

The Other Side of The Street

Part 2

Philippa Peters

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

Part Two

by Philippa Peters

X. A MEMBER OF THE CREW

Oh goddesses! I just did what I had always promised myself I would never do! I'd said it repeatedly to Barb that I'd just pretend to be a transvestite, that I'd entrap the suspects that we'd targeted and that was all. Ugh, I'd never kiss a man or let him stroke me as I was caressing her at the time. Barb had laughed at me and told me how it wasn't the end of the world to let a man fondle me or even kiss me. She did it all the time, she'd said, collapsing into giggles.

Oh goddesses, I should have listened to her! I'd just spent two days with Tony Jackson, as he called

himself, the brother of Belinda Lee, the tranny we'd been looking for who had accosted me right out of the blue as I accompanied Tony back to the quiet *Club Madeleine*, on the ground floor of a high building in Parliament Park. I couldn't go back to my own apartment as the police were there. Silly, of course, as I was an undercover policeman!

But going back there would have probably led to being arrested on some minor drug charge which the boss of this whole operation had arranged for me, the drag queen known as Penny, Penny Smith, so that I might be recruited by this strange group of kidnapers, the group having kidnapped and ransomed nine tranny boys, older teenagers or young men, as far as was known. What the ultimate purpose of this group was, I was hoping to find out, in posing as a queen, as I had done before.

Not going back to my place had meant that I had no male clothing. I had what I had been dressed in for the private transvestites' ball that I'd attended, in a long evening gown, a long-haired wig, women's underclothing and my purse, with just enough cash for cab fare 'home'. So, Tony had taken me to the Paradise Hotel, and bought me all kinds of women's clothing, 'because my airline had lost my luggage'. Tony's intentions towards me had soon become blindingly obvious. Yes, he'd kissed me, demanding it as his right for protecting me, as he did his sister, he meant his brother, of course, Belinda Lee, protecting me, like her, from those who would be after me to exploit me as a drag queen.

Oh, Tony shouldn't have kissed me the way that he did. Bells, thunderclaps, lightning bolts had gone off inside me. Oh, I should never have kissed him back, no matter what was stirring inside me, no matter the feminine feelings Tony's mauling of my mouth brought out in me. I shouldn't have let him strip me

and stroke my softened, girlish skin. I shouldn't have gone down on him, and kissed his you-know-what, though that was later.

I should never have let him caress me in my panties and bra as if I was a girl. I should never have wiggled my tush for him and let him enter me as I kissed him so passionately. No, I should never have been his girl that first time, or for the second, or third time. I shouldn't have encouraged him to have me again and again. Ooo, and I shouldn't have been so loving of his male body as he brought me to an orgasm which I'd never felt before. Now, I knew why some femmy men loved to be dressed and treated as women, particularly if they reached such 'female' orgasms as I did with Tony.

For two days, I was his woman, and if he initiated me into loving me, I was just as randy as he was, touching and caressing him as he went by me, silently asking to be taken again as a woman. Tony recognized every signal I gave him and took me, every time I wanted to be taken, and more, took me just when he wanted to take me and have me love and stroke him. That's when I did what girls do for men, all over the world. Yes, I gave him stupendous blow jobs, as he called them, but he did like filling my tush very much as well, me laying back, clutching him with my legs, wriggling and writhing in the passion and womanly ecstasy that my boyfriend, of just one day, made me feel so gloriously.

Tony should never have left me, wiggling in my feminine undies against him, trying to keep him in, but he insisted that he needed more food and alcoholic drink supplies. So, he went out from his apartment, after kissing me passionately in the doorway, amusing the passers-by. Then, with him gone, his apartment was invaded by his sister, who wanted, I thought, with a shiver, to possibly recruit me into the

kidnapping gang. I hoped it was that, that I could arrest Belinda Lee and get on with the rest of my life, dressing as I was in the lovely clothing Tony had bought for me, the night before when he took me 'shopping'.

"I don't want to do this," I said as Belinda put her arm under mine and ushered me out of the hotel room I was sharing with my 'husband'. She drew me along to the club, known as the *Madeleine*, where I realized I had seen her the first time, with her boy friend, Klaus. I'd been marched down there, high heels clicking, my dress swishing, with Belinda and her boy friend. A man who bumped into me apologized and called me 'pretty lady' as I swayed femininely past him. I was too nervous and too girlie anxious to respond to him, glad in the end to enter the club, to sit girlishly and just talk to Belinda about whatever proposition she wanted to put to me. So, behind us, Klaus Cornfeld settled the bill as we left several drinks, completely untouched, on the table.

Belinda held on to me as Klaus went out from the club, to bring his car up to the door. I stood there beside another man, Belinda talking to someone else on her cell phone. This other guy must have been waiting for a taxi. He smiled at me, making me freeze inside as I guessed that he was making a pass at me. I could see the gorgeous images in the mirrors of the club's entrance. Belinda and I didn't look like men at all.

We looked like two vivacious, young women, the taller blonde being me. Belinda had smiled brightly at me as the maitre d' assisted her with a white, fox fur stole that she snuggled into, her long earrings dancing on her cheek. I hugged my wrap tightly about me, my dress swirling about my high heels. Oh, Tony, I gasped to myself. Where are you when I need you the most? No, that wasn't right. No, I must-

n't start thinking of Tony as my boy friend. Not again. I was only just coming to grips with the girl I had been for two days, how I had dressed to girlishly entice my boy friend to love me and all the ecstatic loving that I'd been the one to initiate.

Oh, just thinking like that brought out the goose bumps on my skin. All I could see in my mind's eye, just standing there with a man admiring me as he waited for his cab, I supposed, was Tony's body descending on mine. Yes, and I was wriggling, so quickly and girlishly, wanting him to take me, penetrate me, call me his woman, and love me. In my mind, I was moving my legs and tush to the right place so that my lover, yes, my boy friend, could penetrate me, make love to me and whisper compliments about my girlishness in my ears. It was only three hours before Belinda and Klaus had come for me, that I'd taken my panties down and let Tony, my boy-friend as I was calling him, and whom I was kissing so hungrily, penetrate deeply and ferociously inside me. Which I had loved him doing.

No, it hadn't just been my lover, Tony Jackson, who'd been overcome by the passion that arose in our union. I, I kept saying it to myself, trying to disgust myself with what I'd let myself do with another man. But I was, I was, I was, just as much involved in our lovemaking as he was. I demanded his kisses. Ooo, the thought aroused me still, even after a day of making love to Tony, or he making love to me. I felt so much that I was a woman in his arms. I had wriggled and writhed all over him. I caressed his wonderful, male muscles just as he caressed my slender waist and curvy tush and hips.

Yes, Tony praised me for those, which I'd never thought to be a female feature of mine. I loved him to say that. I didn't care if he was telling a lie to me. I wanted to be feminine for him. I wanted him to caress

my thighs as he had. I wanted him to stroke my tush as I poured long, ravishing kisses on his lips, my hips and tush writhing as he entered me. Oh, I bounced and gyrated, which he loved me to do, as he fucked me.

Yes, Tony used the terrible 'F' word for what he did to me. And I didn't mind at all. That was what he was doing to me, after all. Oh, using such a word, about what a man was doing to me, did make me feel so girlish. I almost told him to fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, as we made love, my legs and thighs sliding over my boy friend as girlishly and femininely as I could.

Oh gods and goddesses, it was an exclamation that I'd heard many of the trannies I'd met, in this city. It was used as if it was 'our' special incantation. But I wasn't a tranny! I wasn't gay! I didn't swing both ways and didn't get any special thrill about wearing women's clothing, did I, shudder, shudder, quiver, even though I was a man, yes, a man who made love to women, even when I was dressed like one. Barb could tell everyone that about me.

Ooo, but Tony, Tony, Tony. I'd only known him, what, less than two full days? And from the moment that he'd kissed me, I'd lost all reason. I was making love to Tony Jackson in all the ways that I'd laughed at with Barb and promised that I'd never do, even if it meant that this investigation came to a dead end. No, I wasn't going to identify with the kinky individuals who didn't seem to object to boys being made into girls, nor to the kidnappings of young men and dressing, converting, in Vince's words in his report, converting young, slim, teenaged boys into pretty girls.

Well, it seemed that most of the young men were already into a crossdressing lifestyle. Whoever was organizing these kidnappings definitely, in my opinion, knew that the boys they took and 'converted' into girls, loved that being done to them. Oh, I understood

it now, so well, I thought, my nerves shaking, after what I was going through with Tony, Belinda's brother.

If I had belonged to a rich family and had been kidnapped as people like Gloria, once Bobby Allenby, and Geraldine Townsworth, once Gerald, I'd have wanted to be a girl as well if I'd had Tony there to love me, caress me, stroke and fondle me and whisper what a lovely girl I was as I kissed him so much and for so long. I loved to feel just the way that I did as I wiggled in my woman's clothing, in front of the *Madeline*, that I was a woman. But I knew, deep inside, that it wasn't true. I was a man, a policeman, for goodness' sake, sent undercover as a woman to catch very corrupt convicts.

Belinda Lee, there was the name that I had been especially told to look out for, smiled femininely at me as she came and put her arm through that of the girl beside her. That was me. She was known to have been part of some kidnapping events. Judy Landon had told Bruckmeyer all about 'her'. She wasn't a real woman, either, as I wasn't, which made me shiver when I thought of her, of us, that way. The way I thought of Belinda, in just the couple of days I'd known her, applied so much to me. If I thought of her as a girl, as we all called ourselves, we drag queens, yes, then that was what I was too, wasn't I? She was a woman. I was a woman. She wasn't a woman. I couldn't be a woman, either.

Yes, she, Belinda Lee, the attractive, shapely, blonde girl, her breasts real, as I could attest after being to the Ladies' restroom with her, this lovely girl was the Belinda Lee. She'd been identified by Judy Landon, the pretty queen that I'd identified to Bruckmeyer, Palermo's police chief and intrepid leader, trying to end the strange string of kidnappings, plaguing his city. Now, I'd found her

and had lost myself as I was so far gone into my love affair with her brother, Tony. Yes, two drag queens like us had boy friends, and love and romance, as the girls we pretended to be. No, I didn't want it all to lead to me having to finally arrest someone, the feminized brother of the man I thought that I was in love with. I did tell Tony that I was in love with him all of the time now, when I was in the throes of womanly passion.

I wondered if Judy Landon had started talking again to the police chief. The lawyer she'd suddenly requested and who'd been with her in an hour or two was now protecting her from us policemen. Yes, that's what I really am, I told myself, quivering in the lovely dress Belinda had helped me to choose and dress in, up in Tony's hotel room. I mustn't ever forget it I was the police, as I had the last day in Tony's arms, surrendering to mad, passionate love, as I'd have called it to Barb, if I'd done anything like it with her.

I was getting so used to wiggling in the black and silver, cocktail dress I wore, it was how I moved all the time, natural to me, that, when I saw myself I felt an ache in the pit of my stomach to see how girlish my movements had become. I was a woman, I thought, all kinds of stupid, giddy ideas going through my mind. I was a woman because Tony wanted me to be. He refused to let me say that I was a guy just like him. "You're my woman," he'd said to me as we'd entered the *Club Madeleine*, the very first time, to meet his sister. "Make me proud of you, the sweetest, prettiest girl in the room."

Why, oh, why, had he left me then with Klaus as the other talked softly in his ear. Yes, Tony did look back at me, with a frown, as his sister laughingly closed in on me, telling me that we were going to have such a good time, making real money for a change, in being the girls that we both loved to be. It had been a

relief to go off with Tony and buy lingerie and dresses at the Paradise, to become the woman he told me I was.

“We’re going back to the house,” said Belinda this time as Klaus’s car pulled up beside us, two pretty girls, dresses being blown by a breeze, maybe from the car. She regarded me with a smile, as I stood with her, my high heels feeling so silly on my feet, as a dress, yes, a swishy, rustling dress, swirled about my stockings, making me feel so awful, well awfully girlie, which isn’t so bad, really, is it? Funny, but if Tony had been there, with his arm about me, it would have felt so right, so wonderful, and so femininely enticing.

“Don’t be worried, Penny,” said Belinda. “My brother is really nice when you get to know him, especially if you are really girlish for him. All the girls we know have sighed over him but you’re the first he’s shown any real interest in. He’s always said that he’d never take out one of my friends. Even if she showed him her vagina, it wouldn’t matter. She’s probably been operated on, he’d tell me. And look, he takes up with you, my ‘Mister I’m not gay and I’m never going to make love to a man or an ex-guy!’ It would serve him right, wouldn’t it, if you did turn out to be a cop after all!”

The maitre d’ rushed down from the club to serve as a doorman to allow us to femininely enter Klaus’ car and sit ourselves prettily, legs crossed, into the back seat of the car. Belinda’s perfume reached me as she sat beside me, her stocking and soft leg against my stocking and soft leg.

“You will move in with us,” said Belinda while Klaus’s dark eyes looked at me in the rear-view mirror. “It’s much nicer than any hotel room.”

“My clothes,” I squeaked as she hugged my arm in a friendly, womanly way. “You know what Tony did, don’t you, as I can’t get into my apartment ...?”

“Bought out the dress shop at the *Paradise*? That’s being taken care of,” said Belinda with a giggle. “Yes, my brother has always been impulsive with his girl friends. Well, he’s got his own money and can spend it any way he wants. Anyway, if your new dresses and underwear don’t arrive, you can always share with me. You can wear dresses and lingerie of mine, if you like. We’re about the same size.”

My heart sank as we turned into Whitford, one of the richest districts in the city of Palermo. We drove along a wooded street and pulled up to an electronic gate that opened and admitted the car, us two girls and Belinda’s boy friend, our driver, inside it. We headed up to the house while it was swinging close behind us, locking itself.

“Yes,” said Belinda into her phone as it beeped as we went through the trees and up to the secluded house. She opened my purse suddenly and took out my cell phone. When I reached for it, she flipped it over to the car seat beside her boy friend who reached for it and pocketed it right away. She listened intently to her own phone.

“No-one behind us,” said Belinda in satisfaction. “The fence and the warning fields have been re-activated. The place is secure again.”

We got out of the car. A man in a tux came out of the great house in front of us, put out his arms, and Belinda went immediately to him, throwing her arms about his neck and fulsomely kissing him. I could see his hands grasp her very rounded tush and pull her into him so that her body was tight against his. She kissed him most hungrily while I nervously looked on, almost jumping with shock when Klaus Cornfeld,

who'd helped both of us girls out of his car, put his arm about me.

Belinda and the very muscular, swarthy man went into the house, she swishing and dancing in delight at the man's arm about her. Klaus pulled me impatiently after them. "Emil," he called after the other man. "We brought Penny back with us."

"Good," said the man I realized must be Emil Petriglia, someone I was looking out for, besides Belinda Lee, the man who'd owned the Roman transvestite club that Miles and that silly Jimmy Gilbert had described in different ways. I know I believed Miles much more than I believed the boy who was pretending that he hadn't liked being the transvestite the kidnappers had made him be.

I felt my blood run cold as Petriglia looked at me with eyes that seemed to be black in color. "And you know what you have to do with her, Klaus," he rasped at the man who'd driven us to this, his home, his place, I guessed. Poor Klaus, he really didn't look happy as his girl friend, yes, I really could call Belinda that, the way she moved and the way she was acting with another man.

"We'll get together in the morning for breakfast," the swarthy man called over his shoulder, while Belinda looked up into his face, smiling as if he was everything that she wanted. "And don't you worry at all about a little noise from the guest house."

Emil Petriglia was pointing at the building next to the one where he and Belinda were headed, she skipping along so prettily, so femininely, smiling at him, before she disappeared first. "All the boys have got their treats from Silvia's party. That shindig will be going all night. Enjoy, both of you, and I want to know, right away, even if I am on top of your girl

friend, Klaus, if things don't go the way that they should."

I shuddered as a thunderous-looking Klaus led me into the foyer of the huge house. We could hear music in the distance and what sounded like male and female voices raised in urgent conversation. Shrieks, yes, feminine shrieks, did punctuate the air along with large gales of laughter, male and female.

I stood, petrified, in the hallway as the door suddenly whirled and clicked shut behind us. I turned as Klaus put what seemed to be a remote back into his pocket. "There," he said. "All safe and secure until tomorrow morning."

I was locked in. I'd definitely be up this night, seeking a possible way out. But Klaus seemed to have different ideas. Klaus put his arms about me and drew me against him. He was going to kiss me. There was no way that I could avoid it. A man was going to kiss me romantically, a man who wasn't my loving boy friend, Tony, a boy friend of only one day. And I couldn't do a thing about it save to admit that I was an undercover policeman come to bust them all. Yeah, I thought with a shudder. See how far that will get you, Penny darling.

