



Reluctant Press presents:

NYPD Tranny

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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N.Y.P.D. TRANNY

By Jennifer Lauren

CHAPTER ONE

When Sgt. Shawn Elliot was promoted to detective after only five years on the force, he became the youngest police officer ever in NYPD history to head up his own narcotics team. Working out of the 57th precinct in Greenwich Village, the 25 yr. old detective led his team on a number of assaults against the local mob drug cartels.

Shawn was a good cop, as had been his father. It was all he ever wanted to be. And he was quite adept at putting away gang members, hoodlums and heavy-handed pimps set on breaking the laws of the city of New York. He gained a lifetime of experience working his way up from rookie street cop to sergeant to Watch Commander and then to detective. Shawn's wife Gina wasn't crazy about her husband's recent promotion to Narcotics, but the extra money would come in handy for the new apartment they had rented. Gina was anxious on starting a family, but Shawn had put her off, citing that they would start a family after he finished his three-year tour with the Narcotics division.

They had gotten married after Shawn graduated from the police academy five years earlier. Gina had chosen not to work even though the two newlyweds could have used the money. Shawn made up for his wife's shortcomings by working 15 to 20 hours a week overtime. But he was beginning to fatigue from the additional hours and it was evident to everyone who knew him that Shawn was burning out fast. His health was beginning to suffer and his reaction time was dulled by the long hours working Narcotics.

Working the docks late one Friday night in August, Shawn and his team raided an old warehouse that was a suspected Methamphetamine lab. They had rehearsed the raid over and over again. Every man knew where he was to be and what he was supposed to do.

Everyone was wearing a bullet-proof vest, including Shawn, when they busted the door down and went charging into the musky darkness of the warehouse. Leading a section of three other officers, Shawn took his men upstairs and began searching.

The word on the street was that the mafia was using this building as a drug storage facility before shipping it out across the city and the country. And it was Shawn's job to keep as much as possible of the drug trade out of business and off the streets.

While Shawn and his men investigated the darkened rooms upstairs, other officers searched the ground floor. If there was anybody in that building they would find them.

Shawn heard a noise behind him. He wheeled around and saw a figure standing about ten feet away in the shadows. A second later a flash of light and an incredible BOOM! echoed through the upper floors of the warehouse.

Shawn dropped to his knees, feeling as if his middle was on fire. He tried to speak but no words came out.

A chorus of fire erupted from behind him and he saw the shadow fly backward into a wall and collapse in a heap. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion to Shawn. He glanced down at the area just below his Kevlar vest and past out. When he came to ten minutes later he was being hurriedly loaded aboard an ambulance.

"Just take it easy, soldier. Hang in there, Shawn!"

It was the voice of his partner, Sgt. Jill Murray.

Once inside, the ambulance started moving. The pain down below was so intense Shawn felt like screaming, but he didn't. A warm wetness seemed to be flowing down his thighs and he realized that this was his life blood draining away. Apparently the paramedics couldn't stop the bleeding . . .

"Shawn . . . Shawn can you hear me?" a female voice asked.

It was Gina's voice and it sounded frightened.

"Please, Shawn, wake up!" she began to sob.

He could hear the desperate pleas of his wife but he couldn't respond to her. He couldn't move no matter how hard he tried. His eyes fluttered open and he could see Gina sitting next to his bed, a look of horror in her eyes. He couldn't move because the heavy doses of pain medication he was receiving rendered him incapable of responding to her. He could only look at her, trying to reassure her with his eyes. But she was too upset and crying too hard to see how badly he was trying to communicate with her. Shawn tried to move his hand but found it impossible. He wanted to tell her that everything was going to be all right . . .

"I'm sorry, but there was nothing we could do to save his genitals." A man's voice from the door said.

"We did everything possible, but his penis and testicles were mangled by the close range shotgun blast."

"Are you telling me that my husband can no longer make love to me?" Gina's voice cracked.

"That's true, Mrs. Elliot. Right now we are just trying to save his life." Gina burst into tears, wailing uncontrollably.

"Why don't you go home, Mrs. Elliott? I'll have an officer take you home. We'll let you know if there are any changes. But I wouldn't get your hopes up. The next twenty-four hours will be critical."

"Oh, my God, what has happened to me?" Shawn thought in his drug-induced stupor. He faded off into black. A week and three surgeries would come to pass before he re-awakened.

Shawn heard voices in his room as he slowly came out of the drug induced coma.

"He's coming out of it, doctor." A female voice said.

"Shawn? I'm Doctor Becker. Can you hear me?"

Shawn's eyes fluttered open and he desperately tried to focus on the two forms standing next to his hospital bed. His lower body felt as if it was on fire and he struggled to clear his mind.

"We thought we'd lost you a couple of times." Dr. Becker spoke softly.

"Water." Shawn managed to croak.

The nurse handed the doctor a plastic cup with a straw and he held the straw to Shawn's cracked lips.

"Where am I?" Shawn managed to rasp, a dribble of water running down his chin.

"You're at Mercy Hospital. You've been here almost a week. We've stopped the bleeding down below and saved your left leg, but we need to discuss something very important right now. Do you understand me?" The doctor said seriously.

"What's that?" Shawn asked, as if waiting for the next shoe to drop.

The doctor motioned for the nurse to shut the door.

"Mr. Elliott . . ." he began.

"Shawn, please." Shawn corrected him.

"And be straight with me all the way."

"Very well." Dr. Becker took a deep breath.

"You are lucky to be alive. The shotgun blast blew your testicles off and a portion of your inner thigh... Your penis was shredded beyond repair. We had to remove it."

"Are you saying I'll never be able to make love to my wife again?" Shawn finally spoke.

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

Shawn's mind exploded into a thousand different thoughts. What would he do? What was to become of him? Gina would surely leave him because she wanted and needed a lot of sex. Before the accident, Shawn was giving it to her four or five times a week!

He struggled back to the here and now.

"What are my options, if any?" Shawn asked.

"Well, you could live out your life in a castrated condition."

"You mean a freak?" Shawn said, his voice cracking.

"Or you could start a new life."

"What new life?"

"A new life as a woman."

"What do you mean?"

"We can rebuild you. We have the technology. You would be a prime candidate for Sexual Reassignment Surgery."

"You've got to be kidding!" Shawn said.

"No, Shawn, I am not kidding. I'm very serious. This same accident has happened dozens of times and men have begun new lives as women. Anyway, the choice is yours, but we don't have much time if the operation is to be a success." Dr. Becker said.

"You think about it. Talk to your wife about it. Let me know by this evening."

He grabbed his clipboard and left. The young nurse just stood there for a moment, unsure of what to say.

"Can I get you anything, Mr. Elliott?" she finally asked.

"Not unless you can get me back my balls." Shawn spat angrily.

The nurse disappeared out the door.

Shawn laid there, his mind haunted by the reality of his situation. He figured that he'd already lost Gina. The reality of no more sex would send her packing. Shawn knew that she needed a man, a real man with a good, hard cock. The bigger the better!

But his career, his life. That was a different matter. Being a cop was all that really mattered to him and he knew it. He started contemplating the possibilities of continuing in police work as a woman. Could he do that? And would the department still accept him. Or her? Shawn agonized over these issues for a long time until he made his decision. In fact, he made his decision just before Gina came by to see him that afternoon.

"How do you feel?" Gina's voice echoed across the room.

Shawn could tell by her tone that she'd already spoke with Dr. Becker.

"I'll make it they tell me." He answered, not looking at her.

"That's good." Gina said, unsure of what to say next.

Shawn just lay there quietly, anticipating his wife's inevitable question.

"Is it true about your genitals?" she finally asked, sitting in a chair beside the bed.

"That's right. Blown clean off." Shawn said.

"You mean we can never have sex again?" she asked more directly.

"Yes."

Gina squirmed in her chair uncomfortably. She reached into her purse and took out a cigarette but when she realized where she was she put it away.

"I don't think I can handle this, Shawn." She finally said.

"I need to be with a man. I need to feel his hardness."

"It's OK. I understand." He said, blinking back the tears.

"Hey, look, I gotta go." Gina said suddenly, standing on wobbly legs.

"Where are you going?" Shawn asked, incredulously.

"I don't want to miss Happy Hour," she said, forcing a smile.

"You take care, Shawn. I'll be moved out in a few days."

Shawn just nodded. She had reacted exactly how he thought she would. With coldness and indifference. It had always been about Gina. And now she was bailing out of their relationship for good.

She turned and walked out the door as casually as she had walked in.

Later that afternoon Dr. Becker returned to check on Shawn. He had a couple of Intern's with him and asked Shawn if it would be all right if his student's observed. Shawn nodded his head.

Dr. Becker changed Shawn's bandages and discussed Shawn's unfortunate situation with his students. Each of the doctors- to- be gazed at the wound with intensity and curiosity. Although Shawn hadn't seen the extent of his injuries yet, the young doctor's reaction said it all.

He had already lost his wife to this hideous mutilation of his manhood. Now the only thing on Shawn Elliott's mind was how to return to being a cop.

"Have you made a decision?" Dr. Becker asked quietly.

His student's suddenly became silent.

"Could I still be a cop? Could I still do my job?" Shawn asked.

"I don't see why not. You'll have to put in a couple of months worth of dedicated physical therapy and work things out with your superiors, but I don't see any reason you couldn't return to being a cop." Dr. Becker said.

"Then let's do the surgery." Shawn said.

"Alright then. I'll make the arrangements right away."

"By the way, doc, what is it that you're going to do, exactly?" Shawn asked.

"We will create a surgical vagina for you from what's left of your shredded organs. You will have a fully functioning female vagina. And I'm certain that with some nerve-splicing we can give you a considerable amount of sensation in that area."

"Then what happens?"

"Then I can arrange for you to see a therapist who will indoctrinate you on all aspects of your "transformation." Dr. Kelly Thompson is very good. She will teach you all that you'll need to know about becoming a woman. She will get you started on hormone therapy which will induce your breasts to grow and your body to feminize. She will be there every step of the way until you're living on your own as a female."

“Very well.” Shawn said, squirming on the bed, trying to get more comfortable.

“I’ll send the papers up for your signature soon and we’ll get you moved and prepped.” Dr. Becker smiled.

“And don’t worry. It will be OK. I’ve done dozens of these operations.”

Shawn nodded weakly. What else was he to do? The last thing he needed in his life was to be some kind of circus freak. At least with the surgery he had a chance at an entirely new life. And Shawn not only wanted to live, but he wanted a chance at life again. Even if that meant becoming a woman. That would be much better than living out his days as a one-man freak show.

Dr. Becker arranged everything. Later that evening while Jill was visiting, Shawn got the news that his surgery was set for 8 AM the next morning.

Shawn turned a whiter shade of pale and felt sick to his stomach. It would all be different in a few short hours.

“There are a lot of people pulling for you, Shawn.” Jill said, taking his hand.

“You’re going to be alright, you’ll see!”

She was strong and he admired her for it. They had a special bond not unlike those of combat soldiers who’ve served together in battle. She was the best. They’d saved each other’s lives on several occasions. Jill stayed at Shawn’s bedside until he fell asleep.

Around 3 AM they came and took Shawn to prep him for surgery. That day would be a very long one indeed.

CHAPTER TWO

Shawn was in and out of consciousness during the morning of his surgery. He was vaguely aware of the hustle and bustle going on around him, the pricks and the sharp jabs. All Shawn could seem to focus on was the thought that he’d soon be beginning a new chapter in his life. When they finally wheeled him into surgery he was pondering a new name.

“Are you ready to go, Shawn?” he heard Dr. Becker’s voice.

Shawn gave him a weak “thumbs up” sign as the Anesthesiologist fitted a mask over his face.

A few seconds later and he was out for the count. It’s amazing how much we all put our trust in people we don’t even know. And yet Shawn was trusting Dr. Becker to give him a whole new persona.

Shawn’s surgery began at 8 AM and was still progressing at noon. At around 1 PM Dr. Becker finished his task, which was constructing a real female vagina out of the few bits of nerve and fiber that was left. Although he had very little to work with, the good doctor

knew his craft and did an amazing job. Although swollen and puffy, the new vagina looked like the real thing.

During the following week Shauna was hurting. But not the kind of intense pain he was in before the surgery. No, this was different. It was more like discomfort rather than outright pain. His nurses got him up and made him walk daily. Toward the end of the week he or rather, she, began to regain her appetite.

“What have you decided to call yourself?” Jill asked during her last night in the hospital.

“I’ve decided on Shauna.”

“I should have known: that’s a beautiful name!” Jill jibed.

Somehow, Shauna knew that Jill would be there for her. She had already offered her second bedroom to her until she got on her feet and got back to work. She also offered to take Shauna to her medical and therapy appointments

“You’re still the best cop I know, male or female.” Jill told Shauna as she wheeled her out of the hospital and to her car.

“And you’re the best friend anyone’s ever had, Jill.” Shauna commented.

“Yeah, well, maybe I could show you a thing or two about being a woman. After all, I’ve been one all my life!” Jill smiled.

Shauna was one week post-op when she moved in with Jill. She was still smarting somewhat, but got around well by herself and could do most of her required daily things by herself.

Jill had purchased Shauna some clothing and lingerie such as panties, bras and dresses and skirt outfits. She also bought her a couple of wigs and some shoes. These would be enough to get Shauna started and she could purchase more things later. Besides doctor appointments and therapy sessions, there was little time left for voice lessons and etiquette training. Jill worked with Shauna for nearly two weeks, showing her how to walk, talk, and “pass” as a real woman.

When the day came for her first therapy session, Shauna was more than ready. She had decided to go all out and apply all that Jill had taught her. Jill went along for support and even cheered Shauna on while the therapist put her through her paces. Good thing she wore sweats and a sweatshirt. After forty minutes she was thrashed and collapsed on the icing table.

“Good job, Shauna! See you on Wednesday, same time.” The young therapist said.

Jill sat down next to Shauna.

“You did great today!” Jill told her.

“I can’t imagine having to go through this three times a week for the next six weeks.” Shauna moaned quietly.

“Let’s go.”

“Where are we going?” Shauna asked Jill as they left the building.

“Your next appointment. Nobody said that this would be easy.” Jill chided.

"You're kidding, right? Jill? . . . Jill?"

She got into the car.

"Let's go, daylight's a wasting!" Jill called out like a drill sergeant.

Shauna got in and Jill drove them over to another kind of therapist. Her voice therapist, Dr. Julianne Welch.

When Shauna was called in for her voice therapy session, she turned to Jill.

"You're not coming?"

"No. I'll wait for you here." Jill said, picking up a magazine.

Shauna followed the nurse down a long hallway until they came to the last door. The nurse knocked softly and stuck her head inside.

Dr. Welch, Shauna is here." She said.

"Please show her in."

The nurse stepped aside and Shauna walked in, trying not to stumble on the thickly padded carpet. She heard the door close behind her.

"Shauna Elliott? I'm Dr. Julianne Welch, but you can call me Julianne."

She rose from behind a massive oak desk and stuck out her hand. Behind the desk she looked so small. She was quite petite.

Shauna took her hand and shook it like a man would.

"Hello." She managed to croak.

"Please, sit." Dr. Welch gestured toward a chair beside her desk.

"We'll have to work in the handshake." She smiled.

"What do you mean?" Shauna asked.

"I mean you shook my hand like a man would. You wouldn't want the world to think you're a man dressed up like a woman, do you?"

"Of course not." Shauna said.

"Various people, mostly transsexuals, come to me to learn how to change their voices to sound more like a woman. The whole idea is this: It's all in your tone and delivery. I can show you how to speak and sound like a woman. And I can teach you how to act like a woman. Now the first aspect of this course is implicit obedience on your part..."

She took a sip of water for a glass on her desk and leaned back in her chair.

"I don't understand." Shauna said.

"You have to truly WANT to become a woman in your heart, otherwise this won't work. Do you really want to become a woman?" Dr. Welch asked pointedly.

"Yes, of course I do!" Shauna burst out.

"It's not as if I have a whole lot of choice in the matter."

"That's where you have to change your thinking." Dr. Welch said.

"You've got to want this more than anything in the world to make the effort pay off. You've got to promise me you'll be here for your appointments on time. You have to do whatever I ask you to do, no questions asked, or the deal is off, understand?"

Shauna lowered her head and nodded.

"And if you work really hard, maybe, just maybe, you'll be able to "pass" as a real woman."

Shauna looked up, blinking back a tear.

"But I have to pass as a real woman if I'm going to get back on the force."

"That's right, Jill told me you were a cop and wanted to return to working in law enforcement."

The doctor flipped through Shauna's file.

She removed her glasses and set them on the desk, a somber look coming to her face.

"Well, Shauna, what's it going to be?"

"I can do it. I really want to make it." She sniffed.

"Good. That's what I wanted to hear."

She reached into a desk drawer and took out a thick pink booklet and two CD's.

"I want you to read this, a chapter per week. Practice the things that are on these CD's as well. The more you practice, the better you'll become. Understand?"

"I think so." Shauna said.

"You have to change your whole attitude. Your thoughts, your ideas, your dreams. Just remember this. You will get out of this what you put into it. And if you really want to become a cop again, you came to the right place."

During the last fifteen minutes of the session, Dr. Welch got Shauna going with a few words and phrases that would help her pass in public.

"Do you have a makeup coach?" the doctor asked at the end of the session.

"Jill has been helping me." Shauna said.

"Good. She did a good job with you. Just watch what she does and put it to memory. The whole idea is to look nice without going overboard. And remember this: A little bit goes a long way."

Shauna nodded mutely.

"What?" Dr. Welch tested her.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. That sounded better, but work on it every chance you get, OK?"

"I will, I promise."

"Good. Very good! I'll see you next week, same day and time, Shauna."

"Thank you, Julianne." Shauna sounded, almost smiling.

She winked at her.

Shauna left the office in great haste. She had remembered Jill promising to take her shopping for some new things and this sounded like more fun than therapy sessions.

Jill took Shauna downtown and they went to all the big stores. Shauna took \$1000 out of savings to cover this shopping spree. But she was a woman on a mission. Jill helped her with the style and colors of things that would accentuate her positive features: Her long, slender legs for a start.

She took Jill's advice and got several pairs of pantyhose, of various colors and textures. But she was also learning that she was a traditional dresser at heart and especially appreciated an older style of lingerie, such as garter belts and stockings. She took two garter belts, one black, the other white, and added them to her cart. Jill helped her pick out several pair of thigh-high stockings in beige, white and black.

Jill suggested two skirt suit combos that she could wear to job interviews or when she returned to the police department to try to get her job back. The skirts were rather short, but Shauna had the legs for them. She wanted to look nice and sexy, but professional at the same time. But she didn't want to compromise her belief to display what many would say was her finest attribute: Her legs.

Shauna had a weakness. She loved shoes. High-heel pumps or sandals. Even knee-high boots. It didn't take her long to spend the \$1000.

The two ambled out of Macy's with armloads of bags and boxes. Shauna was exhausted when they finally got back to Jill's apartment. She flopped onto her bed and slept until Jill called her for supper. She had been through a lot in the past couple of weeks and she knew she needed to find a way to build herself back up both physically and psychologically.

