

# Patriot Games Part 2

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This is the continuing saga of a submissive mild-mannered computer software salesman, who has been recruited by government and asked to go undercover as a female impersonator. His training as a woman is being handled by his loving (?) wife. Stay tuned for the rest of the story.

A NOTE REGARDING THIS STORY: This story is a work of fiction. Any resemblance of the characters depicted in the story to actual individuals is coincidental. All events are the sole responsibility of the author. None of the scenes in this story depict minors engaged in any sexual encounter. Everything within this story is exclusively my labor and a product of my warped imagination. Any sentence structure, spelling or grammar errors are solely my responsibility. They were made of ignorance and not from lack of effort on my part.

## Chapter 8

Jack's disciplinary secession remained an event neither partner wished to resurface. The rest of the week fell into the normal routine, every night Rose came home later and later, smelling of alcohol and tobacco. During the week's training secessions Rose's criticisms became more biting and vindictive. Thursday night Rose came home exceptionally late, Jack had already gone to bed. Rose explained her tardiness, as something big had come up work, and she and Mike had to stay late to deflate the issue.

Jack knew this was an out-an-out lie. He had stopped in Mike's office on his way home to get a signature, his secretary said Mike had left early because he had a big date and needed to get to the hotel, to reserve a room.

Jack was afraid to challenge Rose, most days his heart ached at the prospect of losing her, especially to Mike. However, other days he almost welcomed the thought of separation from this deceitful woman. She was not the same person he had fallen in love with. But time marched on.

Saturday was another day in hell. Today Jack was introduced to the jiggle bra. Rose dutifully explained the bra's intended purpose. A

Jiggle Bra is made of sheer material surrounded by a lace edge, and is specially designed without underwire support to allow the silicone forms to bounce as the wearer moves. Loosen the straps for more jiggle, or tighten them down for less. There are semi-pockets designed in the back of the cups to allow the bra to hold the wearer's breast forms.



Rose explained, "If you don't glide wearing these you could put out an eye."

Rose howled at the way his faux breast bounced as Jack walked in his normal stride. It was like Jack had two silicone wrecking balls attached to his chest. Jack was forced to glide when he walked to keep his breast under control. Jack cleaned the house from stem to stern while Rose spent the day with her feet up reading the newspaper, only arising to conduct periodic spot inspections. Jack finished folding the laundry just in time to start dinner. The bra had accomplished its intended purpose by the end of the day Jack moved about the house as if he were on ice-skates.

Sunday morning was spent on finger and toe maintenance. Rose decided Jack's toes would be perpetually in polish. Today Rose selected a bubblegum pink for the toes. Additionally, Rose insisted that Jack start wearing clear fingernail polish at all times. Monday Jack spent a lot of his time with his hands in his pockets, until it became obvious that no one noticed, or cared.

Monday morning Rose took great delight in reducing Jack's waist another inch.

On the drive home from work Rose announced, the focus for the upcoming week was on how to carry your purse.

A bewildered Jack inquired, "How hard can that be? You pick it up and go."

"My poor simpleton husband, there are a dozen conventions dealing with purses. We will practice tonight during deportment training. Let me explain this to you in terms even you can understand. Remember it will be the little things that make, or break your feminine presentation. Slip your hand through the handle and let it rest on your wrist. Turn your palm up with your fingers relaxed. Place your wrist lightly against your hip. Don't carry your purse under your arm like a football as this can ruin the line of your dress. Don't carry your bag down by your side with your arm fully extended as this will only bump against your leg. To carry a clutch purse, hold the bottom of the purse in your hand, resting on it on the length of your index finger. Rest your hand on your hip, letting the bag rest at an angle. To carry a shoulder bag, lay the strap on your shoulder. Grasp the center of the strap to keep the bag from swinging. Don't wear the strap across your body this ruins the lines of your garments."

Pausing to catch her breath Rose continued, "While we are on the subject let's discuss, what to carry in your purse. First I will cover

the must have items, and then those that are nice to have.

Tissues, a notebook and pen, perfume, lipstick, compact with mirror, hair clips and or rubber bands, cell phone, emergency cash and hair brush/comb are all a necessity.

A young single woman should always carry her hygiene products. Oh and one more thing, a socially active woman can never be without, protection."