Barbara always told me that, when I couldn't avoid something when I was dressed as a woman, I should just go with it. I couldn't avoid Klaus kissing me. So, despite my trembling, I raised my face and let him put his lips onto mine. His arms went about me and we swayed together, my cocktail dress swishing so femininely about my legs, surprisingly clingy about my padded breast.

Oh, Klaus's kiss was so strange. It was so soft on my lips and then, as if he was surprised as much as I was, he kissed me more firmly. Oh, I had to do it. I was kissing him back. Oh, gods and goddesses, I said

again, breathing so quickly as I thought that he must have taken lessons from Tony! No, I didn't want another man to kiss me as Tony did. No, I didn't want to be making love to another man. I felt Klaus's lips again and was sure that was what he had in mind for me.

Klaus held me so lightly. Oh, goddesses, I was the one to snuggle up to him, I'm sure, his mouth feeling so delightful on mine. He began to caress me as I felt tinglings all over me and thrills, definitely thrills, not as great as the ones Tony sent through me, but feminine thrills, nonetheless, making me once more sense the real femininity in me.

As I was drawn against Klaus, his lips caressed mine with such tenderness. It was a blinding bit of knowledge to know, once more, that this was how a woman must feel when she was kissed by her husband or boy friend. Worse, it wasn't only Tony who could make me feel that I was a woman. Yes, a woman must feel just as I did as Klaus kissed me more and more, feminine feelings sweeping over me.

Oh, how could Belinda let her boy friend, she'd called Klaus that, do what he was doing to me? Mmm, yes, oh yes, I could sense what she must feel about Klaus as this new man in my life kissed me, caressed me, stroked my tush and made me want to be his woman. I quivered and told myself what an idiot, what a womanly idiot I was becoming but, yes, I felt as if I was a woman, again. I think that I really wanted to have sex with Klaus at that moment. I'm sure I would have felt the same about Tony as well, if he had been there, kissing me.

"Well," Klaus said huskily as I leaned against him, quivering as he still held me tight to him. "That was something I didn't expect, did you?"

I raised my head to tell him that I hadn't kissed a man like that, before, either, which would have been a lie, since I had kissed Tony so passionately, but I couldn't say anything to Klaus because he was kissing me again, my lipstick on his face, my lipstick on another man's face (!).

Oh, Tony, you should never have gone off, I told him mentally. No, he wasn't there to hear me, luckily. I gloried in kissing and stroking Klaus, as he fondled me for a while, as our lips moved together, my hair and earrings so soft as they touched my back and my neck. Oh, I was really changing, wasn't I, since Tony had made love to me. I was becoming a woman as he said that I was. I loved being kissed by a man. I really did. Oh, Barb, I thought in a panic, what am I supposed to do now? Give up this 'investigation' right away? Oh, I had to or, or, or I'd be like all the women at Silvia's ball, just touched by a man and I was his!

Klaus undid my dress. Oh, I struggled with him and objected as I felt his hand on my panties and garter belt, inside my dress. "No," I began as suddenly he dropped down and picked me up. I had to put my arms about his neck or I'd have fallen. "No," I gasped, hearing loud shrieks coming from somewhere in the house as he raced up the stairs with me, my dress falling about my legs. He was laughing as he pushed open a door and threw me onto a bed.

I half sat up and then I felt another heavy male body on me in the dark. Only, it wasn't Klaus touching me. A new man's hands were about me. He kissed me even harder as my hair made a cushion for my head. And suddenly, I realized who it was. It was Tony who was there on the bed, opening my dress and kissing my bra straps.

"Tony!" I gurgled at him. "What, what are you doing here? Where's Klaus gone ...?"

"He's won his bet with me," said the man, fondling and stroking my taped up chest. Oh, I loved his mouth kissing my cleavage. I felt so womanly. Tony laughed as he snuggled up to me. "Shall I call him back? He said he could make you kiss him as passionately as I told him that you had me. Would you rather make love to him than to me? Oh, you girls are all alike, aren't you? A man only has to kiss you and pay you a few womanly compliments and you're his woman for whatever he wants."

Tony released my dress with ease as I tried to push him up but he kept kissing me, his tongue across my lips. "W-Where did you go?" I gasped at him but Tony wouldn't answer me. He was too busy with opening my dress and putting his hands into my panties, as Klaus had done, both reminding me of how Tony and I had made love so wonderfully, all night long.

My whole body was shaking as Tony slipped my dress from me, his hands able to freely caress my stockings and my legs. I tried to push him off, wondering where Klaus had run off to. Oh, I must admit to feeling so guilty that I'd kissed him so much. Tony must have been able to see us, I was sure, as I'd kissed and wriggled my body against his sister's boy friend, but the more I moved now against Tony, the better it became. I forgot, for a time, everything that I had just done and thought that I would do with Klaus.

"Oh, Tony," I whispered. "You came back for me. I didn't think you were going to do that. I thought you'd passed me on to Klaus, as he passed on your sister to Emil Petriglia. I didn't think that I was every going to see you again, my darling. Oh, love me, love me, my darling. Take me just as you did all last night. Make me your woman again!"

Yes, I was putting it on, terribly, trying to be the sweet and loving girl that I'd been in bed with the

man who'd fucked me so much. I shuddered at what I was doing with a man, knowing, too, that it wasn't all an act. I'd love what he did to me. I'd love feeling that I was really a girl, once again. Tony was going to do it all to me again, wasn't he? He was part of this kidnapping gang, wasn't he? And I'd done it all before now, hadn't I? So, I wriggled and bounced beneath him, letting him fondle all the parts of me that he wanted, my thighs and tush drawing most of his attention.

Every movement produced a flood of thrilling sensations in my girlishly dressed body. I deliberately wriggled fiercely, making the sensations between Tony and me ten times as pleasurable as it had been with Klaus and ten times as intense. Perhaps I wasn't as aroused, as I'd thought that I'd been, by a man who wasn't Tony Jackson.

Tony's intentions for me were obvious. As I'd thought when I realized it was him who was going to make love to me, I couldn't avoid my fate. 'If you can't avoid it,' went through my mind but I'm not sure that I was trying very hard to avoid it. He took my panties down. Oh, I felt his manhood against me, lubricating my rear end intensely before he finally entered me.

Oh, I shouldn't have done it. I shouldn't have let Tony do it, yes, fuck me. I should have fought him this time, in the very least. I shouldn't have kissed him again as I had all the previous night. I shouldn't have bounced and rocked with him as he penetrated me. I shouldn't have kissed him so hard, put my arms about his neck and pulled us together as he filled me.

Just two or three caresses of his hand and I was pouring out my essence on him in a fit of delirium as Tony filled me and made me feel entirely like a woman. I hugged and kissed him and held onto him ecstatically and thought of myself as a woman

pleasuring and satisfying her man. And, no, he didn't tell me where he'd been, what he was doing, or anything about the tasks I was going to have to do for his sister. I didn't even know if I was being given some job with a new kidnap victim as I'd presumed I was going to be given, replacing May Berry, and after her, Judy Landon.

The feeling didn't die, either, as Tony grunted and did me again, and again. Yes, I'd definitely assimilated into the gang. I succumbed to all the womanly instincts that had plagued me since I first put on stockings and a garter belt. I loved being a woman for Tony as he called me that. He told me how pretty I was, as he had all that morning, and he kept on kissing me.

I lost my mind. I didn't want to stop. I couldn't stop myself. I wanted him on top of me, making love to me forever. I kept hearing a girl's shrieks and muffled cries as we made love and, only when we were at it for about the fourth time, did I realize that all the pleased, girlish squeaks were coming from me. Oh, did I wriggle and writhe under him then. Oh, was I ever pleased by him and was he ever pleased by me.

Tony said that he was. He said that he thought he loved me. A man said that he loved me. So what that I said it back to him. It was a man saying he loved me, his woman, as I urged on his soft kisses and attentions, wanting him to say it to me again and again. So much did I want to be his woman. There had been so many things that I had promised myself that I would never do, never, ever do, when I first agreed to help find a transvestite killer in Frisco.

Making love to another man had been number one on my list!

One night with Tony and I had blown away every scruple that I had proclaimed to myself that I had. I snuggled into this man, my legs wrapped about his waist. He hugged me, still kissing me and stroking me and telling me he couldn't get enough of kissing me even as we mutually caressed each other's private parts.

I remember how blissfully I went to sleep in the arms of my lover, his warm, naked body over me. I still had on my bra and my waist cinch, my stockings and my garter belt. He was kissing me still, I remembered that, and the way that I wiggled to fit against him, He had his hands on my hips as I willingly opened my legs to him. He was penetrating me yet again as I woke up fully and realized that a man was making love to me again in his bed.

Waking from whatever break I'd taken, I jerked in horror as I realized what I was doing, what I was allowing to be done to me. What a stupid thought, after all the loving I'd participated in the previous evening, being this man's woman. How such an ideal made me tremble, tremble girlishly, of course. Somehow, I knew that I shouldn't be doing this. It would void the testimony I could give in this case! What a silly idea, right then! But it was what went through my mind, complete stupidity.

"Darling, it's me, Tony," he said, pushing deeply into me as I struggled against him, my legs way up in the air as I was taken for the umpteenth time by my man. Tony throbbed inside me as I clutched his shoulders. And gyrated my body as a woman did. Well, Barb always did it to me, as we made love. But it was Tony Jackson smiling down at me, kissing me in a frenzy, which I loved, even as I didn't try at all to keep my searching, passionate lips away from him.

I was appalled, no, that's too light a word. I was the most deeply humiliated and ashamed of myself than

I have ever been in my life. I was waking up to the fact that I was engaged in a homosexual activity with a man; and it wasn't for the first time. I knew I had been welcoming him doing me like this, kissing me like this, as Tony took me again, waking me fully to my existence as a drag queen named Penny.

"You still look so gorgeous to me," Tony said to me, laying on me, his manhood inside me. "With your eyes all smudged and your hair all ruffled, you are completely desirable, you know. I don't care what it is that you or other people call a woman like you, my darling. You're a woman, Penelope Smith, and I love you."

He held my head as I tried frantically to free myself from his kisses but Tony wanted my mouth and wouldn't stop. He was even getting so worked up that he was going to fill me again.

"Boo," said a female voice from the doorway. Suddenly, Belinda Lee sashayed into our bedroom, in a really brief nightie. In moments, she was sitting on the edge of the bed with us, laughing at us. I shuddered and struggled to get free from Tony while he just laughed and kissed me and seemed to think that I was wriggling beneath him so as to increase his pleasure in having me.

"Most un-coplike performance," said Belinda, her face devoid of makeup, her hair wet. "And what was it you were saying about queens, my so straight as an arrow brother?"

"Eddie, get out of here," said Tony between gritted teeth as he lifted me a little and began to ride me, his movements in and out forcing me to grab a hold of him and cling to him. I knew that if I co-operated with him, it would be over more quickly; but Belinda only crowed with delight when we started to rock together.

Yes, Tony was completely lost in the throes of his passion. He fell on me after he had filled me and hugged me. I kissed him, Belinda smiling at me. I was relieved that it was over as I got partly free, but Tony put his arms about me, hugging me and joining me in the kiss which I had started. Ooo, it did so make me start to tingle all over again.

“Beautiful,” said Belinda in delight from somewhere beyond the bed. “Look, Emilio. My brother lost his cherry last night. I told you she was the ideal girl to seduce him, didn’t I? And she has.”

Tony was indignant and covered me with a bedsheet as the man who’d been his sister’s, his brother’s, lover the night before came into our room in a dark grey business suit. Emil looked down at me, trembling beside Tony, Tony’s arm about me protectively.

“This isn’t a public performance where anyone can watch us making love as man and woman,” said Tony, his voice grating. I was so glad of his arms about me, my head on his chest, as he spoke vehemently to the other two. “I already told you, Belinda, to get out of here, and you can as well, Emil!”

“Did he do her?” asked Emil bluntly of Belinda.

“Oh yes,” Belinda said with a giggle in her voice. “It was quite a porno we had going on here. She was so grateful that he did her that she started kissing him and working him up again and that’s when you came in.”

Tony was berating his sister and was angry with Emil as well. He rolled off me and reached over beside the bed to where his pants were, telling the others to go in no uncertain terms. What he and I had done together was none of their business.

"Well," said Emil Petriglia, his muscular frame enhanced by the cut of his jacket. He put a hand on Belinda's bright, shiny hair and caressed her neck while she seemed to respond like a kitten. Her nightie opened to reveal her gorgeous, bouncy, female breasts, red marks all about the nipples as she looked at me and smiled.

"Since you're going to be my brother-in-law, Tony," Petriglia went on, "I'd better let you know that this chick has been investigating us. Isn't that right, Miss Richardson?"

I went very still as Tony looked down at me, puzzled. "Who's she?" I asked him as I wriggled some more against him, my man, my boy friend. That was Barb's last name and one the Lieutenant often used when she had me going undercover. I'd just used it as if I was Senator Hogan's assistant and investigating the Century building. Someone had been talking, somewhere, for this Petriglia to have thought he'd found out about me.

"Yes, Tony, Miles was so upset about you and your sister whom I'm about to marry, I hear. Well, that is right to some degree," Emil went on, reaching over to fondle Belinda's beautiful, girl's breasts. She let him do it openly, turning into him and cuddling into him, a well shaped, bare, feminine leg lifting against the Club Continental manager. He leaned over and let Belinda kiss him while Tony pulled on his undershirt and pants and stood up to argue with him.

"Miles phoned me and told me all about you, Mr Richardson, I suppose," Emil went on, holding the amorous Belinda to him as any man would a pretty, half-naked girl. "Miles doesn't trust me. He thinks that I'd do terrible things to a pretty girl like you, Penny. Do you think being Anthony's girl is going to save you from me? Well, do you?"

Now Tony was looking at me in dismay as I cringed on the bed, the sheet over me. "So what are you looking for?"

"Kidnappers," I said miserably. They all looked at me in varying degrees of shock.

"You're a cop," said Belinda in disbelief.

"Private," I said hoarsely, going to one of the stories I'd concocted with Givens and his lieutenant, that I'd use if I was caught by the gang. And caught I was, wasn't I? "The Duliers want me to recover the art stuff that Ellen, as their son calls himself these days, stole from the house in Las Vegas. She, Ellen, says that you had it all on display in the Club Continental. If you return it to them for a small ransom, they won't press any charges. No questions will be asked."

"You're a detective?" said Tony, stunned as he looked at me.

"Sort of," I whispered, hating myself as I denied what I was.

"You ever been on a police force?" asked Tony angrily.

"I, I couldn't pass the physical," I said. That made two of them laugh but Tony, the man who'd made me feel so like a woman, was still looking at me as if I was a traitor or something.

"What was this art stuff?" asked Emil pointedly. He squeezed Belinda about her waist as she looked up at him anxiously. "Have you been holding out on me, baby?"

"No," said Belinda, puzzled, as well she should be as I was partly inventing the story as I went. But it was the fallback story in case I was caught investigating, asking questions and raising warning flags

among the criminal classes. Lieutenant Wright had insisted on it with Bruckmeyer. I was so glad that she had, right then.

"There was also a statuette that Ellen filched from the mansion in Denver," I said, trying to sound reluctant as I gave out the prepared story. I hoped that Bruckmeyer had prepped the Duliers properly as he said that he would because Emil Petriglia seemed to be a man who would check. "You can't sell it as every reputable dealer would recognize it as it's priceless. It's only twelve inches high. It's by Cellini, *The Bather*, a woman figure draped in a towel. It was sold once in the 1930s for two millions. It would be a bidding war if it ever came on the market. The Duliers will pay half a million to get that one back, all by itself, no questions asked."

There. I had told the story. If someone checked, it should tip off Bruckmeyer that I was in with the gang he wanted to bust and was also probably in deep trouble. "Why you?" asked Petriglia with a sneer.

"Ellen knew me in Frisco," I told him nervously. "I, I find people there, our, our kind of people who, well, who don't want to be found, as the new people they've become." I saw the doubt on their faces. Laying in bed with a sheet over my partly naked body in women's undies wouldn't have inspired confidence in me, either. "When I asked him to help me, Jimmy Givens told me that the Feds are going round in circles on this one, and that I could go ahead, as I couldn't do worse."