The department had put her on administrative leave for 90 days with pay. This was a blessing because she felt she needed to contribute to the cost of living expenses she and Jill had. Plus she needed money to pay for her voice therapy and a supply of female hormones prescribed by Dr. Becker. Her insurance didn't pay for these things. Maybe the insurance executives thought she should live as a castrated male freak instead? Insurance companies were so sterile. They knew nothing and could care less about Shauna and her new life. That night as Shauna lay in bed, she made a vow to herself. She was going to go all out and embrace her new life with gusto. Whatever it takes, I will do, she thought. She was bound and determined to be the best she could be. And right now that meant several grueling sessions of physical therapy in addition to her voice sessions and etiquette training.

Jill had acted as a liaison between Shauna and the department. They had told her that they would review her progress and abilities after 90 days and make a recommendation for rehire if she passed the physical and mental requirements of the department. This meant that Shauna had about ten weeks to get herself into shape in more ways than one.

"So much to do and so little time." Shauna said quietly over and over again, practicing her voice tones.

It wasn't long before she slipped off to sleep.

The next few weeks Shauna was a very busy girl indeed. She attended all of her scheduled therapy sessions in addition to putting in some serious overtime at the gym. She began dressing up everyday and putting her new style and mannerisms into practice. Her voice therapy paid off enormously and it gave Shauna the confidence to go anywhere, day or night, and “pass.” The large doses of Premarin she was taking were causing her breasts to blossom and her body to take on a more noticeable female shape.

A week before she was to go in and speak to the department board, Shauna’s breasts were filling out a 42C bra! And feeling better than she’d felt since the surgery. Dr. Welch was very proud of her and sent along a recommendation that Shauna Elliott be reinstated as a police officer as soon as possible.

Finally the big day arrived and Shauna dressed accordingly. She decided on wearing her navy blue skirt suit, nylons and matching 3” heel pumps. She had rehearsed over and over again in her head the things she wanted to say to the board. Chances were that this would be her one and only chance to get back on the force. At this point, she was even willing to start back at the bottom as a street cop or even a secretary. It would be a foot back in the door and she could prove herself and move up. Anything would be possible if only . . .

“It’s time to go.” Jill called through her bedroom door.

“I’m coming, Jill.” Shauna called back, checking her appearance in a full-length mirror before grabbing her purse.

“You look really nice!” Jill commented as they drove downtown to police headquarters.

“You really think so?” Shauna asked.

“I’m shaking.”

“You’ll do fine, you’ll see!” Jill said, patting her hand.

“I hope you’re right.”

Jill dropped Shauna off at the main entrance and went to park the car. Shauna reported on time to the desk sergeant who had Shauna wait in a room next door to the conference room where the board was meeting. She started fidgeting nervously and then stopped herself. She crossed her nylon-encased legs and the feeling of the material sent jolts of electricity throughout her body. Feeling a bit vulnerable and small, she cleared her mind and focused on the facts.

Whether she was a he or a she wasn’t the issue here. What was the issue was the fact that she still had the experience and skills needed to perform well as a police officer. And she hadn’t forgotten her training at the Academy. She could only hope that the board would see things this way as well.

“Ms. Elliott, would you please come in?” a woman’s voice said from the door.

Shauna smiled, stood and walked into the conference room. There was a table at the far end. Seated behind the table were two uniformed cops, a sergeant and a Captain, and two officers in plain clothes, a woman of about thirty and a man of about forty.

“Please come in and take a seat, Ms. Elliott.” One of the uniformed officers beckoned. Shauna walked over and sat in the chair opposite the table. She crossed her long, stockinged legs and straightened her skirt. It was game time.

“Officer Elliott . . .” the woman began.

“Please, call me Shauna.”

“Very well. Shauna, we’re going to be asking you a number of questions. Please answer them as truthfully and as accurately as possible.”

“I’ll do my best.” Shauna replied.

The woman smiled slightly and looked to the Captain.

“Ms. Elliott . . . Shauna. You have been through a very traumatic couple of months. Would you care to briefly tell the panel about that time period immediately following the shooting?”

Shauna sat back in her chair and drew in a deep breath. What she said and how she said it would have lasting repercussions in her life.

“I was basically given only two options.” Shauna began.

“The surgeon said that I could either live out my life as a castrated man or, with additional surgery, I could become a woman. The choice wasn’t easy for me to make, but I chose to become a woman because I love police work and being a cop. I’m third generation, through and through. I’ve been working out since a week after my surgery. And I’d just like to get back on the force, in whatever capacity . . .”



"You were a detective, correct?" the woman asked.

"Yes, I headed up Bravo team in The Village."

"What are your physical limitations?"

"None at this time." Shauna answered.

"I'm the same, physically, as any other female officer."

She wanted to say, "Want to see?" and show them that she really was a woman and not some freak, but refrained from such a display.

"I see." The woman said, writing something in a folder.

"I have discussed Shauna's case with her old supervisor, Capitan Lewis, and he recommended reinstating Officer Elliott to detective status as long as she can pass the physical. Seems Capitan Lewis thinks you're a pretty good cop." The Capitan said. "Thank you, sir." Shauna said.

The board asked a few more questions and then dismissed Shauna, telling her she'd hear from them in a few days. Shauna felt she had done well during the interview, but knew better than to get her hopes up. She returned home and waited. It would be nearly a week before she received the board's answer in the mail.

"Pending Officer Elliott's performance in the physical exam, it is the recommendation of this board that she be reinstated at the rank of sergeant and assigned to the 41st precinct for a probationary period of six months. During that time said officer's performance will be monitored and evaluated by Capitan Sharp, the precinct commander. Sergeant Elliott will report for her physical exam on Monday, June 21st, at 1 pm."

Shauna showed the letter to Jill, who glanced through it.

"Well, I guess that's that." Jill finally said, taking a cigarette from her purse and lighting it.

"I was kind of expecting to have to start out at the bottom again, but their giving me Sergeant." Shauna said.

"But it doesn't say anything about what exactly I'll be doing and in what capacity."

"That's true. Maybe they have a special project in mind for you. I heard that the mayor is all for this sort of thing." Jill said.

"I hope you're right. I'd just like to know a little more about what I'm getting myself into."

"I don't blame you. But I guess what it comes down to is this: Beggars can't be choosers."

That certainly was the truth. Jill knew Shauna better than anyone else. She knew that Shauna would do just about anything to get back on the force. And if that meant doing secretarial or administrative work, then so be it. She was determined to prove herself and earn her superiors respect. Maybe, then, after completing the six-month probation period, she would be reassigned to a job more worthy of her experience and talents.

What Shauna didn't realize at the time was the fact that she was developing an entirely new persona. And it was a world apart from the person that she used to be.

The female hormones were really beginning to take effect. Shauna's breasts had grown quite large and the shape and contours of her body were taking on a more feminine appearance. She was also beginning to wonder about her sexuality and what it would be like to be with a man for the first time. Or if she would be attracted to men at all. She began having very vivid dreams about men in general. Shauna knew that these new feelings she was experiencing were quite normal for a genetic woman. But she wasn't a genetic woman. She was a man who was literally forced into starting a new life as a female. And during the eighties in New York City this was no easy "assignment."

When it came right down to it, all Shauna really wanted was to live a normal, happy life, doing what she loved best. Police work. But she also knew that she needed to embrace her new lifestyle and gain some experience with men before she could ever be truly happy.

CHAPTER THREE

Shauna passed her physical and was told to report to Capitan Sharp in Brooklyn the following Monday morning. She still had no idea of what she would be doing, but she figured she'd find out soon enough.

Jill had arranged a double date with her boyfriend and his friend, a sort of celebration for Shauna's reinstatement back on the force. She and Jill were to meet the men in a Manhattan bar for drinks and then go to a movie premier. Shauna had scoffed at the idea but Jill was adamant about getting her friend out with a guy.

Hearing that the men were going to be in shirts and ties gave the girls freedom to wear their nicest eveningwear. Jill chose a short flower print dress and her highest heels, a pair of 4" heeled sandals. Shauna wore a soft knitted blue skirt and sweater set, nylons and her 3" heel black pumps. These were her favorite shoes because they made her long, shapely legs seem even longer.

Shauna didn't learn that this man didn't know that she wasn't a genetic female until they were only a few blocks from the bar.

"You mean he doesn't know about me?" Shauna asked, surprised.

"No, he doesn't know, but there's no reason he should know the gruesome details. As far as he's concerned, you are just another good-looking female cop on the force." Jill said.

"I guess it doesn't really matter after all. It's just that I feel kind of funny about all of this." Shauna said.

"Don't worry, you'll do just fine. I wouldn't have set this up if I had any doubts about you as a woman. You're very pretty and have a lot to offer a man, Shauna." Jill said pointedly.

"I hope you're right."

"But what if he, you know, starts messing with me?"

"You only do what you want to do. If it doesn't feel right, then tell him to knock it off. But if I know my Shauna's, I'm willing to bet that you'll take to men like a duck to water." Jill said, smiling mischievously.

She pulled the car into the parking lot of the bar.

"And don't worry. I'll be there with you. Besides, Conner is a pretty nice guy. You'll see."

Jill and Shauna got out of the car and entered the bar. Jill spotted her boyfriend and Conner sitting at a table near a stone fireplace at the back of the bar and waved. As the two approached the table, Jill's boyfriend and Conner stood.

"Shauna, this is my boyfriend Bruce and his friend Conner."

"Hello." Shauna nodded, smiling.

"The pleasure is all mine." Conner said, taking Shauna's hand.

This time she offered her hand like a lady would.

"Please, sit down ladies. What will you have?" Bruce asked.

"I'll have a Mud Slide." Jill said.

"And what would you like, Shauna?" Conner asked.

"I'll have a Tequila Sunrise." Shauna said.

She was a little nervous, hoping that her voice wouldn't give away her secret.

The men got up and walked over to the bar to order their drinks.

Jill saw that Shauna was a little uptight and reached over to touch her friend's hand in reassurance.

"Did I sound OK?" Shauna asked in a low voice.

"You sounded fine! Just relax and have fun!" Jill told her, giving Shauna a smile and a wink.

Shauna closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This wasn't as easy as she thought it would be.

By the time the guys returned with their drinks, Shauna had calmed down a bit. Jill had made a humorous remark about a woman across the room that had made Shauna stifle a giggle. Leave it to Jill to say something funny and get me to relax a little, Shauna thought. She was still smiling when the men returned with their beers and the two mixed drinks for the ladies.

"What's so funny?" Bruce asked, an amused look on his face.

"Oh, nothing. Just girl talk." Jill quickly answered, looking over at Shauna and winking.

Shauna smiled back knowingly. She was glad that Jill was with her. She couldn't imagine going out in public for the first time as Shauna without her! She boosted her confidence.

"Thank you!" Shauna said, accepting the drink from Conner.

He nodded, smiling back at her.

"You know, you have a beautiful smile." Conner said, taking a sip of his beer.

"Thanks. So do you!" Shauna beamed.

She noticed that he was checking her out in a way that he'd looked at his wife when they'd first met. There seemed to be a strange chemistry at work here. But it was all so new to her and she didn't really know what to make of it. She took a sip of her drink, her eyes and Conner's locked together.

He was rather handsome, Shauna thought. And he had these amazingly green smiling eyes that seemed to see right through to her soul! Her heart started to pound inside her chest with the realization that she obviously intrigued this man!

"So, Shauna, Jill tells me that you're a cop, too?" Bruce asked.

"Yes, that's right." She responded.

"Sounds dangerous, especially here in New York." Conner added.

"It's is, I guess." Shauna said.

"But it's also very exciting and challenging. My father was a cop as his father before him. It's the only thing I've ever wanted to be, I guess. I can't imagine ever doing anything else."

"Conner is an attorney." Jill added, stirring her drink with her straw and winking at him.

"Oh, really?" Shauna said, starting to loosen up a bit.

"That's right. I work for Jim Coffey, the district attorney." Conner told her.

"He's an assistant district attorney, actually." Bruce commented.

"One of several." Conner smiled.

"Sounds exciting." Shauna said.

"Working on any interesting cases?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am. I'm trying a case against a suspected mob gunman who is accused of shooting a police officer a couple of months ago."

"Oh, really?" Jill asked, glancing at Shauna.

"Yeah. The guy's a real scumbag. The D.A.'s office has tried him twice before for shootings and weapons violations but we've never been able to make the charges stick."

"Why is that?" Shauna asked, her curiosity aroused.

Conner took a long slug on his beer.

"He works for Tony Beneti, you know, one of the top Italian mafia bosses in the city. He and his sleazy but top-notch lawyers always seem to find a glitch in the evidence and then exploit it, getting the guy off on a technicality."

"I've heard of Beneti. We've been trying to nail him for years." Jill said.

"Yeah, and his power and money always seem to save him." Shauna added.

"Every cop in town has heard of him."

"Word has it that he even has some high ranking cops on his payroll." Bruce said.

"And he claims to be bullet-proof. Quite a few people who have crossed him or tried to nail him have ended up in the East River."

The four had been so engrossed in conversation that they failed to notice a band setting up on the platform in front of the small dance floor. In addition, the volume level of voices and laughter had increased dramatically as people drifted into the place and filled the remaining tables and bar stools.

As the band began tuning their instruments and testing the mikes, Jill interceded.

"Enough shop talk." She said.

"Let's enjoy the music."

"But what about the movie?" Shauna asked, bewildered.

"It doesn't start until ten. We have over an hour yet." Jill told her, giving her a wink.

Uh-oh. Whenever Jill winked at her she knew that something was going to happen. And Shauna somehow knew that it would be something that would take her out of her comfort zone!

"I'm gonna get another beer." Conner announced.

"Me too." Bruce chimed in.

"Would you like another?" Conner asked Shauna.

"What?"

"Would you like another?" Conner repeated, pointing to her empty glass.

"Sure!" she said.

Bruce pointed at Jill's glass and she nodded in the affirmative. As the band began to play it was nearly impossible to communicate without the use of hand signals and gestures.

As the men got up and headed toward the bar, Shauna leaned over to speak in Jill's ear.

"What are you up to, Jill?" Shauna asked her seriously.

"I know something is up when you have that look on your face."

The playful smile quickly grew into a broad grin on Jill's face and she moved her lips close to Shauna's ear.

"Bruce and I have been here before. The band is great! I thought a little dancing would liven up the night!" Jill told her.

“Oh, no! I can’t! I mean, I don’t know how!” Shauna panicked.

“Just relax and follow my lead. It’ll be fun, you’ll see!”

“Jill, I can’t!”

But it was too late. The band started playing a very good rendition of Led Zeppelin’s “Stairway to Heaven,” a rock ballad that begins slowly and then traverses into a very fast-moving song. Jill and Shauna both knew the song well. They were in high school when it was a hit. Not an easy song to dance to by any measure. A slow dance to start and then a difficult transition into a fast dance put fear into the hearts of all who ever tried to dance to it and still look “cool.”

As the men returned to the table with the drinks, people started migrating to the dance floor.

Shauna had time to take one quick sip on her drink before Jill said: “Let’s go for it!”

Jill stood and Bruce took her hand and led her to the dance floor. She glanced back over her shoulder and mouthed the words: “Come on!” to Shauna and Conner. Shauna’s heart started to pound once again when Conner leaned over to her and asked her the inevitable question:

“You wanna dance?”

Shauna was scared stiff but didn’t want to be the “party-pooper.” Feeling as if she was in a dream, she smiled and nodded. She stood up, balancing precariously in her 4” heels as Conner took her by the hand and led her toward the dance floor. She felt quite self-consciousness as she walked with Conner in her short skirt and high heels, praying that she wouldn’t stumble and fall on her face in the crowded bar! She was also keenly aware of Conner’s large, masculine hand grasping hers and the strange sensation it raised in her.

Jill had her arms around Bruce’s neck and her cheek against his shoulder as they moved slowly together, his hands around her slender waist.

Shauna’s heart was racing as she faced Conner and hesitated. He was so tall! Even in her heels Conner towered over her! He placed his hands on her hips, pulling her close to him as she snaked her arms around his neck and nestled her cheek into his broad, muscular chest as she had seen Jill do.

She began following his lead and moved in rhythm to the music.

“My God, but he’s strong!” Shauna thought as she nuzzled her face further into his chest.

“And he smells so good!”

She felt herself starting to relax, although her heart was still racing. These feelings were all so new to her. So strange and yet, so exciting at the same time! It felt as if their bodies had become one, moving and swaying slowly to the music. When they began their dance, the close proximity of Conner made her wish that the music would hurry up and finish so she could get back into her own private little “space.” But after a few moments, as their bodies seemed to merge, she felt she never wanted the music to stop!

After years of male conditioning and being in control, Shauna suddenly felt as if a great weight had been lifted off her shoulders. Her newfound emotions and feelings exploded in

a thousand different directions, intensified by the hormones that now coursed through her veins.

She caught a glimpse of Jill smilingly whispering in Bruce's ear and then glancing at her, giving her that inevitable wink of hers. Shauna smiled back, her eyelids heavy with contentment. The music was increasing in tempo, moving faster and faster. But Shauna was not worried. She felt she would relinquish control and let Conner decide when the right time had come to break away from each other and start fast dancing.

Shauna wasn't concerned with her inability to fast dance like a woman either. She would trust Jill's example and her own feelings and emotions to carry her through. That realization was so liberating to her! The revelation that a woman didn't necessarily have to know how to do EVERYTHING took the burden of her worries away!

Conner and Bruce simultaneously released Jill and Shauna about the same moment and the four started fast dancing to the music along with everyone else on the crowded dance floor. Shauna had remembered that Jill was a good dancer and followed her moves as best she could. This turned out to be easier than Shauna thought it would be and soon she was moving with the music as well if not better than any of the best female dancers on the floor! She noticed that Conner was watching her with a hungry look in his eyes as he moved to the music as well. Conner was a good dancer as well!

But after a grueling thirty minutes on the dance floor, the men, amazingly, capitulated first, electing to return to their table and slake their thirsts. Jill wanted to continue dancing. She hadn't even worked up a sweat yet. But deciding not to tempt fate by wearing her friends out too quickly, she conceded to the welcomed break.

Shauna returned to the table, picked up a menu and began fanning herself with it.

"Whew! Now that was a workout!" she told Conner.

"Tell me about it!" Conner added.

"I'm really out of shape!"

Shauna saw an opportunity to stroke his ego and proceeded.

"I thought you did pretty well out there! You're a great dancer!" she told him, raising her voice above the din as the band moved seamlessly into a new set.

"Thanks, but you were great out there! I had no idea that you were so good, otherwise I would have suggested to Bruce and Jill that we spend the evening here instead of taking in a movie."

Shauna just smiled. She seemed to be learning that sometimes a smile says it all.

After another drink and a couple more dances, Jill announced reluctantly that it was time to leave if they were going to catch the movie premiere. The men guided Jill and Shauna through the crowd and out into a chilly New York night. Since the theater was only a couple of blocks down the street, Jill suggested that they walk rather than take the car, then try to find a new parking space. Everyone seemed to be in agreement as the cool night air felt good to them.

Bruce and Jill took the lead, walking a few paces ahead of Conner and Shauna. The sounds and the smells of a typical New York Friday night were evident in the air as the

two couples strolled down Fourth Avenue in Manhattan. Traffic was heavy, as usual, as cars and taxicabs jockeyed for position as they had done for years.

Bruce took Jill's hand as they walked and Shauna could sense Conner watching her out of the corner of his eye as they walked.

