped to see her there. But that was not the case. All he saw was her friends and a guy named Marco. Next time on the town he met Michelle again, but at College all he saw was Marco. Peter started to get the suspicion that Marco and Michelle was the same person. So one day when they met on the town he took Michelle aside and confronted her with what he had discovered.

Michelle was awestruck. She didn’t know what to say or do. But her senses told her that she could trust Peter so she told him the truth about Marco and Michelle. For Peter this was just a confirmation of what he had thought. He realized that in the end it would be Michelle that would live on, and not Marco. Michelle’s confession didn’t change his feelings for her; in fact it made him even more in love with her. There and then they decided to spend the next weekend together.

They went to Las Vegas and had a marvelous time. During that weekend Michelle also told the story about her connection with the Mob and how she wanted to get free. Peter’s

only comment was: "If you ever need a lawyer, I will be there to help you." That's why Michelle used Peter and not a Mob associated lawyer.

It was Michelle that attended College when the semester began. She had still two years left before graduation so she had to study hard. She also worked a little for Peter and learned how the life of a real lawyer could be. In September Michelle learned that Marco's wife had given birth to a baby boy. He was named Martin.

As Michelle she also established contact with her sister in Europe. Since they now both had new identities it was considered safe. Maria was so happy for her new sister. She even stated that if she at one time wanted a baby she would be there to help her. They also promised to meet as soon as it was practically possible.

The trial started in November. It meant that Marco had to reappear. That would mean that he might be in great danger. Before he could be called to the witness stand all traces of Michelle had to be erased. It was hard for Michelle to return to Marco, but she knew there were no other options. Her first reaction was how would the defendants react when they saw that there was no Marco amongst them? They all knew that he was captured the same day as them and that he was charged just like them. The charges could have been dropped; he was after all only a small pawn in the game at that time.

As the trial proceeded it became more and more clear that the defendants were missing Marco. His lawyer was there though, trying to answer as best he could on Marco's behalf.

When the witnesses were called the defendants and their lawyers had a great shock. Marco was called to the witness stand. It came as a huge surprise to them all. They had heard that someone had blown the whistle, but never had they thought it was Marco. He came from a long line of mobsters and was considered absolutely loyal. Sitting in the witness stand meant death for Marco. A price would be put on his head and the remaining members of his family. That meant Maria who had run away from her wedding and was nowhere to be found. Her in-laws to be had tried to track her down, but all traces disappeared in New York. She had not even checked into the hotel where she had booked a room for a week. They assumed she had gone into hiding on the East Coast and lived under a new name and new face.

The defense lawyers were cross-examining Marco very hard. But he was well prepared and managed to stand his ground. Not one time was he caught in contradicting himself. He was a law student himself and knew very well what to expect.

The trial ended just before Christmas. All defendants were found guilty and sentenced to many years in prison. That meant that it was almost over for Marco. It was just to get back to Michelle in a safe way and all would be fine.

But the police knew that there already was a price on Marco's head and that a hit man had been hired for the kill. What the mobsters didn't know, however, was that the hit man was cooperating with the police. He was paid extra to shoot non-lethal bullets. Since he didn't like the Mob very much, he had accepted the offer. So when Marco left the courthouse after the trial was over, a shot was fired from across the street and hit him in the

throat. He fell down immediately, bleeding like hell. An ambulance came to the rescue, but he was declared dead before they could lift him onto the ambulance. Anyway he was rushed to the emergency room, cleaned and rinsed and transported to the morgue.

But it was a show. Marco fell due to the impact, and the blood came from a canister hidden under his clothes. He was put into a deep sleep. Looking at him like that people could swear that he was dead. He was buried like that two days later with full participation from the Mob. His coffin was lowered in the ground and earth was pulled over it. What nobody saw was that during night the earth was removed and Marco taken out of the coffin. Earth was pulled back on the grave and it was restored to the state it had the day before. A close inspection the next morning showed that nothing had happened. The Mob was satisfied and the assassin was paid off. Marco was officially dead.

That evening the top guys in the Mob in the area had a meeting. They mourned the loss of Marco, but on the other hand they were glad that he was finally dead. "It's a pity with Marco," one of them said, "He was a good boy and had a promising future ahead of him. How come he turned on us?"

"It might have had something to do with his father's death, and later when his mother died of cancer. I know she had great influence over her kids, but I never would have thought she could push her kids to betray us. But done is done, now we only have to find Maria and take care of her as well."

"But where is she? We know she flew to New York, but there all traces of her ends. She never returned, she didn't even check in on her hotel. We have checked all flights out of U.S., Canada and Mexico and she has not left the continent. We have even checked on boats leaving the harbors and nothing there as well. Her bank account is empty and there are no traces of where her money went. In fact her bank account has never even existed if you try to dig deeper. She must have some very influential connections if she can disappear like that. She could be dead, of course, but I doubt it. My bet is that she is somewhere in the Boston-New York-Washington area. We must concentrate our search there."

"Then we all agree to concentrate our search for Maria Rossi in that area."

After Marco's funeral all his things were cleaned out from his old house. His sister's belongings were also cleaned out and the Rossi house was up for sale. The money for the sale went to Mrs. Rossi's sister as the closest heir.

When Marco was out of the coffin he was taken straight to the house where Michelle had lived. He changed immediately into Michelle and put Marco behind her for good. Michelle Paulson was now a well-established member of the community and she had been given the proper background.

She spent Christmas and New Year with Peter and his family. They were so happy on their son's behalf. They knew nothing of Michelle's real background of course.

Marco never returned to Campus. Instead Michelle Paulsen showed up as a transfer student from a college further east. She had all the right papers and was accepted at once. Her old girlfriends were still there and she joined their club right away. Michelle was always welcome amongst them, no matter what background she had. After a few weeks all records were changed so they showed that Michelle had been there all the time. No traces of Marco were left.

All the time since Marco's arrest, and it was known that he wanted to go through a full SRS; someone had been working on a new background story. Annie took it as her responsibility and contacted her friend Harry Brown in the FBI and asked if he could help. He was more than willing. After all, blowing up a large part of the Mob was something the FBI was interested in as well. In fact they had been in on the raid in the warehouse.

Harry called Michelle to his office already in early August. At that time it had just been clear that Marco wanted to change into Michelle for the rest of life, and that he wanted to keep the name Michelle. "Welcome to FBI," Harry said, "What do you think we can do for you now that you have helped us blow up a large part of the Mob?"

"My first worry is that my life now will be in danger, and that I need the perfect disguise. I discovered about three years ago that I liked to dress up as a woman, and that it seemed to be the right thing for me to do. I feel I'm good and that I can get away with it. I can stay this way until the trial, but then I have to return to Marco to give witness. After that I wish to be Michelle permanently, operation and all."

"We can fix that. In fact we have already started working on it. You are right when you fear for your life; it's not any danger at this point, but as soon as you have been on the witness stand, you are a target. The best thing then would be if Marco really died. By that I mean that Marco is shot and killed in plain view and later buried. After the funeral Marco is revitalized and becomes Michelle for good. They will the also go after your sister. Is she safe?"

"She is very safe. Here whereabouts cannot be traced by any means. I won't tell you more at this time. Maybe I will let you know later. Otherwise your plan seems OK to me, but I also need a credible background story."

"I'm working on that, and I think I have found it. You see, about three years ago there was an accident where an 18-year-old girl named Michelle Paulson was killed. She looked a little bit like you. She happened to be the only child of an FBI agent and his wife, and with their permission I will let you have her identity. This means that you have to pay them a visit, and learn everything about their real daughter. We will use your three years at a College here to fill in the rest. We have influence enough to change everything about Marco Rossi in College records to reflect Michelle Paulson instead. Agent Paulson and his wife live outside Kansas City and they are here today. You will meet them a little later."

"That sounds great, but I need to go there to familiarize myself with the area where I grew up."

“Of course, but it will have to wait. We need you here until the trial is over. But first of all we have to talk to the doctor who will be responsible for your operation. Please come with me.”

Michelle followed agent Brown down the hall and up one floor. There in an office a doctor was waiting for them. “Hi Michelle,” he said, “my name is doctor Kirk Manning and I will be responsible for your transition from man to woman. Please sit down.”

Michelle sat down in a chair next to the doctor’s desk. Agent Brown excused himself and said he would be back in an hour to pick up Michelle.

The doctor continued: “What I will do first is to give you a very thorough physical examination. Then I can see if you have some hidden diseases that might cause some problems for us. We start with a blood test.”

A nurse came in and extracted several small canisters of blood from Michelle’s left arm. When the nurse was gone the doctor told Michelle to undress completely. She even had to take the gaff off. “I see you’re wearing the proper silicone breasts,” he said. “It’s ok to keep them on.”

Michelle was naked in front of the doctor for about 30 minutes. Then she was allowed to dress again. Dr. Manning had checked everything on her, including eyes and ears. “I will now tell you what I plan to do with you,” he said, “I will start you on a low dose of female hormones just to make your body ready for the larger doses that will come later. The operation will take place early next summer. Then I will remove your male genitalia, construct an artificial vagina, make a clitoris out of your penis and make your urethra work the female way. You will have to help yourself afterwards to keep your vagina open. If that is done properly, you can have sex and enjoy it like a normal girl in a very short while. One final question; would you like to become a mother?”

“That would have been wonderful, but I believe that is impossible.”

“Not quite. We can implant a fertilized egg in your abdomen and it will develop into a healthy baby. But I need one thing from you before it’s too late. I need your sperm. This way you can have a baby with your own genes, we only need an egg donor of your choice.”

“My sister has offered to help me.”

“Her I won’t use. You are too closely related. But her egg can be used with a possible future husband of yours. I’ll give you some tubes and you can go behind the curtain and try to produce some semen. I need them fresh since they must be frozen at once.”

Michelle took the tubes and went behind the curtain. She took out her penis and managed to jerk off two loads into two different tubes. She came back out and gave them dr. Manning.

“Thank you, Michelle. If you feel for it you can come back before you leave and give me some more. The more I have the better.”

At that moment agent Brown returned and took Michelle to the canteen for some food. Harry took her a table in the corner and introduced her to Liz and Leo Paulson; the couple that from now on should be her new parents. Michelle liked them at once. The both

worked for the FBI in Kansas City, Leo an agent and his wife Liz as a senior clerk. They were both 47 years old.

They seemed to like Michelle right away. They had been briefed by agent Brown what kind of person she was, and that was OK with them. Anyone who had helped breaking up a large part of the Mob was welcome with them. They told Michelle that their real daughter was born May 22nd, 1980, and that Michelle in fact looked very much like her.

After the meal Harry took them to a lounge where they sat talking for more than two hours. As they parted Michelle was given their daughter's High School Year Book and some volumes of her diary. She knew she never could meet any of the other Michelle's old friends due to the fact that for them Michelle was dead. Anyway, they agreed that the new Michelle should come to Kansas City some time next spring in order to familiarize herself with the surroundings. Before they parted Leo told Michelle that he had been approached by Harry already in July and asked if he could use his daughter's identity for her, and he and his wife had agreed. That Marco had chosen the name Michelle was just a strike of luck, but giving her the last Paulson was done deliberately.

Michelle went straight back to the doctor's office and gave him two more samples of sperm. The doctor then also informed her that in a few months time they would do some plastic surgery on her face in order to make her even more like the old Michelle. They couldn't make her 100% alike, but they would make her look as close to the real Michelle as possible.

So during the coming months Michelle did basically two things, she was taking classes in College and she was reading as much as she could about the person she now was supposed to be. She stayed close to her old girlfriends, but never really told



them the real story behind her wish to change sex. She did indicate that she had to go into hiding because someone was after Marco. But she also made it clear that she sooner or later would have done the same anyway.