"The locals busted *The Gilded Cage*," said Petriglia slowly. "Did they know that I own a piece of that with Donna?"

"To frame me into giving them the information I find out," I told him. "I told them all sorts of stuff about drugs but that isn't what Bruckmeyer wants,

Givens says. He wants to solve this case without involving the Feds, show them up as idiots and get them out of the city. They wanted me to try and get recruited by the kidnapping crew.

“So I’ve been doing everything that Judy Landon used to do. She gave up Belinda Lee.” I was glad to see them all jump at that, Belinda looking at me in great alarm, as was her brother, Tony. What had he called her? Oh, ‘Eddie’, wasn’t it? Yes, they were brothers, I was certain. “But she said that you were red-haired and a former stripper and impersonator.”

“She was,” said Emil sourly while Belinda pouted. “Kind of.”

“What are you going to do with her?” asked Tony after a long silence in which they all only looked at me. I shivered in fright at the looks they were all giving me.

“Keep her here while I check her out,” said Petriglia. “I’ll be at the club.”

Belinda let his arm go and bounced to the door of the bedroom. “I’ll go get dressed,” she said. “Natalie is waiting for us to her pick her up as well in town.”

“Forget that,” said Petriglia angrily. “If this queen can penetrate us this easily, it won’t be long before the Feds are here, knocking on my door. No, that operation is over. No more kidnaps. You should have enough money now. So, take it and call it a career, baby.”

“But, but Natalie’s expecting us to pick her up,” Belinda said. “We can make another big score.”

“Forget it!” Emil shouted at her. “You’re through! Finished! Get that through your wooden head!” He glanced at me, the sheet covering almost all of me. When he spoke, it was in a more normal tone. “Pity.

Penny would have been an inspiration to Natalie, I think. We'll look for the art work and maybe we can deal on that, pretty Penny."

I had to stay there on this estate in the richer part of Palermo. There was a party going on all day, I think, by the noises I heard. Then, as nightfall was imminent, I heard a what seemed like lines of people leaving the house where Belinda and I were staying, probably one owned or controlled by Emil Petriglia.

I heard the rotors of a helicopter as I lay in a scented bath, getting ready for another night out with my boy friend. Strangely, I thought that I was alive because I had slept with a man, Tony Jackson, the night before. If I hadn't slept with Tony, if Belinda hadn't seen me making love to her brother, where then would I be? Petriglia had seemed to me the most threatening character of all the people that I'd met so far in Palermo. But the local cops hadn't warned me of him at all.

The noise of the copter was continuous. I got up out of my bath and put a towel about myself and tip-toed to the window. A long line of women was heading up the hill, all in high heels, swinging rounded fannies as they carried dress bags and overnight cases which someone was taking from them and loading into a cargo truck. Then, they went dancing lightly up onto the pad to a helicopter. There must be more that one chopper ferrying 'girls', I supposed that they were girls like me, with all the beautiful, long-legs I saw, all in short skirts and panti-hose, all with long hair and bright makeup, the lipstick colors clear to me from several floors up.

The bathroom door opened. Belinda came in with clothes for me. I'd half expected Tony. I'd have loved to have talked to him and tried to explain what an idiot I was, both as a 'detective' and as a woman.

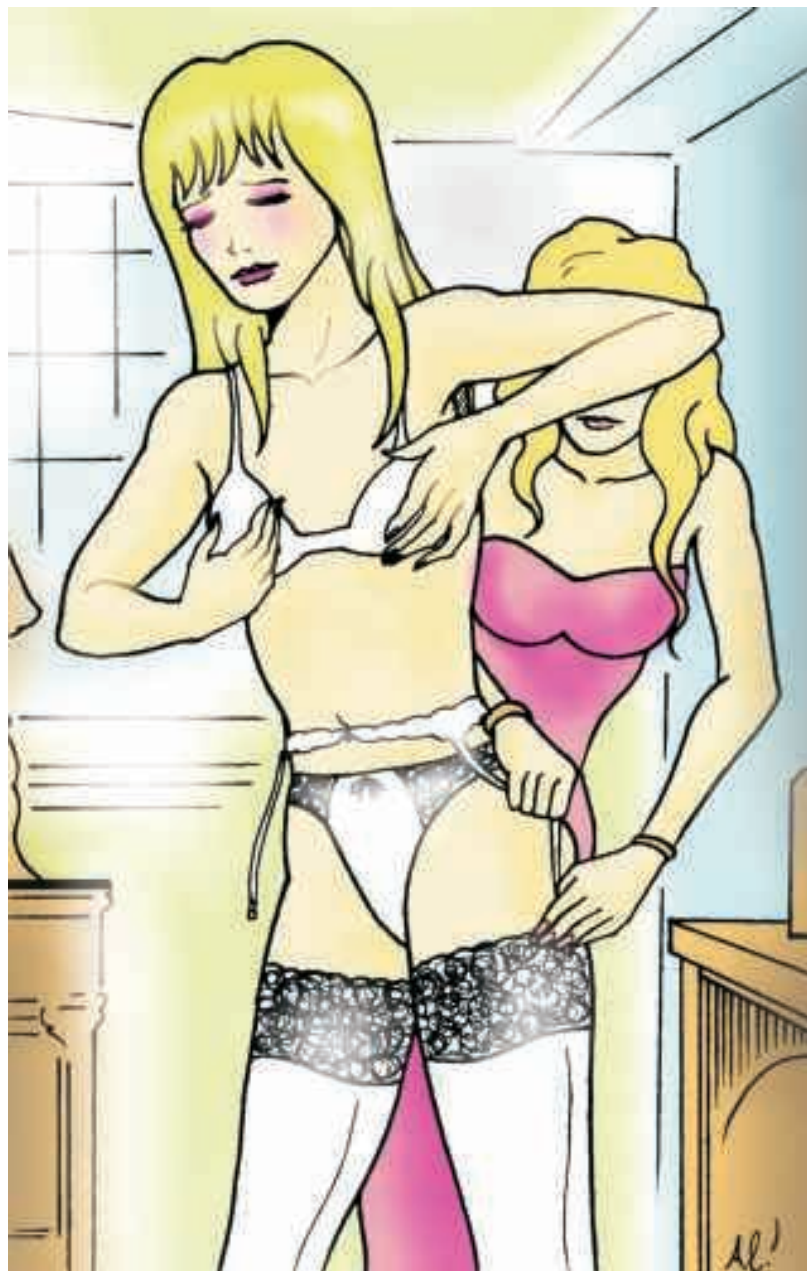
Belinda came over to the window and looked down on the line of girls.

“Ah, the showgirls from the Century,” Belinda said. “I must get Emil to give you and me some work there. All the girls there get laid every night, you know. You and I could have such fun. Have you ever done a threesome? There’s a banker from Dallas I just have to introduce you to. He will blow his mind when he sees you and knows you are in drag. I just have to be there when he lays you. He’s much rougher than Tony, my brother.”

Belinda had a fresh gaff for me and panties like her own. We spent a couple of hours, then, in our frilly, feminine underwear before we put on our dresses, getting our makeup just right. Oh, I felt like such a girl. I was sure, too, that the girl with me, was that. Yes, Belinda was even more girlish in every gesture she made and in every femmy expression she used. I felt that we were two girls getting ready for a ‘heavy’ date.

Belinda helped me to get into my clothes finally, helping me with the padding and adhesives I used, before saying, in exasperation, as I put on my stockings, attaching them to my garter belt, female shudders really taking over me, then, “It would be so much easier to fit you, Penny, you know, if you had a figure like mine. I think we should do that right away and let you pay us back later. I’ll talk to Tony and get him to make an appointment for you and you can have bouncing boobies, just like mine!”

I didn’t quite know what to say. I did giggle a little bit with her as I fluffed my skirts about my legs and looked at myself in the mirror. I didn’t look that much different from the night before. My falsies seemed all right to me. If anything, I knew, I still looked so much like a woman. Too much! That I’d have to change very soon with Barb’s and Lieutenant Pam’s help.



“Come on,” said Belinda, slipping on her high heels that were about the same size as mine. Yes, I was in lovely, high-heeled, black, court shoes. Belinda smiled and fluffed her dress about her legs and so I had to do the same. “Let’s go and join the men.” Which was a word that didn’t include either of us, Belinda or Penny, I heard clearly.

XI. REINFORCEMENTS

“Well. Why can’t we raid this Century Club just like we did *The Gilded Cage*?” asked Bruckmeyer as he shared a sandwich supper with Givens and Dwyer.

“You mean apart from not having probable cause for such a search?” asked Givens wearily. “It’s a private gentlemen’s club, for starters, and, it’s well set up to resist us. I doubt that even a Delta team could get in there before they had all the customers dispersed in the building.”

“Ross Barkley links the club to the kidnapping,” said Bruckmeyer obstinately.

Givens had to think for a moment who that was. Oh yes, Ross Barkley was Penny, the drag queen cop. What an oxymoron that was.

“And your plan is,” said Bruckmeyer thoughtfully. “Sit and wait?”

“And check back with all the others,” Al Dwyer put in. “Maybe they were all in on it like Bobby Allenby was. Just think, if they were, how the Feds have been chasing their tails on this whole thing. All we have to do is charge all the victims with kidnapping themselves. Isn’t that the dumbest thing that you ever

heard? Anyway, they'll babble all over the place when they're faced with long jail terms, stupid queens."

"You, you're Edward Jackson," I told Belinda Lee hesitantly as I brushed out my hair and put on the earrings she had set out for me in the bedroom. She had me assist her in changing the sheets then on the bed I had slept in with her brother. I felt so funny about that and so domestic as Belinda and I tidied up the bed and made it new, clean and presentable. We girls put frilled pillowslips on the pillows and a clean nightie and pyjamas on the bed as if I was going to be there again that night, with my lover.

"Oh, please," said Belinda. "I know Tony likes to call me by my old name but I don't use it any more."

"You, you were kidnapped," I suggested. Belinda burst out laughing.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"You robbed your own parents?" I asked, light beginning to dawn.

"Well," said Belinda. "They wouldn't pay for these." She put her hands on her breasts, straining against the plunging neckline of her low-cut top.

"Or for your sex change," I said slowly. Again Belinda laughed at me.

"My dear Penny," Belinda said as I shivered as we made the bed. "What do you think Emil would do if I had myself cut? You've seen him. You've seen the way he goes for me. But he's had girls like us many times before. When they make enough money in his club, in one way or another, they go and get them-

selves changed, snipped, as well as becoming a real, femininely beautiful, good-looking woman.

"That's when Emil starts looking around for a new love. It isn't that he can't make it with a woman, a real one. It just that he likes it, with girls like us, more. So, don't expect me ever to be changed. Now, my holier than thou brother, who's beaten me within an inch of my life several times for acting like a girl, he will be one who'll want you to do the full change, you know. He'll want you to become a complete, real woman, as he'll call it, for him."

"I'm not going to do that," I said, shivering as she said that.

"It's the only way that he could understand me," said Belinda. "He was the one who realized how I'd got the money for these. Now he's trying to save me and get me out of this business. I did promise Natalie Jennings she could be the next kidnap victim, though. I don't know what she'll do when I tell her Emil won't let me set up our little games any more."

"Games?" I gasped. "People were killed."

Belinda pulled a face. "Melanie and May, I know," she said with a frown. "They thought themselves so clever. Imagine doing the pickup as a pair of nannies. Emil had made me be in the big show at his club or I would have warned the pair of them. Ooo, what a fabulous night that was with the guys swarming all over me. I must have had a dozen men inside me, at one time or another. Then we heard about Melanie," I guessed that was Edward Clement, "I would have been able to tell them not to do what they did. It was such an obvious setup. You'd have read it as well, wouldn't you?"

"Judy Landon is telling all kinds of stories about you," I told her, ignoring her probe into how much of

a 'detective' I was, as she linked arms with me. We went into the living room of the house where her brother looked up at me as I walked into the room. I shivered at the look in Tony's eye and felt my dress fluttering about me.

Belinda looked at me and then at her brother. "So that's how it is with the two of you," she mocked us with a laugh.

"And how is that?" asked Tony grimly as he got to his feet and came over to us. I glanced uncertainly out of the large windows to the grounds and the woods beyond.

"I can feel it between you from here," laughed Belinda. "Go on, Tony. You can hug your girl friend. I'm sure she won't bite you. Not where it shows anyway."

Tony Jackson stood in front of me and just looked at me. He studied me and I quivered under his scrutiny. He looked at my eyebrows, I could tell. He spent a lot of time tracing my makeup with his eyes. He moved his hand and touched a stray strand of my hair and jiggled my earring as I shivered and tried to return him look for look.

Tony looked me over in my summery dress with just three quarter length sleeves and a deep v-neck. He knew that the bust line in my dress wasn't real, my chest muscles were taped to suggest cleavage, of course, but he seemed to study my bust as if it was real, anyway, as he looked my dress over and my stockings and high heels.

"I can't believe it," Tony finally said huskily to me. "You are everything I've ever admired in a woman."

"I'm not," I began but Tony shook his head, shushing me. Then he extended his arm and put it about

my waist. I gulped as I saw him studying my pink lips and knew what he was going to do.

It was so stupid. Tony knew that I wasn't a real girl. He knew that but he drew me to him as I looked up at him. He made me wait. Perhaps he knew that I'd have tried to avoid his mouth if he had tried to kiss me right away. The tension grew in me as he looked at me so intently. He put his other arm about me, stroking my back, my bra strap and, together, almost mesmerized, we kissed.

It was just as thrilling as it had been the night before, or was it two nights ago, when we did it for the first time. I felt so weak at the knees as Tony kissed me so gently, exploring my mouth as if he was re-capturing as well the way he had felt when we had made love. Well, how could I forget that? How could I forget the first man who'd made love to me as if I was a woman? And how could I forget how I'd felt when he had me, the way I'd responded at the pleasure flooding through me at thoughts that I was a woman?

I quite forgot that Belinda was there with us, watching us, as her brother kissed me more and more firmly, his hands and arms tightening about me. I put my arms about his neck and flicked my hair back as he kissed and kissed me. I felt a rush of feminine feelings sweep over me. I felt such an intense pain in my groin and such an intense desire in my heart. I knew that if he had picked me up then and carried me off to his bedroom, or just ushered me that way, I would have gone with him willingly.

I felt so silly as I clung to Tony. He held me so tightly that I wanted my boy friend - yes, my boy friend, I had a boy friend, a man like me, a cop like me (!) - I wanted my boy friend to make me feel like a woman again. Oh, but I did. I wanted him so badly. Oh, it was so stupid! Me, a man, wanting another man to make love to me as if I was a woman! I had to

break it off. I had to! It wasn't me. It wasn't what I was. I wasn't a drag queen. I wasn't a woman. I was only pretending to be one.

I must stop kissing Tony, I thought, as I opened my mouth to him and let his tongue into me, pressing my overheated, trembling body against him. He put his hands tantalizingly on my tush, stroking me. Ooo, the girl that I was becoming loved her boy friend to do that. I could feel him pressing my panties against me. I loved my stockings being pulled by his caress of my garter belt. I hugged him more tightly and kissed him more fiercely as he stroked me. In the end, Tony broke off kissing me. I leaned against him, quaking in dismay, my head on his chest, not wanting to separate from him at all, as he hugged me and caressed me through the back of my dress.

"You two can go and get a room," said Belinda mischievously. "But can I come and watch? I might get some pointers I can use with Emil or Klaus."

"You don't have to be like that," said Tony as he held me. "I meant everything I said to you before about transvestites, Belinda. But now I understand you a lot more. This girl in my arms isn't a transvestite. She's a woman. Can't you see it in her looks and the way she moves, Belinda? Can't you tell it by the way she makes me desire her? You said that you were a woman trapped in a man's body. I didn't understand when you said it, but, after loving this beautiful woman named Penny, I do now."

"Great," said Belinda sarcastically, while I shuddered, feeling some indignation at the way he pronounced that he knew me and how I felt. "Me, you've seen every day of my life. You've seen me every Halloween in a dress and many more times as well. But just one look at her," she meant me, trembling still in Tony's arms, "and you're converted. So she's sweet in bed, Tony, remember what she is. She's already said

that she's here to sell me out in a second to her policeman friends when she gets out of here."

"Serves you right," said Tony grimly. "You have to stop all this girly, ransoming stuff that you've been doing with your friends."

"I can't," said Belinda, getting a coffee from the percolator on the table in the adjoining kitchen area. "I told you. Natalie is so jealous of my T and A work and you know her parents. They've had her with a shrink since she was five. They restrict her so tightly, security on her, all the time. She couldn't even come to Silvia's ball at the Scala and she loves to come to those dances. She has such a crush on Klaus."