"Cold?" Conner asked.

"A little." Shauna answered.

She had opted for a light knitted wrap but it wasn't enough to fight off the night chill.

Conner removed his jacket and placed it over Shauna's shoulders.

"Thanks!" she said, feeling its warmth.

Conner placed his arm around her shoulder as they walked. She could tell that he seemed to really like her. And that was OK by her! She was beginning to like him as well!

Walking beside him in her 4" heeled sandals down that crowded sidewalk took a lot of concentration, though. She yearned for the day when she would be able to walk in them as if they were second nature.

After a few minutes they arrived at the theater with a few minutes to spare. As the men purchased their tickets, Jill and Shauna huddled by the door.

"You two seem to be hitting it off." Jill smiled.

"He seems like a really nice guy." Shauna said matter-of-factly.

"Uh-huh." Jill added, chiding her.

"A great dancer and a gentleman to boot."

"I saw him take off his jacket and give it to you. I guess chivalry isn't dead after all."

The four went inside and Shauna and Jill visited the ladies room while the guys bought some popcorn and sodas.

Strangely, this was the first time Shauna had ever been in a ladies restroom! It was lacking in urinals but not in conversation it seemed. There were quite a few teenage girls as well as young women jabbering excitedly about their dates or jockeying for position at the mirror, applying fresh coats of lipstick or gloss. She was amazed at how closely the ritual resembled what she remembered the men's room to be like: Guys combing their hair, talking with their friends about their dates, etc. Maybe men and women were more alike than they'd care to admit, she thought.

They met the guys in the lobby and ventured into the still lit theater armed with popcorn and large Pepsi's. Bruce scouted out four seats together in the middle of the theater and the four made their way over people's legs and feet until they finally arrived at the chosen seats.

Bruce and Conner sat in the outside seats so that Jill and Shauna could sit together, yet be by their dates. As the theater darkened and the coming attractions began, Shauna squirmed slightly in her seat, pulling down her short skirt that was just barely covering the dark tops of her gartered nylons. Crossing her legs, she realized that Conner was watching her.

"What is it?" Shauna finally asked, bewildered by the amused glint in his eyes.

"Nothing." He said, placing his arm around the back of her seat.

"No, what is it?" Shauna persisted.

Conner paused for a moment, seemingly searching for the right words. A smile came to his lips and he motioned for Shauna to lean closer to him, which she did.

"I couldn't help but notice you wear a garter belt and stockings instead of pantyhose." He began.

"When we were dancing tonight and my hands were on your hips I thought I felt it."

"Yeah . . . so?" Shauna asked.

"Well, you have beautiful legs and I think that a garter belt and stockings are so much more erotic and sensual than pantyhose."

"Well, thank you I guess." Shauna smiled, sensing his slight embarrassment.

"You really think I have nice legs . . . ?" Shauna whispered.

"You bet I do!" Conner smiled.

"It has been really hard keeping my hands off them all night, but I thought you'd think I was getting too chummy."

Shauna thought about what he'd said for a moment, then leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"You can touch them, Conner. You've been a real gentleman tonight and I trust you."

"You do?" he asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Besides, if you go too far, I'll let you know." She smiled slyly.

Shauna felt elated. Conner's interest and compliments made her confidence soar to new heights! This new game was fun!

By the time the movie began Conner had casually removed his arm from the back of Shauna's seat and placed his hand on her nylon-encased thigh. His touch was electric as he began to squeeze and massage her leg while they watched the movie. Shauna's first instinct was to lean over and place her head on Conner's shoulder. But she decided against this. She didn't want to distract Jill, who seemed to be watching them out of the corner of her eye.

Shauna was afraid that Jill would think she was being too forward and flirty with Conner, considering that this was their first date together. But Conner's touch was hard for her to ignore. She was finally beginning to relax and feel comfortable with him. A strange yearning crept into her soul. A desire that she had never felt before. She tried to suppress it by focusing her attention on the movie but soon found her thoughts drifting back to the raging desire that seemed to consume her. There was an undeniable chemistry between her and Conner. That much she knew. But there was a battle going on inside of her. A part of her, the part that had been male for so many years, caused her to hesitate. The other part, the new, feminine part of her, wanted to surrender to his loving touch and attentive-

ness. The feeling was so new and so foreign to her, yet it seemed to be crying out for release! Her physical body had been changed so dramatically over the past couple of months but her mind was still in the process of catching up!

Shauna felt an insatiable urge to return his attentions and touch him as well. Her heart was pounding again and her hands were damp. It was now or never, she thought. Reaching her hand down, Shauna placed her small hand over Conner's, hoping that he'd take the initiative. He took her small, soft hand in his and entwined his fingers with hers. The contact sent shivers up and down her spine and her pulse quickened. She didn't understand these new and exciting emotions bursting within her. But one thing she knew for sure was she was glad that Jill and Bruce were there with her. At this point Shauna didn't trust herself and knew that things would most likely grow out of control if not for their presence.

Conner was behaving quite honorably. It was Shauna who felt as if she was losing control!

Shauna remembered very little about the rest of the movie. When the four got up to leave at the end, she felt as if she were in some kind of strange trance. Conner had led her from the movie theater, and seemed reluctant to release her hand, which he still held possessively in his.

The four returned to Bruce's car and the men dropped the women off at Jill's place. Before leaving the car Jill turned to Bruce and kissed him.

"Thanks for a fun evening." She told him.

"We'll have to do it again sometime soon."

While Jill and Bruce were saying their goodnights, Conner turned to Shauna. He raised his hand up to touch her face, looking deeply into her eyes.

"I had a great time tonight, Shauna." He said.

"So did I." Shauna said, looking into his eyes as well.

Conner leaned over and kissed Shauna softly on the lips.

"When can I see you again?" he asked.

Shauna hesitated, her mind drawing a blank brought on by Conner's unexpected kiss.

"You can call me. You have my number . . ." Shauna spoke, as if in a dream.

"I'll do that. And Shauna . . .?" Conner said as she exited the back seat of the car, joining Jill on the sidewalk.

"Yes?"

He got out of the back and moved to the front passenger seat.

"You're a great dancer."

Shauna smiled at him as he buckled his seatbelt. He winked back at her.

"Bye." She said.

Her and Jill turned and headed up the walkway to the stairs that led to the apartment. They heard the car start and drive off as they ascended the stairs and Jill reached into her purse for the key to her apartment.

“Well, what did you think of Conner?” Jill asked as she slipped the key into the lock and opened the door.

“He’s a great guy. A real gentleman, too!” Shauna answered as she followed Jill into the apartment.

Jill sat on the sofa and patted the cushion next to her, indicating for Shauna to sit beside her. Shauna set her purse on the end table and sat, straightening her skirt as she did so.

“You did really well tonight.” Jill told her.

“Well, you sort of surprised me with the dancing. I wasn’t expecting that.” Shauna said.

“Yes, but by taking you out of your ‘comfort zone,’ and putting you into an unknown situation, it caused you to grow in so many ways.” Jill told her, taking her hands in hers.

“I don’t understand.” Shauna said.

Jill took a deep breath.

“You had to do something tonight that you didn’t think you were ready for, right?”

“That’s certainly true!” Shauna agreed.

“You learned to trust yourself in spontaneous situations that were out of your control. And you took control, spread your wings and flew solo. I was so proud of you, Shauna! You’re beginning to embrace your new female personality and that’s not something that me or any of your therapists can teach you. You sometimes have to put yourself into new situations in order to gain the self-confidence you’ll need to get you through. Understand?”

“I think so.” Shauna reasoned.

“What you’re saying is that in order for me to grow as a woman, I need to challenge myself in all the strange and new situations that a woman has to deal with.”

“That’s about the size of it.” Jill said, smiling.

“It’s a lot like becoming a trained police officer. Everything that you learn must become second-nature to you in order to become a good cop. It’s the same with becoming a woman.”

“I see what you mean.” Shauna said.

Shauna and Jill called it a night and went to bed. Shauna slipped into a white lace nylon nightgown and snuggled into bed, listing to the sounds of the city as she closed her eyes. Thoughts of her first evening out with a man crept into her mind. She did have a wonderful time. Still, she was confused about her apparent attraction and desire for Conner. She tried to sweep the carnal thoughts she was feeling for Conner from her head but it was unsuccessful.

She even tried thinking about what her first day back on the force was going to be like Monday morning. What would her duties entail? And in what capacity would she be working? Still, her thoughts returned to Conner.

If she had been born a genetic female, she thought, these desires and emotions would be quite normal. But she wasn't a genetic female. She was a transsexual woman. Could it be the female hormones that were causing these new and undeniable feelings within her? She didn't know. All she knew was the effect that Conner's physical touch had on her. She seemed to be consumed with a strange desire for him. And when she had changed into her nightgown and gotten ready for bed she noticed that her vagina was moist and her panties damp.

Did Conner's touch affect me to this extent? She wondered, stifling a yawn. Rolling over on her side she finally drifted off to sleep. It had been a long day.

The weekend went rather quickly for Shauna and Jill. They spent most of Saturday enjoying the sunshine and people-watching in Central Park. Sunday they just relaxed around the apartment. Neither seemed motivated to do anything beyond glancing through the newspaper and lounging on the sofa, listing to some soothing Celtic music.

The previous Friday Jill had picked up Shauna's new uniform for her. It consisted of a mid-length dark blue skirt and a short-sleeved blouse of the same color, bearing the red, white and blue patch of the 41st precinct on the right shoulder. An NYPD patch on the left shoulder and a brand new, shiny silver Sergeant's shield above the left breast pocket completed her uniform.

CHAPTER FOUR

Shauna arose an hour earlier than Jill on Monday morning and glanced out her window. It was dark and overcast with the rising sun's rays shining intermittently through the gloom as it rose in the east. Shauna showered, dried and curled her shoulder length hair and set about dressing. For reasons that she didn't even understand she decided to don a white garter belt this morning. Pantyhose would be too hot and restricting. She twisted it into place and sat on the edge of her bed to pull on her mauve nylons, attaching the dark tops to her garters. Next she stepped into her uniform skirt, the hemline of which came to about three inches above her knees. She slipped into her uniform blouse, buttoning the buttons and tucking it into her skirt before stepping into her black 3" heel pumps. Her uniform hat completed her ensemble.

Glancing in the full-length mirror on the back of her bedroom door she turned this way and that, checking her appearance. It felt good to be back in the uniform; Shauna thought to herself as she returned to the bathroom and applied her foundation and eye makeup conservatively. Even if it WAS a female officer's uniform.

Shauna held off on applying a light coat of pink lipstick until after she had eaten breakfast that morning. As she went into the kitchen and made some coffee, she heard Jill begin her own morning routine in the bathroom.

As Shauna walked around in the kitchen preparing a breakfast of eggs, hash browns and toast for her and Jill, the sound of her heels tapping across the linoleum floor resonated rather loudly in the otherwise quiet apartment. She could also hear the soft sound that her nylons made as she walked. It seemed to be a constant reminder of who she was. She may have been a woman now but she was still a cop.

Shauna and Jill ate their breakfast in near silence, each of them in their own world, mentally preparing themselves for the start of a new week.

“Can I give you a lift?” Jill asked as she grabbed her small purse and retrieved her gun belt from the hall closet.

“No thanks,” Shauna said, flashing her winning smile.

“I feel like walking this morning.”

The 41st precinct station was only three blocks away and Shauna felt a short, brisk walk would do her good.

“OK. You have a good day and make it a safe one!” Jill told her as she headed out the door.

“You too. See you tonight!” Shauna said.

After Jill had left Shauna applied her lipstick and glanced at her wristwatch. It was 7:30 AM, thirty minutes before she was to begin her shift. Although the walk would take her about fifteen minutes, she decided it wouldn't hurt to arrive at work a few minutes early. The sky was still overcast and gloomy that late winter morning as she stepped outside, locking the door behind her. She shouldered her purse and made her way down the steps. Shauna was a little nervous this morning but it didn't have anything to do with her new gender. After the previous Friday night she was quite confident in her appearance and newly learned mannerisms as a woman. Her nervousness was more about beginning her new job and the uncertainty of what that new job would entail.

As she strode down the sidewalk, smiling and nodding at people, she began to feel the way she used to when she was a rookie street cop. As a young man, the uniform brought him a sense of respect and adoration from the majority of people he passed on the street. It seemed like it had been a lifetime since she had felt like that.

When Shauna arrived at the precinct station she reported to the desk sergeant a full fifteen minutes before her shift was to begin. This seemed to impress the sergeant, who was nearing the end of his long night shift. This was Sergeant Willie Ames, a likable but no-nonsense veteran black officer in his late forties. He had been an NYPD cop for more than twenty years, most of those years served at the 41st precinct.

Sergeant Ames took Shauna's orders and record folder and entered the time and her name in his logbook.

“Capitan Sharps office is on the third floor, down the hall and to the left.” He said, looking over the top of his glasses at her.

"He isn't in yet but you can go on up and make some coffee if you'd like. I know he's expecting you. Welcome aboard, Shauna!"

"Thank you!" Shauna said, smiling as he handed her back her record file.

He seemed like a nice fellow, Shauna thought as she turned and walked down the hallway to the stairs leading to the upper floors.

"There's an elevator right there." She heard the Sergeant's voice boom from down the hall.

"That's OK. I could use the exercise." Shauna responded.

"Thanks!"

She mounted the stairs with a confidence she wasn't aware that she possessed and stepped briskly up the six flights, headed down the hall and stopped in front of a door with a sign that read: Capitan Sharp.



She went inside, flipped on the lights and looked around. The office had an old building kind of smell to it, along with the smell of mildew and tobacco smoke. Water stains on the ceiling tiles indicated that the roof leaked and the office looked as if it hadn't been cleaned in six months. A large oak desk sat in front of the window, its top cluttered with various papers and files strewn haphazardly about. A liter basket in the corner overflowing with rolled up papers and empty fast-food containers. In another corner sat a small table with an ancient-looking coffee maker with a few crusty cups hanging from hooks on the cracked plaster wall.

"Oh, my God!" Shauna mumbled to in a low voice.

"What have I gotten myself into?"

There was what appeared to be a break room across the hall with a sink, a microwave oven and a drinking water machine in addition to a couple of tables and

chairs. Shauna took the coffee pot and washed it before filling it with fresh water and making some fresh coffee in the Capitan's office. She was just finishing cleaning up the messy coffee table when she heard the door to the office open and close.

"Good morning! Capitan Sharp . . . ?" Shauna asked.

"That's right. And you are . . . ?" he asked, removing his overcoat and tossing a New York Times onto his desk.

"I'm Sergeant Shauna Elliott, reporting as ordered." Shauna said, holding out her hand.

"Oh, yes, Capitan Lewis told me about you." He said, ignoring her gesture.

"Is that fresh coffee I smell?" he asked, sitting behind the desk.

"Why, yes, it is." Shauna answered.

"Good! Pour me a cup, will you? And get yourself some if you'd like." He grunted.

Shauna walked over and poured the Capitan a cup.

"Cream or sugar?" she asked, feeling a bit awkward.

"No, black is just fine." He said.

Shauna handed him the cup of coffee, wondering if someone had made a mistake and assigned her as a cleanup girl instead of a police officer.

He took the cup of coffee from her and grunted. Shauna stood there transfixed, unsure on what to do or say next.

"Please, pull up a chair, Miss Elliott." Capitan Sharp grumbled.

Shauna pulled an old wooden chair over from a corner and sat down, uncomfortably facing the man. He was in his fifties, she assumed. His ruddy complexion and unkempt appearance took Shauna completely by surprise.

She handed him her orders and record file. Instead of signing the orders and looking through her file, he merely set them aside and took a long slug on his coffee.

Finally he looked up at her.

"Well?" he asked he sarcastically.

"Well what?" Shauna asked, dumbfounded.

"Why are you here?" Capitan Sharp asked, digging in his pocket for a cigarette and lighting it.

"I'm reporting for duty, sir. Capitan Lewis said that . . ."

"I don't know what Capitan Lewis told you, but we have a full roster here at the 41st." Capitan Sharp told her.

"I don't understand." Shauna said, incredulously.

The Capitan took a drag on his cigarette and eyed Shauna closely.

"What were you expecting to do here, Miss Elliott?" he asked.

"I don't know. I was hoping to get posted to Robbery or Narcotics . . ."

Capitan Sharp chuckled amusingly.

"As I said, Miss Elliott, I have no open positions at this time. I may have a patrol position opening up in a month or two. Right now, what I need is a secretary. If you help me out with this, maybe in a couple of months when I get my regular secretary back, I can see what I can do for you."

"I see." Shauna said weakly. Her hands were beginning to shake.

"So what's it going to be, Miss Elliott? Can you help me out?"

"If you don't mind my asking." Shauna began.

"What happened to your regular secretary?"

"She's out on maternity leave. Any more questions?"

She hesitated briefly.

"What would my duties be?" she asked in a soft tone.

"Your office would be in there." He pointed to a small room with a desk and computer terminal.

"Are you computer-savvy?" he asked, sipping his coffee.

"Of course I am." Shauna answered, a bit perturbed.

"Good! You will take dictation, type letters and reports, do some filing and, of course, keep the coffee pot full. Do you think you can do these things?" Capitan Sharp asked, glancing out the window.

"Yes. Of course I can." Shauna said.

"Good. Go down to the armory and check out your weapon. Then take your file to the records secretary on the second floor before coming back up here. I have some letters I want you to type up. And would you do me a big favor?"

"What's that?"

"Clean up this place. It's getting pretty bad."

"Very well." Shauna said, taking her file and turning to leave.

"Oh, and Miss Elliott?" he asked when she got to the door.

"Yes?" she asked, not turning around.

"Would you be able to put in a few extra hours, say, a couple days a week? I'm working on a case and could use your help." He asked dryly.

"Yes, sir." She said.

"Good. Don't be gone too long now."

Shauna left the office and headed down to give her file to the records secretary on the second floor. Actually, the offices on the second floor didn't smell any better than the offices on the third floor. Mildew. Rotting wood and cigarette smoke.

"Hello, can I help you?" a young blonde woman in her mid-twenties asked.

"Yes, Capitan Sharp asked me to give these to you." Shaun said, handing the woman her records.

She smiled and took them from Shauna.

"I'm Mary Westwood. I work here in records. And you are?"

"I'm Shauna Elliott."

"Are you the new patrol Sergeant?" she asked, placing her records in a file cabinet.

"I hope to be." Shauna answered, giving the young woman an amused glance.

"Well, good luck!" she said.

"Have you gotten your weapon yet?"

"Not yet."

"Well, go down the steps behind you to the basement. I'll notify them that you're coming."

"Thanks." Shauna said.

She turned to head down the stairs.

"Welcome aboard, Shauna!" Mary called after her.

This was going to be an interesting day indeed.

A cold draft blew up Shauna's stockinged legs and beneath her skirt, causing her to shiver while descending the stairs to the basement. There she met Sergeant Gil Perez, who was in charge of the armory.

"I'm Sergeant Elliott. I was told to see you to be assigned a weapon." Shauna stated.

Sergeant Perez glanced up from the clipboard he seemed to be studying. He took a form from a drawer and slid it across the counter.

"Fill this out." He told her with a thick Puerto Rican accent.