"Jack don't give me that look, you know what I mean, always carry several condoms for emergencies. I am invariably prepared and carry a variety of sizes and types; you never know what might be needed."

"I thought 'be prepared' was a Boy Scout motto?"

"Jeez, Jack stop with the tears, I was only joking. I stopped carrying rubbers when we were married. Now all my boyfriends go bareback!"

To take Jack's mind off her sarcastic and scornful comments Rose insisted Jack work on sitting while carrying a purse.

Rose again assumed her professorial attitude and directed, "Take care when sitting: Sitting down and standing is very tricky in heels and needs to be practiced otherwise it could be a 'giveaway' when you are out. When sitting you should keep knees together and remember to straighten your skirt or dress under your legs as you sit. Keep your purse in your lap on placed beside your chair within easy reach. Never hang it from the back of the chair."

Jack was put through his paces, standing gracefully, and gliding across the room, sitting, and repairing his lipstick, repeating it ad nauseam until even Rose became bored. She finally decided to have Jack pour a glass of wine and carry it and his purse to a chair and sit. Jack quickly realized he had to put the glass or his purse down first before sitting, trying to hold them both while gracefully sitting was out of the question. After Jack had mastered sitting without spilling the wine, Rose had him move on to his daily make up lesson.

That night during makeup time Jack about lost his patience, he couldn't get the selection of his color of blush right. After his third unsuccessful attempt, Rose patiently explained, blush could be any color, but it is advisable to co-ordinate with the lip color you are using - that doesn't mean you have to have an exact match, but they

should complement one another by being in the same family tone. Being a computer engineer and not an artist Jack had very little idea of what colors were in the same family. Fortunately, for poor Jack trial and error finally produced acceptable results.

Sunday morning Jack learned all about the rejuvenating and exfoliating benefits of facial masks. Then the couple proceeded into the active portion of the day's activities. With a radiant face Rose led Jack into the living room, laughter danced in her eyes.

"Sweetheart, you know how I love to dance. Well today we are going to spend the whole afternoon tripping the light fantastic." Clearing a space in the living room Rose turned on a special CD that she has created. The entire afternoon and part of the evening was dedicating to teaching Jack how to dance from the woman's prospective. They covered every dance a young woman could expect to encounter. For every mistake he made Rose penalized him. Once poor Jack forgot to check his lipstick and was subjected to 20 minutes of standing in front of a mirror and made to remove and redo his lips until they were raw from the scrubbing.

"I am confused. You can be so serene one moment and apocalyptic the next, what is it, you want out of me?"

"Intellectually understand what is expected of you. For example, memorizing the dance steps is easy, but dancing with the heart is another. I want you to picture Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers gracefully gliding across a stage. Darling, I want you to feel it, not just mechanically go through the motions."

Summing up an embarrassing blush Jack responded, "If I became Ginger you would still find fault in my femininity. I remember everything you teach me. Yet no matter how hard I try you still are not happy. Why?"

"Plucking your eyebrows and saving your legs does not make you a woman. I am annoyed with you because you are still a man playing at being a woman. Jack until you accept the fact for the foreseeable future you ARE a woman, feel it in your heart and soul. I will never be content with your performance. Now let's get back to work. Your waltz needs some work."

Monday morning, Rose announced the week's focus was to be on accessories. Everything from hair clips, belts to scarves, to broaches. Monday evening after Jack's bath, Rose told him to pick out an outfit

for the evenings' training. Rose watched Jack go through his underwear selection. As per usual he opted for the sexiest outfit in the pile. Rose rebuked Jack and lectured him on reverting to the typical male lingerie fetish, wanting everything straight from Victoria Secret. Jack remember real woman also buy underwear from J.C. Penny.

After dressing, deportment training was dedicated to Jack sitting and standing as gracefully as possible. The exercises involved all manner of chairs from a hardback dining room chair, to a bar stool, then progressed to a more challenging overstuffed recliner. Several hours later, having completed the nightly makeup lesson, the couple retired to the bedroom for recreation time. Jack assumed his normal position on his knees between Rose's legs, after only one orgasm, out of the blue Rose invited Jack up onto the bed. Rose allowed Jack to penetrate her for the first time since this whole thing started.