In January Michelle started on full doses of female hormones and in February she could see the first signs of her new breasts. She was so proud to see them grow. Her friends followed her closely and shared all the progress with her. They also gave her advice on what reactions she soon might encounter and told her how to deal with them. In March Michelle did two things, she took off her silicone breasts for good and discarded the wig. Her new breasts were now well passed A-size so the silicones were only a nuisance. Her own hair had grown so long that she could easily style it in female style that suited her. These steps were very important to Michelle; it made her feel even more like woman. So when her erections stopped later that month she knew it was no way back. The gaff wasn't necessary anymore; a tight panty would be enough. She also noticed that her penis had shrunk quite a bit since January. She also mentioned her desire to have children and all her friends were willing to become an egg donor. This moved Michelle so much that tears came to her eyes. "You are the best friends a girl could ask for," was all she managed to say through her tears.

Just before Easter Michelle went through a big ordeal. All her facial hair was removed in one go. It made her face swollen for a while, but since she had a break from College at that time it didn't matter. Instead she went to Kansas City. Her new parents met her at the airport. Once in the car they gave her a blonde wig and told her to put it on. "It's just a precaution in case someone who knew our Michelle should see you and start wondering. By using this wig we can just tell them that you are my niece from Los Angeles," Liz said.

"I understand, and I think it's a wise decision." Michelle found a brush and a mirror and started to straighten out the wig. Looking at herself afterwards she thought the wig became her very well.

It took around 45 minutes to drive from the airport to the Paulson residence. They lived in a large house in a good suburban neighborhood. Once inside they sat down in the living room for a cup of coffee. "We will install you in our daughter's old room," Leo said, "it's just as it was the day she died. Don't feel bad or sorry for it; you're our daughter now so it's your room from now on. We would also appreciate if you called us mom and dad instead of using our first names. If we meet someone that knows us, please use aunt and uncle. It might be confusing for you, but I'm sure you'll make it."

"I'll do my best, dad," Michelle replied.

At this moment Liz came in with hot coffee and some cakes and they started talking about life in Kansas City. Michelle was given the basics, things that everybody who lives there normally knows.

When Michelle entered her new room she got tears in her eyes. It was beautiful. A perfect room for a High School girl. Michelle obviously had everything a girl could ask for. She opened the closets and drawers and saw that they were full of clothes. She didn't know where to start. She turned around and saw Liz standing in the doorway. "It's so beautiful, mom" she said, "Are you sure you want me to take over everything?"

“Of course dear, you’re our daughter now and we want you to have the best. Both your dad and I are so happy to have our daughter back that we will do everything for her. For us she has just been away to college these last four years. This is our daughter’s room and since you are she now, it’s all yours. Not only do you look like our daughter, you seem to think and act like her as well. Like you, she had plans to study law.”

Michelle threw her arms around Liz’ shoulder and said with tears in her eyes: “Thank you, mom. I love you so much, both of you. I have just lost one family now I have gained a new one.”

“And we love you, Michelle.”

The next days were spent traveling around in the Kansas City area to make Michelle familiar where she was supposed to have been while growing up. She used her excellent memory to visualize everything she saw. After four days she felt like she knew the area.

One evening when they were going through things, Michelle told them about what she planned to go through the coming months. She told them of the operation and the small adjustment to her face that was planned to make her look even more like the old Michelle.

Liz and Leo liked what they heard. They became even more convinced that they done right thing by adopting her. They knew some of her background, but wanted to know more, and Michelle opened up.

She told about Marco’s life as far back as she could remember. She didn’t hide anything about her real father and his family’s background. And the reaction when her father was killed and that her mother from that day on did the best she could to get her kids out of the claws of the Mob. That was finally done after her mother died from cancer and she blew the whistle on the Mob. She continued to tell about her sister and how she had fled the country, received a new nationality and now lived under a new name in a foreign country. She finished off by telling how Michelle came to life. That her friends at college had convinced her that she should dress up as a woman in order to go with them for a night on the town. She stressed that this was the first time she had dressed up, and how this had told her almost right away that this was the right thing for her to do. She was in fact born to become a woman, but didn’t realize it until she was 18 years old.

Liz and Leo were pleased that Michelle opened herself up to them. It gave them insight in her background and what kind of person she was. “I think it was predestined that you found out about Michelle the time you did,” Liz said, “and that you later came in contact with us. I feel that when we lost our child, someone started a chain of events that eventually took you to us in order to replace our beloved child. We both wanted more children, but unfortunately I was never capable of carrying another baby. Having you makes our lives full again.”

“Thank you mom, that was very beautifully said. I start to feel the same way too.”

“And now I have a surprise for you,” Leo said, “I have been offered a high position in the Bureau’s Las Vegas department and I have decided to take it. Liz will come with me and work as my personal secretary. I will lead a new department specially set up for dealing with illegal gambling across the 50 states. I will begin my new job on June 1st.”

“That’s wonderful! Then we will be much closer and can visit each other more often and really become a family. And I have a surprise for you. I have a boyfriend. His name is Peter Dearborn and works as a lawyer. He is a specialist in Civil Law. He had a brief stint as Marco’s defense lawyer, but we had met a few years before that. He learned about Marco/Michelle not many weeks after we first met, but he fell in love with me anyway. When he heard what I was about to do, he offered to be my defense layer. He didn’t like defending criminals, but made an exception in my case. He has never done it since. We plan to get wed as soon as possible after my operation.”

“That’s wonderful! We must meet him at as soon as possible. Does he know about us?”

“Yes he does. He knows everything about how you came into the picture. His parents have been given my Kansas City background. That includes you. So when you all meet we are all 100% safe. Peter won’t say a thing.”

“Do you plan to adopt kids?”

“No. I plan to give birth to kids.”

“But that’s impossible. With your background you’re not equipped to do so.”

“I know my background and I know it will work. You see it’s possible to make a fertilized egg grow to a full-grown baby inside an abdomen like mine. That is how it will be done. In one case half of the genes will be mine, the other half comes from one of my College friends. In another case half of the genes will be Peter’s while the other half comes from my sister. If I feel for it I might even give birth to a third child. All this has been done successfully before.”

“Good gracious! I will be a real grandmother after all. And you Leo will become a grandfather. What do you think?”

“I think it’s great. Another question, Michelle. When do you plan to graduate?”

“When Marco started College originally it was planned for five years. That included one year extra for economics. As things have changed I think I will graduate after four years, which means this year. I have already three job offers.”

“I’m positive you will make the right choice.”

They continued to talk until it was time to go to bed, making lots of plans for the future. Liz and Leo promised to be in Los Angeles in mid May to visit their daughter and get to know her future husband and in-laws. Michelle left Kansas City two days later and reported back to College.

Liz and Leo arrived LAX on May 12th. Michelle picked them up and took them straight to the house she had at her disposal. She still lived in the house that had been set up as a safe house for Marco. Liz and Leo were given the spare bedroom. At five Peter came in and he was introduced to his new in-laws. Later that day Peter’s parents would come by. That would give them time to get to know Michelle’s parents.

The two mothers hit off immediately. There were soon into a discussion about where and when the wedding should take place. Since the Paulson's were new to the area, it was decided that Peter's parents would host the reception and that the wedding would take place in a church nearby. It would be a small and quiet wedding; only a limited number of guests would be present. Michelle had chosen Lucy as her Maid-of-honor. Peter's good colleague Sam would be best man. The guest list also included a few more of Peter's colleagues and all of Michelle's friends from college. Michelle also announced that a good friend from overseas who happens to be in the area at the time was invited. Only Liz, Leo and Peter knew that the girl in fact was Michelle's sister.

Liz and Leo had two wonderful weeks with their daughter before they had to go to Vegas and settle in.

Michelle's exams and graduation was soon up so she had to prepare herself as best she could. It all turned out to go very well. Two days after graduation Michelle was admitted to the hospital. Dr. Manning performed the operation himself and all turned out to his satisfaction. Now it was up to Michelle to prevent her new uterus to heal like a normal wound.

When Michelle awoke after the operation dr. Manning came to see her. "How do you feel?" he asked her.

"I feel kinda strange. Like something has been taken away from me. Then on the other hand, I don't miss it. I have tried to feel my groin, but it's so full of bandages. I can feel that something's done because I don't feel any reaction down there like I used to. But generally I feel great. I feel like I've come home."

"That's good. It tells me that the operation was successful in every way, mentally as well physically. I feel that you have good life ahead of you. I'll be back in a couple of hours and talk some more. Just rest and we will have you out of here in less than a week."

"Thank you doctor." Michelle fell back to sleep.

Dr. Manning came back four hours later. Michelle was now much better. A nurse had even freshened up her face. She really looked beautiful there she lay in her bed. "I can see that you're much better now," Dr. Manning said as he came in.

"Much better. I've been freshened up and have had some food. It helped a lot."

"I would say so. I thought we should talk a little about your future."

"That's all right with me."

"OK. When you leave the hospital you will be given a few things to help you to become the woman you wish to be. The most important things are a few dildos that you have to use every day in order to keep your new uterus open. It's not a real uterus, you know, so your body will treat it like a wound and try to heal it. That's where the dildos come in. Keep them inside you as much as you can and after some weeks, maybe months it will be open for good. Your boyfriend can also help by making love to you. That you can start doing about two weeks after you return home. Your new clitoris should react and give you a good feeling; in fact with some luck you might have an orgasm."

"I will do as you tell me. I want to feel whole as a woman. And I want a baby, you know."

“Yes I know. I have enough sperm from you and I have eggs from all your seven girlfriends. I also have sperm from your boyfriend, but I don’t have any eggs from the woman you want to be the genetic mother.”

“I know. She lives in a foreign country and will be here in time for the wedding. I will take her to you at once. If you wonder who she is, I can tell you that she is my genetic sister.”

“That’s explains why you don’t want her eggs to be fertilized by your sperm. Which baby do you want first?”

“My own. My sister and Peter’s will have to wait. Just pick one of the girls at random. We will find out who the genetic mother is later. You have seven trials as far as I know.”

“14 in fact. They all gave two eggs.”

“With my sisters eggs you don’t have that many trials.”

“I know, but with the experience from first time, I think we will be just fine. I plan to make the first trial in the November/December timeframe, if that’s all right with you.”

“It’s perfect. Then I can celebrate Christmas as a pregnant woman. I just hope the uterus is ready by then.”

“So do I. If not, we will wait a little longer. The final topic for today is your plastic surgery. It will take place after your honeymoon and would need a few weeks to recover. After that you can start working.”

Michelle went home by the end of the week. She was picked up by Peter and taken straight to her house. While Michelle was in hospital Peter had finalized a deal for a house in Yorba Linda, and they would move there as soon as possible. The location was chosen after carefully studying the commuter routes to their new working places. Peter had decided to leave the law firm where he was working and accepted a position with the D.A.’s office in Orange County. If he found some good roads he could even avoid I-5 if he was lucky.

Michelle had accepted the offer to work for FBI in Los Angeles. She would work economic crimes across state borders with special emphasis on the Mob. One of her closest associates would be a female computer whiz that was capable of accessing every computer in the world. As a FBI employee she was required to have some agent training, but that would be taken care of in-between. Among the things she needed to master, was handgun shooting. For her that would be no problem, she had had that training with the Mob since she was ten.

Michelle also found her commute easy. She just drove down to Norwalk and took the Light Rail from there to downtown L.A. If she needed a car she could always have one from the Bureau.

The time for the wedding came closer and closer. The two mothers were busy making everything ready, the bride and groom just had to sit and wait. Michelle had, however, picked out her wedding gown and it would soon be ready. Her parents were put up in the old safe house, and Michelle's final dressing would take place there.

Michelle's sister arrived Friday one week before the wedding. Michelle picked her up at the airport. Since she wasn't 100% sure what her sister looked like, she held a sigh with her name just in case.