Gil Perez was a veteran cop at the 41st. In his fifties and graying at the temples, he had spent most of his thirty years as a street cop. He had lost his right arm after being shot in a bank robbery several years before and had been reassigned duty in the precincts armory. A big man and former boxer, Gil was not happy about being assigned to the armory. He was at home in the streets and knew them well. Now he was just biding his time until retirement.

"Where you from?" he asked, eyeing her.

"The 57th in the Village." She answered.

"Yeah, well, this ain't the Village, Miss Elliott." He grumbled.

"Be right back."

He turned and wearily walked down a dimly lit aisle in the back, disappearing for a moment. He returned with a .38 stub-nose Special inserted in a small purse holster. This was the sort of weapon that some female undercover officers carried. Small and light weight, but hardly the weapon of Shauna's choice.

"I'd rather have an automatic, Sergeant." She sighed.

“Capitan Sharps orders, Miss.” Perez said.

“You’ll be assigned another weapon when you’re assigned a beat.”

“I see.” Shauna said dejectedly.

She removed the revolver from the small holster, clicked open the cylinder and verified that it was unloaded. Snapping it closed, she reholstered the small pistol and placed it in her purse.

“You’ll need these.” Perez told her.

He slammed a box of cartridges down on the worn counter.

“Have a nice day.”

Shauna nodded, dropping the box of ammo into her purse as well.

“See you around, Sergeant.” She said rather sarcastically.

She was a veteran cop and resented being treated like a wet-behind-the-ears rookie

Reluctantly returning to Capitan Sharp’s office, she saw that he was on the phone. The surprised look in his eyes and his lowered tone suggested that he may have been talking about her to whoever it was on the other end of the line.

She merely nodded and walked past his desk and into her filthy office. She walked over to the dusty desk and scanned the rest of the room. There was a small restroom adjacent to the office with a bare light bulb hanging from the cracked plaster ceiling. Making a mental note that she needed to bring some grubbies to work with her the next day, she would need to change into them before attempting to clean this office up to make it livable.

Finding a bucket and a sponge beneath the filthy sink in the restroom, she filled the bucket with some warm water and went to work wiping off her desk and chair and computer terminal. These things had to be cleaned before she could get any other work done, she thought.

Shauna wiped the layer of dust from her shabby and worn secretary’s chair and wondered what kind of operation Capitan Sharp was running here at the 41st precinct. She also couldn’t help but ponder what “duties” lay in store for her besides the secretarial gig she had to pull before being reassigned to real police work. The thought made Shauna shiver. She knew that this would probably be her one and only shot at getting back on the force. And she had already made up her mind to do whatever it took to reestablish herself at the only job she ever really loved.

“Sergeant Elliott?” A gravelly voice called from the next room.

“Yes, sir?”

“Would you come here? And bring your steno pad. I want you to take a letter.” Capitan Sharp called.

Shauna had barely cleaned off her desk and chair. She rummaged through a drawer in her desk before finding a pad, grabbed a pen and went into Capitan Sharp’s office. At least he had referred to her by her rank and not “Miss” as Sergeant Perez had done.

Sitting in the same hard, wooden chair she had sat in earlier that morning, Shauna crossed her long, nylon-encased legs and opened the pad, resting it on her thigh. With pen in hand she looked up as if indicating that she was ready to proceed. But she caught the Capitan, who was old enough to be her father, staring at her legs!

“Sir?” Shauna asked.

“Sir?” she repeated.

“Huh . . . ? Oh, yes . . . ” he replied, returning to the task at hand.

He dictated a three-page letter to Shauna, stumbling several times and asking her to read back several sentences to him. Although Shauna didn’t know shorthand, she was able to keep up with him better than she thought she could and, in the end, repeat what he had said word for word. After an hour and several revisions, he finished.

“Would you type that up, returning it to me for my signature, then be sure it gets in the outgoing mail before 3 PM?” he asked her.

As he said this, she noticed that his eyes seemed to be transfixed on her breasts! This angered Shauna, but she decided not to say anything.

“Yes sir!” she answered.

“Will there be anything else, sir?” she asked as she stood, her tone betraying a tinge of embarrassment.

“Yes, in fact. Would you get me a cup of coffee?”

The man was a pig! He didn’t seem to have the word “please” in his vocabulary.

Shauna gritted her teeth as she turned and walked over to the coffee pot there across the room.

“Who was his slave last year?” she thought angrily.

She wished that she hadn’t asked. She returned with his coffee and set the cup on his desk in front of him.

Noting a touch of her seething anger, he smiled at her amusingly.

“Thank you, Shauna. That will be all.” He told her methodically.

Shauna turned and walked away. As she neared her office, he spoke again.

“Oh and Shauna . . . ?”

“Yes sir?” she responded without turning around. She could feel his stare as if he could see right through her uniform.

“I’ll need you to put in a little overtime with me tomorrow evening until around 8 PM.”

“Now wait a minute!” Shauna’s mind screamed.

Her instincts told her that this was all wrong. But she didn’t have the willpower to defy him. Not on her first day!

“Very well.” She answered casually as she continued into her office and began the task of typing the Capitan’s letter.

This was insane! This couldn't be happening to her! But it was happening to her. And there was nothing in the world she could do about it. Or could she? What if she called Capitan Lewis or maybe somebody downtown higher up the chain of command? What would she tell them? And when all was said and done, whom would they believe? Her or a Capitan who had been on the force over thirty years?

Shauna found it hard to concentrate as she composed the Capitan's letter. Her instincts told her that something was not right here. What would she do if the Capitan made a pass at her? What could she do if he ordered her to do something she knew wasn't right?

Working through her lunch, she struggled through the task she had been assigned. Her head was pounding furiously. Reaching into her purse she took out a small tin containing some aspirin. She popped two of the tablets and choked them down with some cold coffee.

She knew that Capitan Sharp was married and had two teenagers in high school. She'd seen the picture of his family on his desk. The rest of the afternoon Shauna stayed busy cleaning up her office. But there were only so many things that she could accomplish in a skirt and heels! What was he up to? Did he really intend to seduce her or force her into performing sexual favors for him? These thoughts played over and over inside her mind until 5 PM came and it was time to call it a day.

She was visibly shaking as she grabbed her purse and left the precinct for home. She was somewhat relieved when she realized the Capitan had already left the office and gone home for the day. Or did he? Maybe he was one of those alcoholic cops who left work early and hit the bar for a few drinks before going home to wifey? She didn't know and didn't really care as she strode down the sidewalk on her way back to the apartment that she and Jill shared. She tried to look normal and on several occasions forced a smile to people she passed on the street.

Shauna arrived home before Jill. Stripping off her uniform and tossing it on the bed, fighting the urge to jump in the shower and wash away the filth of her first day back at work, she sat down on her bed and did something she'd never done before. Had a good cry. She wanted to get it all out of her before Jill got home. She didn't want her to see her emotionally wasted as she was.

When she had finished her emotional release, she stepped into a pair of sea-foam green sweat pants and pulled a matching t-shirt over her head, leaving her full, round breasts unfettered. Then she went into the bathroom and barely finished removing her running eye makeup before Jill came in the door.

"How was your first day?" Jill asked.

Her expression changed from cheerful to concern when she'd seen that Shauna had been crying.

"What's wrong?" she asked, sitting on the sofa beside her friend.

Shauna was determined not to cry in front of Jill. She was a trained police officer and a professional. But she was also a woman.

Shauna hung her head as the tears welled up in her eyes once more.

Jill placed a hand on her shoulder, trying to comfort her friend.

"I don't know what I got myself into . . ." Shauna began, fighting back her emotion.

"I've been assigned as a fucking servant and glorified secretary to Capitan Sharp." She began.

"But I thought you were being assigned as a patrol officer?" Jill asked incredulously.

"So did I."

"But this Capitan Sharp . . . he's right out of the dark ages, Jill. He told me that he didn't have a position for me other than being his 'secretary.' He said that if I 'performed' well in that position for a couple of months, then maybe, just maybe he'd find me a position as a patrol Sergeant."

"What did he mean 'perform' well?" Jill asked in a low voice.

"He's the rudest, coldest, most condescending man I've ever met in my life! I think he wants me to perform sexual favors for him!" Shauna sniffed.

"He's got to be the most chauvinistic man I've ever met!"

"Wait a minute. Why do you think he wants you to perform sexual favors for him?" Jill asked, narrowing her eyes.

"He was glaring at me all day. You know, checking me out and all. I caught him staring at my legs and my breasts twice today! And he had this hungry, animal-like look in his eyes. I was SO frightened, Jill!" Shauna sobbed.

"What makes you think he wants to have sex? Was it something he said?"

"He told me that the job required me to work overtime with him, several evenings alone with him in his office."

"Go on . . ."

"He wants me to work late with him tomorrow. He didn't say on what, just that I had to if I wanted to be considered for the Patrol job."

Jill thought about what Shauna had just told her for a moment. She just shook her head.

"What should I do, Jill?" Shauna asked desperately.

"What can I do?"

She was pleading for Jill to help her. Begging her. But Jill didn't know what to say.

She looking into the eyes of her friend, seeing fear for the first time since she'd known her.

Jill took a long, deep breath.

"I have a miniature tape recorder. It's only about the size of a pack of cigarettes." Jill explained.

"I want you to carry it with you everyday, wherever you go, whatever you do. If he tries to intimidate you or make you do anything that's wrong, I want you to get it on tape. Then we'll decide where to go from there. I have a friend in Internal Affairs who might be able to help. But we need hard evidence on tape." Jill told her.

"I guess you're right." Shauna sighed.

"I'll try it."

The next day Shauna reported to work in her uniform, but she also took a change of clothes to wear when she cleaned up her office. She decided that after cleaning her office she would start in on the Capitan's.

Shauna was relieved when she learned that Capitan Sharp would be out of his office at a meeting for most of the day. She changed into her jeans and a t-shirt and started scrubbing, beginning with the dingy walls and moving from there to the filthy floors. Finishing her own space shortly before lunch, she was surprised to hear a familiar voice.

"Hungry?"

It was Jill.

She was standing in the doorway, holding up a bag of Chinese food.

"You bet I am!" Shauna said, wiping the sweat from her forehead.

"Come on in!"

Jill glanced around.

"Where's?"

"He's at a meeting. Will be most of the day." Shauna told her.

"Let me wash up. I'll be right with you."

Jill set out the food on Shauna's desk while Shauna went into the restroom and washed up. The aroma from the food spread throughout the office. After a moment Shauna joined Jill and the two proceeded to polish off the entire meal, washing it down with a couple of cans of ice-cold soda.

"You are a life-saver, Jill. It's like you were reading my mind!" Shauna said, stifling a belch from the carbonated beverage.

"Well, after you told me what a mess this place was and that you intended on cleaning it up today, I sort of figured that you wouldn't stop until the job was done." Jill said.

"Are you still working late tonight?"

Shauna nodded, rolling her eyes.

"Don't remind me. I just hope the creep keeps his hands to himself."

"But if he doesn't, at least I'll get it on tape."

"Where is the tape recorder?" Jill asked, finishing off her soda.

"In my purse. I don't know where else to put it where he won't see it."

"So what's your plan?"

"Well, I'm going to try to keep close to my purse. And if he tries anything, I'll try to switch it on without him noticing."

"Sounds awfully `iffy` to me . . ." Jill responded.

"I know, but I don't know how else to do it without him knowing."

"I guess you're right." Jill frowned, getting up.

"Hey, look, I gotta go. See you tonight?"

"Yeah. Hopefully not too late." Shauna said dejectedly.

Jill forced a smile and turned and walked toward the door.

"And thanks again for the food, Jill. I really appreciate it."

Jill turned and gave Shauna a wink.

"See ya."

Then she was gone. Shauna was alone again with her thoughts and the Capitan's office still to clean.

"Well, I'd better get going." She said to herself.

"It's not going to get clean on its own."

CHAPTER FIVE

Dumping the filthy warm water from her bucket into the toilet, she refilled it and added some lemon-scented cleaner. Shauna grabbed the sponge and headed into the Capitan's office. She wasn't sure how the day was going to end but one thing she did know was this: She didn't want the man gawking at her backside while she was scrubbing the filthy floor in his office. It was imperative that she finished her cleaning before he returned from his meeting.

In order to do this before the Capitan returned forced Shauna to do only a cursory job of cleaning his office. Neglecting to wash the walls as she had done in her own office, Shauna wiped the layer of dust from the flat surfaces before sweeping and mopping the offices filthy floor.

It was mid-afternoon when Shauna finally finished. Cleaning herself up as best she could, she got back into her uniform and touched up her makeup only minutes before Capitan Sharp returned.

Shauna pretended not to notice his return and concentrated on cleaning her computer keyboard.

"Wow! What a difference!" she heard him exclaim from his office.

He through his briefcase on top of his still-cluttered desk and strode into Shauna's office.

"Good job, Sergeant." He said sarcastically.

“Ever thought of hiring yourself out as a maid?”

Shauna could smell the whiskey on his breath. Looking up into his emotionless eyes, she brushed aside his rude comment and just smiled. She knew that if she wanted to escape the nightmare of being his office slave, she had to learn how to play his head games.

“I am looking for a part-time maid. Since my wife left my place could really use a woman’s touch. What do you say?”

Shauna’s fury simmered.

“I’m sorry but I’m much too busy with this job and everything else.” She said.

“I see . . . ”

She could feel his gaze upon her as she continued cleaning her computer.

“How long were you planning on working tonight?” Shauna asked directly.

“That depends on you, honey.”

“What do you mean?” she retorted, her hands beginning to tremble.

He turned and walked into his office, returning with a folder filled with various spreadsheets and documents.

“First, I want you to retype these.” He said, handing her the folder.

“Then I want you to file them.”

Shauna glanced into the folder.

“Wouldn’t it be easier and faster to just make copies?” she inquired.

“I don’t want copies. I want originals. Do you have a problem with that, Sergeant?”

“Not at all.” Shauna said in a low voice, eyeing him.

“Good. Then get to it. When you’re done, bring your steno pad into my office. I have several letters that I want to dictate to you and I need them typed up and mailed before the evening is out. Understand?”

What an asshole, Shauna thought.

“Yes sir.” Was all she could muster. She knew that he was trying to intimidate her and she was going to fall into that trap.

He nodded briskly and disappeared into his office.

“And make some fresh coffee! This stuff looks like it’s been on the burner all day!” he growled.

Shauna hung her head. She felt like crying. Was this what she would have to put up with in order to get back on the force? It didn’t seem fair at all!

“Sometime today, Missy!” Capitan Sharp bellowed from his office.

Shauna blinked back the tears and got up. Hesitating, she took a deep breath before walking into his office and making a fresh pot of coffee for “His Majesty.”

“Will that be all, sir?” she asked quietly.

"For now. Get started on those letters. The sooner you get them done, the sooner you can go home." He told her coldly.

"Yes, sir."

Returning to her desk, Shauna opened the file and let out with a heavy sigh. This was going to take a while. Glancing out the window she noticed that a hard rain was falling and darkness was falling. Refocusing on the letters in the file, she began the long, arduous job of retyping them.

Capitan Sharp was really trying her patience. Maybe he was trying to force her into being insubordinate so he could be justified in firing her. She didn't know. But at least he had refrained from touching her or sexually harassing her. But her gut instinct told her it would just be a matter of time before he did. And then what would she do? What could she do?

After what seemed like hours and she was nearing completion of her typing assignment, Capitan Sharp stuck his head in her office.

"I'm starved. I'm going out to grab a sandwich. You want anything?"

Shauna's stomach was growling big time. But she wasn't about to admit it.

"No thanks, I'm OK." She responded, not looking up from her computer.

"Suit yourself. I'll be back shortly."

She heard his office door close and sat back for a moment in her chair. Her back ached from being hunched over her keyboard for the past three hours and she allowed herself the luxury of standing and stretching. What she really wanted was a cigarette. She grabbed her cigarette case from her purse, noting the small tape recorder inside, and then hurried downstairs for a quick smoke before the Capitan returned.

She passed the desk sergeant on her way out of the building, smiling and nodding.

"Burning the midnight oil I see." He commented.

"That's right. No rest for the wicked." She answered.

It was still pouring down rain as Shauna stepped outside. She moved under the relative protection of a fire escape and lit her cigarette. Maybe she could speak with Capitan Lewis about being assigned to another precinct, she thought. But she knew how the system worked and knew that asking for a transfer at this early point in her assignment could only turn out bad for her.

No, she would try to stick it out. Under the circumstances, it seemed the best thing to do at the time.

Shauna finished her cigarette and headed back upstairs. Determined to complete her typing assignment before the Capitan returned, she started in where she'd left off before her break.

Thirty minutes later, Shauna had just completed the typing and was printing the documents when Capitan Sharp noisily returned. Slamming the door to his office, he retreated to his desk. Shauna gathered up the stack of retyped letters and documents and began filing them as quickly as she could.

"You done yet?" the Capitan bellowed from his office.

"Just finishing up, sir."

"Good. Come in here with your pad as soon as you're done."

"Yes, sir."

It had been years since Shauna had filed anything but it all seemed to come back to her. A moment later she stood in the doorway to Capitan Sharp's office, her steno pad and pen in hand. But what she saw took her completely by surprise. The Capitan was leaning back unsteadily in his chair, his dripping wet shoes on his desk and his thinning hair disheveled and sopping wet. She doubted whether he had gone to get something to eat as he had said. Her nose told her that he had most likely gone to a nearby bar and had a couple of stiff drinks instead! She stared at him incredulously.

"Well, are you going to just stand there or what?" he mumbled.

"Are you alright?" Shauna asked as she took a seat next to his desk, crossing her long, stockinged legs.

"I'm just fine. Are you ready to get back to work?"

His slurred speech told Shauna that he had, in fact, been drinking.

"Yes, sir. I'm ready." She said, putting her pad on her knee and ready with her pen.

She didn't know it at the time, but her short skirt had hiked up when she crossed her legs, revealing the dark tops of her gartered stockings. When she looked up from her pad, his eyes were locked on the view she had unknowingly offered him.

"You know, Miss Elliott, if you help me out, I just might be able to help you out in return." Capitan Sharp said in a low voice, his eyes glued to the exposed tops of her stockings.

"What . . . what do you mean?" Shauna inquired, a tinge of fear in her voice.

His eyes rose to meet hers. They were full of lust and contempt.

"You're a good-looking woman. Smart, too. I like that. But the fact remains that I have something that you want. Correct?"

"I don't follow you." Shauna was confused.

"You want that patrol sergeant position, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can make sure you get it. But you have to do something for me first."

Oh, no! Here it comes! And her purse was back in her office.

She uncrossed her legs, pulling the hem of her skirt down.

"What do you want me to do?" Shauna asked feebly.

As if she didn't know what it was he wanted.

He pulled his legs down off the desk.

"Lock the door." He said.

Shauna stood and walked over to the office door and locked it.

“Now come over here.” He ordered.

She heard the unmistakable sound of a zipper coming down and froze in her tracks like a frightened deer in a car’s headlights.

“Come here.” He ordered again.

“I have something for you.”

She walked slowly, deliberately, as if in a trance, fear emanating from her eyes. As Shauna rounded the corner of his desk, she knew immediately what the Capitan wanted. His pants were down around his ankles and he was holding his hefty, throbbing manhood in his hand.