"You should just give her the money to get boobs," said Tony savagely. "Lord knows, you soaked our parents enough to get money for your own."

"But this way, Natalie is set up to have the life she really wants," said Belinda. "I wouldn't be doing this again, really, but the girls keep talking and passing on the idea. Laura Denton is a housewife in Fresno now, did you know, looking after her husband's two little children and gone all motherly and domestic."

"Laura was the one who told Natalie how she got out of her home with enough money to start a new life. Natalie wants out of her old life so badly. She wants to have her surgery while she's supposed to be kidnapped. Yes, when her parents pay up, she's going to marry her boy friend and live happily ever after. She actually wants Laura and me to be her bridesmaids. You should see the gorgeous bridal gown she's picked out for herself!"

Tony snorted at that. I quivered as well. All the absurd stories Judy Landon was telling didn't seem to be true at all. No, the truthful stories were even more absurd! The Feds were chasing a gang that didn't ex-

ist. I was looking at the only full-time member of the 'gang', Tony's sister, or brother, as he called Belinda, and she had been a kidnapping 'victim' herself, the first, I supposed, which no-one knew at all.

No wonder the Feds couldn't fathom it. Rich, young men were kidnapped and ransoms paid for their safe return. But they weren't 'kidnapped', or so Belinda was saying. I hoped it wasn't being said that way just to confuse me, to make me think something wasn't true when it was. No wonder so many of the families had refused to co-operate with the police as their sons were returned to them. They knew well the stigma that must be attached to them when their transvestite sons returned home, often in the dresses that they had had such a wonderful vacation in.

And from Edward Jackson on, oh, it suddenly came to me in a flash of light! We didn't know about 'her' because she had used the Cornfeld name, her boy friend's name. Her parents, Tony's parents too, must have known who the Cornfeld 'girl', Klaus's girl friend, was. She had been the one who was 'kidnapped' like the others and had flaunted, as they all did, their fetish for wearing women's clothes.

The result of the fake kidnappings was that they all now had the financial means to go on and take up a new life as a woman. If only I could talk to Bruckmeyer. Oh, what a sensation it was going to be when the local police arrested the kidnapped 'girls' and charged them with the kidnappings they had carried out, including their own!

Tony kept his arm about me as we heard the beat of the blades of a helicopter. I saw the trees out of the window sway in the wind created by a helicopter coming in to land at the pad to the side of the house.

"Emil's back," said Belinda, getting up and tripping to the door. "Oh, by the way, if you ever see her

again, that Judy Landon,” she said to me over her shoulder, as Tony still cuddled me to him even as we sipped our coffees, “Judy Landon is even a bigger liar, Penny, than you are. She was one of Laura Denton’s friends who went undercover with her while the police turned the Park upside down looking for Laura. Judy knows that no-one really got kidnapped. That’s one thing that you can tell your policeman friend, if you ever see him again.”

It took a moment for that to sink in with me. “What did she mean by that last remark?” I asked Tony fearfully, the door shivering where she had slammed it shut on leaving.

“Don’t worry about it,” Tony Jackson said, smiling as he looked at me. He leaned forward and kissed my cleavage, sending all kinds of weird, feminine feelings through me. His hands went about my hips and drew my nervously wriggling body against his. Oh, I loved him to do that. I lifted my face towards his. “I won’t let anything happen to you, Penny,” he said to me softly as he began to kiss my so willing lips all over again. Ooo, and his hand, lifting my dress and caressing my panties, and what was beneath them, was even more passion-rousing.

XII. REVELATIONS

Vincent Bruckmeyer hated being away from home in another city. The recruiting of Ross Barkley, Penny, had taken him far afield, along the Coast, but he hadn’t minded that. He’d had to find someone that no-one would ever suspect of being connected to him. When he’d met ‘Lieutenant Pam’, and talked to her about the undercover cop she’d used, the one who’d been able to disguise himself completely as a believ-



able queen, or woman, as such a role would have demanded. He'd been excited by being able to use 'her' to find out what was happening in Palermo's most impossible to enter transgendered groups.

Then, to find out that the pretty girl beside him, one he'd taken to be an assistant or typist, a regular girl, well, that had started his heart pounding unbelievably. He'd been relishing the idea of defeating that ass Norwood, and the Feds, who'd made out that the local cops were incapable of solving a simple kidnapping case. And look how they had messed up, even shooting the Clement kid. The mother was still crying over it all, her picture in every newspaper Bruckmeyer had looked at on his way out to Chicago, where the Clement family had returned.

'Penny' had accompanied Vince to a local restaurant, where she was greeted as 'Penny' by the maitre d', the man not seeming to understand that Vincent's lovely 'date' was a lovely boy, not a girl.

"You get away with your deception everywhere you go?" Vince had asked her, knowing that he was smiling at 'her' like a fool, like half of the men in the upscale restaurant with the pretty girls they were dating, too.

Penny had frowned at him then. "I'm going to slip into my normal voice for a few moments," she, yes Vincent had to think of 'her', that way, "as my partners in crime are coming over to join us."

Fred Martinson and Barbara Richardson didn't look like cops, either. Almost immediately, they teased the girl Bruckmeyer was sitting with about her appearance and mannerisms. "A man wouldn't cross his legs like that," Fred teased the girl beside Bruckmeyer, making the older man want to come to 'her' defence but 'Penny' was quite capable of defending herself, he found out, quite quickly.

Fred was holding onto his arm for almost ten minutes where the lovely Penny had ‘punched’ him. Vincent was certain that Fred was putting them on about his hurt, until Barb sympathized with her partner.

“Are we going to be really lucky and be on our own for a while?” Barb asked the sparkly, feminine woman beside her. “Did we make you a star by the way we caught Longmire before he became enamored of you and ripped your pretty body to shreds, like he did his previous girl friends?”

“Longmire wouldn’t have stood a chance against out pretty Penny,” Fred chimed in. “I know you think I’m putting it on a lot, rubbing my arm all the time, but it really does hurt. You learned your lessons well in that class the Korean master put on, didn’t you, Penny? You know all the points where you can hit a man now and disarm him completely, don’t you?”

“Women’s Self Defence Training,” said Penny with a soft laugh at her partners and a quick glance at Vince. “Nothing like it. Men should take it as well and be safe from girls like me!”

Penny finished the last part with a real laugh, getting up and going off with Barb to “powder their noses”.

“Going to recruit pretty Penny for the big city?” Fred wanted to know as soon as the girls had left them.

“I’m not from any big city,” Bruckmeyer had said then. “Which is why we’re looking about for help. We’ve a real problem with a gang of kidnappers. Seems they’re targeting young gay kids, boys, transvestites all. The Feds are supposed to be solving it for us all, but they’re as useless as tits on a bull in the situation we’re in, in Palermo.”

“Palermo?” whistled Fred. “Rich place. And you think Ross Barkley can keep it rich?”

It was that comment that had started Vincent’s brain working in a higher gear, as he explained it later to Al, Jimmy and Penny. Yes, the victims of the kidnappings were all much of a muchness, weren’t they? Who’d kidnap a poor person, after all? But all the boys now seemed to be so much alike, in everything they did, didn’t they? That should make them easy to catch, shouldn’t it?

Yes, it had been easy to talk to Lieutenant Pamela Wright from the start. It had been easy to talk to Penny, in both male and female clothing. Yes, Ross Barkley was a bit of a wimp, wasn’t he, but he wasn’t obviously gay, not in men’s clothing, anyway. Oh, but when he switched over and became a girl almost all of the time. Oh, he could really put it on then, the female wiggle, the girlish gestures.

It was as if they had a female cop working with them, not a guy. Pam had warned Vince quietly of that. She’d promised, too, that, neither she nor Barb, or Fred, his name added belatedly, was going to be around, playing cloak-and-dagger in someone else’s city. She didn’t like that. Save for Penny, Vince wasn’t going to be bothered by her, or by any of the cops Penny was friendly with, on the squad she was part of. She, Penny, would be all his until he solved his case. Then, Pam wanted Ross back. They all did in his Hill detachment.

Bruckmeyer didn’t like playing cloak-and-dagger in someone else’s city, either. Without informing the Chicago police, he was in their city, conducting a part of the ‘kidnapping’ investigation he had started. He knew how he’d feel if someone pulled such a trick on him, doing cop work in Palermo without checking in with him at all.

It was one reason why he hated Norwood and his platoons of earnest, young suits pretending to be real cops. They'd arrived on the job and taken it up, without a word to any of the 'locals' about who they were and what they were doing. Then, they'd wacked that poor kid, Clement, hadn't they, and they'd covered it up. Bruckmeyer could hardly wait until he splattered that news all over his city and its surrounding suburbs.

The wind and rain swirled about him as he approached Booth Gardens. He strode along the hedged pathway that led to the cloistered parkland, surrounding the complex, a building and grounds that were totally owned by the James Gilbert, senior. Yes, a man who always gave Palermo as his 'home city.'

Now, for the next two weeks, however, as Givens had predicted, most of the family was at the Horse of the Year show in Texas. That meant that a skeleton crew was on watch over the 'most precious asset' of the Gilbert family, or so the father had said when it became clear that the younger Jimmy had been kidnapped by Palermo's most famous, and unknown, criminals.

The side entrance was monitored by only one woman who smiled at Vince's badge and said, yes, he could go right on up to his appointment with Mr Connors on the top floor. It took only a moment for Bruckmeyer to drop off the traffic summons papers in the office several floors below the actual 'top floor', where the Gilbert heir should be in residence. Any process server could have done it which was what Connors took Vince for. The public elevator went no higher than tenth, but a few people knew that the entrance to the penthouse elevator and stairs was there, on the tenth floor.

Bruckmeyer was quite out of breath when he reached his destination at the top of the stairs. The

pass keys Givens had supplied him with, 'they'll open any door lock that's ever been built, if you find the right one', worked on the locked stairwell doors. Bruckmeyer was able to walk along a most luxurious, elegantly decorated hallway to the penthouse door.

It took a third ring to produce results. A dark-haired girl opened the door on its chain very cautiously. "Yes," she asked.

Bruckmeyer flashed his badge, his real one this time. "Bruckmeyer from Palermo," he said grimly. "I'm here to talk to James Gilbert, junior."

The girl was startled. Her green eyes darted about, looking over her shoulder, shivering before she looked back at the detective. "I don't think," she began, but Bruckmeyer had noted she was already beginning to close the door on him. His bolt cutter took care of that easily. It sliced through the chain that held the door. A quick shove and he was in the apartment and thinking about all the laws he'd just broken.

"I say," the girl protested. "You can't ..." She moved to stop Bruckmeyer from advancing on the slim, blonde girl who was seated on a long sofa, her lovely legs crossed as any pretty girl would have done, if she'd been sitting there, Vincent saw in approval.

It was a good job that a worried Jimmy Givens had briefed Bruckmeyer so thoroughly on what to expect of 'the girls' or Vince would have blown it for sure. Gilbert's photo was in the files as was the one where he had been picked up by his parents. Then, he had been a brunette, with masses of dark hair, huge earrings, garish makeup and standing on the corner of Tarpin and Windrow, looking like a ten dollar hooker.

Now, Jimmy Gilbert was a blonde and as cute and curvy a young woman as Vince Bruckmeyer had ever seen. Without doubt, he was now a permanent 'she'. 'She', Jimmy Gilbert, was backing away from the table, and Vincent. She was probably trying to press the security switch on the wall, fright showing on her well madeup face.

Bruckmeyer could move fast when he wanted to and did at that point. He disabled the alarm while Gilbert, it must be him, though his features were so feminine, as if he was a sister to the boy who'd been kidnapped, backed off. The dark-haired girl moved forward, getting between them as if to protect the blonde girl.

Bruckmeyer flashed his badge again. "James Gilbert," he said brusquely. "I'm here to put some questions to you. You might humor me by not telling me that you're afraid that I'm here to kidnap you."

The shot hit home. The blonde looked fearfully at him while the dark-haired girl began to protest, her outrage growing as she looked at the door. "I'll call the police," the brunette screamed but then the blonde girl touched her arm.

"No, Tina," the blonde girl, Jimmy Gilbert for sure, said in a soft, feminine voice. "Just go and close the door and sit quietly, please. I think I should answer Police Chief Bruckmeyer's questions."

"You know me?" asked Bruckmeyer in surprise.

"Oh yes," said the blonde, moving forward in her pink dress, a little cardigan about her shoulders. She sat gracefully on one sofa in the wide, well-furnished living room and indicated that Bruckmeyer should take the sofa opposite her. "I remember the press conference after Melanie Clement was shot and killed.

"You were the only one who was angry at the shooters. You were the only one who didn't blame Melanie for her own death. You said that you'd find out why she'd died and I guess that's why you're here, isn't it, and why you made such a dramatic entrance into my apartment."

Tina had returned to sit beside the blonde. The brunette took the other girl's hand and held it, fear on her face.

"Yes," said the blonde, looking at the expression on Bruckmeyer's face. "Tina was once a boy like me. But she's my girl friend now, a lesbian like me." She smiled lovingly at the girl beside her who still looked at Bruckmeyer very suspiciously. "You can call me Susan now."

"You were a transvestite before you were kidnapped," said Bruckmeyer, looking at the blonde girl and the way she crossed her lovely legs. There was something in the curve of her smile that tipped him off. Suddenly, he saw it. It wasn't that any kidnapping gang had targetted a group of rich boys, transvestite sons of rich families. She, this blonde girl, hadn't been kidnapped at all!

Givens had taken what, three or four hours, but he'd finally wormed that out of the delectably feminine Gloria, hadn't he? Vince should have believed him when he told him what Bobby Allenby had confessed to, being his own kidnapper. Yes, this wasn't a kidnapping case any more, was it? It was all about blackmail, extortion, really. He could kick the Feds off this case without a by your leave, couldn't he?

"So, you weren't kidnapped at all," Bruckmeyer said heavily. The blonde girl nodded, a strange look on her lovely face. Her lipstick made her lips appear so inviting. Vince had to shake his head not to keep staring at 'her' and thinking about her as he did, 'she'

reminding so much of another blonde pseudo girl he wished he knew better.

“So everything you told us about the gang,” Vince went on drily, smiling as he knew for the first time what he was talking about, “and what they did to you, just as they did it to all the others, transforming you into a girl, wasn’t true. Yes, those women, you named them Bonny and Wendy, and the transvestites who guarded you, all that information was false?”

All the girls had told similar tales of their confinements, though enough individual details had been added to make it all so convincing. “Will you nail the bastards who killed Melanie if I tell you?” asked ‘Susan’.

“I could arrest you now for telling a lie to a police officer,” said Bruckmeyer angrily. “And there is your statement under oath which you signed. I only have to speak once to Norwood, and, he’ll be on you like a ton of bricks. He’ll make a media sensation out of you, out of all of you.”

Tina was the one who looked at him most nervously. “You wouldn’t,” she said.

“It would give me the greatest pleasure,” Bruckmeyer said savagely, “to haul you both back to Palermo, call in the media and charge you, Susan, with kidnapping yourself. Then, there’s all the perjury, conspiracy, obstruction and accessory to murder charges to tack on, never mind extortion, the crime you’ve really committed. I wonder if your parents will still want to keep quiet about all the money they’ve paid out, once all of this reaches the twenty-four hour news stations.”

The blonde, Susan, looked uneasily at her shaking, ‘lesbian girl friend’, as Vince went on relent-

lessly. "I'd lock you in with the prisoners of the day, the male ones, of course, in our jail, Susan," he went on, knowing much of what he was saying wasn't true. No, he wouldn't have a queen as pretty as Susan locked in with some randy, sex-starved inmate. He wasn't a total savage, he thought savagely. But he did need the truth now so that this whole, silly, kidnapping caper, could be wrapped up. "So tell me how it all went down with you. Tell me about Belinda Lee and Melanie and May Berry and why you all did this in the first place. Tell me about the Club Continental."

"You want too much," said Susan, her soft voice unsteady, betraying her nervousness in the face of Bruckmeyer's relentless demands.

"If I don't get it from you," he said bluntly, "I'll get it from one of the others. Edward Cornfeld, maybe."

Susan laughed at that suggestion. To both Bruckmeyer's and Tina's obvious surprise, she laughed out loud at that.

"You don't have it all figured out then," Susan said, patting Tina's hand nervously. "Make us coffee, darling, will you, while I bargain with the Chief."

"Tell me about the Club Continental," said Bruckmeyer impatiently.