The two sisters greeted each other with a great hug and a kiss. It had been more than a year since they had seen each other last, and during that year so many things had happened. They both had new identities and new families and they had so much to talk about. They had exchanged lots of e-mails this year, but they still felt that they had to be a little careful. The only real facts Michelle had about her sister, was that her new name was Karen; she had new parents, a boyfriend and was at the University studying languages. Karen knew about just as much about Michelle's new life.

After the initial hug they stood back and admired each other. "By God you're beautiful," Karen said, "You look much better than I can remember. You looked good before the operation, but now you're radiating beauty and elegance. What a change from the person I shared a home with the first 18 years of my life."

"Thank you sis. You look very lovely yourself. I see that you now are a blonde. How come?"

"It just felt right. I don't know how they did it, but I'm blonde on a permanent basis."

"I like you new look. It becomes you very well. But enough talk for now, let's get rolling."

They walked to the car and drove off. "You will live with Peter and me," Michelle said, "He knows about you and his mouth is sealed. That's also the case with my new parents and my old friends from College. The agents I have dealt with only know that my sister has disappeared. None of them will be at the wedding. There is one exception though. Dr. Manning who will extract eggs from you knows who you are. Peter's family only knows you as a good friend and soulmate I met through Internet and who happens to be in the area at the time of my wedding."

"That's all right. I'm confident that you have control of the situation."

Michelle turned into I-105 and headed for Norwalk. This freeway was normally not jammed so she made good speed. After leaving the freeway it was not too far to where she lived.

Karen was given the largest guestroom. She was after all the guest of honor. Peter and Karen hit off immediately. Since the sisters were so close it just felt so right. Karen was tired after a long journey so she went early to bed.

Saturday was used to prepare Karen for the wedding. She was given all the details about what would happen and when. They spent lots of time around the swimming pool,

enjoying the warm California weather. Sometime in the afternoon Michelle suddenly said to her sister: "Karen, you remember that place we used to go to when we were kids and wanted to be alone?"

"Of course I do. How come?"

"Do you want to go there tomorrow?"

Karen understood what that meant and said: "Yes, I will."

"OK then. We leave around nine. I will fine some hiking boots for you."

Peter understood what this meant. The sisters needed to be alone at a secluded place to update each other on last year's events.

Next morning at 9:15 the sisters were off. Michelle had packed water and food in canteens and brought hiking boots for them both. They were dressed in shorts and tank tops and had used lots of sun lotion on the exposed parts of their body. Sunglasses were also a part of the equipment. Michelle had to drive quite a distance before she reached the place where she could park. In the old days they lived much closer and could use their bicycles. Michelle parked the car, packed food and water in a rucksack and they put on their hiking boots. Michelle locked the car and off they went.

They climbed up the hill and found their old spot and sat down. From there they had a broad view of the area and they could keep an eye on the car as well. Michelle started to tell her story from the day after their mother died. She told Karen everything, not leaving out a single detail. She even gave her every excruciating detail about Marco's death and revival. Sources the Feds had in the Mob had confirmed that Marco was considered dead and gone, but that they were still interested in Maria.

That information worried Karen a bit, but with her new nationality and identity she felt safe. Then she started her story. "When I left for New York on my week long shopping trip I had the pleasure of the company of a detective named Annie Wolfe. All my preparations for that final trip you know already. I gave Annie the information you gave me and it seemed that the police and the Feds acted upon it."

Michelle nodded in confirmation.

"When I left the plane I took a taxi to Grand Central Station and a train to Washington. I spent the night in a cheap hotel and next morning took a taxi to a location near the embassy where I was expected. Everything was paid cash. The embassy was expecting me and I was taken straight to the ambassador himself. He took me to a place where they took my picture and fingerprints. Back in his office we talked for a while, in his language, until a clerk gave me my new passport. It was issued to Linda Hansen and it gave me diplomatic status as a daughter of some embassy official. That passport took me straight through every channel until I reached the country of my destination. There I was picked up by my exchange student friend and we drove to her home in a better part of the capital. I stayed with them for about a week. Then I was taken to a hospital where they made some

small alterations to my face. At the same time I was asked if I had any problems with a new hair color. I said it was OK as long as it was blonde.

“What they did I don’t know, but suddenly my hair started to become blonde at the roots and it had remained so ever since. I think they did some gene manipulation tricks to have it done. Anyway, I like my new hair color. Back in my friend’s house they started to tell me what would happen next. My friend’s father was a high official in the Foreign Department, that’s the same as the State Department here, and he told me what they had done so far to get me safely out of the U.S.

“He went on telling me that a couple in their late fifties had just returned home to work in the Department after many years in embassies all over the world. In fact they hadn’t lived in their home country for more than 25 years. They had married rather late and had a daughter when they were 41 and 40 respectively. This daughter died two years ago from cancer. She had been diagnosed as a child and managed to live until she was almost 18. This was a big blow for them and the main reason they wanted to come home.

“Then I came along. I happened to look a little like their daughter and had about the same age so I was considered to be a good candidate for their new daughter. I met them and we liked each other right away. I was adopted into their family and became their new daughter. In fact the papers now say that their daughter never died. I have de facto taken over her identity. This was easy since no one really had seen her and she had never been through the national school system. I was given her name and date of birth and all required ID’s in her name. My new full name is Karen Kristine Olstad, born Oct 11th, 1982. That makes me almost nine months older than I really am, but I don’t care. The main thing is that I am safe.

“I love my new parents. They are so kind to me and will do anything to make me happy. I now feel like their daughter and try to live up to their standards. I study Germanic Languages at the University and have got myself a boyfriend. He knows nothing about the real me and I don’t intend to tell him. I don’t know if this is eternal love, but so far it has worked out well.”

“Good for you. I wish you all the best.”

“Thank you. I was just thinking about our past. I must say we had good parents. They treated us kindly and I remember very few harsh words from them. They kept us fed and gave us most of what we wanted. The only thing wrong was dad’s profession.”

“I agree. But none of that affected our daily lives. In the beginning we didn’t know what kind of work he had and whom he worked for. For me it became evident when I came to my first summer camp. I remember also how mom tried to stop him from sending me, but to no avail. I was listening to their discussions without them knowing.”

“I heard it too. It wasn’t until daddy was killed that it really dawned upon us what was happening though. Then mom did all she could in order to keep us from joining the Mob. We sided with her and promised to do so, but in a way that was safe for all of us. When mom died it gave at least us a golden opportunity to get away, and we made it. I ran away from a marriage that was forced upon me and you left a grieving widow with a little son.”

“That’s right, we did it. But it’s still a price on your head. I know you’re safe with your new identity, and in addition I’ve been informed that all information about you have been

erased from all files in the country. If someone tries to search for you they will find nothing. It is as if Maria Rossi has never existed. Marco Rossi is dead so that takes care of that."

"I understand that you now will join the FBI. Won't that require that you go through some training?"

"Yes, it does. But since I'm not going to be a field agent, I don't have to go through any field training. The only thing really required is that I know how to handle a gun. And that I learned at summer camp. I was never any strong fighter, but I was very good at martial arts. I have kept it up and feel pretty confident. How about you?"

"I have also kept my martial arts skills up to date. I have had to use it once. It was New Years Eve and some of us girls were on our way home from a party. I was approached by a man that at first seemed very gentle and polite, but as I was preparing to leave he grabbed me and pulled me towards him. He was strong, but with the help of some of my dirty tricks I managed to get away and join the others. The last I saw of him was that he was sprawling on the sidewalk screaming in pain."

They continued to talk about old days for a while. Suddenly Karen said: "Michelle, have you made love as a woman yet?"

Michelle smiled at the question. She knew it had to come sooner or later. "No sis, I haven't," she said, "I've been saving it for my wedding night. Besides it's such a short time since the operation so I won't take any unnecessary risks. I've checked with my doctor, and he thinks it's safe now."

"You must tell me how it was for you. For me it is very good. But you will be one of the very few persons who have experienced sex both as a man and as woman. Then you'll be some kind of expert who can really compare the two."

"I know. The first time I did as a man was in High School and that was great. I liked it and did it as often as I could. I even went to bed with some of my girl friends from college. But after I had dressed up for the first time things sort of changed. I had then realized that I in reality wanted to be a woman myself and would rather have it the other way around. When I did it with my wife it was more duty than pleasure. But I still remember the good days having sex as a young man and will try to make the comparison. I just hope I won't be disappointed."

"From what I've read you won't be. Since you're confident that the surgeon did a good job with you, everything should be fine."

"I believe so. Another thing; I will be unique in another way as well. I am already a father, and I hope to give birth to at least two children and then become a mother. Not many people have done that."

"That's right. That makes you even more special and dear to me. You are one-of-a-kind. I've known that all my life. I love you sis, and I wish you all the best in the future. When we think back on this last year 50 years from now, you will have forgotten that you've ever been a man. Then you will have grandchildren; maybe even great-grandchildren, and you won't tell them anything about your real childhood. For them you have been a woman and a girl all your life. And I will back you up from day one."

"I know you, sis. And I think we should start thinking about that already. My boyish background must be pushed back and I must be consistent in my Kansas City background. With a little luck I'll be a mother in a little over one year and then it starts. You must do something similar yourself. But you and me will always think about the time we grew up together."

"I have already started to think about it. I must remember all the places where I have lived and get my story straight with every one of them. My parents help me lot. They have pictures and videos of me from the day I was born. Not the real me, of course, but the me I am supposed to be for the rest of my life. The gap is so short that we can easily let it be a blank spot. My parents and I are already talking about what we do with that period."



"I've done the same with mine. For me it is relatively easy. It's just to fill it in with my first three years in College. My girlfriends will back me up and the records have already been changed. No Marco Rossi ever went to that College."

"I get some help from my new country's Foreign Department to fill in the blanks."

They continued to talk about their future and past for another hour before they decided to drive back home.

Back in the house Peter was happy to see them. He could see on their faces that they really had had a good time together. He knew they needed this time to really feel like they're family again. So much has happened in their lives the last year so quality time like this was very important to them. He would never ask about what had been said. If Michelle wanted to talk about it, she would do so when the time was ripe.

Monday Michelle took Karen to meet her new parents. Karen liked them at once. It was evident that Michelle had been just as fortunate as her in her choice of parents. She gave them a rundown of her situation. It was after all very similar to her own. Liz and Leo also took a liking to Karen, knowing she came from the same bloodline as Michelle.

It was Tuesday when Michelle took Karen to Dr. Manning. He was expecting them and went straight to the point. He wanted to extract some eggs from Karen's ovaries. It was a simple procedure and had no after effects. Local anesthesia was required though. Karen undressed and laid herself down on an operation table. After the anesthesia had taken effect, Dr. Manning went to work. It didn't take him long before he had the eggs he wanted. They were frozen and kept at very low temperatures until they were required. Karen stood up and put on her clothes. She and Michelle left the doctor in a very good mood.

Back at the house Michelle and Karen spent a lazy afternoon at the pool. This way Michelle could display her new body to her sister. She even took off the bikini to show herself in the nude.

Karen looked her over closely. She looked at Michelle's breasts. They were a perfect B-size. Karen took them in her hands to feel them. They felt perfect. Further she looked at Michelle's narrow waist and rounded butts. Everything looked just fine. Even between her legs Michelle looked perfect. A person had to look far inside her in order to see that something wasn't quite right. "You look absolutely perfect, sis," Karen said, "I think you are the envy of most of the other girls your age. On the outside it's impossible to see that you were born a boy. Take a look at your hands and feet; they are small and feminine. Even your voice is perfect. I can't see any traces of Marco in you."

The wedding was coming closer and closer. Michelle already had that certain glow that many brides get in the days before the big event. Fortunately she didn't have to think too much about it. Everything would be taken care of by her mother and future mother-in-law. At the day of the wedding Michelle had to get up early. After breakfast she was told to take long soothing bath. It felt wonderful. Michelle's mind drifted away as she lay there, dreaming of a bright and exciting future. But she was brought out of her dreams by her mother who told her to get up. "It's time to go to the beautician," she said, "Lucy will be there waiting for you."