As the couple luxuriated in the afterglow of great sex Rose turned to her husband and said, "Daisy you do realize what a fantastic partner you have become?"

"Rose wake up, I am Jack your husband, not some imaginary fantasy partner named Daisy."

"Of course dear, I know that. But even you have to admit the line between the two is blurring."

That night, as is his normal routine Jack would lay out his suit for work the next day. Rose would dutifully unveil his daily lingerie. Then unbeknownst to her husband when Jack was getting ready for bed, Rose would lightly spray his perfume on his suit jacket and underwear. Wednesday morning, after yoga class and a shower Rose insisted that in addition to his corset and nylons he has been wearing; he start dressing in thong panties. Her justification was that they are an irritant so Jack must adjust to them now. When he goes full-time as a woman, it would be unseemly to have him fidgeting with his undergarments all the time. Rose also placed a plumping lip balm in Jack's briefcase. He was told to apply it at least every 15 minutes, just like his lipstick at home.

An unhappy Jack admitted to the logic of her argument and dutifully dressed as Rose required. Lunch time Jack opened his reading material and was shocked. He buzzed Rose on the office intercom, and asked her to come to his office. As she walked into the room, Jack thrust the magazine article at Rose and demanded an explanation! The topic for

today was on the subject of Flirting and How to satisfy your man. Jack literally put his high heeled foot down and refused. After a good laugh, lightheartedly Rose relented saying, "I just wanted to give you the chance to complete your education, and this is the very same training aids my sorority used when we were in college. Daisy a woman can never have too much knowledge."

Jack was not laughing so Rose handed him his real assignment for the day - a discussion on how to convert normal daytime look into sexy evening make up, through application of eyeliner and eye shadow.

At three o'clock Rose waltzed into Jack's office. Jack glanced up from his desk and was stunned. Rose wore a gorgeous skin tight evening dress. Her red hair was piled high on her head in a very elegant style. She wore a friendly smile; Jack's internal radar went immediately on alert. He knew from painful experience, there is much more hidden behind that smile and amiable greeting. Rose proudly announced, "How do you like my new outfit?"

"It's gorgeous, but hardly appropriate for the middle of the workday. What's going on?"

"Oh, something has come up and Mike said I am the only one qualified to take care of it. I have to entertain Mike and some new clients tonight. Mike gave me the corporate credit card and instructed me to come back looking like a million bucks. I went to Rebecca's Salon and had a makeover then got a brand new dress, heels, and handbag. Mike even insisted I buy underwear, something sexy to go with the outfit."

Rose paused and thought for a moment. "Oh, one more thing, don't wait up for me. I won't be home tonight; we don't know how long this will take. These guys are real party animals."

"Where will you sleep?"

"Mike got the entire party adjoining suites at the Hilton."

Jack sternly said, "I don't like the idea of my wife staying out all night, and I particularly don't like the idea of you have an adjoining suite to Mike."

"I don't like the idea either. You know how I enjoy whiskey, would you rather have me driving after drinking all night?"

"How about I join you at the party, I could be the 'designated driver', then just drive us home afterwards!"

"Don't be asinine. We have no idea how late this will run and besides Daisy has homework to do. We can't be giving her a night off for every little thing, now can we?"

Jack felt like screaming epithets at his wife but instead resorted to a calmer approach and merely pleaded, "No please. I really would feel more comfortable going with you."

"Sweetheart you are a bit slow on the uptake today aren't you? No one wants you at the party, certainly not Mike."

"Does that 'no one' include you?"

"Sorry, dear I would feel less constrained without you. Jack you are too straight-laced. At a real party, you are a damper on the fun. Don't you understand I have gotten all dolled up because I am the eye candy for the night? I am the designated bimbo babe; it is my job to look beautiful and flirt with everyone."

A very worried Jack asked, "Flirting with just the clients, how about Mike?"

"Of course Mike, I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings and leave him out of all the fun; he is our boss after all."

At that moment, Jack noticed that Rose is not wearing her wedding ring.

With a despondent heart, Jack asked, "Why aren't you wearing your wedding ring?"