Susan's thin eyebrows rose. "You figured out what I was describing?" she said, sitting with her elbows tucked tightly to her sides in womanly fashion. "I should have made it more imaginary, shouldn't I? But they did change its name after they renovated the rooms, made them much sexier. I went there with Judy Landon. It was so secure at the top of the Century Tower that the men there go wild over us girls in our skimpy costumes. I danced all day long and was doing a dozen men a day all the time I was there.

Well, they were doing me as well, at least a dozen a day. Judy was swapping guys with me most of the time, as she doesn't dance as well as I do.

"Belinda Lee played the slave girl in one fantastic dance production I remember. They brought in this black guy with the biggest schlong you've ever seen. No wonder she was screaming when he put that in her. I couldn't believe it the next night when she did it all again in exactly the same way. It was incredible but I know he could never have got inside me. But it sure inspired the guys.

"I was taking them at both ends in the orgies, there were always orgies, but the one's for the Slave Girl Show were more spectacular than most. They went on for such a long time. Yes, we'd cheer and cheer on Belinda, she being screwed by her big dick lover in all the public shows she did, every day. I didn't know how she could do it as she did, and act like she did, as if she was being really fucked so hard. She was kissing him so much as well, making him caress and tongue her breasts and nipples as well. And then we girls had to dance as well and take any guys who wanted us, while Belinda and whatever his name was, fucked and fucked each other!

"Oh, I really didn't want to leave the show but Belinda said that my parents were going to pay off on me. She wanted her share of the money. So, I had to go back to my parents. Ugh, that was the worst part of it all, what they called me, how they treated me! I'd been a woman every day up to then but they wouldn't accept that, or me as Susan, at all!"

So there was a Belinda Lee, thought Bruckmeyer. She was the main perpetrator of this massive fraud scheme. Thinking of fraud, he wondered what they could ever charge all these girls with. Certainly, the families wouldn't press charges for fraud. He was as sure of that as he could be. And extortion? Well,

Jimmy had suggested it as a possibility, but proving intent on the Belindas, if there were more like her, was going to require more leads than Vince was getting right there from 'Susan'.

"Belinda still thinks that Emil is going to make her a star," said Susan, answering one of the many questions that Vince put to her about the 'girl' he thought was the leader of the kidnappers, if there was such a thing as a leader. "I kept telling her Emil wouldn't. At least he doesn't make her work the rooms in the club as Judy and I did. We were really thrilled to be show-girls and to have guys hitting on us. I think it cured me though, all the blow jobs and lap dances and being some guy's little puppy bitch. That's what we called doing it, doggie style, in the club.

"Anyway, it's all over now. It's just Tina and me, here, and whatever guy we can drag back from a drag club who would like a threesome, on special occasions. But that's only going to last this month, because on the fifth of next month, we're going to Trinidad to have the change completely. We're going to be exactly the same, real girls, Tina and me. That's going to be so much fun for both of us, to be lesbians completely. Or maybe just female prostitutes! We'll have to see which we like the most!"

Bruckmeyer stood heavily and took off his overcoat that had concealed the tools he had brought up to get into the penthouse. He took out his notebook and began to write.

"I don't mind if you take me back," said Susan calmly while Tina gave her a double take from the kitchen area. "My parents and their lawyers will oppose it but I wouldn't, not if you'll get those bastards who shot up May and Melanie. I want someone to pay for that. It was murder."

"I agree," said Bruckmeyer with a sigh. "But I've no idea at present how to make a case against them."

Susan looked soberly at him. "Then I said nothing to you today," she said, standing and retreating into her lover's arms in the kitchen. "You forced your way in," she nodded at the door, "terrorized us poor, frightened, little girls, and wrote down all kinds of lies about me and my friends from Silvia's parties. I never said a word to you. I was too busy crying all the time."

She reached over and flipped the security button. Within ten minutes, Police Chief Vincent Bruckmeyer was back on the street, minus his keys and snips, ignominiously shoved into the parking lot by security men as big as he was but much more in shape.

"Vince should have sent you to talk to the Gilbert kid," said Al Dwyer, hanging up the phone on their Chief, repeating to his partner, Bruckmeyer's apologies to Jimmy Givens, the last thing he'd put onto the record.

"Gloria," said Jimmy, keeping a very straight face as he looked back at his partner. Al didn't like him talking about Bobby Allenby, not by the female name that the young queen preferred. "Gloria wants another meeting. She said that she'd thought about it all, written it down, and would tell us all about what we wanted to know."

Al regarded his partner with a straight face to match that of his partner of so long. "She didn't ask you to bring me along, did she?" Al asked calmly.

"No," said Jimmy Givens, emulating the way that Al spoke to him.

"You be very careful with a girl like Gloria," said Al carefully, pausing between words to make sure that he wasn't annoying his friend. "She has a crush on you, you know. I could see it in our first meeting, the way you looked at her, the way you handled her female clothing and smoothed it out as you gave it back to her. I knew she'd talk to you a lot. That's why I left and went down to wait for you. It was three hours before you came down, you know."

"I know," said Jimmy quietly. "She had a lot to say, Gloria did. It's broken this case open, hasn't it?"

"And most of it, probably all of it, we're going to keep to ourselves and not say a word to the public about," said Al Dwyer carefully.

"I understand that, too," said Jimmy with a nod of his head. "I'll make sure that Gloria, if I do see her tonight, understands that she's not to go running off to her friends, to tell them all about the marvellous rip-off scheme she's getting away with."

"You might not see her tonight?" asked Al in surprise.

"Not if you don't want me to," said Jimmy, not blinking an eye as he stared at his partner.

"Go and see her," said Al, thinking of how they'd referred to the boy who'd been 'kidnapped' as if he was a girl, throughout their conversation. "I'd like to see what she's written. You should try to tape her ..."

"I promised Gloria I wouldn't, from the start," Givens said. "She's been much franker and talkative since I just let her go on, in her own way, at her own pace."

"Good," said Al, turning back to other work that he had to do, leaving Givens to visit his girl friend, as Al guessed that Gloria had become, in the short, con-

spiratorial relationship she was developing with his partner.

Givens left after a token stab at working on some of the papers Dwyer had given him. Jimmy wondered how much his partner had guessed and how much he knew, for sure, about Gloria and Jimmy. Yes, there was a Gloria and Jimmy, wasn't there, Givens thought as he nodded to other cops he knew on the way to his car.

And no, Al, I didn't talk to the 'girl' for three hours, Jimmy thought to his partner, as I said I did. It had only taken an hour before she'd tearfully admitted what she had really done. She'd needed his consoling, Jimmy had told himself, such a pretty, sobbing girl who'd fallen into his arms. Yes, he'd kissed her right away and she'd flung herself onto him, crying and kissing in equal parts as he'd squeezed her as she'd wrapped her body about him.

Oh, and what came next, Al? Jimmy thought again as he eased downtown to the building where Gloria's apartment was. There she was, on the curb, waving excitedly to him, dancing on her long legs as he signalled and edged over beside her. Jimmy's nose was assaulted by feminine scents as the girl hurled herself into his car, her mouth on his in seconds.

"Oh, I missed you so much last night!" Gloria warbled femininely at him, at Jimmy. "My bed is so cold without you there to keep me warm. You should have come up, you know. I needed some warming tonight, but just the thought of you was enough. You're really going to like the Continental tonight, Jimmy. See! I got you a special pass! We might get to see Belinda do her act with Leroy if she's back in town! Watch closely, my man, as you have to do everything he does to Belinda, or whoever his partner is now, to me! I can hardly wait till you have me in bed, my darling. It's going to be so much fun, for both of us!"

Tony showered second after the torrid afternoon and early evening I'd spent in bed with him. I'd given up all pretence of manliness on my part. I'd been his woman as that was the way he'd treated me. I'd thought of nothing else but of being a woman for him and pleasing him. Tony seemed to want me to be pleased as well. He liked me to keep on my garter belt and my stockings as he had me. He liked my bouncy, padded bra to be pushing into him as he kissed me and, boy, did he like to penetrate me, whether I was facing him, which I loved, or whether I wasn't.

He loved my hair. He kissed it all the time as I moved in agitation as his hands stroked me and he whispered compliments about my fragrance or my few womanly attributes into my ear. He loved kissing my legs and what was between my legs as I couldn't believe the pleasure I derived from that, as he made me come. Then, while I was trembling and shaking with uncalled for and previously unknown emotions for a man, he would take me, yes, I mean fuck me. Yes, I was as womanly and passionately accommodating to him as I could be, my lips locked to his, my arms clinging to his neck as I wiggled and wriggled and tried to intensify the pleasure that he said he had in doing me, fucking me as he could have fucked a woman.

I was tucked into my white gaff, my bikini panties covering it, laced in tightly to the shaping white corset, my breasts taped and looked actually real when he came behind me and began to kiss my shoulder and my hair. I felt so wonderful to be so treated as a woman by the man who had loved me for so long, all afternoon.

"I want you again," Tony said hoarsely in my ear as I turned my head so that he could kiss my 'luscious lips' again. Neither of us really had anything left. Desire had drawn us into the last couplings but there was virtually no emission from either of us, even though I felt strange spasms going through me as he took me. He laughed and told me that I was becoming a real woman, having orgasms like that when my 'clit' wasn't even functioning at all.

"You women," he teased me. "You can have your orgasms and laugh at me when I can't get it up any more. It's not fair that you should have your pleasures when I am so spent."

Tony's hand ran over my soft, smooth leg, causing the strangest sensations to go through me. I endured it. I tried not to react even when he put his hand on my panties, stroking the tops of my thighs as I squeezed tightly on his hand.

"You are so well hidden," Tony murmured to me. "I'd swear that you were a woman sitting here looking so incredibly sweet." He kissed me while I quivered as his fingers stroked the very top of my thighs, my skirts lifted over my back. Ooo, how strange I felt to be called 'sweet'. How I writhed about my man trying to be so 'sweet' to him.

"Oh goodness," said Belinda, bouncing into our room again and seeing us locked in an embrace we didn't try to move on from. "Are you guys going to do it again? You're wearing out the bed springs, you know, going at it for so long. Come on, Tony. Let's move it or you won't see your sister doing the dance of the seven veils, after all."

Tony reluctantly let me go, but he insisted on helping me put my stockings on, and fastening them for me. I shivered and felt so womanly as he stopped and kissed me several times in the whole procedure. It

was quite nerve-wracking doing my makeup as a man sat beside me at the mirror and watched my every move and complimented me on how feminine I was and how feminine I had made myself look. And how could I reward my male lover? Yes, I was really improving in the loving blow jobs that I gave my man, loving him squirming and gyrating for a change.

It was nice to have a man around as I put on my white dress. Tony was there to zip me up tightly and to kiss my shoulders and hair as the dress swirled about me, making me feel so womanly. He made me wear the heavy pendant earrings and big necklace when I wanted to go small. He put my high heels on my feet, his hands running up my legs, leaving me panting with suppressed, feminine feelings as I stood up in a rustle, my high heels putting me up enough so that he could kiss me easily.

“Oh, they’re at it again,” said Belinda as she and Emil both came into our room to collect us. I flushed as I had to fix my lipstick while Belinda came over and fixed the bow on the back of my dress as well as the ribbon and bows in my hair.

Belinda babbled on in delight as we sashayed out of the house, her arm through mine, fur coats awaiting us at the door. They seemed so light when I slid into the silk underlining.

“Oh, what a fabulous entrance we are going to make,” gushed Belinda as the men treated us like princesses as they helped us into the waiting helicopter.

We were off to the Century Club, the old Club Continental. Was it a brothel, I’d asked Tony, who’d grimaced.

“Sure,” Tony had said. “But of a very special kind. I hope you’re not interested in being one of the show-



girls, as you could be so easily. It's a simple rule of this club that the showgirls can't say 'No' to any invitation. They're paid to be laid. They get a weekly salary and it mounts up fast, Emil tells me. He says he's always losing girls to better deals. The turnover is good for the clients, who pay for the privilege of being in a private club, where they can do anything but abuse the girls. You'll get offers, you'll see, but you're mine, Penny, you are my woman, no matter who it is who wants you."

It was fascinating to land on top of the Century Tower and to look over the brightly lit area that was Parliament Park. And then, behind us, loomed the skyscraper, office buildings of downtown Palermo. There was one huge helicopter parked there, beside where we landed. It must have carried the troupe of girls back to the building earlier that day.

Belinda was right about the sensation that we caused as Tony was right about the number of propositions that came my way, even as we only went into what appeared to be a well-apportioned restaurant with a stage area. There was a bar and dance area in another section. One reason for all the attention I realized was that probably all the people in the club, dressed in either male or pretty, female clothing, were men.

"The women go to the rooms," said Emil, adamant, as Tony tried to keep me with him. Belinda took my hand, waving to several men who were grinning and telling us to come over and join them. I could hear Emil and Tony arguing behind me but Belinda was insistent. Some of the guys were pawing at me as we passed them. Belinda took me past an entranceway of steps that led to a floor below. The entrance was guarded by an old woman whom I wasn't certain was a queen.

“Men aren’t allowed below while we change,” said Belinda excitedly as our heels clicked on the steps. She led me down the hallway and to a door that had my name, ‘Penelope Smith’, inscribed upon it, over a glittering star.

It was a strange room, having a bathroom of its own, a walk-in closet, a large, canopied bed, with lots of gadgets about it that I didn’t understand. A large dressing table dominated one wall with vivid pictures of buxom, beautiful, smiling girls in Arabian head-dresses.

“You’ll get your costume soon,” said Belinda. “I have to fly over to my room and get into mine as Princess Lana. You’ll just be a slave girl and have to go and do as you’re told.” She giggled. “Let’s hope my brother can recognize you or you could find yourself pleasing another man in here tonight.” She reached into her purse and took out a little vial of pills. “Just take one of these before you go out,” Belinda said with a smile. “All the girls use them. It makes even TJ look like a handsome prince for the evening. Believe me, with the older ex-queens like your friend, Miles, you’ll need a pill, maybe two.”

XIII. THE END OF THE CASE

Dwyer took the phone call from the Duliers. The old man was quite forceful. He reminded Dwyer of the agreement he had had with Bruckmeyer. If this investigation was yielding a solution that involved deviant behaviour, his son, Montgomery, was not to be mentioned at all. Where Montgomery was now, was none of Dwyer’s affair.

Dwyer hung up in disgust. “And where is Montgomery Dulier?” he asked his partner.

Givens looked at him in surprise. "In Monte Carlo," he said, "according to Richard Martin's sister, Anne. The pair of them are together, resting on the beach after having extensive surgery, according to the sister. She's ticked that the parents are paying for the trip. Wait till she finds out that her new sister ripped her off from half of her parents' total wealth as well. What's with the Duliers?"

"Seems the backup plan has been activated," said Dwyer with a grin. "Someone asking if they were missing a statue by Bellini, Cellini, whoever, a statue of a nude bather. Dulier put them on to his insurance company who quoted them the standard policy for payment on recovered stolen goods. Then, someone, I don't know who yet, suggested a private meeting about a special price for recovering a very special object."

"Can we wait for the chief to get back?" asked Givens. "Penny's still not back at her flat and Gaylord," he rolled his eyes as he said it, "is worried about her."

"We hit *The Gilded Cage* on a flimsier pretext," mused Dwyer.

"We'll need a SWAT team to take the Century Tower," said Givens. "And what would be the good of that? The ones we have to be arresting are all the supposed victims in the kidnappings. I think we have to wait for Vince. He's the one who wants to take down Norwood for incompetence. These families, too, are all big names somewhere, as well, from all over the country. What's the betting, Al, that in the end, all we're going to see is a bunch of red faces and a whole bunch of Feds slipping out of town?"

"Unless the mastermind panics," said Dwyer calmly, "and knocks off Penny. Then, we don't wait for Vince. We raid with SWAT everywhere. And don't

look at me like that, Mr Givens. I don't care if he is a queen. That Ross Barkley is still a cop and we will avenge him if we have to."

"Avenge her," muttered Jimmy Givens, but his partner didn't hear him at all.

I was dressed as a slave girl, or as someone's idea of what girls in the harem of *A Thousand and One Nights* might have looked like. "Are you gaffed?" asked the dresser who came bustling into the room a moment after Belinda had left me alone. I was staring out of the window, wondering how I could get out of the place.

"Yes," I told her, thinking how hard it had been to conceal my private male parts after so much love-making with Tony. Only cold, cold water, sitting in it, had allowed me to ease myself into the gaff.