"I know mom. I'll be right there." Michelle stood up and dried herself. Liz came in and helped her. She had stayed in Michelle's house over night in order to help her daughter on her great day.

They arrived at the beauty parlor on time. Lucy was there waiting her turn. Peter's mother was also there, almost finished and ready to go back to prepare the wedding gown. So bride, mother of the bride and maid-of-honor lay down to be made ready for the big wedding. Michelle was given the big treatment, pedicure, manicure special bridal hair-do and full facial. The beautician finished her work painting her lips in a shining

bright red color. Michelle took a good look at herself in the mirror. Never had she looked more beautiful. The beautician was truly a master of her arts. Michelle's mother had left more than an hour before, but Lucy was still there. She had helped with the final touches on Michelle's face.

The clock was ticking and it was time to get dressed. Lucy took Michelle to the old safe house where the wedding gown was ready and waiting. Once there Michelle undressed and put on a white panty, white suspenders and white stockings. The stockings were fastened to the suspenders. No bra was required for this dress. Liz took out the gown and lowered it over Michelle's body. Once in place a zipper in the back was pulled up. Lucy checked if Michelle's breasts were in their proper place. The dress was strapless, tight at the waist and reached to the floor. The skirt widened out in several layers. Michelle sat down on a chair while flowers and a veil was placed in her hair. A heart-shaped necklace was placed around her neck and gold earrings were fastened to her ears. A pair of white pumps with 4" heels was placed on her feet. Once again Michelle stood up and a bolero type jacket was put over her shoulders. It was open in front and the top of Michelle's beautiful breasts was in full display. She was ready for church.

A few minutes later the limo came up to the house with her father. He stepped in to take a good look at her daughter. He really liked what he saw. It would be an honor to take a woman like that to the altar. They entered the limo along with Lucy, the Maid-of-Honor and Karen and Nina, the two bridesmaids. The rest of the crew hurried to the church in other cars.

It was a proud father that took her daughter to the altar. Peter was already there waiting in anticipation. When he saw the lovely bride coming up to him he beamed with pride. No man has ever married a more beautiful woman, he thought.

Leo left Michelle at the altar and the ceremony began. The minister went through the ritual, rings were exchanged and Peter kissed the bride. That reminded Michelle on the wedding two years prior, where she had been the groom and was allowed to kiss the bride. This was so different and so much better. This was the fulfillment of a dream that had lingered in her mind for those two years. So much has happened since then and her future looked bright and shiny.

As the bride and groom walked down the aisle Michelle finally could take a look at the guests in the church. She saw people from Peter's workplace with spouses, she saw Annie Wolfe with her husband Jeff and the twins, David Miller with his wife Diane and their two children, she saw people from the Bureau and the doctor who had been responsible for her operation. She was so happy to see them all there. These people had been so important to her over the last twelve months.

The limo took Michelle and Peter, along with the Maid-of-Honor, the Best Man and the bridesmaids to the photographer. He took the official pictures of the newly weds. He would later process several copies and distribute them at the wedding party later that day.

The wedding reception and party afterwards were held in the garden of the groom's parents. Traditionally the bride's family would hold such a party, but since they were from out of town and newly had been relocated, the groom's parents had offered to host the party. Liz and Leo were anyway responsible for most of the set-up.

The party was a huge success. Everybody had a good time. Dinner was excellent and a band played good music made for dancing. When the clock stroke ten, the newly weds decided to call it a day and was taken home in a limo. They took Karen with them. After all she lived in their house.

At home Michelle and Peter went straight to the bedroom and took off their wedding clothes. They joined Karen in the living room for a short while before they went to celebrate their wedding night. Karen stayed up a little longer and went to bed around midnight. She knew very well what Michelle and Peter were up to.

In the bedroom Michelle and Peter undressed and prepared to consummate the marriage. It would be the first time Michelle made love as woman and she was very nervous. "I will be very gentle to you," Peter said, "I know this is your first time and that you just have been through an operation. I want you to remember this as a day of joy and happiness; a day you will remember for the rest of your life. I love you and I will never hurt you."

"I know Peter. I'm just nervous, but I'm ready and waiting." Michelle lay flat on her back with her legs spread out. Peter lowered himself between her legs. His rod was hard and willing.

Slowly he maneuvered his penis down to Michelle's love nest. Slowly he let the penis glide into Michelle's pussy. The pussy was lubricated for less friction so Peter had no problems pushing his way in. At a certain point Michelle felt a tingling in her body. This was something she had never felt before and she liked it. Soon Peter had reached as far as he could and he started pumping. Michelle joined in the movements and the tingling became stronger and stronger. She could see that Peter soon would reach a climax and did her best to time hers with his.

Soon they both exploded in ecstasy. For Michelle it was fantastic. This was so much better than being on the other side. They fell limp next to each other on the bed. After a short while Peter asked: "How was it, darling?"

"Wonderful! Much better than I had expected. Now I really understand what I've been missing all these years. Can we do it again?"

"Of course. As many times you want."

"Don't get too high. You might pass out before I do."

Peter mounted her again. This time in a normal speed. For Michelle it was just as good as the first time. After the orgasm she wanted to lick Peter clean and maneuvered into position. Peter understood what was going on and maneuvered to lick Michelle's pussy. He knew that Michelle had no natural juices, but if he could reach her clitoris with his tongue it might be just as good. At the moment he felt Michelle's tongue on his penis, his own tongue reached into her pussy and found the clitoris. He used his tongue as best he could while Michelle licked his penis clean. This was enough for them both to reach climax a third time.

After this they lay back and rested for a while, talking about the great time the two of them would have in the years to come. Before they decided to go to sleep they made love

for a fourth time. This turned out to be the best of them all. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next morning they were up at nine. Karen was already in the kitchen when they came down. She could see in their faces that the night had been successful. The threesome had breakfast together and started the final preparations for their departure that afternoon. There was nothing much to do since most of the packing had been done on Friday already. They had a final meal around one, dressed and made everything ready. At 1:15 Peter's father came and drove them to the airport. They arrived one hour later, more than enough time to catch a 4:30 flight to Europe.

The time was around 3 PM local when they landed at their final destination. Karen's new parents were there to pick them up. They knew all about Michelle. Karen had to tell them in order to give them the full background of her life's story. They had been very impressed on how the two of them had tackled their difficult situation and had full admiration of Michelle's choice. When they met her they gave her a big hug and welcomed her to their part of the family.

Karen's parents live in a rural area some miles outside the capital. They had taken over a small farm and converted what used to be a storage house into a guesthouse. This was where Michelle and Peter would live during their stay. In the evening they all gathered in the living room in order to get better acquainted. Michelle soon learned that Karen had been very lucky in her choice of parents, just as she had been. The Olstad family was very nice and tolerant people. They understood perfectly well what Michelle had been going through and backed her all the way. They also had great admiration for Peter who seemed to take such good care of his wife. Mr. Olstad summed up the evening as follows: "Michelle and Peter, my wife and I will consider it an honor to have you two as part of our family. We know that Karen and Michelle officially are not in any way related anymore, but they were born as brother and sister, now they are sisters and will remain so in their own and our eyes for as long as we all live."

"Thank you," Michelle said, "it was so nicely said of you. Karen and I are now closer than ever and the ties between us can never be broken. We have both been very fortunate in our escape and we hope that no one will betray us. We will stay in touch forever. If you ever come to the Los Angeles area you are more than welcome to live in our house."

"And you will always be welcome here in our house. There are only five people in this country who know the true story about you two. It's me and my wife and Karen's friend from High School and her parents. None of us will ever betray you. Outside this close circle nobody knows anything and soon the five of us will have forgotten it as well. I think Karen even won't even tell her own children about her true background."

"That's correct," Karen said, "The secret dies with me. For them and my other friends Michelle will only be a very good friend I met during a time we lived in the U.S. I'm very selective in my boyfriends and won't commit myself before I find a guy I can trust 100%. I will never tell him my true story, but I don't want to take any chances. The guy I'm with

right now seems OK, but I will let my sister judge him as well. She seems to be such a good judge of character. Do you want to add something, Peter?"

Peter was surprised to be challenged like that, but took it right on the spot. "A little over one year ago I was working in a local law firm. I had left law school one year before. That summer after the famous raid I took the task of defending a young man named Marco Rossi. I had already met Marco/Michelle and knew that Marco was the informant and therefore needed someone outside the Mob circle to defend him. In fact it was set up in such a way that he actually chose me.

"I was already familiar with my client's dual identity; in fact I had already fallen in love with the female part of him. At that time Michelle and I had actually dated for over two years already. When he decided to live as Michelle while waiting for the trial, he could walk freely around in the streets passing several members of the Mob without them noticing anything. We continued to date, and I even asked her to marry me during this period. She said yes the first time I asked. We only had to wait until after her operation. For reasons you will understand we had wait just as long before we could have sex together. Now she's even planning to give birth to babies. How that can be done I leave to Michelle to explain.

"During this period I also learned to know her friends from College and the way they had supported her all the way. They are a great bunch of girls and would never betray any of us. As far as I know none of them knows anything about Karen except that she is a friend Michelle met on the Internet. So in total I think there's only the five of us and Michelle's parents that know the full story about Karen. Not even the police officer that followed Maria on the plane to New York knows what happened after they parted at the airport.

"At the trial Michelle showed up as Marco for a last appearance. The people from the Mob were taken completely by surprise when he witnessed against them. Marco had always been considered a true and devoted member of the Mob. His witness proof actually sent them to prison for a long, long time. The rest is history."

"I think we know the rest, thank you. The clock is ten and I think it's time for you guys to go to bed. You have a long journey behind you and need the rest. We will see each other tomorrow. My wife and I go to work in the morning so I leave it to Karen to take care of you. We will talk more later."

Karen, Michelle and Peter understood the wisdom in Mr. Olstad's words and bid good night to their hosts. Thirty minutes later they were all asleep.

Next evening Michelle told Mrs. and Mr. Olstad about how she goes forth to be able to give birth to a baby. It was beyond their imagination that such a thing might be possible. But they liked the idea that one baby would have Karen as its genetic mother.

One day when Michelle and Karen were all by themselves, Michelle told her sister how she had experienced having sex as a woman. All the time she compared it with her previous experiences having sex as a man. As a conclusion she stated firmly that sex as a woman was the better option. Karen gave her a big hug and gave her a final welcome into the world of womanhood.

Michelle and Peter spent two wonderful weeks in Karen's new homeland. She took them to most of the famous places the capital had to offer. The most impressive ones were the sculpture park and the Viking Ship Museum. They also rented a car and took a four-day roundtrip following a route recommended by Karen's new father. It took them over mountains and fjords showing them scenery that took their breath away. They came home with a stack of pictures and videos, all in digital format.

Back home in L.A. Michelle and Peter reported for work at their new workplaces. Michelle arrived at the FBI building and checked in. She was dressed in a dark blue two-piece suit and pumps with 3" heels in the same color on her feet. She was already on file so her new ID was already waiting for her at the front desk. Her first stop was Dr. Manning. He gave her a heartily welcome and said: "Welcome back Michelle. How was your trip?"

"Wonderful. I will recommend it everybody."

"Tell me about it one time. And how was it having sex as a woman?"

"I will tell you, and I will show you pictures as well. Sex as a woman was fantastic. Everything turned out the way you hoped, maybe even better. It was much better than having sex as a man. And Peter was a wonderful lover. He treated me the way I believe most women want to be treated. I tried to do it in the same way when I was a man. The only thing missing according to Peter; was that I had no natural body juices. The rest was perfect."

"That's good. Can you write down your experiences and send them to me via e-mail?"