"Oh that old thing, it's in my purse, don't worry I will keep it safe. My poor jealous husband, stop with the melodrama. We don't want the clients thinking I am married. As the hostess, a single woman is much more attractive than a married one. Oh my, now I see I have hurt your feelings."

Reaching back around the door Rose retrieved a small bag. "Here I have a present, maybe that will cheer you up!"

Rose handed Jack a small bag from a very upscale lingerie shop in town. Jack peered inside and gasped, as he pulled out what can only be



described as obscenely erotic underwear. It was nothing but dental floss holding together small triangular pieces of pink satin.

Honey, "These will look fantastic on you."

"Poor Jackie, you are having a bad day aren't you. Those are for you. I am wearing a matching pair, only mine are in whore red. I figured Saturday after your housework, Daisy and I could have a little show and tell. Won't that be fun?"

Not waiting for a response Rose turned to leave, as she got to the door she leaned back in and said, "Tonight, for your homework, I want Daisy to wear her hobble skirt and your jiggle bra. I want you to deliberately over-emphasize your hip undulations. Keep your head up; you have a nasty habit of watching your feet. I also want you to stop on the way home and pick out new mascara, get one in blue, one of the long-lasting kinds. You have also struggled with the eyelash curler, so work on that tonight. Just set the camera up and record all your efforts. You will work for a full hour on your glamour look. Take a lot of full face close-ups. I can review the results and will critique your performance later. Set the camcorder and record you're strolling. God help you if I don't see your purse in every one of those shots."

Jack stewed over what had happened all night long. Jack repeatedly tried to call Rose. His calls to Rose's cell phone merely went to voice mail. After a sleepless night Jack was in no condition to go to work so he took the next day off. He called Rose's office repeatedly during the day and each time was curtly told by her secretary Rose was out of the office.

Rose's next contact with her husband came at dinner time. By now, Jack was frantic from worry and nearly comatose, from lack of sleep. A traumatized Jack made dinner and hoped his wife would return.

Jack reclined in his favorite easy chair and worked on his third class of vodka when Rose made a grand entrance into the living room, her only comment was, "What's for dinner I am starved. Be a good girl, pour me a drink."

Jack responded with a soft mumbled, "Fuck you, bitch."

Rose stood triumphantly over her gloomy husband and curtly said, "I know I didn't hear that correctly. Get your ass out of that chair and put my drink and dinner on the table, I am going to change!"

During dinner, with no trace of regret in her voice Rose related a night and day that led to two new extremely profitable contracts. As she started to describe the more intimate details, Jack demanded she stop. He told her, he couldn't handle her admissions of deceitfulness. Jack desperately wanted Rose to deny any improprieties.

But instead of a denial, Rose laughed off his concerns, as if they were of no consequence.

Jack resorted to a serious pout. Rose indignantly responded with, "Whoa there, Daisy Duke, you don't own me. I will conduct myself, however I want! I am doing what is best for me. I am sorry if that hurts your feelings, but get over it! I did nothing that any ambitious female executive wouldn't have done. Besides I am offended that you would even suspect me of infidelities."

The Saturday fashion show never happened, Rose claimed hers set was dirty and she didn't have time to laundry it. In an act of defiance, Jack refused to wear his. Since he was doing all the laundry now, he pointed out to Rose that her underwear was not in the dirty clothes hamper.

Rose chided her husband and told him was being childish and unreasonable.

With a snarl, Jack pointed out she still hadn't explained the missing lingerie. Rose remained mute and took out her disgruntlement by over tightening Jack's corset. Jack stormed off in a fit of pique. Their lives suddenly took on an underlying current of hostility and mistrust. So Saturday ended with both partners aggravated with the other.

Sunday morning came with no thaw in the tensions between them. Rose met Jack as he exited the bathroom, with a new waist cincher. Rose, triumphantly announced it was a smaller size. The diet, exercise, and corset training are working better than expected. She also added something new. Rose glued on the longest fingernail extensions she could find. Then she produced a pair of old-fashioned screw on earrings. Rose seemed to take great glee in turning the screws one turn more than necessary. Jack quickly learned about earring pain. When he complained, Rose smirked and said they were excellent accessories for the day's activities. If he insisted on bitching about the little discomfort, she knew an easy way to correct that issue, all it would take would be a quick trip to the earring kiosk at the mall.