Shauna just stared at it, amazed by its size and girth.

“Like I said, you help me and I’ll help you.” Capitan Sharp rasped, his eyes glazed with lust.

What else could she do? If she defied him, there was no doubt the wrath that he could bring down upon her. On the other hand, if she complied with his desire, maybe, just maybe, he would keep his promise and transfer her.

She knelt before him, her mind racing from thought to thought. Would he grant her wish and assign her the patrol sergeant position? Or would he demand more and more from her?

One thing Shauna was certain of: She really didn’t have much choice in the matter if she wanted her job back.

She placed her hands on his bare thighs and rubbed them softly, glancing up and flashing him one of her coy smiles she’d practiced time and time again. He glared down at her, his desire smoldering.

“Go on . . . do it!” he grunted.

Shauna’s hesitated, then reached out and wrapped the fingers of her right hand around the pulsing hardness. Capitan Sharp let out with a savage groan.

“Oh, yeah!”

Shauna instinctively began stroking him, amazed that it was so big and thick her fingers couldn’t reach all the way around its girth. Moving closer, she continued stroking him while cupping the bull-like sac of his testicles with her left hand. Her eyes were transfixed on the spectacle before them. She had never seen such a big cock in her life! Flashing out her tongue, Shauna flicked it lightly and teasingly all around the massive tip, feeling him tremble and squirm in his chair.

Then she began to kiss and lick the shaft, teasing him more than she knew she should have.

“Quick fucking around and take it in your mouth, honey!” the Capitan growled.

He moved a large hand behind her head and guided it slowly but surely forward. Shauna opened her mouth in surprise and suddenly found the seeping tip and the first five or six inches embedded deeply within the confines of her warm, wet mouth.

“Mmmmmhfff!” she protested when she felt it nudge the back of her throat.

“Now suck it!” Capitan Sharp ordered.

“Suck it good!”

Shauna took as much as possible between her lips and began to suck softly; realizing that there still remained another five or six inches for her to stroke at the same time!

“Oh, yeah . . . that’s it! Now you’re doing it!” the man moaned.

“Suck it harder!”

Shauna obeyed. Her mouth was opened as far as it would go and yet her lips were stretched tightly around his throbbing shaft. She sucked harder on the seeping tip, pumping the shaft rhythmically with her hand. She could taste his salty juices flowing lavishly over her busy tongue. The experience wasn’t at all repulsive. As a matter of fact, the affair was stirring Shauna’s senses and turning her on!

The Capitan’s forceful and crude manner was beginning to have a strange effect on Shauna. Her panties were becoming moist and her breast yearned to be touched and kneaded by a pair of strong hands. A few minutes ago the thought of Capitan Sharp’s rough hands touching her seemed unbearable. But now, she wasn’t so sure. The man was a pig. A crude, creepy, sick excuse for a man. But somehow he had awakened the lusty spirit within her and she now relished the thought of this man mounting her right here and now on his cluttered desk!

As she bobbed her head up and down over him, feeling the weight of his strong hand guiding her movements, her mind raced.



Would her want to cum in her mouth? And if he did, what would it be like? These thoughts and others flashed into her mind.

“Mmmmmnnnn . . .” she mumbled around her mouthful.

She wanted him to cum and soon. She needed to taste his viscid load soon or she’d just die! She sucked harder and harder, her greedy lips devouring him like a hungry little animal.

Suddenly, he began trembling spasmodically. His hand tightened, pulling her head down and forcing his manhood down her throat. He came! Spurt after creamy spurt hosed forcefully into her mouth and down her velvet throat. She gagged slightly and tried to push away, but his strength held her fast. She swallowed again and again in an effort to keep up with the hearty blasts of hot semen, but it was in vain.

“Ohhh! Ohhh! Ahhhh . . . Mmmnnnn . . .” the man grunted savagely.

He pulled his jerking organ from the suction of her lips and blasted two more powerful spurts across Shauna’s lovely face, causing her to flinch and shudder. That’s when she realized that her free hand was down beneath her skirt, rubbing the moist mound of her pussy.

Capitan Sharp stood abruptly, pulling Shauna up by her arms. Pivoting around he pushed her back across his desk and stood posed between her flailing, stockinged legs.

“No! Please! Don’t!” she begged weakly.

But there was no stopping him. He was a man possessed with a single purpose: He intended on making love to his prissy little secretary right then and there! And nothing in the world was going to stop him!

He grasped his still-erect manhood and guided the bulging tip, dripping with semen, towards Shauna’s seeping wet vagina. He pulled the crotch band of her panties aside and nudged into her, lodging his growing organ just inside of her. Pushing forward he came up against the barrier of her hymen. Grinning like a jackal, he pushed forcefully into her. Shauna screamed but it was in vain. No one could hear her. No one at all.

He crushed his mouth down over hers, kissing her deeply and effectively gagging her. He flexed his hips and drove forward powerfully. Her maidenhead gave way and he slid deeply inside of her until he was buried all the way to his testicles within her. The Capitan pulled his mouth free of hers and began to move in and out of her slowly, deliberately. He pulled her legs up and over his shoulders, smiling broadly with the realization that she was wearing a garter belt and stockings.

“So, my prissy little secretary likes to dress like a slut, huh?”

“I don’t know what you mean.” Shauna trembled, her lips parted with passion.

He started moving within her with powerful, lusty strokes, causing Shauna’s body to bounce lewdly on the desk. Little whimpers and mewls of passion began to escape from Shauna’s lips as the Capitan pounded into her like a mad man. She could feel the weight of his hefty balls slapping against her upturned ass cheeks. The feeling nearly drove her over the edge. One thing she knew for certain: She was being fucked and fucked good for the first time in her brand new life! Her feelings of loathing for the crude Capitan had sud-

denly flew out the window and all she could seem to think about was her approaching orgasm!

The intense, erotic burning began deep down inside her and she bucked up to meet the man's lustful strokes with a passion she didn't even know she had.

The Capitan was sweating profusely now and droplets of his sweat began to fall on Shauna's bouncing breasts. He covered her body with his and caught one of her bouncing breasts with his mouth and began to suck on it ardently.

Shauna gasped passionately with the erotic contact and felt herself going over the edge. Her orgasm overcame her like a barreling freight train and she cried out lewdly. As the muscles within her began to contract, the Capitan stiffened and came! Jets of his steaming semen exploded deep within her, surging against the neck of her womb.

"Oh my God, I'm cumming! Cumming!" Shauna screamed.

The Capitan covered her mouth with his, muting her cries of delight! He continued to jerk within her, his sperm pooling warmly into her depths

Shauna hardly remembered leaving the precinct that evening. A part of her was ashamed of herself for submitting to the Capitan's lecherous desires. On the other hand, she was strangely turned on by the lustful affair.

Shauna glanced at her watch as she climbed the steps to the apartment. It was nearly 1:00 AM. As she took her key out of her purse and let herself in, she made up her mind not to tell Jill about what had occurred between the Capitan and her. Shauna was afraid of what Jill might think of her if she knew.

She gave a sigh of relief when she realized that Jill had already gone to bed. Tip-toeing quietly upstairs, she undressed. She could still taste the Capitan's semen. And her panties were gooey with his sperm as she buried them in her hamper and crawled into bed. It had been quite a long day and she was exhausted. Closing her eyes the last thought that run through her mind was the hope that Capitan Sharp would keep his word and recommend her for the patrol sergeant position that she wanted so badly. Only time would tell.

The next morning as Shauna and Jill had breakfast together, their conversation naturally turned to the previous evening.

"So are you going to tell me about last night?" Jill asked curiously.

"There's really nothing to tell." Shauna replied, averting her eyes from her.

She was a terrible liar. Especially when it came to her best friend.

"Oh, really?" Jill asked.

"So what happened?"

There was a long silence while Shauna tried to think of something to say that would sound convincing.

"Well . . . ?"

"He dictated several letters and had me type them up. Then he asked me to retype and file a whole pile of inactive files. I don't see any real reason for me having to stay late last night at all." Shauna finally said.

"Maybe he was just testing you." Jill said, taking a sip of her coffee.

"Testing me for what?" Shauna asked, her eyes narrowing.

"I don't know. Maybe to see what you're willing to go through to win his endorsement for the patrol job."

Shauna shrugged her shoulders.

"Maybe you're right. All I know is I don't know how much more of this game I can play. I wasn't cut out for this kind of thing."

"I know what you mean. I don't think I could do secretarial work any more than I could be a brain surgeon."

Jill glanced at her watch.

"We'd better get going or we'll be late. Oh, by the way, Conner called last night for you. I think he wants to take you out again this Friday." Jill said as she stood and put on her gun belt.

"Did he say that?" Shauna asked.

"Well, not in so many words. Call it woman's intuition." She smiled.

As the two women left the apartment and walked together to work, Shauna felt guilty about having to lie to Jill. The two of them had always been straight and honest with each other in the past. But Shauna felt cornered. She thought that if she had been up front with Jill about what had really happened the night before, she wouldn't have understood.

"What time do you get off work today?" Jill asked as they arrived at the precinct.

"I don't know. Whenever he lets me go I guess." Shauna replied.

Jill smiled.

"Well, hang in there, sister. It can't last forever, you know."

Shauna nodded.

"See you tonight, I hope."

"See ya!"

Shauna was surprised to see Capitan Sharp on the phone in his office. She forced a smile as she walked in and headed toward her office. He made eye contact and raised his finger as if he wanted to say something to her.

"Can I call you back, Lew?" he said.

He hung up the phone.

"Good morning." He said.

"Good morning, sir." Shauna replied, wondering why he was being so pleasant.

"I was just on the phone with Capitan Lewis. Seems he has a field position available for you and wanted my opinion of you." He said, folding his hands on his desk.

"What did you tell him?" Shauna asked intently.

She wasn't very good at hiding her emotions.

"I told him I thought you were an excellent cop and recommended you for the job." Capitan Sharp said casually.

"I see." Shauna sounded surprised.

"May I ask what kind of job?"

"You can ask him. You're to report to the 12th precinct at 10:00 AM. Looks like you're going to get your wish after all."

"But what about . . . ?" Shauna began.

"Don't worry. I won't tell a soul about last night. You were wonderful, Shauna, I'm not going to lie to you about that. On the other hand, the department is in need of good cops and they're needed on the street, not in some musky office typing letters."

Shauna was astonished.

"Just get out of here before I change my mind, will you?" he snapped, shuffling some papers on his desk, averting his eyes from hers.

Shauna didn't have to be told twice.

She collected her things and headed for the door.

"And Shauna . . . ?" Capitan Sharp added.

"Yes?" she asked without turning around.

"Good luck."

She just nodded and departed. Apparently, she had a lot to learn about how the system worked and men in general. As she stood outside, debating whether or not to try to hail a cab, Jill drove by with her new partner.

"Is everything alright, Shauna? You look lost." Jill said.

"Everything is great! I am going over to the 12th to see Capitan Lewis. Apparently, he's asked for me?" Shauna said.

"Hop in. We'll take you." Said Jill.

Shauna got into the back seat of the patrol cruiser and Jill pulled out into the late morning traffic.

"Jill, this is Scott McAndrew, my partner."

"Good to meet you, Shauna. I've heard so much about you." Scott said, turning in the passenger seat and offering his hand.

"All good, I hope." Shauna responded, catching Jill's eye in the rear view mirror.

Scott was a good-looking young man of about twenty-three. Blonde and well over six feet tall. He was new to the force, a wet-behind-the-ears rookie who had been paired up with Jill after Shauna had been shot.

“So what do you think Capitan Lewis has in mind for you?” Jill asked, inquisitively.

“I’m not sure. Capitan Sharp only told me that he wanted to see me this morning and that he had a position in mind for me.”

“Hopefully, not another desk job.” Jill added.

“No, I think it may be something more up my alley.” Shauna said with a smile.

“I hope you’re right.” Jill said.

It was a twenty-minute drive over to the 12th precinct, which was in central Manhattan.

“Thanks for the ride.” Shauna said as Jill pulled over to the curb in front of the station.

“Anytime and good luck, Shauna. I have a good feeling about this.” Jill winked.

I sure hope she’s right, Shauna thought as she got out of the police cruiser and headed up the steps and into the precinct house. This was a whole new world compared with the neglected, run down precinct where she had just come from. The 12th made a name for itself during 9/11 and became one of the mayor’s favorite precincts. Hence, it got a lot of attention in addition to a major over-haul and building upgrade.

Shauna reported in with the desk sergeant who called Capitan Lewis’ office.

“Go right up. The Capitan’s office is on the 14th floor, the last office on the left down the hall.” He told her.

“Welcome aboard!” he said with a smile.

“Thanks!” Shauna said.

She walked over to the elevator and pushed the ‘up’ button and waited.

Welcome aboard? Shauna said to herself. I didn’t know I ‘was’ aboard yet. He must know something I don’t . . .

Shauna took the elevator up and followed the sergeant’s directions to Capitan Lewis’ office. Knocking softly on the office door, a mans voice boomed:

“Come on in, it’s open.”

Shauna stepped in, happy and relieved at the same time to see a smiling, welcoming face for a change.

“Sergeant Elliott . . . Shauna . . . please, come in and have a seat.” Capitan Lewis motioned to a chair beside his desk.

The view from the large window behind him nearly took her breath away. There was the Empire State Building a few blocks away. She could even see where the World Trade Center buildings had once been.

“Wow! What a view!” Shauna said, mesmerized.

“Oh, yeah. That it is, although we’ve been so busy here at the 12th lately that I haven’t really had much time to enjoy it.” The Capitan said.

Shauna sat down and crossed her nylon-encased legs. She was acutely aware of the shortness of her skirt and as the Capitan turned to retrieve something from a file cabinet, Shauna discreetly pulled her skirt down to cover the dark tops of her gartered stockings.

Most women thought of them as old-fashioned and opted to wear pantyhose. But Shauna preferred a garter belt and stockings over pantyhose any day of the week. To her, they were more comfortable and less binding. And besides, they made her feel more feminine.

"The reason why I asked to see you was I have an opening for a squad leader in Narcotics. Lavender team to be exact. You interest?"

"I've never heard of Lavender team." Shauna asked.

"It's a brand new team with a completely new concept in law enforcement."

"Go on."

"The mayor has been really impressed with our team concept with regards to drug enforcement. Lavender team was his brainchild. A team made up entirely of plain clothes, veteran women police officers."

"I don't follow you, Capitan."

"You know the streets as well as the narcotics business. I want you to head up a team of eight other female officers. It will be your responsibility to equip, train and to a large extent, shape the future of New York's newest covert narcotics enforcement team. Interested?"

"Of course I'm interested!" Shauna replied, unable to hide her excitement.

"It would be a 'foot back in the door' so to speak and an opportunity to show the mayor and some of the big-wigs downtown what you can do. Two other teams, Pink and Aqua, have so far proved far more effective than our typical male-teams. Apparently, for some unknown reason, most thugs and big time drug dealers don't suspect we'd use undercover female officers to infiltrate their cartels."

"It sounds dangerous." Shauna added, her eyes lighting up for the first time in months.

"Count me in!"

"I was hoping you'd say that!" Capitan Lewis said, standing behind his desk.

He stuck out his hand.

"Welcome aboard!"

"Could I make a request?" Shauna asked.

"Certainly!"

"Could I name my second in command?"

"Who did you have in mind?" the Capitan asked.

"Sergeant Jill Murray, my old partner."

"If she's willing, I'll approve it, Shauna." He smiled.

"Go downstairs and meet with Lt. Lisa Barnes. She's expecting you and will line you out and get you oriented."

"Expecting me? How did you know I'd take the assignment?" Shauna asked, bewildered.

"Let's just say I had a hunch and let it go at that, OK?"

Shauna smiled.

“Fair enough. And thank you, Capitan!” Shauna turned to leave.

“Oh and one more thing . . . ”

Shauna turned around at the door.

“Yes?”

“We’ve already lost you once, Shauna. I don’t want to lose you again. Be careful and watch your ‘6’.” The Capitan told her.

“I will and thank you. Thank you so much for believing in me!”

She turned and walked out of the office and headed for the elevator, her face flush with excitement. She was on Cloud 9 and loving it!

Watching your ‘6’ was an old fighter pilot’s adage to keep an eye out behind you and Shauna intended to do just that. She had already been granted a reprieve from death. And now she was getting a second shot at doing what she did best! Busting the bad guys!

CHAPTER SIX

Shauna was filled with elation as well as apprehension when she arrived back at the apartment later that afternoon. She had met with Lt. Barnes and the two had spent several hours going over her new assignment. She would be heading up Lavender team, a squad of veteran women police officers. Their assignment would be to investigate and if possible, infiltrate various drug cartels within the city.

Working undercover and in plain clothes, the women would be required, at times, to work in twos and threes but mostly alone. Shauna had traded in her tiny .38 caliber revolver for a more powerful Glock 9 mm automatic. Although her new weapon of choice was larger and packed a much bigger “punch,” she could still effectively hide it in her purse. Lt. Barnes had introduced Shauna to three members of her team and called for a team meeting the following Monday. After a week’s training at NYPD’s Narcotic’s Training Facility in upstate New York, the team would be integrated into the regular Narcotic’s Division. The mayor had secured outside funding for the new team after Pink had proved amazingly successful in busting several drug cartels that seemed untouchable to standard Narcotic’s team tactics.

When Jill came home, Shauna filled her in on her new assignment. She also asked her to be Lavender team’s new executive officer.

“Sounds dangerous.” Jill said, her eyes lighting up.

“It is.” Shauna told her.

“Then count me in!” Jill responded enthusiastically.

"I've been going nuts riding around all day in a patrol car. Besides, my butt's getting way too big!"

The two of them laughed.

"Have you check phone messages yet?" Jill asked.

"No, I totally forgot in all my excitement." Shauna replied.

Jill walked over to the phone. There was one message.

"Hi, Shauna. It's Conner. I was wondering if you'd like to come by my place for dinner tonight. I'm making Teriyaki Chicken and thought you'd like to join me. Give me a call, OK? See ya . . ."

"Hmmm. A man who can cook . . . ? Who can ask for more?" Jill smiled.

"Wait a minute. Did you tell him . . .?" Shauna asked suspiciously.

"Tell him what?" Jill asked, perplexed.

"That Teriyaki Chicken is my favorite."

"No way. I didn't even know that's your favorite. You never told me." Jill said.

"It could be a coincidence." Shauna stated.

"Are you going to go?" Jill asked, sitting down on the sofa and kicking off her shoes.

"Go where?"

"To Conner's for dinner, silly!" Jill chided.

"Oh. I don't know. Do you think I should?"

"If it was me . . . ?"

Shauna nodded.

"Of course I'd go. He really seems to like you. How do you feel about him?" Jill asked.

"I think he's nice." Shauna tried to stifle a grin.

"Nice? Is that all?" Jill smiled.

"Well, OK. I think he's pretty cool."

Jill knew her better than she knew herself.

"Well, then, call him back and tell him you're coming." Jill suggested, nodding toward the phone.

"I'm going to take a shower." Jill said, unbuttoning the buttons on her uniform blouse.

"Bruce and I are going out tonight, too!"

As Jill headed down the hall, Shauna stood and went over and picked up the phone. Her heart was pounding and it seemed incredibly warm, even though it was quite cold outside. She didn't know why, but lately just the thought of Conner caused her pulse to quicken!