"Better than that. It's already done with Peter's comments as well. You'll have it as soon as I have my own computer here and I am allowed to transfer my personal files to you."

"Do it the easy way. Do it from home and mail it to my private address. I'll write it down for you." Dr. Manning wrote down his private e-mail address on a piece of paper and gave it to Michelle. She promised him that the files would be mailed when she was back from work.

"There's one thing more," Dr. Manning said, "As we talked about before your wedding, we were planning to do some small alterations to your face. After having consulted with your new parents I have decided that these alterations are not necessary at the moment. Maybe we will do them later, maybe not at all. This is mainly due to the fact that the original Michelle Paulson has been dead for several years already and that Mrs. and Mr. Paulson now lives in an area where they're not known. The chance for them to meet someone from the past while you're there with them; is so remote that we are all willing to take the gamble. What do you think?"

"Well, to the people who knew them in Kansas City they have no daughter at all any more, so if they meet people from the past I'd better stay away. If I look too much like the old Michelle and are seen with my parents by people from their past, these people might think they see a ghost. I agree; let me stay as I am. If you compare the pictures of the old Michelle with the living me, there's no reason you won't think it's the same person. The same is in fact true for my sister as well."

“Good. We don’t do any operations on your face. I will await your report and I really look forward to reading it. Can I use it in a scientific article?”

“You can, but on one condition. It must be impossible to find out whom you’re writing about.”

“Of course. The article will be very general.”

“Then I’m happy.” Michelle left Dr. Manning’s office and headed for the office of Harry Brown.

Harry welcomed her back and told her to sit down. “I bet you’re eager and want to start working as soon as possible,” he said.

“Yes, I am.”

“Fine. I understand that you have more for us than what you gave us last summer?”

“That’s true. But it all depends if you still have the computers you confiscated last year. Without them I’m almost helpless. I have a lot in my head, but that might not be enough to pin down the top heads. And I don’t want to go to the witness stand again.”

“No problem. We have 14 computers waiting for you. We have already had our experts working on them so I thought we got it all.”

“No way. There’s a trick involved. I’ll tell you about that later.”

“I’ll settle with that. We will now go to your new workplace where a computer and all other things you might need will be waiting for you. A guy from the IT-department is already there ready to give you the initial instructions to get access to our network. You will only have access to files on a need-to-know basis. In your case it’s a little bit more than given to people on your level. If you need more, contact me and I’ll see what I can do. Please come with me.”

Michelle followed Harry to an office further down the hall. It was a spacious office without any windows. A keyboard, mouse and a flat-screen display were located on the desk. The cabinet was on the floor under the desk. A technician was sitting in a chair waiting for her.

“I leave the system to the two of you,” Harry said, “and Michelle; when you’re finished please come back to my office so we can go and have lunch together.”

Michelle promised to be there.

The technician gave her the basics of how the Bureau’s network was built up. She would have access all the common files and some special one’s. The system was Unix-based with Windows applications on top of it. A large variety of software tools were made available to her. A list of programs and what they could do was on her desk. He gave her her login ID and a dummy password to get access to the system. After initial login she would have to generate her own. Passwords had to be changed every month. An e-mail account had been set up for her and she was given two addresses; one for internal use and one for external. She was warned that all incoming and outgoing external mail was screened. Not only for viruses, but also for content. The bureau considered that a necessary precaution.

Harry took Michelle to a Mexican restaurant not far away from the headquarters. They had a nice lunch together and during a cup of coffee afterwards Harry said: "Michelle, when we get back I want you to join me in a meeting. There you will meet three other women, all involved in our fight against the Mob. One of them you have already met. Annie Wolfe works both for the precinct and for us at the Bureau. Next is Kim Sorensen who works at the DA's office and will most likely act as prosecutor in a future trial. Last, but not least, we have Eva Fjell. She works at the Bureau as a computer expert. She's a whiz with computers and can get around any barrier in almost every system. Give her some time and she will crack them as well. She will be your closest ally in the Bureau.

"These three women have another thing in common, a thing they share with you. They were all born as men. Annie and Eva have been through full surgery while Kim still has her male genitalia in place. In fact she is married to a genetic woman and they have two kids together. Whether or not she will have an operation later, I don't know. And to tell you the truth, I don't care either. The important thing is that the person does the job in a proper manner."

"Annie Wolfe a TS like me? I don't believe it. She's so feminine and elegant. To me she is all woman."

"To me as well. But you will also find the other two to be just as beautiful and elegant, as you. They're both extremely feminine."

"I'm looking forward to meet them. I know that Annie knows about me, but do the other two know anything?"

"They have been told. Otherwise I couldn't have told you about them. I believe in absolute openness in cases like this. Most probably they will open up to you and tell you everything about why they have done the switch. I know their backgrounds and I accept and respect their reasons. That doesn't necessarily mean I understand them."

"That's because you're a hot blooded man full of testosterone. I didn't understand such things either until that day almost four years ago when my girlfriends talked me into dressing as a woman for the first time. Then something snapped inside me and I was hooked. From that day nothing could have stopped me. The witness protection program was just a wonderful excuse to first live as a woman full time, and later have the operation. But sooner or later I would have gone through the operation anyway."

"You're probably right. Let me pay the bill so we can go back and meet three of my favorite girls."

Michelle and Harry met Annie at the front desk. They were waiting for the elevator when they saw Kim coming through the front doors. They decided to wait for her. Michelle and Kim were formally introduced in the elevator. When the elevator stopped and the doors opened they went straight to Harry's office. He had a table where they all could sit and talk. Harry made two phone calls, one for Eva to arrive and one for ordering coffee for five. Eva arrived before the coffee so the introduction between her and Michelle were done while waiting.

After coffee had arrived they sat down and poured themselves a cup each. Harry opened the show by saying: "Girls, I bid you all welcome to this meeting. The group will from now on also include Michelle who has very valuable information in our fight against

organized crime. We are all aware of who she is and what she did for us one year ago. Many things have happened to her since then, she is now a girl like the rest of you. Do you have anything to add, Michelle?"

"Only that I'm happy in my new situation and look forward to join the fight against organized crime. I still have a lot of information I wish to share with you, information that I didn't feel I could tell you earlier. That would have caused further delay in the prosecution. I know we only reached some of the small fishes then, but I hope we can get deeper now."

"First of all Michelle," Annie said, "let me congratulate you with what you did for us last year. I have understood all the time that you have more and that you wanted to wait a while before you shared that information with us. I understand and respect that. I know that Kim also shared this view." Kim nodded. "Now, what can you tell us?"

"First I want answers to a few questions. Do you still have all the computers you confiscated last year?"

"We have all 14 of them," Eva replied.

"Are they still in their original order, or are the hard-disks taken out?"

"The hard-disks are out."

"I want all hard-disks put back in their original chassis before we go any further."

"I'll see to that this is done," Eva replied.

"Good. Now I want to know what you have found out about these computers, Eva."

"Quite much, actually. I was able to get access to all hard disks with the help of our own systems and we found lots of data there. All this data was given to Annie and Kim and used in the trial. But I'm a little bit puzzled; all hard disks seem to be larger than what they appear to be through normal Windows. There seems to be areas I can't reach. Every time I try to access these areas I only receive garble. I have never seen anything like it and it bugs me. I have tried all tools I have at my disposal, but nothing works."

"I know. What you're missing is this." Michelle held up a diskette. "I bet you found lots of these as well."

"We did. In addition we found lots of CD-ROM's. But none of them gave me anything that I could use. All I found was more data."

"That's expected. I'll tell you more when we start working on the computers."

"May I add one thing," Kim said, "Not all the data we received were used in the trial. We kept some for later use. I understand from what you say, Michelle, that the most interesting part is still hidden. I'll say the most of what we got was personal stuff, but as always people leave classified information on unclassified disks. What we found and the fact that the guys were caught red-handed, made it easy for us to go to trial. What we've kept goes beyond what we needed. I'm sure it will be very valuable once we get into the hidden stuff."

"You will love it. My plan is that we go through the 14 computers first and then assess what we've got. Later we will check the network. You see, the Mob has built up a WAN by themselves. It's parallel to the Internet, but only Mob members have access. The network

is more secure than Internet; it's on the level with the network CIA uses. But if you don't know about it, you can't access it. I'll tell you more about it later."

"It doesn't surprise me that they have a network like that," Harry said, "now it will be up to us to get into it."

"And I think I know how to do it," Michelle said, "I only need some help from Eva and some of you technicians."

"Just tell me where and when and we'll do it."

"I know, but first things first. I want a transcript of what Kim has that hasn't been used. I'll go through that before we start on the computers. How about that?"

"You will have it tomorrow," Kim said.

"I suggest then that we let Michelle use the rest of the week to get acquainted with the Bureau and the papers and that we start on the computers on Monday," Harry said.

"It's all right with me. But on Monday I want my old computer with its original hard-disk up and running. I also want the other 13 to be ready the same way."

"That will be done."

"Fine. One more thing Eva; can unscramble login ID's and passwords?"

"No problem. We relocate the hard disks to one of our own computers, boot up the system and check the new hard disk from our own Operating System. There we have more than enough programs to unscramble anything."

"I thought so. Just had to check."

They discussed various issues concerning the case for another two hours before they adjourned. Kim promised to have the papers ready for Michelle next morning. They all agreed to meet again coming Monday to learn what Michelle had up her sleeve.

The rest of the week Michelle concentrated on Kim's papers and getting to know her way around in the Bureau building. Reading the papers made her smile. It was interesting what people were storing on a hard disk that should be unclassified. So much classified material was there that it was frightening. Almost anybody could come in and read it and you would have been in big trouble. If some of Marco's superiors had seen what was on one of these computers, he would have been furious and probably made that person disappear quietly. No wonder these guys were sentenced to many years in prison. Marco had kept his hard disk very clean from incriminating data, but from the date he learned that the raid would take place, he deliberately transferred some data from the classified section to the unclassified one. This was supposed to be impossible, but Marco had found a way to do it.

Monday morning they all met in the computer lab ready to watch Michelle unravel the secrets of the Mob computers. Before Michelle could start, Harry broke in and asked: "Michelle, how come that someone like you with a degree in Law knows so much about computers?"

“To be honest, I’ve been waiting for that question for quite some time now. And here’s the story. Marco’s father was born in 1956, just at the dawn of the transistor age. At a young age he developed a keen interest in electronics so by the time he went to college, Electronics Engineer was the only option for him. The mob soon understood that they could need a guy like him; so soon after graduation he was given the task of developing various electronic devices the Mob could use. Not long after Marco was born, IBM launched the Personal Computer. From that moment on his eyes and mind was on the PC. As Marco grew up, he grew up with the PC as well. Soon the two of them were inseparable. Marco was a freshman in Senior High when his father was killed. By that time he knew just about as much about computers as his father did. He knew that no college could teach anything he needed to know, so he decided to study law instead. But the interest for computers has stayed with Marco, and later me, all the time. That’s why I know almost everything about the Mob Computers. Satisfied?”

“Yes. Please get started.”

“Thank you. The key is, as I told you last week, this diskette. I am now sitting in front of Marco’s old computer and this diskette belongs to that computer only. It will not work on other computers. In your bunch of diskettes there’s a similar one for each of the other computers. Just look for the red dot.

“First thing I do is to switch off the computer. When it’s off I insert the diskette in the A-drive and restart. If you watch closely you will see that it activates the A-drive for a very short time and then redirects everything back to the C-drive. We will now have a load that looks like a normal load for Windows. The only thing is that you’re not required to login and type in a password. That’s already on the diskette and that makes this version of Windows locked to this particular machine. There’s no way you can get here without the diskette and this machine. If you try to use a diskette that belongs to another PC, it simply won’t work. If you try to access the diskette while the PC is already running, you won’t find anything. The small program that opens this part of the hard disk will be hidden. If you manage to make it visible in a directory, which nobody except me has managed so far, it simply won’t run. It just gives you garble on the screen. If you now try to restart with the diskette in the A-drive, it won’t start. After a third attempt it destroys everything on the diskette and you can just throw it away.”