The weekly personal maintenance routine was followed by a brutal afternoon. After a demonstration of the way woman squats to retrieve an item from the floor, Jack spent the entire afternoon moving about the house, picking up dimes Rose had placed throughout the house. Jack received a dire warning that if Rose got a single glimpse of Jack's underpants, there would be hell to pay! Jack had to squat as ladylike as possible over each dime and pick it up, smooth his skirt, daintily drop it into his purse, check his lipstick, make repairs as needed and move on to the next one. There were several costume changes throughout the day to make things more challenging. The purses changed with each outfit, there were clutches, tote bags, shoulder bags, top handle bags and even cross shoulder bags. Each with its own set of rules. The outfits went from micro-mini skirts, to figure hugging pencil skirts, house dresses, and finally floor length ball gowns. By late afternoon, Jack's legs were trembling from fatigue and screaming in pain. Finally, he squatted over one dime and couldn't get up, collapsing on the floor, spilling the contents of his purse. He was unable to rise because he kept stepping on the billowing skirt and its petticoats. Rose, sat in her chair amused by the whole thing. With laughter dancing in her eyes Rose finally took pity on her poor struggling husband. In a pompous fashion, she declared an end to the festivities and helped him to his feet.

With rancor in his voice, Jack thanked Rose for her help. It was the first words spoken by Jack all day. Rose directed Jack to refresh his lips one last time and follow her into the bedroom. Jack on wobbly legs headed off to the bedroom for a different type of exercise.

This night Rose was ravenous and insatiable concerning her needs for Jack's oral ministrations to her love garden. In an effort to placate his wife and make his life a bit more tolerable Jack put extra effort in his duties. He attacked her juices like a kitten to a bowl of cream. Despite his best efforts, Rose projected an air of indifference towards Jack. Yet she insisted he remain locked between her legs until he had brought her to orgasm after orgasm. Then, with nary a thank you, Rose simply pointed to the bathroom. There was not even a discussion of reciprocation, merely another cold shower.

Heading for his nightly shower Jack noticed Rose had left out a jar of what Jack assumed was moisturizing cream. Scooping up a copious amount Jack took the opportunity to pleasure himself. Grinning impishly, Jack returned to bed.

Under the sheets, Rose smiled wickedly realizing Jack had finally discovered her hormonal progesterone cream. Rose thought, 'Give me the cold shoulder, you poor gullible man you never stood a chance. I have left that jar out on purpose; I wondered when you would discover it. I will have to keep a full jar for my Daisy. Between the cream and the birth control pills, I have been sneaking into Jack's food; Daisy's hard edges should disappear in no time.'

Time heals all wounds and by midweek things leveled off into a tense peace. One day Rose unexpectedly walked into the bedroom and found her husband fully dressed and dejectedly sitting at the vanity staring at his reflection. Rose displayed a devious half smile, but said nothing and simply walked back to the kitchen.

Chasing after Rose, Jack trapped her in the kitchen, "Please talk to me, and tell me what is going on." Jack sheepishly observed his wife as she stared back with a Machiavellian half smile.

Rose said proudly, "My dear husband do you realize you have gone from a sissy wimp of a man to the point that you now make a reasonably good-looking woman. It is not 'wrong' for you to take pride in your appearance. I personally love it, watching my manly husband behaving like a school girl is exhilarating. I have never loved you more than at this very moment."

Eventually Rose pulled Jack into her arms and has a whispered into his ear. "We need to transform old male habits and behaviors so you can effortlessly present yourself as a stereotypical woman. When I turn you over to the government people you need to project a Flawless Feminine persona."

Than with a raffish smile Rose continued, "I will not rest until you have mastered every element of portraying a feminine image, including: hair, makeup, clothes, movement and body language. I want your new behaviors to flow automatically! I am going to create an unshakable self-image of a beautiful, confident woman."

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## Chapter 9

The room was momentarily quiet except for the drumming of a strong tattoo of rain on the roof of the abandoned warehouse. Jess Falk sat unconscious, lost in a wonderful dream. He was wrestling with his 10-

year-old son in their front yard. Then the pain started again. Being tied securely to the metal chair, there was nothing Jess could do but scream uselessly into his gag. Ivan Vasilie delighted in the man's suffering as he extinguished his lighted cigarette into the captive's left nipple.