She took her little address book from her purse and dialed his number. He answered on the third ring.

“Hello?”

“Hi, it’s Shauna.” She said.

“Hi. Did you get my message?” he asked.

“Yes. What time would you like me to come?” Shauna stammered, trying to sound casual.

“Six would be great!” Conner stammered back.

Shauna smiled. It made her feel a little better hearing the nervousness in his voice as well.

“Cool! Can I bring anything?” she asked.

“Just yourself. I’ll provide everything else.”

“Sounds good. Oh, and Conner . . . ?” Shauna asked.

“Yes?”

“I have some good news.”

“What is it?” he asked, his curiosity aroused.

“I’ll tell you tonight. See you at six.”

“OK. See you then.”

“Bye.” Shauna said.

She hung up the phone.

She was glad that he couldn’t see the broad smile that she had at that moment. Glad that he couldn’t see how nervous and awkward she felt. It seemed so strange . . . the way Conner made her feel when they talked or were together. Normally, being a trained police officer, Shauna was used to being in control of her emotions. But this Conner. He seemed to bring out the real woman in her. And she didn’t quite know how to cope with that. Or for that matter, if she should even try. Maybe she should just go with it and see where it led her?

Since becoming a woman Shauna had experienced so many new emotions and feelings that she had never felt before. The highest highs and the lowest lows. She tingled all over. The anticipation of spending some time alone with a man who really seemed to take an interest in her blew her mind!

Now, what to wear? She thought as she went into her room and rummaged through her closet. Something sexy, but not too revealing. The last thing she wanted was to look cheap. To her new female mind, there was a fine line between looking sexy or cheap. Her mind, like her body, was becoming more and more feminine every day. Yet, there was still a very small part of her that thought like a man.

Jill came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel and poked her head into Shauna’s room.

“What are you going to wear?” she asked.

Shauna turned and held up two outfits.

“What do you think?” Shauna asked, unable to make up her mind.

“I’d go with the knitted skirt outfit.” She told her.

“You look great in it. And besides, the short skirt shows off your legs nicely!”

Jill was right. Her blue and gray skirt set was her favorite. It was very soft and sensuous. And it was comfortable. It wasn’t too dressy and did seem to draw attention to her best feature: her long, shapely legs!

While Jill put on a comfortable terry robe and retreated into the kitchen to make herself something light to eat before dressing for her date with Bruce, Shauna showered and dried and curled her hair. It was her first attempt at using the curling iron that Jill had given her for her birthday. Her blonde hair was getting long, already several inches below her shoulders.

While at work, Shauna usually wore her hair up, but tonight was different. She didn’t want Conner to see her as a cop. She wanted him to see her as the woman that she was: soft, alluring, sensuous, and feminine. That’s who she really was, deep down inside. Being a cop was her life. But being a woman was her destiny. A real woman with needs and desires only a woman can have.

Using the curling iron like Jill had showed her allowed her to achieve the look she wanted, giving her hair a natural, wavy look. Next, she applied her makeup: A natural-looking foundation. Black eye liner, naturally framing her already big, blue eyes. A smidgen of green eye shadow, blending it with a Q-tip. A light coat of black mascara. A few light strokes of peach blush. The person staring back at her from the mirror was not the same person who had put on a police uniform that morning.

She remembered Jill’s advice not to apply her lipstick until she was finished dressing. With this in mind, she retreated into her bedroom and dug through her underwear drawer until she found her pink lace bikini panties and matching bra. She stepped into her panties, then pulled on her bra and fastened it. It seemed her breasts were still growing, as the cups were barely able to contain them.

She stood back, gazing into the mirror at the curvaceous woman looking back at her. Cupping her large, rounded breasts, Shauna closed her eyes and lifted them slightly, playing her fingers over her pert little nipples. The feeling was electric and they became erect through the lacy material. She found herself fantasizing that Conner was massaging them with his big, strong hands and she let out with a sigh.

“Oh, my goodness, that feels so good!” she quivered.

Glancing at her clock, she saw that it was nearly 5:30 PM.

Shauna wrapped a pink lace garter belt around her trim waist, fastened it and twisted it into place. Then she sat on the edge of her bed and pulled on her nylons, attaching the dark tops to the garters. She smiled as she remembered what Conner had said about how he felt about garter belts and stockings. Stepping into a pair of black 3” heel dress shoes and fastening the straps, Shauna thought back to when he was a young man and how he wished he had been taller. But now, as a young woman, she was quite content at being rather short. It allowed her to wear shoes with as tall a heel as she desired and still be much shorter than her date!

Next, she stepped into a short, little pin half-slip and pulled it up around her waist. Her knit skirt and sweater completed her ensemble. She returned to the bathroom and carefully applied her lip liner and her pale pink lipstick before returning to her bedroom and checking herself out in the full-length mirror behind her door. What she saw truly amazed her! She looked beautiful; there was no denying that. Turning from side to side, Shauna glanced at the image of herself from different angles.

Confident that she looked just right, she grabbed her purse and brown suede coat before heading out into the living room where Jill was sitting, nibbling on a piece of toast.

"Wow! Don't we look spiffy tonight?" Jill teased.

"You look good enough to eat, if you don't mind me saying so!"

"I don't mind at all!" Shauna smiled.

"In fact, I feel kind of . . . sexy!" she stammered.

"Well, you should! That skirt outfit of yours was a good choice for sure!" Jill added.

"I'm glad you like it. I only hope Conner feels the same way!" Shauna confided.

"Don't worry. I'm sure he will. You want me to give you a lift over?" Jill asked.

"That would be great!" Shauna told her.

"What time is your date with Bruce?"

"He's coming to pick me up at seven. We're going out for a later supper. You have your cell phone with you?"

Shauna nodded.

"Good. I have mine. Give me a call when you're ready to come home and I'll ask Bruce to stop at Conner's on our way home and pick you up."

"What would I do without you?" Shauna smiled, her eyes shining.

"I don't know. Just have fun and follow your instincts, girlfriend. Know what I mean?"

Shauna nodded in the affirmative.

"Good! Now let me grab my purse and keys and we'll be off!"

On the way over to Conner's apartment, Shauna was suddenly aware of the weight of her purse. She had the Glock 9 mm!

"Oh, great!" Shauna said.

"I forget to leave my weapon at home."

"Well, remember where you are. This is New York City. You'll never know when it might come in handy. Besides, it's not like Conner doesn't know you're a cop."

"I know that." Shauna admitted.

"I just wanted to be a woman tonight."

"You can still be a woman and carry a piece." Jill told her.

"Bruce is used to me carrying mine."

"I guess you're right, Jill."

"It'll just take me some time to get used to who and what I am."

Jill glanced over at her and winked.

"Have a good time!" Jill said as she pulled over in front of Conner's apartment building.

Shauna got out of the car.

"Thanks, Jill. You have a good time, too!"

"Always!" her friend smiled.

"Life's too short not to!"

As Jill pulled back out into the early evening traffic, Shauna turned and shouldered her 3 lb. purse and headed up the stairs and into the building. Conner had told her he lived on the 12th floor in apartment 12-C. She rode the elevator up to the 12th floor and stepped out in search of his apartment. It was down the hall, the last door on the left. Shauna checked her watch. It was exactly 6 PM. Knocking on the door, she wondered if he'd be impressed by her punctuality.

The door opened and there stood Conner, an amazed look upon his face.

"Shauna, please, come in!"

"Thanks!" she said, stepping inside.

Conner shut the door and stood there momentarily transfixed.

"Here . . . let me take your coat."

Her womanly scent stirred his senses as she turned her back to him and his hands moved to her shoulders, pulling off her coat. She smelled so good to him. Not a strong or perfumy scent, just a clean, fresh smell.

"Mmmm. You smell good." He said, nuzzling her hair.

"Yeah?" she said coyly.

She could feel the warmth and closeness of his body against hers.

"Uh-huh."

He placed his hands on her hips and pulled her close to him. She closed her eyes and leaned back into him, momentarily losing herself in his warm embrace. Shauna could feel his strength and his growing hardness against her backside. The woman in her yearned to rub against him and tease him a little bit. But it was much too early for that. The aroma of food teased her senses and she was hungry.

"Mmmm. . . smells wonderful!" she said softly, as if in a trance.

"Who, me?" Conner asked.

"Well, yes." Shauna finally said.

"But I meant the food!"

"Oh, yeah. It's almost ready. Please, come sit down. Would you like a glass of wine?"

"I'd love one."

Conner hung her coat up in the hall closet and led the way into the living room. There was a low counter top separating the living room from the kitchen and Shauna took a seat on one of the stools while Conner opened a bottle of wine and poured them each a glass.

"Here you go." Conner said, handing her the glass of wine from the kitchen.

"Thank you."

"You said you had some good news?" Conner asked, turning his attention to their meal.

"Oh, yes. I'm starting a new position on the force Monday."

"Really? What's that?" Conner asked.

"I'm heading up a new undercover narcotics team. Jill is going to be my second-in-command."

"That's great, Shauna! Congratulations!"

"Thanks." She said, taking a big gulp of her wine.

She was hoping for that kind of enthusiastic response from Conner.

"But it sounds dangerous. Is it?" he asked.

"Well, to be quite honest with you . . . yes, it can be."

"But that's what you wanted, right? I mean, that's what you've been trained to do, isn't it?"

Shauna took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. It was time to let her hair down and open herself up to Conner.

"Ever since I was a kid, being a cop is all I've ever wanted to be. You know, chasing the bad guys and making a real difference in the world. When I started as a rookie five years ago, the job exceeded my expectations considerably. It was such an adrenaline rush! But I had no idea how satisfying police work could be until I moved up onto the Narcotics Team. It was like I was meant to be there!"

Conner took a sip of his wine and looked Shauna in the eye.

"I think I know where you're coming from. I came from a long line of attorneys. My father was a great lawyer, as was his father. As long as I can remember, I have been fascinated with the practice of law and all that it entails. My father once told me that if I ever saved just one innocent person from going to prison, then my whole life would have had significant meaning."

"I know exactly what you mean. It seems we have a lot in common." Shauna chimed in.

"I guess what I want most from my job is to truly make a difference in the world. Do you think that's possible?"

"I believe it is." Conner said with conviction.

"I guess that's what drives me."

Shauna looked up into Conner's deep green eyes and caught his gaze. They were the most expressive she'd ever seen. It was true. There was a special chemistry between them. There was no doubt about that. Her heart began to pound like a drum again. She didn't understand why she felt this way about this young man. It was as if they had known each other all their lives.

Shauna blushed in a deep crimson, shifting her gaze and fingering the rim of her glass. But it wasn't for the reasons Conner thought. The reason was actually much more personal. She was finding herself falling for him, hook, line and sinker. Her new personality was opening itself up to the world. The only problem was her past.

Suddenly a buzzer went off and Shauna and Conner both jumped. It was the rotisserie timer announcing that the chicken was done. They laughed together.

"Can I help?" Shauna asked as Conner turned and focused his attention on the chicken.

"You can refill our glasses and have a seat at the table. I'll do the rest."

Shauna grabbed the half empty bottle and their glasses and went in and sat at the dining room table. An amused giggle escaped her lips.

"What?" Conner asked from the kitchen.

"I think it's pretty cool. A guy who knows his way around the kitchen, I mean."

"Oh. Well, both my parents worked, so I learned to cook at a young age." Conner said.

A moment later he appeared with a platter of Teriyaki chicken and rice.

"Mmmmm. Smells heavenly." Shauna said.

"Hungry?" Conner asked as he sat.

"Starved!" Shauna admitted.

"Good. So am I!"

Conner served Shauna first, then himself.

"Where are the forks?" Shauna asked.

"No forks. Chopsticks, naturally!" Conner smiled.

"Oh." Shauna said, picking up the two sticks, not wanting to admit she'd never used them before.

Conner chuckled.

"What's so funny?"

"You. You live in New York and don't know how to hold chopsticks."

"You need some help?" Conner asked with a smile.

"I can figure them out. Just give me a moment." Shauna told him.

She watched as Conner started eating and followed his lead.

"Were you born in Hong King or something?" Shauna asked sarcastically.

"No, just a lot of practice. I eat a lot of Chinese take-out, you know. My days are pretty long."

"Uh-huh."

"Mmmm, this is really good!" Shauna said.

"Thanks." Said Conner.

"How'd you know Teriyaki Chicken was my favorite?"

"I didn't know. I really like it and I figured just about everyone likes chicken, so I made it."

"Oh."

Open mouth, insert foot, Shauna told herself.

"So, tell me about yourself." Conner asked.

"What do you want to know?"

"Well, things like where did you grow up? Do you have any brothers and sisters? What do you like to do in your spare time? Stuff like that."

"Well, I was raised here in New York. School, college, all right here. Never been out of the state in fact. I was an only child. My parents live in Rochester now. And I have very little spare time, but I guess I'd say I'd like to travel someday and see the rest of the country and the world."

"Tell me about you." Shauna asked.

"I have two sisters and a brother. I'm the oldest. I was born in Omaha, Nebraska. I went to USC on a football scholarship and got my law degree. I moved to New York three years ago when I was offered a position with the District Attorney's office. My parents still live in Omaha along with my sisters. My brother is in the Navy. And I'd have to say that Teriyaki Chicken is my favorite food hands down!"

"Fair enough!" Shauna laughed.

"Well, now that we know each other better, where do we go from here?" Conner asked, taking a sip of his wine.

"I don't know. I guess we'll just have to see what fate has in store for us." Shauna stated.

"Well, here's to your new job." Conner said, lifting his glass in a toast.

"And may the Good Lord keep you safe and sane."

"Here, here!" Shauna raised her glass to his.

After Shauna and Conner finished eating, Shauna helped Conner clear the table and clean up the kitchen before retiring to the living room.

"Want to watch a movie?" Conner asked.

"Not really." Shauna said.

"But some mellow music would be nice."

Conner put a Celtic CD into his stereo and turned it down low.

"Nice candles. I've always loved sand candles. Do you mind?" she asked.

"Go right ahead." Conner told her.

While Shauna lit a couple of candles on the coffee table, Conner turned the lights down low.

"That's nice." Shauna said as Conner came over and sat down next to her on the sofa.

"You look fantastic tonight, Shauna." He said.

"Thank you. You look very nice yourself." She added.

"What? This old thing?" Conner said comically.

They both got a good laugh.

Shauna stood and walked over to a chair where she'd set her purse.

"What's out there?" she asked, pointing to what looked like a sliding glass door.

"That's my balcony. Wanna have a look?"

"Sure. Besides, I'm dying for a cigarette."

She took a cigarette from her purse and a purple plastic disposable lighter and followed Conner out the door and onto the balcony. By now it was completely dark and the lights from the office buildings across the river reflected on the water.

"Wow. You have quite a view from up here." Shauna said.

"Here, allow me." Conner told her.

He took the lighter and lit her cigarette for her.

"Thank you." She said, impressed with his kindness.

He seemed like a really great guy. Tall, good-looking. Successful attorney. Thoughtful, courteous, kind, great sense of humor. His resume read like a boy scout. So why was he still single? Shauna thought. He's everything a woman could ever want in a man.

A cold wind was blowing and the sky was clear, devoid of everything but the countless stars and a bright half moon. Shauna shivered as a rush of icy air blew up her skirt. Standing behind her, Conner wrapped his arms around her. She could feel his warmth against her body and she leaned into his embrace.

"You know, I never get tired of this view." Conner said, almost in a whisper.

"It always looks different but it's always beautiful."

"I can't imagine living anywhere else." Shauna said, reaching up with one hand to touch his arms.

She was amazed by the hardness of his arms and assumed he probably worked out in a gym.

"Let's go back inside." She finally said.

"It's chilly out here."

They went back inside, both grateful for the welcoming warmth that met them inside.

"More wine?" Conner asked, topping off his glass.

"Maybe one more." Shauna replied, sitting on the sofa and pulling down the hem of her short skirt.

She knew that if she crossed her legs her skirt would ride up even higher, exposing the dark tops of her gartered stockings. So she elected to sit with her knees together as best she could.

"Here you go." Conner said, handing her refilled wine glass to her.

"Thanks." She said, taking a sip then setting it on the coffee table.

As she sat back, Conner suddenly took her into his arms and kissed her deeply. Every nerve ending within Shauna's taunt body tingled in response to his passionate embrace. She closed her eyes and kissed him back, eagerly accepting his probing tongue. Their tongues danced together wetly, urgently. Shauna's heart started pounding relentlessly once again and her body trembled within his arms like a cherry blossom in the wind.

Conner pulled her closer to him, until her breasts were straining against his hard chest. She moaned up into his hungry mouth, her body alive with a passion she had no idea existed.

His hand slowly rose up and cupped one of her heaving breasts, gently squeezing and stroking it through the material of her sweater and bra. She was vaguely aware that his fingers were causing the little buds of her nipples to become erect. The feeling of his strong hands playing across her breasts set her on fire. Her mind raced, unable to focus on any one thought. He was driving her crazy with his kiss and his touch.

When it seemed Conner was slowly, reluctantly beginning to break the kiss, Shauna moved her hands up behind his neck and held on to their sensuous embrace, never want-



ing it to end. A fire was beginning to burn within the depths of her soul and she yearned for release.

Conner slowly tore his mouth from hers and he nuzzled the soft fragrance of her hair.

“Oh, Conner . . . Conner . . .” she cooed as he planted wet little kisses on her neck.

His hand released her breast and wormed its way up under her sweater. Reaching up he quickly released the clasp to her bra, freeing her restrained breasts from their bondage.

Cupping one of her hefty, meaty breasts in his hand he brought his mouth down to it and flicked his snake-like tongue out across the hard little nipple. She squirmed excitedly in his arms, and then cupped the luscious orb in her hand as if feeding it to him.

Conner took her nipple into his mouth and began to suck on it hungrily. Little mewls and cries of passion began emanating from Shauna’s lips as the electric contact nearly sent her through the roof.

He tore his mouth free from her heaving breast and crushed his mouth down over hers, muting her cries of delight.

As they kissed, Conner took her hand and placed it on the large, growing bulge in his pants. He flashed his tongue deeply into her mouth to be sucked and she did so, wantonly. She began to squeeze and knead his aching hardness, feeling its throbbing intensity through the material of his pants.

Shauna slowly broke free of Conner’s hungry kiss and looked down at the immense bulge she was rubbing in the candlelight. Instinctively, she knew what he wanted. She wanted it to. Maybe even more than he did. She was in the arms of a man for the first time in her young life and loving it.

Shauna slowly opened Conner’s pants and reached inside, grasping his throbbing manhood firmly.

“Oh, Shauna . . .” he groaned, lifting his hips as he helped her pull his pants down to his knees.

She gasped. There, in the flickering candlelight, was the most beautiful man-sized penis she had ever seen! It was visibly throbbing within her small, soft hand while she stroked it. It was so big, her fingers couldn’t reach all the way around its girth!

“Oh, Conner . . . it’s . . . it’s beautiful!” she gasped, moving in for a closer look as she rubbed and kneaded it.

Although not as long as Capitan Sharp’s, it was considerably thicker and harder!

Conner was moaning continually now. As Shauna stroked him, a drop of clear nectar appeared from the little hole in the tip and she felt an uncontrollable urge to taste him.