All the time she’d been talking Michelle had followed her talk with action until the computer was running the special edition of Windows 2000. Michelle went on: “If we now look at the backside of the computer you will find two ports for network connections. One is for normal Internet while the other is for the Mob network. The computer has two network cards, one for each network. You cannot reach across networks. At this point I will leave the computer to Annie. She can then start searching the hard disk. I will load up the other 13 the same way.”

She picked up the 13 diskettes with the red dots and went to work. It wasn’t until the 5th computer she was able to start it. She left that computer to Kim and went on with her work. It took her over an hour to finish. By that time Annie, Kim, Eva and Harry were on separate computers looking at the Mob hard disks. Michelle didn’t bother; she knew more or less what was on them anyway.

After lunch they sat down in Harry's office again to discuss the way ahead. It was Annie that opened the show: "This is fantastic. I feel that we here have everything we need to break up the Mob for good. But I need this information in my office, and so does Kim. How can we achieve that?"

"Easy," Michelle replied, "you just burn a DVD or a CD-ROM. Four of the machines have DVD burners while the other ten have a CD-ROM. While you're logged on to the Mob hard disk, just start a normal burning process. I know it's a security hole, but since every computer was under electronic surveillance they knew at once if someone started burning something. Since this was strictly forbidden he who did so could be punished with a pair of concrete shoes. No mercy there. We will take care of the copying here and personally bring the DVD's and CD-ROM's to your office so you can read them from a normal PC."

"I think that's the best way to go," Harry said, "we will do our thing here of course, and in a few weeks we can meet again and go through what we've got. We will try to do some more work from here. You see, Michelle also has a plan on how to get into the Mob's network without being detected. Anybody discovered something interesting?"

"I have," Kim said, "From what I saw on the Mob part of the hard disk it seems we have a mole somewhere in the system. To me it looks like a person monitors our progress and reports back to the Mob. He can be anywhere, here, at my office or at the police station."

"Then we must keep our mouths shut and work from here until the person is found. Since we were the only persons in the Lab, he can't know that we have cracked the code. We shut the systems down and put the diskettes in a safe. That tells me that we must continue to work from the Lab until the guy is found. And remember, there might be more than one. If this person, or persons, find out what we've found the suspicion might be drawn to Michelle. She is the only newcomer in this game at the moment. And please, don't even trust your spouses."

Everybody around the table agreed; this was a very serious situation. The person must be found and neutralized. Harry promised to put two special investigators on the case. "But what happens if one of them is our mole?" Eva asked.

"We will find that out easily. We will set up a trap and see if one of them falls into it. If that's the case, we have at least caught one mole. I suggest that we go back to the computers and continue our work. Kim, I want you to focus on information that can lead to the capture of the mole."

"I'll do just that."

Kim went to work right away. What she found was very interesting. It was obvious that the person that had owned this particular computer was the contact person to the mole. It was just to look for signs that could give a positive lead. After about one hour Kim shouted out: "Got you bastard!"

The others flocked around her to see what she'd found. There in more or less plain sight they could see who it was. It was one of the clerks at the Precinct. When Annie saw what was on the screen she had a suspicion right away. The Precinct had four clerks; it was just to find the right one. "I have a suspicion," Annie said, "but I will not say anything

before I'm 100% sure. I have to inform David about this, but I think that besides him, we keep this information to ourselves. Michelle, I understand you can identify the previous owner of this computer?"

"Yes, I can. Just let me have a look." Kim left her chair to Michelle and she started looking for owner ID. It didn't take long before she found him. "This computer belonged to Dino Marino. Normally he wouldn't have been the normal contact man for a mole, so I suspect there is some kind of connection between the two involved. We must run a check on any possible connections between Leo and one of the clerks."

"I have the perfect man for that," Harry said, "I'll just call him up and see if he's available. In the meantime I suggest we continue looking for information."

Twenty minutes later a middle-aged man entered the computer lab. Harry presented him as Chuck Ziegler. He was given a short brief on what they've found and were told what they wanted him to do. After he left they continued to search the files.

Chuck came back next day after lunch. "I have the connection," he said, "the fact is that the owner of the PC Kim has been investigating was dating one of the clerks at the precinct during their High School years. The relation was a secret one since neither of them would be accepted by the other party. Six months after graduation a baby was born in a hospital in another state. The baby was very weak and fragile and died after one week. The mobster made his girlfriend feel guilty about the whole thing and blamed her for what had happened. That was the last time they saw each other until four years ago. Then the contact was reestablished and the mobster used their past to get information from his old girlfriend. She fell for it and that was that. I don't think she has any contact with other people from the Mob. The contact seemed too personal for that. I will give Annie the name of the clerk and keep the rest of you out of this. She can act on the information as she sees best. I will also investigate more about the death of the baby to see if anyone was to blame for its death."

Harry thanked him for his help and asked if anyone had anything to add. "I want to say something," Annie said, "I will keep the name to myself at the moment and watch the person's behavior in the coming days and weeks. When I have the information about the baby I will decide what to do further. I also believe that we're home free at the moment, at least for that mole. But I wonder about one thing; how come she never informed her 'friend' about our raid last year? Was our security so tight last year?"

"I think I can partly answer that," Michelle said, "Remember that it was a very short time from you received the information until the raid took place. In addition I had the impression that much of the planning took place here in this building. That could explain things. From the outside it looked like a Police action while it in fact was an FBI action."

"You're right," Annie said, "the officers from the precinct were only told that they should participate in a raid and everyone of them had clear instructions on what to do. We wrote reports at the station, but at that time the damage was already done so if our clerk learned something, it was too late."

They settled with this explanation and went back to work. Before Chuck left he showed Annie the name of the mole. Annie's face was expressionless when she read the name, but inside her she raged. This was a person she knew very well and had trusted 100%. She couldn't condemn her at the moment; she had to think the whole thing over. From what Chuck told her she might have had her reasons. "Try to find out as much as you can about the two," she said to Chuck, "there must be more to that story than what you just told us. Take your time, I'm in no hurry."

"There is more," he replied, "I have much more information. I will get the rest in a few days. Then the two of us can meet and talk the matter over."

"Sounds good to me. In the meantime my lips are sealed." Annie went back to work while Chuck left the room.

The team continued to go through the data on the hard disks. It was much more than they ever had dreamt about. Now they had more than enough to get the next level of the Mob behind bars. It was only to wait for the right time to strike.

Michelle didn't come to work that Friday. She had a special appointment with the doctor. It would be the first trial to place a fertilized egg into her abdomen and see if it would develop. This was something she had waited for for many months already. She hoped and prayed that everything would work out well.

She arrived at the hospital at nine and contacted Dr. Manning's right away. He greeted her and explained to her what would happen to her in the coming hours and days. Michelle was then taken to a room where she would spend the next three days. It was set up especially for her. A nurse was waiting for her and told her to undress. Michelle did as she was told and hung her clothes in a closet. She was given some hospital clothes to put on and was told to lie down on the bed. Once in bed she was wheeled to the operation room.

In the operation room she was transferred to the operation table. Dr. Manning and his assistants were ready and started their work as soon as Michelle was down in a practical and comfortable position. That meant lying on her back with her legs spread apart and her calves were resting on some kind of stirrups.

Dr. Manning didn't hesitate. He went to work right away. It didn't take long before the fertilized egg was in place in Michelle's abdomen. To her great disappointment she hadn't felt much. It was even less painful than the normal routine checks she had had regularly since the operation. Suddenly she started to feel drowsy and drifted into a half sleep. She had a vague idea why they did this to her, it was to keep her body from moving too much during the next day or so.

While Michelle was in the hospital a meeting between the top guys in the Mob took place. It was a meeting to sum up the status after the raid one year previous and what damage had been done. "Where do we stand now?" the top guy asked.

“It can be summarized as follows,” another replied, “The raid sent around 20 of our guys to prison for a long time. We lost many good men then. Unfortunately for us the DA had so much evidence that our guys had no chance at all. What hurt us most, anyway, was that Marco Rossi betrayed us. We had so much faith in him. He was a candidate for a top position in our organization. It was his testimony that brought our men down along with the information that was found on our computers. What was found told us that security was sloppy. Lots of information that was found should never have been there.

“As you also know, Marco was killed when he left the court building after the trial. His death is confirmed by several of our guys. He was buried with his father and mother and there is no doubt that it was Marco that was in the coffin that was lowered into the ground. Another problem though is that his sister Maria has disappeared totally and is nowhere to be found. She must have planned her getaway very good. Fortunately she doesn’t know anything that can put us in danger.”

“So far so good. Is there any signs that the Feds have broken into the second part of the computer?”

“None whatsoever. Obviously Marco didn’t get time to do so before the trial. He might have planned so at a later stage, but since he’s dead there should be no danger. I know the Feds have some very good computer guys, but finding how to unlock the classified requires more than skill. It requires pure luck. The only possibility is that Marco told them something before he died, but we have no indication that that is the case.

“The raid also caused us another loss. We don’t have access to the mole at the Precinct anymore. That contact was personal between Dino and that person. We don’t even know who that person is, although I have a suspicion. I have a guy working on it and he will try to reestablish the contact. He or she might not know much since the computers are with the Feds.”

At this point there was a knock on the door. A guard reported that someone wanted to give them some important information. He was let in and was given permission to talk. “I have found our old mole,” he opened, “in fact I have been in contact with her for several months already. I’ve tried to get as much information out of her as possible, but all what she has told me has no significance to our operations. It seems we have a non-issue since the trial. It seems she trusts me now and I will see what I can get out of her. I understand that we have appealed and there might be a new trial sometime. If that’s the case I’ll be ready with more info.”

“Good. Keep us informed through your normal contact person. Goodbye.”

The man left the room and the meeting continued. “So you think we’re safe?” the top guy asked.

“Yes I do. In addition the computers’ classified areas should have self-destructed by now. Marco knew about this, of course, but most likely didn’t do anything about it before the trial was over. The mechanism must be reset every month to avoid destruction, and since Marco has been dead for eight months already, we should be safe. The Feds can never find anything.”

“I believe you. We just continue as before and establish new contacts. I would also like to have a mole within the Feds and the DA’s office as well. Could that be possible?”

“Maybe. I will put my best experts on it right away.”

They discussed the issue for a few more hours before the meeting was adjourned.

When the operation was over Michelle was wheeled back to her room. She was told to lie as still as she could in order for the egg to get settled inside her. Michelle did as she was told. Her mind started drifting, dreaming about her pregnancy and a newborn baby. That would turn her situation upside down. Just the thought gave her the shivers. Here she lay hoping soon to get the feelings of a complete woman, a woman who has given birth to a child. In reality it sounded absurd. She was after all born as a boy and grew up as one. Her chromosomes were still XY and that could never be changed. But anyway, she would become a mother soon. With these thoughts on her mind she drifted away into a dreamless sleep.

She awoke a three hours later. She felt hungry and thirsty. She reached out and sounded the alarm. A nurse came in and asked what it was. Michelle told her and the nurse said she would be back soon with food and drinks.

While waiting for the food Michelle started thinking about her work with the Mob computers. One thing she hadn't told anybody was that the computers could self-destruct if not used regularly. Fortunately she had remembered. Just before the trial she had made the necessary modifications to prevent them from destruction. This way they were home free now.

During the examination on Sunday Dr. Manning saw something alarming. Things didn't look too good. Just in case he decided to let Michelle stay in the hospital a few days longer. But no, on Wednesday Michelle's body rejected the egg. Michelle was devastated. She knew that it could happen, but anyway. The egg was obviously not compatible with her body. She was sent home and told to be prepared for another try in 3-4 weeks.