The muscle-bound henchman asked, "Comrade, do you want me to take the gag out so he can talk?"

"No Boris," Ivan began, "He has already given us everything he's got. I am convinced he acted out of bureaucratic conscientiousness, not because he recognized Dmitry's connection with me."

"We must come to an arrangement with our contacts in the motherland's FAPSI. They are not as professional as the FBI, and are still full of officials who are susceptible to manipulation. We need to get Dmitry's criminal record to disappear so this won't happen again. Have our intermediaries arrange for the payments. It is sad, but payoffs are an unavoidable cost of doing business in Russia."

The hapless captive moaned annoyingly.

"Boris, he really pissed me off. He shouldn't have turned down Dmitry's request for an extension on his visa. I bet the next government agent thinks twice before he defies one of my people. The fool should never have threatened to report us when we 'offered him a gift.' Then he insulted me, when he called our 'Blat' a bribe, it was only a small tribute to grease the wheels. These Americans are so naive about the ways of the world."

Ivan stared down at the bloody stumps of what used to be Falk's fingers and said, "I tell you Boris, these Americans are not men. I pull out two or three fingernails, and they bawl like a baby. A Russian would never beg for his life like this guy."

Ivan seemed to enjoy the process so much that he often scared Boris. Boris took a step back from the growing blood pool and thought, 'The level of violence used against this poor man was utterly unnecessary. He was singing like a canary almost from the start. We knew everything about him, but his hat size within 15 minutes.'

"Boris, call our attorney to fight Dmitry's deportation order.

Negotiations for this operation are at a critical stage, and we can't afford to replace Dmitry. He is my primary handler for all of our sleeper agents whom we are activating for those bastard Arabs."

Boris nodded in agreement. It wasn't wise to disagree with the Ivan.

"Boss, do I understand right. They want to bring down the Golden Gate Bridge?"

"Da, Arab men are under too much scrutiny by the police. So using nondescript Americans for this project seems ideal. Dmitry has had our people scouting the targets for weeks. The difficult part will be to coordinate the west coast attack with a simultaneous assault on the

Brooklyn Bridge. Unfortunately, it means we will lose our people as they will unwittingly 'volunteer' to become martyrs."

"You want me to finish the job and dispose of the body out to sea?"

"Yes, kill the bastard and put him out of his misery. Dump the body behind my club, where it will be found. I want to send a very clear message. The next government agent who crosses me will really suffer before he dies."

Boris strode over to the unlucky captive avoiding the puddles of blood. With a pair of massive hands, he grabbed what was left of Jess Falk in a choke hold. The whites of Jess's eyes were red due to hemorrhaging, and his nose bled. He gasped, and his eyes got wide...wide with fear and small ragged gasps were escaping his throat. Boris could sense him drifting away to a peaceful place. Then the hapless victim, committed the ultimate indignity, he pissed and shit himself. As Ivan watched with a grin, that even Boris could only describe as evil, Boris finally applied sufficient force to break the hyoid bone of his neck.

Boris thought back to what Vasilie was capable of doing. Boris never wanted to get on Ivan the Impaler's wrong side. Boris knew he was not above culling the herd when the whim hit him. As he once had Alexei, Boris's best friend, killed when he had screwdrivers driven through both ears because Ivan suspected Alexei had eavesdropped on a private conversation.

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It was lunch time at the HLS Miami office. Steve and Fred were on their way to a corner coffee shop for a quick snack when the phone rang. Fred picked it up and listened for 15 seconds. He hung up without saying a word and relayed, "Steve, the director wants to see us both immediately."

The two agents knocked on the door and anxiously awaited their summons. Finally, they heard through the closed door, "Phillips and Garibaldi get in here."

The twosome marched in and found Bill lost in thought as he read some report. The two started to sit in the office chairs. Bill stopped them with, "Don't bother; you won't be here that long."

Steve and Fred looked at each other dumbfounded.