The panties I had to wear were brief to say the least. I was not to wear stockings but the diaphanous, muslin skirt that floated about me was thrilling, arousing and totally debilitating at the same time. I had to have extra inserts in my bra. The dresser brought the skirts I had to wear,, showing me then how I had to make up like the girls in the photos about the mirror. A hairdresser came in and pinned up my hair, showing me also how to pin the veil across my face. I wasn't wearing my corset but I was skin and bone anyway, I thought. I was just thinking how ridiculous I looked when the dresser opened my door, checked me over, adding more lipstick and more eyeshadow and liner on my eyes.

Then, I was pulled out of the door and into a long line of girls, most of them in costumes like mine, in high-heeled sandals, like I was wearing, and in veils

as I was. I shivered as my eyes saw a hallway filled with smiling girls. The front of the line moved and we swept up the hallway and into the club where all the men I had seen, were on their feet and applauding. The girl in front of me and behind me took my hands and I went along with the line into a wide area where we all sat together, one girl reaching over and arranging my skirts more prettily while a fantastic, incredible story was played out on the stage.

I say it was incredible because all of the girl's parts were played by men. And the girls in every staged piece were loved by husbands and boy friends, scorned by them and sold to slavers. There wasn't one who wasn't stripped, I noticed, and taken on the stage by her lover or by her owner.

Princess Lana, yes, my friend, Belinda Lee, danced and was married to the Sultan who had her, in coitus, so to speak, on stage. She was slipping off to meet her lover, who had her, also in front of us all, but then the Sultan found out. The Princess Lana was given to four of his soldiers. She had to make love to them all at one time which she did before she was then sold to a member of the audience. The Sultan's anger knew no bounds. None of the girls could please him. They were sold off, one by one, to the audience's delight, to members of the audience.

I didn't have to act frightened as I was lined up with so many girls. The slaver, huge and black, made me circle and dance a little, my hips moving as they never had before as he sold me as a girl, wrapping me in another transparent veil as I was delivered by the male slaves to my new master. I almost fell into Tony's arms, in delight and gratitude, as I was delivered to him. The last girls, too, were all awarded so that all of the men present, save for those on the stage, had a girl, in a few cases, two.

Cushions had replaced the chairs in the part of the club nearest the stage. I tried to sit decorously with my skirts spread out about me but Tony pulled me to him, undid my veil and lay me down and began to kiss me. All around us, the same sort of thing was going on with almost all the girls enthusiastically kissing their new masters. I'd forgotten about the pill Belinda had given me. I saw the way some of the girls were attacking their masters. Several were up already and dragging men off to the rooms, where they were now allowed, it seemed.

"Come on," said Tony, standing up as I wanted him to kiss me more, my senses again reeling as he held me. We joined a long line of men and women, yes, I know that there wasn't a woman in the group, heading down the hallways. Doors opened and the girls danced in eagerly, pulling the men in after them

Tony pushed me into my room, turning me, his hands about my bare hips, stroking me as he kissed me fiercely, as a man should a woman like me. I made no pretence that I didn't want him to, or that I didn't like a man kissing me. I saw Belinda's pills then on the dressing table. Tony laughed as I took them. I kissed him wholeheartedly, my shimmering skirts making my legs break out in goose bumps.

"Oh, darling," Tony said as he lay on me. "I love you so much. I would have had such a fit if I hadn't got you. Emil intended to have you sold to one of his rich, deviant friends, Belinda told me. He wasn't going to let me stay, you know. He said that I wasn't a member, which is true. I couldn't have borne it if another man was doing this to you."

And what Tony was doing was removing my panties and my gaff so that he could make love to me. I pushed my legs wide and lay back, cuddling under him, my arms about his neck as he eased out of his clothes. Soon we were doing it fully again, with me so

surprised and delighted at how active he'd become with me, his Arabian slave girl. I loved and loved and loved him. I loved him even more when he said that we had to get out of there; and he'd thought he'd found a way.

I didn't want to stop loving him. I would have lain with him forever if he'd asked me but he wanted me to put on my clothes; and so I put on my white corset and taped my breasts. I tucked which isn't easy and Tony winced as I did it.

I pulled on my white panties where he had to kiss me then. I fell on him on the bed and we had a too short petting session as I came onto him as any nymphomaniac girl would have come on to her handsome boy friend. His hands stroked my bare legs and my hair fell on his face as I knew I was a nympho girl because that is what he called me. But he said he loved that about me. I must do what I was doing to him more and more often when we had the time.

Tony had to shake me to get me to let go of him and put on my stockings. I was aching all over to be loved by him. I kissed and kissed him as the pills I'd taken from Belinda's stash began to cut in. He fastened my garter belt and slid on my stockings as I giggled. Tony cursed Belinda for giving me the reds as he called my pills. He pulled my dress on me. Ooh, I felt so womanly as I moved for him as he zipped me into a dress he called Western as opposed to the Eastern outfit I'd been wearing.

I twirled and whipped my skirts about him. Tony grinned as we kissed so passionately as I jumped up on him with my legs about him. He held me easily as I snuggled into my man. I must love him, I mumbled to him, as he was surrounded by such a brilliant, golden halo.

"I love you, darling Tony," I told him, girlishness flooding over me as I wriggled beneath my loving man. Oh, what a woman I am, I marvelled at myself as I kissed my man so fiercely and so lovingly.

"It's the pills," my lover told me as he kissed me in return.

"But I love you, Tony," I insisted as I hugged him, caressing him with my skirts and my legs as I clung to him. I even used my bouncy, soft, swishy 'breasts' on him as well, so delightful to both of us.

"I love you, Penny," Tony told me, sitting me on a chair, caressing me as I eagerly received his touches, turning my tush against his manhood as he was trying to put my black, high heels on me. "Come on, my darling. We have to get out of here."

With his arm about me, I swayed outrageously as a female down the hallway. A door opened and a red-haired woman adjusting her breasts into her bra, accosted us. "Oh good," she said, sounding so like a man. "We needed more girls for the Senator!"

Tony pulled me past her as I smiled at the familiar-looking, grey-haired man who came out of the room, stopping to kiss the redhead on the mouth.

Two more men came bounding down the steps in front of us. "Hey, feller," said one to Tony. "We'll take that girl off your hands. Ox and I will share a pretty one like that."

I think I smiled up girlishly, invitingly, at them as I wobbled on my heels. Tony said some unprintable things which made the guys step back and gape at us.

"Sorry," I said, tossing back my hair, smiling even more brightly at my admirers. "I'm a man, my darlings, like you."

My mouth didn't seem to work right in forming the words. "Of course you are," said one of the guys. "You wouldn't be here in this club if you weren't, would you?"

"She's on reds," said the other, the big one, the Ox. "Hey, feller, I just got to have her. Girls on reds are just crazy for some loving and I've got a few, throbbing inches that she's gonna enjoy as much as me."

"She's my girl friend," said Tony angrily. "She shouldn't be in here. And look at her. Can't you tell she's a woman? Have you ever seen a trannie who looked as pretty as her?"

"I am a man," I said, but they didn't seem to hear or believe me.

"What the heck is a woman doing in here?" asked the guy named Ox.

There was squealing behind us. Two naked girls came tumbling out of another room down the hallway. Each had beautiful breasts, tiny waists, wide hips, and penises. The long-haired blonde saw Ox and jumped on him just as I had jumped on my lover earlier. She was hugging and kissing him with abandon as Ox carried her back into the room she had come from. The other brunette giggled and ran down the hallway, her hair, her breasts and her penis bouncing as she ran like a girl, banging on doors as the first guy, who had spoken to her, ran after her.

"Reds," he shouted to Tony as he raced past us, pulling at his tie and then his shoes to get them off as he chased the naked she-male.

I looked up the hallway and recognized the man at the top of the stairs looking down on us, scowling. It was Emil Petriglia, who did not look happy. Kurt, with long sideburns, sneered at us from just beside

him. The other men I didn't know but I waved to them anyway. Emil shook his head at us and drew his finger across his throat as he grimaced at Tony beside me.

I wanted to tell them that there weren't enough girls any more, as Tony tried to shush me.

I heard Emil swear then. "Smoke," said another of the men suddenly, pointing down the hallway to whatever it was that Emil had seen. Yes, I tried to tell him. We'd done that, my boy friend and me, but I couldn't think clearly why we'd done it. Smoke was pouring out of the doorway of our room where Tony had used bottles of liquor like Molotov cocktails. Even down the hallway, we heard one explode and shower the door with a rattle of glass shards.

Emil's eyes almost bugged out of his head. "No!" he screamed at TJ but the boy moved automatically. He smashed the glass and set off a fire alarm even before Emil's cry reached him. Poor TJ, I thought, seeing how the pride in his quick thinking evaporated as he thought about what he'd done. Ooh, I danced over to him, swishing my lovely dress about me, trying to kiss Tony and tell him what a hero he was going to be. Oh, he needed my loving and I was going to give it to him, or he could give his to me, whichever pleased him more.

The fire alarms sounded from below us, as well as along the hallway, it seemed. I kissed Tony and wiggled my tush again against his male hardness, letting him know that I was ready for him to penetrate me, his lovely concubine, as he'd called me. Suddenly there were men and women in all kinds of dress and undress coming out into the hallways.

Emil was screaming for calm as Tony held me and cuddled me. I loved my white dress as it moved and rustled against him. I smiled up at Tony and he

smiled at me, kissing me, again and again, forcefully, with so much loving emotion for his woman, me, as panicking people came pouring down the hallway, looking so comical as they pulled on dresses or stockings or socks and pants.

Tony pulled me into through a doorway, and we were in blackness. He started kissing me again so lovingly and calling me his woman, which I was, which I am, I thought. I loved it, too, as he caressed me daintily in my tight dress, pressing me back against the door as I hungrily kissed and kissed my lover, loving him even more as he stroked my womanly body.

XIV. END OF A CENTURY

Vince Bruckmeyer rushed directly to the Century Building from the airport. A couple of blue-suited Feds, neither Norwood, were glum-faced and trying to get either Givens or Dwyer to explain the message the police chief had sent to their boss.

"I'll explain it to his face or to the media," Bruckmeyer told them forcefully and then rode up with his men to the Century Club at the top of the tower.

"It wasn't a big fire," said Givens, leading his boss to the narrow hallway and showing him the scorched door and the room that still smelled awfully. "The fire department responded right away, and it was all contained in a very short time."

The image of the room on fire, however, and the flames going up the wall of the apartment building had stunned Bruckmeyer when he had seen them on television. He would have been scared himself and

sought any way out which is what the inhabitants of the club had done.

“The helicopter that crashed?” asked Bruckmeyer.

“Just plain overloaded,” said Dwyer, taking him to the window of the room and they looked down on the wreckage strewn all over Tarpin. “And yes, Senator Hogan was on board. We’ve identified his body and two of his aides so far. Now, we haven’t told anyone what sort of club this was yet. I’ve had the ones we rounded up, a lot of the girls were still in their harem costumes, taken to the annex on Finch, where we used to have the horses when we had a horse patrol.

“Jimmy is there, just telling them all to settle down in the auditorium, and to say nothing to anyone. The guys we’ve processed and released if they produced photo IDs of themselves.” Dwyer glanced at his Chief and smiled thinly. “Let ’em sweat for a while, the lawyers, the three clergy and the two members of our local television media.”

One of the Feds came barging into the room where Bruckmeyer was looking over the scene below. Dwyer and Givens had been right across the street when the fire broke out and their call had been quicker than the alarm in getting the fire department on the scene in less than five minutes. Uniformed cops had responded as well and had been used by Dwyer as shock troops to smash open the lower doors and detain the unco-operative security whom he had already told the press seemed to be unaware of the gravity of the situation a fire in a high building caused.

“This was a brothel, right?” the Fed, yes, it was Cosgrave himself, asked belligerently.

Dwyer glanced at Bruckmeyer. “It was a private hotel with a bar and a night club attached, according

to the security,” he said, wondering why he was so reluctant to tell the Feds anything about what Palermo’s little task force of three had been doing.

“We know what this place was,” said Cosgrave with a snarl. “Don’t think that you can cover up what this place was and obstruct a federal, ongoing investigation.”

“We’ve already solved that case for you,” said Bruckmeyer coldly. “We’ll have completed the last interview for you by tomorrow. You’ll get all the information we have now by fax.” The Federal agent looked at him in confusion. “Basically, you, the idiot commander, got it all wrong and have wasted time, yours and ours, and embarrassed your whole task force with your incompetence.

“You’re going to find that it was all a teenage prank. There’s no kidnapping gang, no special crew preying on the wealthy families of the nation. The victims went into hiding quite willingly by themselves. Once one group got ransom money, they spread the word, and so it was done, again and again. Seeing what a stupid mess we, the cops, were making of this whole investigation, they began adding to their stories. They had the so-called victims tell you about non-existent people.

“We’ll be charging them all with public mischief soon. If I could, and I probably still might, I would charge you and your trigger-happy buddies with murder in the deaths of the two people killed in the parkade.”

“Hold on,” said Cosgrave, going more than a little white. He was positively ashen as he stared at Bruckmeyer and Dwyer. “You can’t say that about us.”

"I can and I already have," said Bruckmeyer bluntly. "At my press conference at the airport. Good luck to you in trying to spin that. I think I passed most of your cavalcade on my way here. It was sprinting out of town as I was coming in.

"Now, this fire seems to have been deliberately set and led to the death of our most favorite senator of the last twenty-five years, Senator David Hogan. Don't try to besmirch his reputation as you leave Palermo, Mr Cosgrave. He wasn't a perfect man but he was a good one. We have suspects for this case of arson and will announce our discoveries, and the people who will be charged, very shortly. We don't want any more wild accusations and scurrilous rhetoric from police spokesmen in future."

"We can hold news conferences, too," said Cosgrave, his white face showing his impotent fury at Bruckmeyer's words.

"Get your apologies ready then," said Bruckmeyer shortly. "We've been collecting bullets from everywhere where guns are fired in this city. We all have to practice, don't we, to be good. Amazing how bullets can be matched, isn't it, and the guns that kill people identified. Thus, the person who panicked and fired after a fleeing, unarmed suspect could be facing some angry questions, at the very least, couldn't he?" Cosgrave stared with his mouth open. "Go away, Mr Cosgrave, and take your incriminating guns with you."

The Fed left, his face a stoic mask. "If we had such evidence," said Dwyer slowly.

"We would prosecute," said Bruckmeyer.

"Good job we don't," said Dwyer feelingly. "A fight with the feds over the rights of deviates isn't the rea-

son why I became a police officer. Are you coming up to Finch to interview the girls of the Century Club?"

Bruckmeyer grunted. "You didn't find one woman in the whole place?" he asked, as they took the elevator down to Tarpin and his car.

"I wouldn't know," said Dwyer. "Are transsexuals women? That's what they call themselves, girls and women. You won't believe how pretty some of them are. And every one of them has breasts like a woman and long hair and really nice tushes. It's driving Jimmy crazy. Many of them are still making out with the guys they were caught with. Some guys have more than one stuck to them."

"Penny isn't among them, is she?" asked Bruckmeyer.

Dwyer shook his head. "No," he said. He pointed to the name that was still visible above the star on the door. "She must have started the fire to get out and she did, somehow. So, we are finished with the kidnapping investigation?"

"Oh yes," said Bruckmeyer. "But there are loose ends to tidy up."

"This is my place," said Tony as I tried to open my eyes but the blinding headache I had wouldn't let me. "I've never brought a girl here before."

And you still haven't, I thought, as I struggled to wake up and throw off the effect of the reds on me. I felt as if every nerve end on my body had been burned out. I pulled up bed clothes about me, feeling that I had a bra about my chest. I had on panties, as well, covering my genitals, and that was all. That and my memories. Yes, the one thing I knew now very well

was that I was a man, a policeman, an undercover policeman.

I shuddered as Tony lay down beside me, his hands on my so narrow waist. He began stroking my panties, probably expecting me to wriggle up to him, as his woman, probably thinking that I was going to kiss him and push my body into him to entice him to make love to me as if I was the woman that he kept calling me. After all, I'd been doing that for him, as a woman I believed I was on the reds I'd taken, all evening long.

"This is my bedroom," said Tony. "And this is my bed that you are in, my darling Penny, the first woman that I have had in my bed."

Tony sat on the bed and leaned over me and kissed me, before I could sit up. I felt my teeth chattering as I tried to sit up with him but he pushed me gently back into a soft pillow and drew bedsheets up about me. He put his arm about me and a straw between my teeth. Clear, cold water had never tasted so wonderful.