Back at work she started preparing for the penetration of the Mob network. First thing was to find a node where she could piggyback the connection. That turned out to be easy. A mobster with access lived a few blocks away. With the aid of some Bureau technicians she managed to find a point outside the house where the cable disappeared into the ground. The cable was traced to the street and the nearest switchbox. There the bureau already had prepared their own cables in case they wanted to look closer at somebody's computer. The two cables were connected and the connection was established.

Back at the office she tested the new connection and saw that it worked. She was now able to monitor all traffic going between the person in the house and the Mob's mainframe. The local computer was on, so she sneaked in and gained the necessary information to be able to log on. She knew the person who lived in the house; he was on a level between what Marco had been and the top chiefs. Lots of valuable information could be gathered here. She was happy.

Most of this work, including installing a small program that gave access to the mainframe, had taken place during night so it took another day before she was back at work to report on what she'd done. The others were impressed. Now they had access to all corre-

spondence between the leaders and the next level. If this couldn't bring them down, nothing could. Michelle now set out to teach Eva all she needed to know to get access to the mainframe and its information without being detected. Eva understood right away what to do and what not to do. She was after all an expert in the computer field. The trick was to piggyback the computer they were linked up to and take advantage of the time the other person was connected. This way the extra line could not be detected. The disadvantage was that when the host logged off, the Feds were logged off as well.

"I think I can circumvent that," Eva said, "it should be possible to write a program that first of all detects when the other person goes on line, and stay up even if he logs off. It will keep the gate open to us while the mainframe doesn't see us. We need to penetrate the mainframe with a program to do so, and that program has to be deleted when we log off. I just have to find out what kind of hardware they have and what operating system they're using."

"I know they're using a version of UNIX. If I remember correctly they have SUN Hardware with Solaris 9 operating system."

"That's at least a start. I'll assume you're right and work from there. If you're wrong I'll find that out very quickly. One thing is for sure, when you have acquired a SUN system, you stick to that more or less forever. That means that they use a version of Solaris. That's enough for me. I will make some investigations and come back to you when I'm ready."

All the time while talking Eva had been searching the mainframe. Suddenly she found a document that looked promising and had it printed. Harry ran to the printer to see what it was. He was amazed. "This document is more valuable than you can imagine," he said with enthusiasm, "this alone could put a few of the bosses behind bars for a long time. Just take a look."

Eva went on probing the machine for the information she needed. Soon she had what she wanted and had it printed out. "Now I really can start working," she said.

One week later Eva had her program ready for test. The test was successful; the program seemed to work as planned. Now she could really search around for information.

At this time Annie and Kim were back to their normal jobs. They had lots of documents brought to their offices and read them there. Annie also kept a close watch on the clerk in suspicion to see if she had been contacted again. She and Kim even managed to get a court order to tap her home computer. After about three weeks Annie saw signs that somebody had approached her again and she had a special surveillance officer to follow her every move.

Kim was back in her normal office doing things she was hired to do. That included reading and systematizing the Mob information. Everything was neatly filed in a logical order and put in context with what they learned from the first trial.

Three weeks after her first attempt at becoming a mother, Michelle went back to the hospital for a second try. This time everything went fine. The fertilized egg soon devel-

oped into a small fetus. The process had started. If everything continued to go well, Michelle would give birth in mid-June the following year. She was overjoyed when she heard the news. She threw her arms around Dr. Manning's neck and gave him a big kiss. She couldn't wait to get home and break the news to Peter.

Back home that evening Peter was overjoyed when he heard the great news. He really looked forward to become a father. Michelle also called her parents, Mrs. and Mr. Paulson in Las Vegas and told them that they would become grandparents in June. To them this was great news as well; they had thought they had lost that possibility when their real daughter died. Michelle also sent a mail to her genetic sister Karen and broke the news to her.

In bed that night Michelle and Peter started planning their new life. They knew that a child would turn their life upside down, but they were both willing to let the child come before their carriers. Their kids deserved to have a family with both a mother and a father.

Just as they were ready to sleep Michelle suddenly said: "Peter, I have a secret I haven't told you. I hope you will forgive me. In a sense I've been unfaithful to you."

"What do you mean with 'in a sense'?"

"You know I started on hormones last August already. I went on heavy doses from January and my libido faded fast. On day in February I was approached by Lucy and taken to her room on campus. She did her best to seduce me. There was still enough of my male self left so I reacted like one. This was just what Lucy wanted and with some help from her I managed to penetrate her. This was not the first time I made love to her, in fact. I had done so several times when I still was Marco. But this was different. She did all she could to make me come inside her and soon I sprouted my last load into her uterus. That was in the nick of time for her, one week later and it wouldn't have been possible.

"Her reason for doing this to me was that she desperately wanted my baby. She had no guarantee that the baby I carry now would be hers. Besides she wanted a baby with my genes she could nurse and bring up. She was very much in love with Marco and was sad when I decided to become Michelle for good. She understood the reasons and she respects me very much for my decision. I will always be her closest friend and she will be mine, and, now we have something in common. I hope I am forgiven."

"Of course you're forgiven. You have given your best friend the greatest gift you could give her. I'm very happy on her behalf. She and her child will always be welcome in our house and maybe soon our kids will play together."

"Thank you Peter, I knew I could trust you. As you probably understand, Lucy will give birth in November."

"I have figured that out." They fell asleep in each other's arms.

Over the next months more and more information was gathered about the Mob. It soon became so much that Michelle had problems with space in her own office. She needed an extra room and got it. Eva's probing of the Mob mainframe revealed Mob connections to

almost every level in society. Even congressmen and senators were on their pay list. It soon became apparent that they had to be selective in what to use and what not to use. That was something Harry, Annie and Kim had to decide. Eva picked up the information and Michelle systemized it.

Annie's surveillance of the clerk soon proved its worth. Pictures were taken of her talking with her new Mob connection and stored for later use. One day in late October Annie decided to confront the clerk with what they knew. They met over lunch in a secluded corner in a local restaurant. After the meal Annie went straight to the point. She told the clerk what she knew about her activities, present and past.

The clerk broke down right away. She felt relieved when she understood that Annie knew. Annie said she wanted to help, but that could only be done if the clerk cooperated fully. The clerk understood her situation and started to tell it all.

It was several hours before the two were back in the office. Annie had learned everything she wanted to know. The clerk was told to keep her contact warm and feed him only with information that already was screened. This should go on for a while until the clerk would receive a letter from her mother in a small town in Iowa, telling her that she was sick and wanted help. The clerk would then quit and go back home to work at the local police station while taking care of her mother. For the clerk this was an ideal solution. She said she had an old boyfriend back home that had never given up on her, and now she could rekindle that friendship. He owned a large farm in the area and did fairly well.

Lucy's baby was born on November 7th. It was a beautiful baby girl. Michelle had been present when the baby was born. For her it was like a fairy tale. She was actually the father of that baby! Nobody knew that except Peter, Lucy and Michelle. And it would remain their secret for the rest of their lives.

Michelle was attracted to the baby right away. It was only natural since the baby after all had her genes. She would grow up without a father, but with lots of good friends around her this was bound to turn out right. Maybe she would be told who her father was when she came of age, but that all depended on how things developed.

At the baptism ceremony three months later Michelle was the proud Godmother. The girl was actually named Michelle in her honor. At this time people could also see that Michelle's stomach was growing. It would soon be clear to everybody that she soon would give birth as well.

Michelle and Peter went to Las Vegas to celebrate Christmas. They stayed with Michelle's parents, of course, and had a really good time. Inside Michelle's stomach the baby was growing all the time. It seemed that it received all the nourishment it needed. Michelle was now three months pregnant and she loved it. She had to be careful not to disturb the baby unnecessarily, it was after all still very fragile and things could still go wrong.

Back in LA Michelle was given the task of preparing a case against the Mob leaders. Her first priority was then to decide what to build the case on. After some search she

thought she had it. She assembled all the required papers and gave them to Annie and Kim. They read through it all and decided that Michelle was right; this was the right approach. To collect more evidence Michelle also found some supporting documents that might help build the case. Next was to obtain the proper warrants so house searches could be made. Annie knew that some judges were on the take so she had to find a time when a clean one was on duty. With everything ready they decided to go for the next higher level.

The raid was done in March. Michelle was now six months pregnant and was told to stay away from the raid. The raid yielded even more information and 18 persons were arrested. During the preliminary hearings the bail was set to \$100,000 for each. The money was paid within two days.

Michelle was present all through the hearings. During a break she had had a cup of coffee. One of the defense lawyers grabbed it and put it in his bag. He thought he saw something familiar in Michelle and wanted to check it with the Mob's master file system. This could be very dangerous for Michelle; the cup bore traces of both her DNA and fingerprints.

Back at the Bureau Eva had found the file where the DNA profiles and fingerprints for all members of the Mob was stored. A quick look told her that both Marco's and Maria's were still there! She had to get them erased! She found some bogus prints and DNA profiles and started to replace Marco's and Maria's with the bogus one's. Maria's went fine, but Marco seemed to be a little trickier. It might be because he had been higher in the hierarchy. She had to find some other tricks.

At the same time someone was checking up the cup Michelle had been drinking from. To lift a fingerprint proved easy, soon it was ready to be compared with the database. They had a hit! The prints belonged to Marco Rossi! How come? The guy was supposed to be dead. They found two sets of DNA on the cup. One was too small and so distorted that nothing could be made out of it; the other was female. How come a woman working for the Feds have Marco's fingerprints? The lawyer was puzzled and decided to dig further into Michelle Dearborn's background. But one thing was clear; he had seen that she was several months pregnant.

The lawyer used all resources available to him and found the following: She had married Peter Dearborn last summer. Before that she was Michelle Paulson, only child of Liz and Leo Paulson. He was working for FBI in Vegas. Before that he worked in Kansas City where Michelle had been raised. Michelle went to college in LA, in fact she went to the same college as Marco. She had started at the same time and it seemed that she had been one of the girls Marco used to hang out with. Nothing out of the ordinary there. Could it be a freak coincidence that she had a fingerprint in common with Marco Rossi? It could be, but the chances were slim. This must have been one of those cases.

How come that Michelle/Marco's fingerprints were on the cup together with a female DNA? We all know that Michelle's DNA is XY, i.e. male. The thing is that when Michelle came to the table Diane Miller, David's wife was already sitting there with a cup of coffee. She had to leave after about five minutes and left Michelle alone. Michelle had taken Diane's cup and by instinct cleaned off all fingerprints, but left the lipstick marks. She noticed the lawyer and saw how he looked at her. She emptied her own cup and hid it in her handbag. Diane's cup had been behind a menu card and out of view from the lawyer. She

lifted the cup to her mouth, pretending to drink. She held the cup in the handle, but made sure that her thumb left a solid print on the side of the cup. After she put it back on the table, she stood up left the room. From the corner of her eye she saw the lawyer go to the table and pick up the cup. "Mission accomplished," she said to herself.

In the Bureau's lab Eva was working frenetically to change Marco's fingerprints and DNA profile. It took her almost 30 minutes to accomplish the task. She only hoped that she had managed to do so in time.

Next day Michelle was back at the Bureau. She went down to the lab to tell Eva what she'd done the day before. "That was clever," she said, "but I had a period of hell yesterday. You see, during my now routine investigations I came over a file that contained fingerprints and DNA profile on every person associated with the Mob; including Marco's and Maria's. I managed to change Maria's rather quickly, but Marco's were worse. It took me more than 30 minutes to break through all security barriers before I could do that. But I managed."

"I hope you put in DNA profiles for Maria and me that had something in common with our genetic parents. If they should happen to make a comparison and find that Marco and Maria can't be the children of Jessica and Louis Rossi, we can have trouble on our hands."