Holding up the folder Bill continued, "These are police and autopsy reports. The local cops have found a mutilated body discarded in the dumpster behind the Pink Pussycat Club. The poor guy was raped and tortured before being strangled. The Chief Medical Examiner's office found the victim had all his fingernails pulled out and suffered extensive cigarette burns to his torso. There were multiple blunt and sharp force injuries to the head, and neck. His injuries also included severe rectal tearing and internal hemorrhaging from an instrument driven up through his scrotum into his abdomen."

Bill paused to let that information sink in, then continued, "This torture thing has Ivan's name all over it. The locals want to pick up Ivan for questioning. I told them to back off. Preliminary results from DNA, has identified this guy as one of our own."

A shell-shocked Steve enquired, "Another of our HLS agents?"

"No, not this time. The guy was Jess Falk, an agent for Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE). A quick check of his active case files revealed that one of Vasilie's henchmen, a Dmitry Putin was his last interview.

We'll take over the investigation. I want you two to go down to that bar and nose around."

Steve felt a chill go through him like he was standing on the fantail of the Titanic about to be dumped into the icy Atlantic and reflected, 'Here goes another harebrain plan. Who is going to die this time?'

Steve felt compelled to protest, "B...but boss. We might be recognized. We need to be hyper vigilant about Vasilie. Our Über-nerds, say they are convinced Vasilie has access to the latest commercial version of facial recognition. It is not 100% effective but compares favorably to what we, the FBI, or ICE has available."

"Steve you idiot, I have a plan so that won't happen. You two are going undercover in disguise. Get down to the wardrobe department right now. They are waiting for you two."

Steve immediately smelled a rat; even so, the eager beaver Fred headed for the door. Steve stood his ground and asked, "Mr. Hampton. What kind of disguise did you envision?"

"Since this is a transvestite bar, you two are going on a girl's night out. There is only one question. What is your bra size?"

Fred froze in mid stride and squeaked out, "Oh, come on boss, two drag queens asking questions will still raise a red flag."

"That's right; that's why you won't ask anything. I want you two to just hangout. Keep your ears and eyes open and your mouths shut. If Ivan shows up, stay away from him. Steve you know the drill. Now you ladies have fun."

Five hours later, Steve and Fred 'AKA, Stephanie and Frederica' awkwardly hauled themselves from the cab in front of the Pink Pussycat Club.

Steve purred, in a very realistic facsimile of a woman's voice,

"Frederica, pay the man, I left my wallet in my other purse."

Fred threw twenty dollars at the driver and slung his purse over his shoulder and said, "I want my change and a receipt."

In response, the cabbie muttered "Fucking faggots," put the car in gear and drove off.

A very self-conscious Fred brushed the long blond hair out of his face and minced toward the sidewalk taking extremely small steps. He tried

to pull his knee-length denim skirt down to cover more of his exposed legs thus not paying attention. He tripped over the curb, and did a great imitation of Bambi on ice, arms and legs flailing everywhere. As Steve watched in amusement, Fred landed hard on his chest. More embarrassed than hurt, Fred laid face down on the sidewalk and thought, 'At least these personal airbags came in handy.' Steve helped Fred to his feet, picked up his purse and held his arm to steady his partner.

Steve patted Fred's bottom patronizingly and said, "It takes time to get comfortable walking in stilettos. You'll learn. Now giddy up girl, let's get going."

Fred gave Steve a withering stare as Steve led off and walked to the club entrance.

The club façade was utterly understated, being simply a neon sign with the name Pink Pussycat Club on it. The front window with its professionally produced sign advertised 17 flat screen plasma televisions. We show all sports year around: baseball, football, NASCAR, to extreme fighting. A hand-written message was scribbled under the printed advertisement, Over 30 TV's available for your enjoyment nightly.

"Damn it, Steve, how come you get the pony tail, and I have to fight with this long blond Farrah Fawcett hair all night?"

"Shut up you idiot, remember to call me Stephanie. You got that wig because you are the natural blond."

Steve, in his gray ruffled chiffon maxi dress and black tights wore sensible slip-on ankle boots. He gaily led the way to the club entrance. He walked with a degree of confidence that surprised Fred. Steve had decided to accessorize by wearing a ton of cheap jewelry, including showgirl rhinestone earrings with a full 6-inch drop. As Steve purposely strolled on the sidewalk, he unabashedly announced to Fred, "I love the way these earrings brush my neck when I walk. It makes me feel so in character."