"Sleep, my darling," Tony said to me, setting my teeth to jangling again. I was a man like him, I thought bitterly. He shouldn't be calling me the names that he would call a woman whom he liked a lot. My mind was seething with all that I had to tell him. I had to tell him what he already knew, that I wasn't a woman.

All the stuff I had done to him earlier in the darkness in this bed, giggling as Tony carried me into the house, me demanding his loving, his kisses, his touches, and his sexual fulfillment of me even before we got to the bedroom. That hadn't been me. I had to tell him that. I had been on fire with sexual longing, playing out the role that had been assigned to me, by my superiors in the police department to the hilt. Me

loving him, kissing him, caressing him with every part of my body, even using mine on every part of him, as a woman would, wasn't me at all! I had to make him know that!

It had been the drugs, releasing things inside me, wants, needs, desires, that I was ashamed to admit that I felt at all. They had dominated my mind so much that, in all the female clothing I was wearing, I'd become the randy, sex-obsessed woman that he had loved. I had wanted him to love me as if I was a woman, only because of the drugs his brother, Belinda, had been feeding me.

Strangely, I could say, Tony had obliged me. He'd made me act as if I was his woman, he and the drugs. But through my headache, I was shivering and shuddering, writhing against him which he mustn't misconstrue, as his touch wasn't enough to arouse the femininity in me this time. I knew what I was and was so deeply humiliated that I was letting a man see me naked, but for ladies' panties and a padded bra, and treat me as woman.

I wanted to sleep but couldn't. All I could see in my mind's eye was Tony, hugging me to him and kissing me. All I could feel was what had gone on between us in the Paradise Hotel, in Petriglia's estate house, at the Century Club and then, in his apartment. Hah, there hadn't been anything going on between us but a little deception as I kissed another man. Hah, I quivered as Tony leaned over me, found my cushiony lips and kissed me so sweetly.

There'd been so much noise going on outside the other room in the Century Club, no, we weren't exactly there any more, but somewhere here in this hotel, club, or skyscraper that Tony had taken me to, to make love to me, his woman, to take advantage of all the drugs inside me. Oh yes, he'd made me a woman so many times, hadn't he? He said that he was mak-

ing me his woman, his way of telling me that he was making love to me, when he wasn't kissing me for a brief moment – and I hadn't objected at all!

I recalled that Tony had told me to hang on to the skirts of my dress and then had tossed me down a laundry chute. He'd come down more carefully than me and put my skirts of my evening dress straight as I lay back and tried to tempt him to make love to me there on the towels and bedding that had been dumped down the chute before me.

I remember we went through empty offices into an elevator that Tony locked somehow after we were in. Tony wasn't helped at all by the woman, me, clinging to him and demanding his kisses all the way down until the elevator opened in the basement where he walked me, and I danced as prettily as I could, over to the waiting chauffeur-driven car.

"Mr and Mrs Petriglia?" I remember the chauffeur saying.

"Took the chopper tonight," said Tony. Then the radio in the car that the chauffeur had been manipulating, crackled out with shouts about 'it' coming down.

I remember Tony hugging me fiercely and telling the driver to get us all out of there and not to turn towards Tarpin.

We had cuddled and kissed throughout the ride in the back seat as the radio was going full blast in the front seat. I recall Tony setting me back and arguing with the driver and then we turned into another underground garage, Tony gave the man a huge wad of money and told him to get lost.

"I intend to," the driver had said and left even before Tony took me up to what he called his place

where I didn't have to hold back any more, he told me, as he hugged and danced with me even though we had no music playing. I remembered all that. I couldn't sleep now with all that in my head and Tony laying beside me, kissing my shivering lips.

I managed to open my eyes. Tony smiled down at me and kissed me, in a harsh, demanding way. I closed my eyes again but the kissing didn't stop, nor did the way that my body was curling into Tony, either, making it so easy for him to adjust my panties and arouse my love for my boy friend. He kept kissing me as he told me that he wasn't fucking me, his woman, Penny. No, he was making love to me. It was a nicer way of saying the same thing, he pointed out as I hugged him and kissed his adorable lips, wiggling my tush for him so that he could go deeper into me and enjoy his woman more.

When I woke up again - scenes in my mind of making love to my wonderful boy friend again and again - what a lovely woman I was, I discovered as I arose and wriggled in the lovely underwear and pretty dress that my boy friend must have put on me. Then, I realized that I was alone, alone, on a lovely bed, a delicate nightdress on the pillow beside me.

It was a nice room, the drapes keeping it semi-dark though it was clearly light outside. I got up and put a robe about me, to keep myself warm, the effort almost beyond me. It must have been a man's room because there wasn't a mirror in the place. I quivered as my dress swished about me. Yes, I was still a woman, wasn't I? My mind flooded itself with thoughts of Tony and me, how he'd loved me sexually and I'd loved him, time after time, me always the woman. I shuddered as thoughts of all the sex acts I'd performed on another man, and all that he'd performed on me, swept over me, making me feel revulsio at myself.

I opened the door and heard the TV down the wood-panelled hallway blaring away. I went out slowly, finding it so hard to walk on the carpet in my high-heeled, woman's shoes. I had been intending to get to a bathroom but the television was showing Emil Petriglia's face.

"Was also killed in the tragic crash of a helicopter fleeing from the fire on one of the top floors of the Century Tower," the news reporter was saying.

Tony stood up and looked at me as I stared at the scene of the fire we had started in the Century Club. It looked terrible to see the flames licking the wall outside the room that I must have been in. Had we killed ...?

"Belinda?" I asked as the reporter went on about the fact that Petriglia was a low-level mobster, whatever that was these days. Yes, in just moments, I knew exactly where I was, what I was and who I was and all that had happened to me. In shame and astonishment, I listened to a report on the death of Senator Hogan and his aides in the helicopter crash that had killed Emil Petriglia, as well. The senator's face replaced Petriglia's, as the announcers were now saying how the senator was associated with the mobster but clearly the story was not over.

"There weren't any women on the helicopter, they're saying," said Tony, moving over to me and putting his hands about my so thin waist while I shivered at his touch. "I think she might have made it out. Belinda, my sister," he added, giving me a strange look, as I gasped at him saying that. Before, I think I recalled, he'd always called Belinda, his brother, to me. Which 'she' was.

The reporter mentioned that the police had quickly sequestered members of the club. None of the members were being allowed to talk to any reporters and

reporters had been asked not talk to any relative of those killed and identified by name. A news conference could be expected the next day.

“We expect more news then when we get to interview those who were inside the club when the helicopter came tumbling out of the skies onto the wide avenue we call Tarpin in Palermo,” a female announcer said, smiling away as if it was going to be happy news. “To review,” she went on pleasantly, the smile stuck on her face, it seemed, “eleven dead, all passengers on the overloaded helicopter that was apparently trying to fly off from a burning building in the city, among them the state’s senior senator.”

I watched then as ‘in another crime story breaking in Palermo,’ Bruckmeyer gave a short, news conference where he basically cracked open the whole kidnapping case. I was stunned as he characterized the kidnappings as pranks that got out of hand on all sides.

“They didn’t need me at all,” I croaked as Tony looked at me in surprise. “It’s all solved without me. I came undercover for nothing.”

Tony followed me as I went into the bathroom. My face, especially my eyes, were a total mess for a man, but more so for a woman. My long, womanly-looking hair was all over the place. I creamed my face and washed it as Tony watched me. I was shivering as I stood up and faced him.

“Undercover?” he said and I chilled as I realized what I had said. “So you really are a policeman?”

“Yes,” I told him harshly.

Tony looked at me intently. “You’re going to bust my sister,” he said.

I trembled, feeling first cold and then warm as I tried to shake off the devastating effect of the reds. Tony eased over to me and adjusted the tiny spaghetti straps of my bra and of my lingerie. I quivered as he kissed my soft shoulder and smoothed down my long, permed hair. "That was the idea," I said.

"This is tearing up my parents," Tony said abruptly, his hands back about my waist, caressing me as if I was still his woman, which I felt the oddest desire to be, even though I couldn't be in dresses again for long and be back with the police. "They can't understand Eddie at all. I can tell you that they'll never press charges against their son."

"You won't keep a lid on all that," I told him, pointing to the television as I staggered out of the bathroom, a thin, feminine robe now about me, my face clean of makeup for the first time in an age. "There are too many people in the know. Then the club and the kidnappings are going to be linked. It's going to start a media frenzy. And guys like Vince who think they are so smart not to tell all the story are going to look like they're involved in a gigantic cover-up. If I were you, I'd take Edward Cornfeld off to Europe and disappear into some godforsaken hole for a year or two. The tabloids are going to crucify you all anyway. Better that you aren't here."

Tony didn't touch me as I staggered back to the bedroom and found my clothes, my girl's clothes, and my makeup. He shook his head slightly and smiled at me, probably at the name I'd used for his brother, as if 'she' was married to Klaus.

It took me a while but I dressed in my corset and put on my stockings as I had done before so many times as I took on a female role. I put on my dress and left it open where Tony would have closed it tight for me. I heard the newscasters still going on about the helicopter crash as I went into the bathroom and put

on my woman's makeup. Yes, I had to get out of here, didn't I, but how else could I get out unless I was dressed as a woman.

It took me a while to make myself look very feminine as my hand was quite shaky. I brushed my hair, my long, femininely styled, permed hair, which bounced back easily into the pageboy I'd had done by Giselle, what, four, five days ago. Ooo, I shivered as I looked like a woman again. I even put on my earrings and my necklace before I stepped into my high heels. Then, shivering as my dress rustled and swirled about me, I went back into the main room where Tony was still watching the stories about the crash on the national news.

Tony stood up and smiled at me, coming to me and taking my hand as if he thought I was going to be the loving girl he had fucked in his bed the previous night, so long and so passionately. For the first time I was able to resist him and stop him from gathering me in his arms even though my skin was tingling delightfully and girlishly when he touched me.

"Are you going to arrest me?" Tony asked me grimly.

"Petriglia," I told him with a shudder. "A mobster whom you argued with and got your own way with. I thought there were going to be bodies in the streets, one of them mine, but he just looked at you and we walked away from the Century. You had me fully as your woman in the room you set on fire. I don't understand it."

"Oh, Penny," said Tony, running his hand over my arm, as I tried to retreat a little from him, my whole body starting to tingle as I backed up. I should never have worn such a swishy dress, I thought nervously, remembering Barb again, telling me that that was the



way that I should feel when I was wearing a pretty, girlish dress.

“D-Don’t,” I said as Tony pushed me against the wall and tried to kiss me. I averted my mouth but he kissed my neck. His hands caressed my panties through my dress. Oh no, I felt a stirring in them but I was determined that that part of my life was over, no matter how much I desperately wanted to kiss Tony in return. I was not going to give in this time even as my skirts crushed into me so pleasingly and my fingernails flashed so femininely as I held him away from me. “Don’t,” I told him again.

Tony grinned at me, caressing my hips and my waist and my bare arms and shoulders, arousing such female pleasure in me that I almost gave in to one more turn of being another man’s darling woman. “You’re going back to being a man again?” he asked, looking down at me. I nodded, shuddering at his touch, which he turned into such delicate fondling. “And to do that you put on your perfume and made up perfectly, from lipstick to fingernail polish, and instead of putting on some old jeans and a t-shirt of mine, you put on all your pretty underwear, stockings and high heels and brushed your hair into such a becoming, feminine style.

“And I love these long earrings you’re wearing as I’ve told you repeatedly.” He twirled me a little as if he was dancing with me. Oh, how I loved that, as my dress flared out about my legs and his jean-clad body. “Oh no, my girl, we both know why you took such pains to be such a beautiful girl, don’t we? And I love you for it, Penny, I really do. I’ve made up my mind that you are never going to wear men’s clothes again, ever, in your life. You are my girl, my woman, and some time in the future I intend to make you my wife. You’ll look really gorgeous in your bridal dress. You’ll love being my bride, won’t you, my darling?”

I shuddered at the girlie thoughts going through me as he said that. Tony seized me then and hugged me so tightly that I could scarcely breathe as he kissed me so fiercely. I couldn't help it, how womanly I felt as I opened my mouth to his French kisses, my arms about his neck as he made me feel once more, know once more, that I was his woman and would love to take down my panties and make love to him as we had done so often in these last few days and wonderful nights.

I was shivering so much at the pleasure Tony's mouth released in me. He brought me to the sofa and sat down, pulling me on to his lap, lifting my dress, exposing my soft thighs and tush to his caressing, and like a meek, little woman, I didn't object at all. I accepted his kisses and put my hands about his head and neck as he ran his hands under my dress, my whole body on fire as it had been all night long. I shivered and cuddled in closer to him as he caressed my smooth legs and stockings.

"I'll have no secrets from my wife," Tony whispered to me. I wiggled in ecstasy as he caressed my thighs above my stockings and then freed me from my panties and the gaff that held my clit, as he called it, lovingly in place. We were making love then, me so active and gyrating on his hard, elevating manhood, as I tried to give him as much pleasure as a man as he was giving to me, his darling, little woman. "I'll tell you everything that I know and answer every question you ask me. And I'll go to jail for you but only if you're there, waiting for me in a white dress like this one, with a minister, when I get out."

XV. LOOSE ENDS

Silvia Lubin was absolutely furious with Vince Bruckmeyer. “What you have done is outrageous,” she snapped. “I am a law-abiding citizen. I’ve never done anything illegal in my life!”

Bruckmeyer took the drink she placed in his hand and admired her trim figure as she went back to the bar area in the room and poured one for herself. The Point Lewis Park house was equipped it seemed with every modern convenience. He sat on the sofa, expecting her to sit opposite him but she didn’t.

Silvia came and sat beside the other man in the room, a faint aroma of perfume reaching him as she raised her glass to him, watching how his eyes admired her long, lovely legs, what he could see of them. Vince’s eyes drifted up her shapely figure, lingering on her breasts, as real as any woman’s, before studying her face, the last surgery to alter her eyebrow ridges and lift her eyebrow line worth every penny of it, in her opinion. He seemed to approve as well.

“You entered a same-sex marriage in another country,” said Bruckmeyer slowly.

“It is legal there,” Silvia said with a smile.

“So now you call yourself Mrs Gregory even though you’ve already divorced him,” Bruckmeyer went on.

“A girl makes mistakes,” said Silvia Lubin with a sigh, pointing to the pictures of what seemed to be a traditional wedding with a gorgeous bride, pretty bridesmaids and a handsome groom. “I so wanted to be a bride and to be legally married. But Billy was a disappointment as a husband. Only when we came

back from our Caribbean honeymoon did I realize that he should have been a bride as well." She sighed.

"Where is he now?" asked Bruckmeyer, admiring how exquisitely female she was in her makeup and her costly diamond earrings and necklace. Her dress ring alone was probably worth his annual salary.

"She," she said carefully, "is with the other girls, laying on a beach in a black bikini and letting her hair grow longer and her surgeries heal. It's a good time for doing that for all of the girls. After all, thanks to you, Vince, all of my girls are out of the spotlight, yet entertaining my male entourage when they can. Oh, I do have a lot of men friends, I do, with all the businesses I've been running. It's such a shame, though," she finally finished, moving closer to Vince, her legs touching his pants as the rest of Silvia seemed to cuddle to him, "that I'm here all alone for a while."

"You'll open up the Club Continental by a different name then, somewhere else?" Vince asked with a gulp as Silvia was behaving just like a woman with him. She'd said she was transgendered when he told her how he wanted to take her statement to complete his files, especially those about Emil Petriglia. She'd said that she'd do that as she was back to being what she was before she had become Emil's girl friend for a while. But Vince wouldn't see any of that in her, she'd said, as this whole affair was behind her, now that she was a man again. Vince was absolutely sure that she had said that, her voice soft and feminine, of course, and here she was, at home, and as pretty and attractive as a young, middle-aged woman could be.

"Of course," said Silvia Lubin, crossing her lovely legs, smiling as she recognized how much it disturbed him. "And I'm going to put all those girls who were friends of Belinda Lee's, on stage, and make them earn their money in future either here in a sexy

burlesque or, if they are too female, in the Vegas casino my brothers and I have shares in. We can always use pretty showgirls there and Club Continental gave me an endless supply.

"That's what I was recruiting your undercover man, girl I should really call him, for. He really makes up into a foxy, cute, little girl. He, no, she, made waves in all the clubs she visited. Even my straight friends, and I do have a few, wanted to do little Penny. But I honestly think she has a thing now for Tony Jackson, Belinda's brother. She was certainly making out with him at the club on the night it was set on fire."