"I realized that when I was about to enter Maria's new DNA. I then found Jessica and Louis' DNA's and generated new ones from them. You can rest assured, Marco and Maria Rossi will be seen as the children of Jessica and Louis."

"Thank you, Eva. I knew I could depend on you."

Back amongst the Mob leaders, the lawyer told them what he'd found out. He started by telling them that he thought Michelle looked familiar and wanted to know if it was any connection with anybody from their own organization. He took them to the computer to show them. What they saw surprised the lawyer. This time there was no match in fingerprints! How come? He was sure he had a match a few hours ago. The other just smiled and said he must have dreamed. They left the room with a smile on their faces.

With the Mobsters out on bail, Annie and Kim continued to build the case against them. Eva was still busy monitoring the mainframes. She soon noticed that the activity increased. It looked like they were trying to clean out some information just in case. But by cleaning up they also generated lots of new information, information that would be very important in a third trial against the top leaders.

On June 4th Michelle gave birth to a baby girl. She was beautiful and Michelle was so happy. So were Peter, of course, and Liz and Leo Paulson. They were after all Michelle's legal parents and the newborn's grandparents. They had all been present during delivery. Dr. Manning had to perform caesarian on Michelle since she lacked the muscles required for pressing the baby out the normal way.

Due to hormones and the pregnancy Michelle had also started to produce milk in her breasts. So one of the first things she did after the baby was born was to hold the baby to her breast. The baby started sucking immediately and Michelle could feel the milk coming out. Maybe not as much as a normal woman, but enough to keep the baby happy for a while. Lots of pictures were taken, both by the proud father and the even prouder grandfather.

Next day Dr. Manning and his assistants checked the health of both mother and daughter. Everything was OK, the baby was in good health and everything seemed normal. Michelle's health was better than ever, she just had to recover from the pregnancy and birth. Mother and daughter left the hospital after three days. Just before she left she asked Dr. Manning when she could have her second baby.

"I suggest you wait at least six months before we put another egg inside you. Your body needs time to fully recover. I want you to continue to come to my office for control. Then we can decide when it would safe to have another baby. I know you want it done as quickly as possible, but I don't want you to rush it either."

"I understand and will come to you at least once a month. In the beginning even more often to see that baby is all right."

"That's my girl. Have you thought a name yet? And do you want to know who the genetic mother is?"

"Peter and I have decided to call her Nicole Louise. No, I don't want to know the genetic mother at the moment. I will see how little Nicole develops first and try to look for signs that can give me a clue. I will tell you if and when I want to know. I suppose you know it already?"

"Yes I do."

"Then leave it there. The only persons besides you that ever will be told who the genetic mother is, is the genetic mother and me. We owe her that much."

"I respect that, and my lips are sealed."

The trial started in October. Little Nicole was now four months old and Michelle could see some signs as to who the mother was. She would check with Dr. Manning later.

She had to be present at the courthouse every day of the trial. She was after all one of the main investigators and her statements were vital for the case. When the question about how they managed to get access to the classified areas of the computers, Eva had to tell them that Marco had given them enough information to get there before he was killed. They were also very careful not to use any information that was on the mainframe only. That might indicate that they had a mole high up in the Mob hierarchy, and that was something they didn't want to disclose at this point.

The trial ended with 22 men and women being sentenced to many years in prison. Similar things happened all over the country, everything based on what Marco/Michelle had informed and taught them. The Mob was now crippled; only the heads of the families

were left. Indictment against them was being prepared and arrests would be made in a few months. All of them were closely monitored just in case they tried to slip away. One actually tried, but was stopped as he was about to board a plane for Europe.

After the trial was over Michelle went to Dr. Manning to ask for who the baby's genetic mother was.

"Who do you think?" he asked.

"I have a feeling that it's Nina."



"Why?"

"Nicole bears several similarities with her. For instance she has Nina's eyes. On the other side I think she has a lot from me."

"You're right, it's Nina. I've taken the liberty to invite her here today. She's waiting for us in another room."

Dr. Manning opened a door and let Nina in. "Before you ask Michelle, nobody else knows that Nina is here. Those who might have seen her coming don't know who she is anyway. The secret is safe."

Nina went straight up to Michelle and gave her a big hug. "I'm so happy for you," she said, "and I'm very proud to be the genetic mother of your baby. I'm confident that Nicole will have a good upbringing with you and Peter. May I hold Nicole?"

"Of course you can. She is after all yours and mine."

Nina took up Nicole and held her close. She looked at the baby and saw that it had her eyes, a clear indication that Nicole was closely related to her.

The two women left Dr. Manning's office and went to a mall far away, a place were meeting someone they knew was very remote. They spent many hours there. The two college friends hadn't seen much to each other lately. This was mainly due to Michelle's heavy schedule the last 18 months. Nina had kept in touch with the rest of the group and they still met regularly. Michelle promised to be there next time they met. Nina also revealed that she was engaged and planned to marry her fiancé Stan on New Year's Eve. Nina also told her that she had just discovered that she was pregnant and would give birth in July. As they parted they promised to be in close touch so that Nina could follow the development of her genetic daughter.

It wasn't until January that Michelle had a second egg implanted in her abdomen. This time it all went well at the first try. This time it was no doubt who the genetic parents were; Peter was the genetic father and Maria, or Karen, Michelle's genetic sister, was the genetic mother.

At this time Michelle was busy building the case against the heads of the Mob families. When they felt they were ready the Police and the Fed's stroke again. Many of the Mob's lawyers were already in jail so the family heads didn't have very many to help them. This time no bail was granted.

It took quite some time before the trial was up. By that time Michelle had given birth again, this time to a baby boy. This time Karen came over to be present while the baby was born. The little boy was taken out a little early, so his birthday became September 30th. The boy was just as healthy as his older sister. Michelle, Karen and Peter had a long discussion on what to call the boy. They ended with calling him Mark Alexander.

The Mob leader in their area received the death penalty. This was based on proven facts that he was personal responsible for killing of several people, including Marco Rossi. He would die by a lethal injection. He tried several appeals, but all of them were denied. So six months after he was sentenced the execution would take place. Michelle had asked to be present at the execution.

At the day of the execution Michelle was granted a few minutes alone with the prisoner. The execution was only a few minutes away when they were locked up in a sound proof room. "Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the prisoner.

"You know very well who I am," Michelle replied, "but for the records, my name is Michelle Dearborn and I work for the FBI. I'm married to Peter Dearborn who works for the DA in Orange County. In my records it says that I'm born in Kansa City on May 22nd 1980 to Liz and Leo Paulson. I went through both Grade School and High School in that town and later moved to College here in LA. All records will show that. My father was working for FBI in town. He was later transferred to Las Vegas where he lives now with his wife. From what I've done the last couple of years I also claim to be your nemesis.

"Michelle is not my real name, however. I was born as a child to Jessica and Louis Rossi here in LA." Michelle let the statement sink in and waited for a response. The reaction was as expected.

“So you’re Maria Rossi.”

“No, I’m not. I was born as Marco Rossi.”

“But that’s impossible! Marco is dead! You’re a full-fledged woman and have given birth to two children. You can never have been born a man.”

“Nevertheless I was. My sister and I grew up with two very good parents. No child could ask for better parents than we got. The only thing wrong was my father’s job. My mother didn’t like it, and she tried all she could to prevent us from being sent to summer camp. But to no avail, both my sister and I had to go to one for six whole summers. When I was a freshman in Senior High something happened that turned our situation upside down. My father was killed. This made me really realize what I might end up as, and I didn’t want that. Neither would my mother and sister. So from that day on we worked on various plans to run away from you guys.

“The opportunity didn’t come up until many years later. My mother became terminally sick with cancer. I understood then that my mother couldn’t run away, so my sister and I decided to wait until she died. From that day on everything went as clockwork. My sister disappeared, the police was tipped off, and I had made it clear that I would cooperate with the Feds. You know all about the raid, of course. I was captured in the first raid like the rest of the guys. But I was taken into special custody while waiting for the trial. To have more freedom I volunteered to dress as a woman.

“This was something I had started in College and now came into full use. I liked it, and decided to go all the way when the trial was over. When we left the courthouse after the verdict Marco was shot in full view. You hired the shooter, but he worked for FBI. He did his job and I did mine. I fell down and was announced dead on the spot. I had a beautiful funeral and my body was lowered into the ground. What happened from there on you can only speculate. From that day on I’ve been living as a woman full time. I had my operation just after graduation from College.

“I got a job with the FBI right away. They had already been through the hard disks on the 14 computers confiscated and the information found there was enough to send the first bunch to jail. When I started my work I taught the Feds how to get access to the classified parts of the hard disks. That revealed an ocean of new information, enough for a second trial. You know the outcome of that, of course.

“Finally we managed to connect to your mainframe machine and could monitor everything. That was what finally brought you and other top men in the country down. We have everything you had and have taken advantage of that.”

“I admit defeat. If anybody could orchestrate what has happened it must have been Marco. He was very clever and I had great plans for him in our organization. I saw in him the person most likely to take my position. I’m sorry he turned on us. You may or may not be Marco. I don’t care. The only thing I’m sure of is that Marco must be alive in order for such a thing to happen. No other person in our organization could have managed to do what he has just done. But please tell me one thing; where is Maria?”

“Maria is safe, living under a new identity in a European country. For your information, she has been here several times since she first left.”

"I don't believe everything you've just told me. I still believe you are Maria and that Marco is living somewhere where he cannot be found. I bet he'll be back when I'm dead. I remember once incident though. One of my lawyers thought you looked somewhat familiar and managed to steal a cup with your prints and DNA. He thought he found a match between your fingerprints and Marco's, but somehow it turned out he was wrong. He didn't find a match with Maria either. Do you have any comments to that incident?"

"First it wasn't my cup, it belonged to another female colleague that was at the table when I arrived. I saw your lawyer staring at me and switched the cup with my own without him noticing. I only made sure that my prints, and my prints only were on the cup. The DNA came from a completely different person. We had also found that you stored the prints and DNA from every person in your organization, living or dead, including the spouses and children. We managed to switch Maria's and my data. For me it was almost too late; it was my prints, or Marco's, your lawyer had seen on the screen, but when he returned the switch had been made. That way it looked like had made a fool of himself while in he fact he was right. Satisfied?"

"Yes. Now I will face my sentence. I'm old and I have cancer so I don't care. The only sad thing was that there's no one to take over the organization at the moment. It could have been Marco; he had the wits and capacity. It's a pity he betrayed us. But watch your steps, in a few years the organization will be back and you folks will be the prime targets."

"I doubt that. We have everything covered and know that someone will try again. But at this stage we have found no one that's strong and ruthless enough. It requires men or women like you to run an organization like that. We expect only some pale imitations in the years to come."

"You may be right, or you might not be. I take your last statement as a compliment. I consider it an honor to hear it from you, the only person who has defeated me."

"Thank you. You were good as a leader of your organization; I don't think they could have had a better man. If you had headed a normal company I'm sure you would have turned it into a very successful one. It was not only me that brought you down, it was more the information we had available to us and the way we used it. We were a very good team."

"I only wish you had had worked for me." With these words he left the room to be executed. Thirty minutes later he was dead.

Michelle continued to work for FBI. She still had a lot of work to do. Everything from the three trials was on record and stored properly. She also worked out a very comprehensive report on what had happened over the past years. In her private life she and her husband raised their two children and lived happily as an upper middle-class family. Dr. Manning still had eggs and sperm on stock just in case Michelle wanted more babies. She and Peter had talked about it and had decided to wait a few years before they increased the family.

Maria, or Karen, married a fellow student. They moved to the U.S. for two years to finish a master's degree. Later they moved back and had three children together. Karen and Michelle stayed in touched all the time. Later Karen's husband learned the modified version of their story and that they in reality were sisters.

THE END