Moving her head down, she flashed her tongue out and captured his essence.

“Mmmmm. You taste so good!” Shauna told him softly.

By now, he was seeping continually as he moved his hips up and down off the sofa.

“Oh, honey, do it! Please do it . . . it’s been so long!” Conner groaned lustfully.

Shauna was glad that he couldn't see the broad grin on her face. It was the realization that she had made him this hard and this excited with her kisses and tender loving! She continued to tease him with her tongue, flicking it out to lick all around the plum-colored tip and rock hard shaft. But Conner was in no mood to be teased!

He moved his large hand behind Shauna's head and firmly guided it down. His hardness nudged between her pillow-like lips and lodged itself within the confines of her warm, wet mouth.

"Oh, yeah. That's it! That's the ticket!" Conner groaned

"Now suck it . . . suck it and stroke me at the same time!"

Something inside of her told her what she already knew. The time for teasing him was over. It was now time to satisfy him in a way that only a real woman can satisfy a man. And Conner was just that: A real man with a man's needs and desires. And every fiber of his being was crying out for release. And it was up to Shauna to satisfy him completely.

She began to suck softly, stroking the throbbing shaft with her hand and moving her head up and down on him.

"Oh, yeah . . . Oh yeah . . ." Conner moaned as if possessed.

He had released the pressure of his hand on the back of her bobbing head now and was running his fingers through the softness of her hair.

Shauna could taste his sweet and salty juices as they seeped lavishly onto her swirling tongue. Conner reached down, lifting her skirt and began toying with the tops of her gartered stockings. He moved his hand lower until it came in contact with the dripping wet crotch band of her panties.

As she continued to suck, he slid his hand into her panties and began fingering the seeping wetness of her vagina. Shauna moaned around her mouthful and began sucking harder, encouraged by his teasing touch. Reaching down, she cupped the heavy fullness of his egg-sized testicles and began to rub and knead them softly. This was more than Conner could stand. He felt the exquisite feeling beginning to build deep in his loins, rising in him like mercury in a thermometer. He couldn't have held back if his life depended on it!

Suddenly, he was there!

Shauna felt his manhood start jerking as he climaxed, as spurt after creamy spurt of his raging hot semen exploded within her mouth and flooded down her throat. She swallowed again and again in an effort to keep up with his hearty spurts, but it was in vain. Conner pulled free of her hungry, sucking mouth and blasted the rest of his immense load across her face and lips.

"Ohhh! . . . Ohhh! . . . Ahhhh . . . Mmmmm . . ." Conner groaned like a rutting animal.

Shauna sat up, leaning her head against his heaving chest, with strings of his creamy white semen on her beautiful face.

"That was beautiful, Shauna." He said softly.

He was still trying to catch his breath.

"I want to satisfy you, now."

"I'm OK. Really." She said.

Somehow she felt satiated herself and totally at peace.

He stroked her hair and back.

"I want to make love to you so badly." He finally said.

"I know. I want you, too. But tonight just isn't the right time."

Without saying another word, she got up from the sofa. Unable to look at him, Shauna went into the bathroom and cleaned herself up. With mixed emotions, she stood staring into the mirror, as if searching herself for some conciliation. A part of her felt cheap. Maybe a little guilty. But another part of her felt complete. As if she had finally come full circle. But she knew in her heart what she needed to experience before becoming a complete woman. She needed to make love to a man that she loved or at least had strong feelings for. That would come some day. Just not tonight. And whether or not it would be with Conner, she didn't know.

"Are you OK?" Conner asked from the hallway.

"I'm fine. I'll be out in a moment." She answered.

Shauna touched up her makeup and brushed her hair before joining Conner back in the living room.

She sat down beside him, still unable to meet his gaze.

"Do you want me to take you home?" Conner asked, touching her cheek gently with the back of his hand.

"Would you mind?" Shauna asked.

"I'm just really tired."

Conner nodded and they stood and walked over to the door. Conner helped Shauna with her coat and slipped his on as well, grabbing his car keys from the kitchen counter. They walked in silence to his car and he held the door for her. He was such a gentleman, Shauna thought. She wished she could think of something to say to him to reassure him that she was alright. But she couldn't. She just needed some time alone to think.

As Conner drove her back to her apartment, Shauna released her seat belt and snuggled close to him. Lying her head on his shoulder and gently rubbing his thigh, she tried to convey to him that she had very strong feelings for him. A part of her wished that she could tell him everything. The whole, uncensored truth about herself. That tonight was the first time that she had ever been intimate with a man. But she just couldn't. She was terrified that he would despise her and never want to see her again. So that was out.

As Conner pulled up in front of her apartment and turned off the engine, Shauna finally faced him. Her eyes held his for a moment, as if searching for the right words to say.

She knew she needed to convey to him her complete and honest feelings. If she didn't, she was afraid that she'd lose him forever.

"You're the best time I ever had." She said sincerely.

“Dinner was wonderful and I had a great time. Will you call me tomorrow after work?”

She touched his face.

“Wow! I’ve never been someone’s best time before.” He admitted.

She leaned over and, throwing caution to the wind, kissed him long and hard and deeply. It was the only way that she could think of to let him know how she felt about him.

“Goodnight.” She told him as she got out of the car.

“Goodnight, Shauna.” He replied, smiling.

Shauna closed the car door and turned to walk up the steps and into the building. Conner watched to make sure she got inside safely, then started the car and drove off. It had been quite an evening for the both of them.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Stepping into the apartment, it was apparent that Jill was still out on her date. Although it was nearly midnight, it was not unusual for her to be out late with Bruce. It was a Friday night and the two of them were spending more and more of their free time together. Jill had not said anything, but Shauna got the idea that they were becoming more serious these days.

Shauna left a light on for Jill, and then went into her bedroom and undressed. She felt exhausted as she pulled on her pink lace nightgown and crawled into bed. Normally she would remove her makeup and read for a while before retiring. But tonight, it was sleep she craved. She reasoned the past week had been so stressful that it was all catching up with her.

As she flicked off the lamp on her nightstand and stretched out in her bed, her thoughts turned to Conner. He had awakened her passion that evening. There was no doubt about that. Her reaction to his kisses had surprised even Shauna. She had become so excited when she touched him and went down on him. She reveled at how excited she had made him and the anticipation of eventually sleeping with and making love with him.

Shauna’s heart told her she was falling for him. But her head was telling her to take things slow and easy. Closing her eyes she faded off to sleep.

The next morning Shauna was up first. She padded into the kitchen and made a pot of coffee, retrieved the weekend paper from the doorstep and plopped down on the sofa. She had awakened that morning with Conner on her mind again. Flipping through the paper, she tried desperately to clear her mind of him.

“Good morning!” she heard Jill’s voice from the kitchen.

Still in her nightgown, she poured herself a cup of coffee and joined Shauna on the sofa.

“Good morning, sleepy head! How was your date?” Shauna asked playfully.

“It was OK I guess.” Jill yawned.

“Just OK? Is that all?” Shauna asked.

“Well, we went to dinner at that new Greek place over in the Village. It was real good. Then we went to a movie and that was so-so. But then we went back to Bruce’s place and had a couple of drinks and talked until after midnight.” Jill said in a boring tone.

“So, then, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Everything. I don’t know!” Jill said, clearly irritated.

“It’s just that Bruce and I have been going out for quite a while now. We have a lot in common and he treats me really good. But last night I was really feeling kind of horny after the drinks. I wanted to take our relationship to the next level, but he didn’t.”

“What do you mean?” Shauna asked, perplexed.

Jill sighed.

“We started kissing and fooling around, you know? I was getting so hot and bothered. I suggested we go into his bedroom and get more comfortable. But then he just stopped and stared at me as if I was crazy or something. He said he didn’t want to mess up our relationship with sex before marriage, and that really set me off.”

“That’s kind of weird. I’ve never heard of a guy not wanting to have sex, even if it was pre-marital.” Shauna reasoned.

“He’s so damned squeaky clean. I mean, I want to try on the shoes before I buy them.”

“I don’t follow you.” Shauna said.

“I mean that I want to have sex with him to see if we’re sexually compatible first. I’d hate to get married without knowing whether or not the sex would be good or bad. I guess I’m more liberal than him, but the last thing I want to do is get married and be frustrated for the rest of my days.”

“I see your point.” Shauna said.

“Have you told him how you feel?”

“I tried but he’s adamant about waiting until after marriage to have sex. He’s a strict Catholic, you know.” Jill said.

“But you’re Catholic, too!” Shauna said.

“I know, but not that strict. When I get married, I want to know for sure that it’s going to be forever.”

“I guess I feel the same way.” Shauna told her.

“So, tell me about your date with Conner.” Jill asked.

Shauna blushed, a slight smile coming to her lips.

“You two did it?” Jill beamed, her eyes huge.

"No. I mean, we didn't exactly 'do it'." Shauna said.

"So tell me. Tell me everything!" Jill begged.

"Well, Conner made us a wonderful dinner at his place. We had some wine and just sat around talking and listening to music."

"Go on . . ."

"Well . . ." Shauna began, looking around as if to find the right words to describe the encounter.

"We were sitting on the sofa together, when he suddenly pulled me into his arms and kissed me. It was pretty wild. We must have kissed for several minutes."

"Go on . . ." Jill pressed.

"He was a wonderful kisser. He got me so excited, I thought I was going to explode. Then while we were kissing, he slipped a hand up under my sweater and started feeling me up. So I reached down and started rubbing him. He was so hard, Jill!" Shauna confessed.

"And then . . .?"

"I opened his pants and started playing with it. You know, rubbing and squeezing it. He was so big and hard my fingers couldn't reach all the way around it! Then his kisses got even more hot and passionate . . ."

"He had me stroke it for the longest time. When he started to seep in my hand, I got this crazy urge to taste him, so I did!"

"You went down on him?" Jill asked, amazed.

"Uh-huh."

"Did he come in your mouth?"

Shauna nodded, a crooked smile on her lips.

"Did you swallow it?"

She nodded again.

"Wow! That's awesome!" Jill said.

"He got me so hot and excited. I think he wanted to sleep with me but I didn't feel like I was ready for that yet."

"When you're ready, you'll know it." Jill advised.

"I just wish Bruce was ready."

"Do you want me to talk to him?" Shauna asked.

"No, you'd better not. He'll think I put you up to it."

The two of them spent the rest of the weekend just lounging around and taking it easy. Conner called Shauna and the two of them talked for almost an hour. It was obvious to Shauna that Conner really cared for her and was anxious to take their relationship to a higher level. He asked Shauna on a ski trip that next weekend and Shauna had accepted.

Although she hadn't skied in a few years, she felt that she'd be able to hold her own on the slopes with Conner. As far as holding her own in bed with him, only time would answer that question.

Monday morning came bright and early for Shauna. She showered and dressed quickly. Lt. Barnes had told her to wear her uniform that morning and during their training that week. After that, Shauna, Jill and the other team members would be undercover and required to dress as ordinary businesswomen. Jill would be collecting her things from her old precinct that morning and would join Shauna and the rest of the team later that day.

She took a cab to work and wondered if she should start thinking about getting a car of her own. Taking a cab everywhere was getting expensive and she hated to intrude on Jill for a ride every time she needed one. She knew Jill didn't mind but it bothered her. Besides, Jill had done so much for her and Shauna didn't want to seem like she was taking advantage of their friendship.

Arriving at the precinct, Shauna reported to Lt. Barnes as ordered and the two of them went over the team roster. Lt. Barnes also brought Shauna up to speed on the current undercover operations as well as their training stint that would begin the next day in a facility near Rochester.

She also met the other five team members, ranging in age from twenty-four to forty-five. All were veteran officers with at least four years street experience. Jill joined them after lunch and the seven departed the station in an unmarked van, arriving at the training facility later that afternoon.

Over the next four days, the instructors put Shauna and her team through their paces, both in the classroom and in the field. The "field" consisted of a mock-up urban scenario setting. A number of buildings had been built at the facility that the training teams would use to solve various drug operations scenarios and situations. The first couple of days were a learning situation for the women. Everyone made mistakes and some members had been "killed."

But it was an effective training tool and the team members learned from their mistakes and didn't repeat them. To do so, they were told, might endanger the lives of their teammates or themselves for that matter. By Friday, Lavender team was solid and operated as professionals. The women had bonded as a team and were deemed ready to join the other teams on live operations back in the city.

Shauna and Jill arrived back at their apartment around 5 PM. As Jill showered, Shauna tried to restrain herself from calling Conner right away. She lasted maybe ten minutes. Dialing his number, he answered on the second ring.

"Hi!" she said, trying to hide her excitement.

"Hello!" he replied, trying to mask his.

"How was your week?" Conner asked.

"It went well. The team really came together." She said.

"I guess we're as ready as we'll ever be."

"That's great!"

"I'm really looking forward to this weekend. It's been so long since I've been on the slopes and I can't wait to see you." Conner said.

"I've missed you, too." Shauna admitted.

"But it's been quite a while since I've been skiing. Just promise me you won't laugh."

"OK. I promise. If you promise you won't laugh at me, either!"

"It's a deal." Shauna said.

"I got us a reservation for tonight and tomorrow night, but if you're too tired we could just drive up in the morning."

Shauna hesitated. She didn't want to sound TOO anxious.

"I'm not that tired. Still kind of wound up from the week's training. Tonight would be good."

"How about if I pick you up in say . . . an hour?" Conner asked.

"I'll be ready!" Shauna said.

"Ok. See you then." Conner said.

"See you then."

"Bye."

"Bye."

As Shauna was hanging up the phone, Jill came out of the bathroom in her robe.

"Who was that?" she asked, wrapping a towel around her wet hair.

"That was Conner. He's picking me up in an hour."

"You two still going skiing?"

"Yeah. Conner wants to drive up tonight."

"Are you up to that?" Jill asked.

"I'm a little bushed, but if we drive up tonight, we'll have more time to ski."

Jill smiled knowingly.

"More time to ski . . . ?"

Shauna smiled.

"Or whatever. I'm just going to follow my heart, remember?"

"Alright, as long as you tell me everything when you get back." Jill laughed.

"It's a deal!" Shauna agreed.

“Well, you’d better get in there and pack! Didn’t you say he’d be here in an hour to pick you up?”

“Oh, shit! You’re right! I’d better get going!” Shauna said, glancing at her watch.

“You GO girl!” Jill cheered as Shauna hurried down the hall and into her bedroom.

This was going to be a different kind of weekend. No sexy clothes or frilly things. She had to think “warmth.” Jeans, sweaters, warm socks and boots, she thought as she grabbed her suitcase and began filling it. Maybe just one nice outfit, she thought. But not TOO nice. She decided to wear her short black denim skirt, a lavender angora sweater with matching tights and her 3” heel black knee-hi boots. She could look sexy AND still be warm! At least that was the plan. It would be a three-hour drive up to Vermont and Shauna wanted to have Conner’s undivided attention the whole trip. At least during the moments when he wasn’t concentrating on the road!

She had forty minutes before Conner would arrive. Did she have enough time to shower, dry her hair, and apply her makeup and dress?

Shauna got into the shower and let out with a deep sigh as the steaming water cascaded down over her head and face. This time she wanted to smell extra good for Conner and she lathered up a sponge with Rain Bath shower gel. She loved the clean, fragrant scent and was hoping that Conner would too! Then she washed her hair and rinsed in record time. Drying her body with a large, soft towel she turned her attention to drying her long, blonde hair, then giving her long tresses a “quickie” with her curling iron.

Next she applied her makeup. A little eyeliner and shadow. A touch of black mascara and a smidgen of blush, just enough to give her cheeks a healthy glow . . .

Dashing into the bedroom, she glanced at the clock as she stepped into her panties and pulled on her bra. Ten minutes! And knowing Conner, he’d be right on time too! She pulled on her new lavender garter belt, and then sat on the edge of the bed to pull on her tights, attaching the tops of her stockings to the garters. Then, as she was stepping into her skirt, she heard a knock at the door. He was five minutes early!

She heard Jill answer the door.

“Conner! Good to see you!” Shauna heard Jill say.

“Come right in. Shauna will be out shortly.”

Her lavender angora sweater and black boots completed her ensemble. Taking her suitcase and setting it down by her door, she glanced at herself in the mirror, checking her appearance. Grabbing her brush from her dresser she gave her hair a few cursory strokes before putting it away inside her purse.

She closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. Her heart was already racing.

“Let’s see . . .” Shauna thought to herself.

“Suitcase, purse, makeup, camera, jacket. Sure hope I didn’t forget anything!” she said out loud before opening her bedroom door and taking her things out by the front door.

“Hey!” she heard Conner say from the living room.

"Hey!" Shauna replied, turning to face him.

"Hope you haven't been waiting long."

"Just got here." He said, standing.

"All set?"

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be I guess." She answered.

"You look great!" Conner said as he approached her in the hallway.

"Thanks. So do you." She told him.

He was the only guy she'd ever know that looked great in a pair of new jeans and a button-up shirt.

"You two have fun and be good!" Jill called from the living room.

"We'll try!" Shauna called back.

"See you on Sunday!"

"Bye, Jill!" Conner called as Shauna pulled him out the door.

Always the gentleman, he grabbed her suitcase on the way out, placing it in the trunk of his car next to his. He pivoted, placing his hands around Shauna's narrow waist. He bent his head down and kissed her, full on the lips.

"Wow! What did I do to deserve that?" Shauna asked, taken by surprise.

"I missed you this week." He said.

"Hmmm. Maybe I should go away more often!" Shauna said, playfully.

"Your car, Miss!" Conner said, opening her door for her.

"Thank you, kind sir!" she said, flashing him her best coy smile.

She wondered if he'd always treat her so well. Or if the romance would wear off after they'd been together for a while. Hopefully, not! She thought as they pulled away and took their place in the heavy rush hour traffic.

A month before, the snail pace of rush hour would have irritated Shauna. But now, things were different. She was in no hurry and neither, it seemed, was Conner. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye and reached up and touched his cheek softly, a wry smile coming to her lips.

"What?" Conner asked, perplexed by her playful yet cryptic mood.

"Nothing." She said.

"Just missed you more than I thought I would this week."

"Yeah?" he sounded surprised.

"Yeah, I did." She confirmed.

He smiled and reached out and took Shauna's hand in his. His touch was electric. It was the first time she'd ever held hands with a man and it caused her heart to skip a beat. A simple gesture to a lot of people. But not to Shauna! His hand was so warm and large,

holding hers. She could feel the strength in it. She found herself amazed by such a simple yet loving act.

She wanted to be closer to him. To show him beyond the shadow of a doubt how she felt. But she would have to release her seatbelt and to do that while still in the city would involve a hefty fine if a traffic cop stopped them. She decided to wait until they were out of the city and in the country.

“So when do you think we’ll get there?” Shauna asked, trying to quell her excitement.

“About three hours, once we get out of this rat race.” He said.

“Why don’t you put on a CD?”

Conner reached under his seat and handed Shauna a CD case. She opened it and glanced through his selections. Fleetwood Mac. REO Speedwagon. Heart. Pink Floyd. Mostly a collection of 70’s and 80’s stuff, which was nice but Shauna was more in the mood for something mellow. Celtic Romance. Hmmmm . . . Now that’s more like it, she thought to herself. She took it out of the case and inserted it into the CD player.

“Good call. I love that kind of music.” Conner said.