"Penny did that to escape from Petriglia. She thought he was going to kill her," said Bruckmeyer carefully as the blonde woman beside him re-crossed her legs and gently smoothed her skirts even as she smiled. Her very red lips revealed even, beautifully white teeth. She'd moved as she'd talked so that she was leaning on him, her soft hair brushing Vince's face.

"Belinda said Emil wanted to," said Silvia. "That was my fault for hiring an ex-mobster," Bruckmeyer heard the stressed syllable in her lilting, feminine voice, "as security. But he was good at keeping the girls in line. I should have known, though, that he'd have had a scam going on, on the side. My girls at the clubs I run are just so lovely, aren't they? You've seen them all, haven't you? Penny would have added a real spark. We could have built a show around her."

"We'd like to talk to Belinda about Petriglia, since she was the last of the girls to have a relationship with Emil," said Bruckmeyer evenly, trying to get back to topics concerning the criminality in the clubs. "Maybe we'll make a request of our colleagues in the Bahamas."

“Ah,” said Silvia, resting her lovely hand on his so big and thick one. “But I don’t know what new name Belinda’s chosen for herself now that she’s had the most radical surgery of all. She’ll go straight to Vegas whenever she comes back here and I do mean straight, in all the connotations of that word. She’ll be a straight woman on a straight and narrow path as a dancer and entertainer in the future.” She caressed Vince’s hand, raising his temperature a little, as she was trying to do, he was sure. “Would she be someone you’d like to be in a relationship with, Vincent baby?” she finished coquettishly.

“No, no,” said Vincent Bruckmeyer with a shudder.

“Oh, goodie, goodie,” said Silvia, with a girlish giggle, that again made Vincent’s insides start to shake.

“She’ll be fine until someone recognizes her,” said Bruckmeyer, in a desperate effort to recover the tone and topic of his conversation with this attractive woman. He had to admit that about the person bouncing against him, touching him as if she was a woman and as if he was actually dating her at that very moment.

“Oh, that’s attended to right away in her surgery,” said Silvia with a smile. Her hand closed over his. “There, have I answered all your questions?”

“Your entourage and all those manly women you take around the clubs?” Vince asked, thinking that she hadn’t really answered any questions at all. But then, he really hadn’t posed any, had he? He hadn’t been able too with the way Silvia was behaving, now so completely womanly, towards him.

“A personal question,” Silvia said, stroking his hand. “Some of my business colleagues are far too afraid to come out full-time. We have our little

cross-dressers' clubs, you see, and sometimes they want to live dangerously, dress and go to a club. It's all very harmless, especially when their wives, and there are some, who love their men to dress as women, go with them.

"It's sweet really, but most don't get their wives involved. That's why I bring along what I call my entourage, to dance with clients, to talk to them, to make them feel like women, when they dress, as some will. They all love my parties, all the girls so dressed up, and an equal number of men as girls, as we say in the club. I get so many business favors from them all, you couldn't even begin to count the profits I make. Luciano, my brother, is so disgusted with me but our traditional business in food preparation has never boomed before as it has the last few years.

"You'd think he'd say thank you, wouldn't you, but all he does is complain when I put on one of my fancy dress parties. The next one is going to be with a French pre-revolution theme. You must come. I'll be Madame de Pompadour and I need a King Louis."

Bruckmeyer swallowed hard as her hand tantalized his. He should have removed it right away, he knew. But he didn't want to.

"I need a new security chief too," said Silvia as she moved closer to him, if that was possible, her leg, right over his now, caressing his. "With bonuses, you'll earn close to seven figures. You'll know everything about everyone in the city. Our arrangement will be private and you can even carry on as police chief if you want."

"I'll know everything?" asked Bruckmeyer hoarsely, turning and looking into her lovely, expectant face. "I'll know your sources of information in my department."

Silvia smiled and didn't hesitate for a moment. "Jimmy Givens for one," she said as she leaned towards the big policeman and he kissed her, as she wanted him to. It was just like kissing a woman as she put her arms about Vince's neck and pressed her lovely breasts against him. In fact, she was as womanly a person as he had ever known. He allowed her to set the pace in the seduction, knowing he could stop at any time. Oh goodness, she didn't want to stop with just a few kisses. She lifted her skirts and showed him where she liked him to stroke her, only stopping to name another policeman in the property room as on her payroll. Bruckmeyer was certain that there were others.

Oh, Vince made love to this cuddly, adorable woman, Silvia revealing her breasts as being completely feminine. She showed him where she should be penetrated by him. Vince had never thought how wonderful it would be to make love with someone who was completely satisfied by everything he did to 'her' and that 'she' did to him. What had 'she' said when he was leaving as she hung on to him, kissing and kissing him, her legs up about his waist? Oh yes, it was that she was more than halfway in love with him. Vince gulped a lot at that but was sure as he left her finally, caressing her lovely thighs and breasts as she clung to him, that he was all the way in love with the so attractively feminine Silvia Lubin, as any man could be.

Vince had finally signed a contract with Silvia that would seem to be worth a fantastic amount of money. He thought that she was good for it. They dined the following day and she was the woman of the house, her servants treating her exactly that way as he prowled nervously around the place, admiring portraits and paintings and a classic statuette of a woman bathing that she said belonged to the Duliers

but they hadn't wanted it in their house for some reason.

Silvia had looked up at him expectantly as they ended the second tour at her bedroom. "I only know how to make love to a woman," Vince had told her uncertainly the first time as she put her arms about him and raised her face for a kiss.

"How wonderful," Silvia had smiled. "I only want to be made love to as a woman." To Vincent Bruckmeyer that is exactly what it was like, making love to her all over again. She'd wanted to be made love to more slowly but, when he had her joyously clinging to him, pulling him down on her naked breasts, she shivered in ecstasy as he took her strongly and deeply as he would have any woman, or so he thought.

All the pictures of Silvia as a bride were gone, he noted. as he had breakfast with her, her face a little reddened by his rough beard, her hair long and loose, as she never wore it in public. "All your pictures are gone," Bruckmeyer pointed out as she looked up from the fashion pages of the newspaper she was studying.

Silvia Lubin, the cool, enigmatic Queen of the Copa, blushed then as she looked at him. "They were all pictures of Mrs Gregory," she said, reaching over and putting a gentle hand on his. "I'm hoping one of these days to have a new name and replace them with a new and better selection of me, as someone-we-know's blushing bride."

XVI. A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

I had to go back and report in to Bruckmeyer as I had from the start of the case. It was so uncomfortable not to have Tony around as I folded up my dresses and emptied my pantie drawer into my suitcases. Gaylord was no help as he came bursting in again and told me that I was getting to be more like a woman than any woman he knew. He was manly enough to carry my suitcases to the cab and then to smile at me.

“I’ve been had,” Gaylord said, meaning, I’m sure, that a man like me should have carried his own cases. He wanted a reward from me then. And so I kissed him. He kissed me really nicely. If he had done that to me in my room, well, I would have liked it so much that I would probably have let him take advantage of me, something that I would never have done at any time in the last month. I had really changed. I looked up at Gaylord after he had mauled me again and he saw it in me as well.

“Darn,” he said. “I missed my chance with you, didn’t I?”

I nodded. “But you don’t like girls,” I said to him with a smile.

“There’s one girl I am going to regret not having,” Gaylord said as he held the door for me. Yes, I sat prettily, as girlishly as I could, on the back seat of the cab and moved my feet and my high heels in as I waved goodbye to him.

When the cab stopped, I re-did my makeup and so I was ready for the pressure-filled interview with Bruckmeyer, Dwyer and Givens.

"You didn't have to dress as a girl to this interview," Givens said to me right away. "It would be interesting to see you as a man." If I could even dress as a man again, I heard as an unspoken message.

"Now, Jimmy," said Bruckmeyer. He looked me over and smiled, making me blush. I could have toned down my makeup and worn sweats or jeans, I supposed. I did look like a professional business girl in my slim skirt, matching grey jacket and frilly blouse.

"I don't have to testify in court?" I asked Bruckmeyer who shook his head.

"Plea bargains," Bruckmeyer said. "Confessions, suspended sentences. It really was a demented scheme that got out of hand. Cornfeld dreamed it up and if we could catch him, he'd do jail time, along with Petriglia. So, of course, the Cornfeld family is protecting him."

"The others took ransom money," I said.

"Very little," said Dwyer, as Bruckmeyer indicated to him to answer me. "Petriglia and this Belinda Lee took most, like a franchise fee. Belinda Lee went to school with Richard Martin and Denton. Martin introduced her to the Lubin dances where they met Judson, Dulier and Clement as girls. This Belinda Lee got close to the rich ones, the ones who had complaints about their parents, and suggested they get kidnapped and split the ransom money. Dulier told Allenby about it and he and Townsworth recruited themselves by word of mouth. We could arrest Robert Jennings, known as Natalie to them all, as he, she, was about to do another kidnapping and rob her parents just like the others, right now."

"So you can see how you had a hand in breaking this all up," said Bruckmeyer generously. "And you

were in real danger from this Petriglia guy. I'm glad he went down with the chopper. I think he'd have come out shooting at some point and who knows what would have happened then."

"He certainly had the girls, if I can call them that, convinced that he would kill them all if one of them talked about him," said Dwyer, looking at me with surprising interest, making me shiver all over. It seemed to me that he was looking deeply into me and could see the changes inside me that Tony had brought about. I wasn't the innocent, naïve drag queen that I had been when I had arrived in Palermo. I would have been silly enough then to have denied that I was even that.

"The Cornfeld family is our biggest headache," said Bruckmeyer. "They refuse to accept that Belinda Lee is their son, Edward. They claim they sent him to Europe to see a psychiatrist who specializes in de-programming, that's their word, boys with fetishes like Edward's. Anthony, his brother, has been around here and you met him, I hear."

"I did," I told him miserably, trying not to lie to him. "Tony helped me get out of Petriglia's clutches in the Century Club. He was worried about the effect all this would have on his parents. Tony said he had to get back and see to them. He told me that the Belinda Lee we saw wasn't his sister." I hadn't lied. Belinda Lee was his brother.

I didn't tell him, either, that Tony Jackson, his name to me, had been willing to help Belinda in what she had promised would be her last fake kidnapping.

"She promised she and Emil were going to quit that racket," Tony had told me quietly as I lay in his bed with him, in my panties and bra, being his woman, letting him penetrate me any time he wanted. I cuddled up to him, encouraging him to kiss

me gently and caress my legs as I tried to concentrate on what he was telling me.

"In fact, they were delaying the thing with Natalie because I came in like a hurricane and talked about giving Edward to the police," Tony said with a wry smile. "Mom and Dad had found out that Eddie had cheated them in the kidnapping scheme and he'd got Angela Judson involved. How many other times did you say Belinda did it?"

"Nine times," I said.

"Whew," Tony had said. "I told her I'd help her in the end if she could assure me she'd never do it again. Well, she and I used to have this brother thing, a pinkie swear. He, she gave me her word and a pinkie swear. I think she would have kept it. Natalie would have been the last girl she helped get money."

I didn't tell him about 'Melanie' Clement and what Belinda had helped her and May Berry get.

"But then Emil said that she had to get another girl to help her," Tony had gone on. "Belinda had other things to do. Well, we saw some of that tonight, didn't we? And they talked about a Judy or a Julie whom Belinda said had disappeared from the scene. She said she would ask Silvia, who suggested asking Sophia, and that's how we came to you."

"Sophia said there was this really cute girl, who passed easily and who'd just been busted for pot. She said you'd need money and you wouldn't mind, probably, dropping out of sight for a while at the Century Club and babysitting Natalie. They thought they could get Natalie an inheritance of five hundred thousand, that's what they called it, and your share would have been about thirty thousand, depending how long Natalie wanted to stay undercover."

We kissed and mauled each other then for quite a while. So much for all the resolutions that I had made to myself. I forgot completely that I was Ross Barkley as I wrestled and writhed about my boy friend, Tony, whispering to him much how I loved what he was doing to me. And, yes, I did tell him, since he insisted as he'd told me so much, that I loved him. I was in love with him, yes, me, a silly girl, who only got more and more affectionate with Tony when I told him how I loved him so much.

"When you came into *Club Madeleine*," Tony whispered to me, "Belinda said, 'Oh yes, she's the one,' and I told her to wait a minute, you weren't a transvestite, you were a girl. Then as you sat with us and I looked and listened to you, I began to realize that I didn't really care what you were. I had to get to know you. I had to kiss you like this. I had to have you make love to me as you do."

I missed what was being said as erotic thoughts went through my mind. Al Dwyer was smiling at me as if he understood why I was lost in my private, little daydream.

"So we thank you," said Bruckmeyer, closing the file in front of him. "And we send you back to Pamela Wright with our thanks."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Dwyer, standing up and holding the door for me.

"I have to get my hair cut," I told him, returning his smile. "I have to buy a whole new wardrobe. I have to join an exercise club, lift weights, grow a mustache, things like that."

At least, I thought, as I swung through the office and several of the male cops looked at me with speculative interest as male cops do, I left them laughing.

It took me a while to shake Dwyer and the other guy he was using to tail me. When I was certain I was on my own, I went into a department store and blew my bank account on a new dress, new shoes and a terrific, blonde wig, the bangs thick and heavy, blonde hair waved about my neck and the top of my shoulders. My new purse had different makeup in it, pale pink lipstick and a different perfume. I walked right by Dwyer's man, checking out the bus station, and got my suitcases before going down to the exit passenger lanes.

I giggled as Tony walked by me as well, looking all over the place for me. He must have heard me for he suddenly swung around, catching me smiling at him. His arm came out and he pulled me to him. His kiss had never tasted so sweetly on my lips. We were quite a spectacle for the grinning crowd as he escorted me on the impossibly high heels I had bought, out to his car. At least they put me on a better level with his mouth.

"I hope you packed a bikini," Tony said to me after he helped me into his car.

"I can't wear a bikini," I protested.

Tony gave me a ghost of a smile. "The procedures take almost no time," he said. "You will be sitting on the beach in a bikini like all the other girls in no time."

I shivered as he said that but it got worse. "I told my mother I had a new girl friend and she's dying to meet you. They're ready to welcome a real girl into the family, my father says."

"Tony," I said nervously, laying my head against his shoulder as he put his arm about me as he drove.

My dark glasses and blonde hair made me look like some person I didn't know at all.

"Get used to it, darling Penelope," Tony said with a wonderful smile to me, hugging me against him so that my dress came up and he could see my stockinged legs very well.

"You're not a cop any more. You live on the other side of the street, the civilian side now, but here the position of male and husband is filled. With your new breasts and new tush, you can start thinking of all the new, female positions that I will want you to try out in bed, as you fill the position you are best suited for, being my woman and my wife."

And it is. With my new breasts and new tush and hips, my thighs rounded so neatly by the cosmetic surgeon, I wear a bikini whenever I can. Sometimes, I have to wear a bikini indoors as I am a showgirl now, as well. Of course, I'm not a showgirl like Gloria or Geraldine, who have to make out with any man who asks for them at the Century Club, where we show-girls perform.

I'm married now. What an incredible wedding I had. Yes, I was the blushing bride in my long, white dress and white veil and incredibly, well done makeup. Yes, my husband has complete control over me and won't let me do anything that the other girls do off the stage. Well, I don't really want to, but sometimes, I think, when a handsome guy comes on to me, just once I'd like

But my husband watches me like a hawk. When he sees me give a second look at a guy, he takes that as his cue to have me in my dressing room, in the car, anywhere where he can get inside me quickly and perfectly, me rolling and bouncing on him as any pretty girl should. Of course, sometimes I look at a guy, not meaning anything, oh, and it's so wonderful

as Tony takes me over and teaches me a lesson that I'll never forget, he says. But, of course, I do.

Oh, isn't it so wonderful to be a woman. My husband has complete control over me, doesn't he? It's such a pity that I'm such a weak, blonde bimbo of a woman. Thank goodness, I have such a loving husband to make me wear my bikini, and flaunt my womanly attributes, my breasts, on a stage full of other pretty girls. We've made love every night since we've been married as Tony sometimes jokes and says that's all I'm good for.

Ooo, yes, I love being good at something he loves in me, being his woman totally, daintily and lovingly. Yes, I don't think of myself any other way now. I am a loving, flirty wife to a wonderful man. Oh, it's so, so adorable to be a ditzy, blonde bimbo of a woman as I am now, and always have been, my husband says, and always will be.

*****end*****