“It’s so relaxing and laid back.”

The mellow music set the mood as they made their way out of the city. The traffic thinned out and they picked up speed. Shauna undid her seatbelt and slid over close to Conner. Resting her head on his shoulder and closing her eyes, Shauna let out a soft sigh. They were on their way now. On their way to a well-deserved, exciting weekend.

She felt Conner’s arm slip around her tired shoulders. The steady hum of the engine and the hypnotic music worked their magic on her and she drifted off to sleep within the warmth of his embrace.

“Honey, wake up . . . we’re almost there!” she heard Conner say.

Shauna slowly opened her eyes and focused on the gleaming whiteness on the road ahead of them. Humungous snowflakes were falling and building up on the windshield like white drifting sand. The windshield wipers were overwhelmed and it wasn’t long before the snow covered the entire windshield except for a narrow section of exposed glass.

“It’s beautiful!” Shauna said, her eyes growing large as the snowflakes.

“I can’t believe how big the flakes are!”

“Can you see OK?”

Conner smiled.

“Sure! It’s really not that bad. Besides, we’re almost there. Just a few more miles. See, there’s a sign . . . 5 miles to the lodge.”

“What sign?” Shauna asked, turning her head around.

“We just past it. Back there on the right.”

“I’ll take your word for it.” Shauna told him.

The snow was getting deeper on the roadway and they were slipping a little even though Conner had shifted into four-wheel drive. They hadn't seen another car in over half an hour and it was becoming difficult to see the contours of the road.

"I'm glad you know where we're going." Shauna said.

It seemed like forever before they finally arrived at the lodge in the midst of a blowing snowstorm. Conner pulled up to the office and went inside to register while Shauna waited in the car. She could barely see fifty feet in front of their car, where she could see the large lumps in the parking lot that were other cars buried with a thick blanket of snow.

A few minutes later Conner returned to the car with the key to their room and a ski trail map.

"It's going to be awesome tomorrow morning if this snow keeps up." He told her as he drove through the parking lot, several inches of fresh white powder crunching beneath the tires. Conner pulled the car into what looked like a space between two large lumps in the snow and turned off the engine.

"This is it!" he said, turning to touch Shauna's cheek gently.

"All set?"

Shauna smiled and nodded.

Conner grabbed their suitcases and Shauna followed him into the lodge and up a flight of stairs and down a long hallway, bedecked with pictures of the lodge covered with snow under bright blue cloudless skies. The warmth of the lodge felt wonderful to Shauna, whose legs were rather frigid from the dash in from the car. The short skirt and tights may have been stylish and sexy, but they weren't practical. She knew that. But it seemed the right thing to wear to get and keep Conner's attention.

"Here we are, room 214." Conner said, setting their bags down and fumbling with the key.

"Here, I'll get the door. You get the bags." Shauna said, taking the key from him and opening the heavy wooden door.

She walked in, turning on lights as she went. Conner followed with their bags.

"Geez, what do you have in here, anyway?" he chided her.

"We're only here for a couple of days."

"Only the things I needed." Shauna played along.

"A girl needs her stuff."

Shauna went to the large curtains at the far end of their room and drew them open. It was black as coal outside until she snapped on the porch light, revealing the swirling snow that was falling in torrents and building deeply on the redwood deck.

"Wow! This is awesome!" she said, amazed by the view from their room.

"Wait until tomorrow. We should be able to see the lower slopes of the mountain. That is, if the blizzard ever stops." Conner told her.

"But what if it doesn't stop?" Shauna said, a worried tone in her voice.

Conner came up behind her quietly.

"What if it keeps snowing all weekend?"

"Well, then . . ." Conner said, placing his arms around her.

"We'll just have to make the best of things in here, where it's warm and cozy."

He pulled her close to him and a smile came to her lips. She was playing the helpless woman to the hilt and he was buying it all. She had taken some advice that Jill had told her: Always let your man think you need him and need protecting.

"Mmmmm. You smell good." Conner told her, nuzzling his face in her hair.

"Yeah?" she said coyly.

"Uh-huh."

"Will you make a fire?" she asked Conner.

"While I go freshen up a bit?"

Conner nodded and reluctantly released her and set about starting a fire in the rock fireplace while Shauna stepped into the bathroom and touched up her makeup and cologne. Tonight was going to be a special night. And she wanted to look and smell her best. It felt kind of strange, being one of the only 27-year-old virgins in the entire country! One thing was for sure. She wanted it to be memorable; like any other virgin on prom night. She also wanted it to be a night that Conner would never forget!

When she came out of the bathroom, Conner was stretched out on the king-sized bed in front of a roaring fire. He had quickly changed into a pair of sweatpants while she was in the bathroom. As Shauna approached the bed, she could see that was all he was wearing. Kicking off her heels, she shivered as she saw his muscular abs and the dark hair on his chest.

She rolled onto the bed and Conner pulled her into his arms, pulling her back against the rippling muscles of his abdomen. He nuzzled her neck and her cheek, planting little wet kisses on the nape of her neck. A shiver rush flashed up and down her spine, the feeling of his warm lips nibbling on her ear lobe teasing her immensely.

Suddenly, he pulled her over and across his rigid body until she was facing him and kissed her long and deeply. She could feel the warmth of the fire through the thin material of her sweater. Shauna kissed him back, hungrily. He flashed his probing tongue deeply into her mouth to be sucked and she did so, wantonly. Her heart was pounding as if it was going to burst forth from her chest, the blood in her veins feeling as if it were boiling. They're legs entwined and Conner lifted his body over hers, continuing the passionate kiss. Conner's hands began to explore, roaming over her body at will. He stroked the firm flesh of her nylon-encased thighs, her hips and her nylon-encased buttocks. Shauna moaned up into his mouth, his hands driving her crazy with desire. She could feel the growing hardness against her stomach and her hands moved down to capture and caress it through the material of his sweats. Conner's kiss became more urgent and passionate and he moaned with lust down into Shauna's ovulating mouth. Her panties were growing moist as she kneaded and rubbed his throbbing manhood. His hands moved up under her

sweater and beneath her bra and began rubbing her straining breasts, feeling her nipples becoming erect in his hands.

Conner sat up, obviously excited and pulled Shauna's sweater up and over her head, discarding it beside the bed. He pulled her up in his arms and unclasped her bra in one quick motion and pulled it off also. At the same time he was pulling off her skirt, she was yanking at the band of his sweats, pulling them down. His raging hardness snapped to attention like a buck private, standing fully erect in the fire light. He pulled his sweats off and turned to watch Shauna removing her stockings and garter belt.

Then, without saying a word, they slipped in between the cool sheets and into each other's arms once again. There would be no stopping them now. Not this time. Shauna's small, warm hands captured Conner's raging desire and began to squeeze and knead it once again. By now it was seeping lavishly, lubricating the throbbing shaft as she stroked him. Conner crushed his mouth down over Shauna's lips, kissing her like there was no tomorrow. His roving hands were bringing forth little gasps and cries from her mouth, which were mostly stifled by his. Conner moved up over her, mounting her.

"Please, be gentle." Shauna whispered softly.

A stupid cliché maybe, but to her, it was real. Her body tensed, awaiting his insertion.

He grasped his aching hardness in his hand, guiding it to the gaping chasm of her warm, wet vagina. He moved forward and nudged the seeping tip just inside of her, lubricating the way. Shauna wrapped her long legs around him and pulled him slowly forward, feeling him enter her steadily.

"You're so tight and wet." Conner whispered hotly, barely able to contain himself.

Then he nudged up against what felt like her hymen.

Dr. Becker had thought of everything.

The miracle of science and medicine. But these things were the last things on Shauna's mind. She wanted him more than anything in the world. But he was so big and hard! What if he was too big? He'd split her in two!

Conner looked down into Shauna's eyes. They were glazed with passion and yet he could sense her fear. She was biting her lower lip in anticipation of his entry and was trembling.

"Baby . . . I don't want to hurt you" Conner breathed, quaking with passion.

But Shauna took the initiative. Pulling his mouth down over hers, she kissed him passionately, while her legs pulled him deeper within her. She screamed up into his mouth as his hardness broke through the barrier and surged forward, lodging itself all the way within her. A rush of heat flowed over Shauna as the sudden pain of his entry subsided.

Conner now took the initiative from her, mounting her and pulling her legs up and over his muscular shoulders. He started moving within her; slowly at first and then with increasing power and rhythm.

Shauna was in a fantasyland of passionate abandon. Every nerve ending in her body was tingling and tight as a bowstring. Conner had taken complete control over her quaking body and the realization of this increased her passion ten-fold.

To Conner, it felt as if their entwined bodies had become one, moving in unison toward a temporal plane neither of them knew existed. A raging fire was burning in the pit of Shauna's soul. Conner's movements within her were taking her closer and closer toward release. At the same time Conner felt the exquisite pleasure building deep in his loins. He slowed his rhythm in an effort to hold off until Shauna approached her own desperate release.

But his act of attentiveness was unnecessary. A freight train was charging through her and there would be no stopping it. She clung to Conner desperately as he slammed one last time deeply into her and came. His hearty spurts surged against the neck of her womb, taking her over the edge as well. She came, bucking and writhing wildly as Conner exploded again and again within her. His liquid message of love pooled warmly into her depths.

They kissed desperately while their passion slowly waned. Panting and sweating profusely, the two lay locked together, neither one wanting to release the other.

"Oh, Conner . . . Conner . . ." Shauna stammered, her heart pounding in her chest.

He crushed his mouth down over hers, kissing her deeply. The two fell asleep in each other's arms.

CHAPTER EIGHT

When Shauna awoke, a narrow beam of sunlight shone through the opening in the drapes to the sliding glass door. She could hear the shower as she sat up in bed and was drawn to the source of light through the door. Reaching for her bathrobe she quickly donned it and walked over to the door, sliding open the curtains. What she saw took her breath away!

Squinting in the bright sunlight, she looked out onto the lower slopes of the mountain that was shrouded in a thick, newly-fallen blanket of snow. Shading her eyes with her hand, Shauna couldn't remember ever seeing such a bright blue cloudless sky. Skiers were swarming across the face of the mogul-studded mountain like ants on an anthill.

Suddenly, she jumped as she felt a pair of strong hands wrap around her trim middle.

"Ohhh! You scared me!"

"So how does it look . . .?" Conner asked, holding her close.

"It's gorgeous!" Shauna said, mesmerized by the sight before her.

“So what are we waiting for?” Conner whispered in her ear, sending chills up and down her spine.

“I need to take a shower.” She said, distracted by his attentions.

“OK, but don’t take too long! I’m going to get dressed and get our skis.”

Shauna stepped into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. She had mixed feelings about the previous night. As she turned on the water and stepped into the warm, cascading flow, her body shivered and then relaxed entirely. Letting the water pour over her head and down her face, her thoughts turned to Conner and her evolving feelings for him. Now that they had made love, what were his feelings for her? Had they done the right thing? There was no denying the smoldering chemistry that had been growing between them like a tropical storm. She had no doubts about her own feelings for Conner. He was handsome, attentive and one of the most caring men she had ever known. She was falling for him big time, but her better sense told her to hold back and not reveal her inner most feelings to him until he revealed his own for her.

The sound of their room door opening and closing brought her out of her dream-like state and back down to earth. As she got out of the shower and began drying herself, she gazed at her reflection in the steamy mirror. What she saw brought an encouraging smile to her lovely face. She was, after all, very attractive. Her big blue eyes and her full, bee-stung lips were the envy of many young women. It had always given her a wonderful rush as she walked down the street and she could feel the weight of men’s eyes upon her.

She knew that Conner was attracted to her physical form. But did he admire her for her other qualities as well? As her feminine personality was becoming more and more prevalent, Shauna was beginning to understand some new and wonderful things about herself. She was a woman, first and foremost. But she was also a cop. She had a soft, vulnerable side. But she could also be decisive, articulate and in control.

She sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on her thermal underwear. Next she stood and pulled a blue sweater over her head before stepping into sky blue powder pants and her ski boots. She dried her hair and applied a little eye makeup and lip-gloss. Then she joined Conner on the deck outside of their room.

The sun embraced her as Conner attached her ski lift pass to the zipper of her powder pants. She gazed into his eyes, seeing so many things. Was this truly love or was it infatuation? She didn’t know. How do you define love? Ask one hundred people and you’d get a hundred different answers. All Shauna knew was the feeling she had when they were together. That wonderful oneness and the indescribable joy.

“You all set?” Conner asked, touching her face softly.

“Uh-huh.” She answered tentatively.

“Let’s go!”

The two of them stepped into their skis and shuffled through the fresh powder to the short line that was forming by the chair lift at the base of the mountain.

“You’re going to love this!” Conner winked.

They moved out together, looking back over their shoulders as one of the chair lifts quickly moved around behind them. Sitting down just as the chair scooped them up and whisked them forward and upward. Up, up, up they climbed against the bright white face of the mountain.

Shauna had never been fond of high places. In fact, heights scared her. They always had. She gripped the side bar in white-knuckle fashion and closed her eyes like a little girl on a scary ride in some amusement park. Conner felt her trembling and placed a reassuring arm around her shoulders as the chair lift lurched and jerked its way up the steep mountain side, swaying to and fro in the light wind. He leaned over and lightly kissed her cheek.

Shauna was glad that Conner was beside her. She felt safe when she was close to him. Although her mind was struggling with these strange new feelings of fear and vulnerability, she felt at ease and protected by him. As a man, he had always felt secure and in control. His police training had instilled that. But now, as a woman, the feeling was different. She was, after all, just a mortal woman. And it was hard for her to admit to anyone, let alone herself, that she needed the security and protection that a man offered.

As they crested the top of the mountain, Conner noticed that Shauna still had her eyes tightly shut. He smiled and gave her a squeeze.

"You OK?" he asked.

She opened her eyes tentatively and gazed at the spectacular view from their perch. It was an incredibly clear day and she stared in awe at the surrounding mountain peaks and a blue lake in the distance.

"Wow! It's . . . it's . . ." she stammered.

"Beautiful?" Conner finished her sentence for her.

"Yes! But more than that . . . it's captivating!" she said.

"I told you this place was special."

"Yes, you did, but I had no idea . . ." Shauna trailed off.

As they approached the end of the lift ride, Shauna and Conner straightened their skis and lifted the tips to avoid the inevitable and embarrassing face down fall that occurred when newcomers to the sport tried to get off the lift at the end of the ride.

They got off without mishap and Shauna followed Conner down the short path that led to the beginning of their first run of the day. Conner stopped at the edge of the take off point, letting a family with a large proportion of children go ahead. Shauna pulled up beside him while he stripped off his gloves, raised his goggles and pulled a map from his jacket pocket.

"Let's see . . ." he said, examining the map in earnest.

"There are three ways down the mountain. Which way . . . ?"

"Last one down buys lunch!" Shauna called, scooting past him and heading off down the intermediate course, which looked something like a switchback road through the trees.

“Hey, wait!” Conner called after her, watching her disappear around a bend below him.

“Shit!” he swore, stuffing the map back in his pocket.

Hurriedly he pulled his gloves back on and his goggles down and started after her.

But Shauna had gotten a good lead on him. It may have been a long time since she’d last been on skis, but Shauna was an excellent skier. Besides, she had no intention of losing this race!

She built up speed fast and soon past the family with the horde of slow-moving children. By the time Conner caught up to and past the family, she was a good two hundred feet ahead of him and widening the gap!

“Feisty little thing!” Conner said under his breath.

Actually, he admired her spunk and competitiveness. He tried everything he could think of to gain enough speed to catch her, but to no avail. She was smoking him!

About half way down, Shauna glanced over her shoulder, half expecting to see Conner in hot pursuit. When she didn’t see him, she slowed her decent and finally slid to a stop, shooting a wave of the powdery snow over the edge of the vantage point. Breathing heavily from her exertion, she raised her goggles and became immediately mesmerized by the scenic, panoramic view of the mountain and the snow-covered lodge below.

She was so caught up by the splendor of the view that she hardly noticed Conner skidding to a stop beside her.

“Where’s the fire . . . !?” he wheezed, gasping for air.

“No fire.” Shauna said without looking at him.

“I just hate to lose, that’s all!”

Conner stuck his poles in the snow beside him and raised his goggles, eyeing her with interest. She threw him a glance and a slight coy smile.

“What’s wrong, big guy, out of shape?” she teased, trying hard to stifle an amused giggle.

“You cheated!” Conner blurted good-naturedly.

“No I didn’t.” she grinned, still absorbed by the view.

“You were up way past your bedtime last night.”

What a great girl! Conner thought to himself.

While she was checking out the scenery, he was checking her out!

He loved her long, toned legs. And she had the cutest butt he’s ever seen! Not to mention her other, formable feminine charms. But what he really admired was her spirit. She had a sense of adventure that rivaled his own. And a passionate heart that just wouldn’t quit. She was a keeper. Truly amazing!

He leaned over and pulled her into his arms. He hauled her body close, gazing down into her beautiful blue eyes. Anticipating Conner’s next move, Shauna closed her eyes, tilted her head back and offered her lips to be kissed. He crushed his mouth down over

her trembling lips, kissing her long and hard and deeply. She needed a good, long kiss, he thought. It was the only way he knew how to show her how serious he really was about her!

He flashed his tongue into her mouth, probing her defenses. She sucked on it ardently, suddenly weak in his arms. That's what Conner's kisses did to her. Shauna surrendered herself to him. As Conner's tongue retreated, Shauna's followed his back into his own hot mouth, enticing it to come out and play. He groaned lustily down into her hungry mouth as their tongues danced together playfully. One thing was for sure, Conner thought. No one ever kissed him the way Shauna did!

She was more of a woman than any female he'd ever known. She was beautiful, smart, sexy and sure of herself. Yet she was soft, feminine, alluring and responsive sexually. Conner couldn't have dreamed up a more perfect woman for himself if he tried! She made him so hard, it ached!

Shauna boldly lowered her hand and captured the growing hardness through the material of his powder pants. Little mewls of pleasure began escaping from her lips as she squeezed and kneaded Conner's throbbing maleness, the feeling of it in her small hand nearly driving her crazy with desire. He held her tightly, causing her to moan up into the gaping chasm of his devouring mouth.

She was still playing with it when Conner reluctantly broke their long, drawn out kiss. They could hear the sound of other skiers approaching. Shauna released her hold on him just as the family they had past on their way down the mountain scooted by them and continued down the trail, conversing nosily and excitedly.

When they were out of sight, Conner gave a heavy sigh and his eyes met Shauna's, gazing up at him with those sexy, bedroom eyes. She placed her arms around his neck lovingly.

"My . . . aren't WE in a state!?" she whispered breathlessly, licking her lips.

"You make me that way, baby!" Conner smiled, losing himself in those eyes once again.

"Want to go back to the room and fool around?" Shauna asked playfully.

"You know I do!" Conner responded earnestly.

"Well, then, let's go!"

Before he knew it, Shauna had pushed herself away from him with her ski poles, made an abrupt about-face, and headed off down the slope. She was something else!

It seemed Shauna had truly come into her own. Footloose and fancy free. Exciting. Passionate. But most of all, she was a woman. A real woman in a real world. A few short months before, life held little hope for her. But now, she was embracing life like an adrenaline junkie! Life doesn't get any better than that!

THE END