Fred was as nervous as a virgin on her honeymoon. He knew he was about to get fucked. He just wasn't sure how. Fred asked, "Why did I have to be the one in five-inch heels?"

"Those were selected for you because I elected to wear three-inch pumps. This way, we are the same height, and no one will stick out."

Steve looked over his shoulder and glared at his associate and continued to the front door. He worked the sway of his hips, and said in a salutory voice. "Thanks Ms. Frederica, you can really be suave and debonair when you try." Steve turned and held one final inspection of his colleague. Steve adjusted Fred's long pearl necklace so it hung between his breast forms.

Standing outside the doorway, Steve leaned into Fred and warned, "Just



be careful. This bar attracts mostly the scum of the earth. They are likely to take great glee in disparaging all of us Sissies."

Fred took affront at the pejorative term of Sissy, and then he glanced down between his large D cup breast forms to his pink fingernails. He sighed in resignation and continued on to his journey into never-never land.

"If we see Ivan," Steve began, "Don't make eye contact with him. We will leave immediately. Understood?"

Fred nodded in agreement.

"If someone gives you a really hard time, don't get mad, and none of your macho Marine bullshit. Pout, stick your lip out, stare at the floor, and cry if you are able. They will crumble I guarantee it."

In self-deprecating style and with an acid tongue, Fred sarcastically answered, "Yes mother, I promise no cat fights tonight. I will be a good girl."

Upon entering the club the agents were hit with a crescendo of the timeless classic rendition of Helen Reddy's tune, 'I Am Woman Hear Me Roar'. As trained observers, both did a quick situational assessment. It was a typical sports bar, every wall covered in plasma televisions. The only clue to the idiosyncrasy of the club was the pictorial display of famous drag queens that hung behind the main bar. The room was filled with a boisterous crowd, divided into small clusters, some talking and others watching a baseball game between Miami and Chicago. The room was clean, in a public bathroom kind of way. It contained a dozen large booths, two pool tables, a dart board and fifteen four person tables. Two of which had chess boards set up, waiting for contestants.

They closed the front door and were greeted by an employee. A 'woman' with dramatic makeup and prom hair, she wore a vinyl dominatrix outfit that was so tight Fred swore he could read the size tag on her thong panties. She introduced herself as Georgette and spoke with a sickeningly sweet southern drawl, albeit in a husky voice. However, she moved without a trace of self-consciousness despite the fact she was dressed in such outlandish attire.

After they explained this was their first at the club. A 'girl' named Libby, with a voice as deep as a Saint Bernard and the figure of a fashion model handed each customer a bar menu and a flyer advertising \$2 beers all night. She then proceeded to usher them to their seats. With an effeminate swagger, she led the nervous newbie's to the main bar area.

Steve reached down and held Fred's hand to assist him in the 200-foot stroll across the room. Midway through their promenade Steve put his arm around Fred's waist, pulled him in close and spoke above Shania

Twain's recording, of 'I Feel like a Woman.' "Fred you need to relax. Camp it up, exaggerate everything and keep your chest out. Flaunt your sexuality. Now, most important of all, you've got to smile, big and bright and act friendly!"

Upon reaching the bar area, the three women were immediately surrounded by a group of drunk patrons. The leader spoke up first, "Ladies; you look familiar, haven't we met before?"

Steve took control and responded, "Yes; I think you are right, we both work as receptionists at the local VD clinic. That must be where we have seen you and your friends."

Most of the guys took the hint and slinked away. The leader persisted. Ignoring Steve, he cut Fred out of the crowd with the skill of a sheep dog, "Hey cutie, how 'bout you, and I get out of here and go someplace private?"

Fred was appalled at the guy's audacity and lame pickup line. Fred took a step forward and invaded the man's private space. Looked him up and down and responded in a confident manner, "Sorry mate, I make it a rule not to date outside my species."

Some guys just won't take a hint, "Don't be like that, baby. What do I have to give you, to get a kiss?"

"Chloroform is the only that comes to mind. Now buzz off."

Steve watched in amused silence and thought he may have underestimated his partner. He grabbed 'her' hand, and the two struggled to perch atop the closest bar stools.

Steve ordered for both agents, "Two cosmopolitans please, and don't skimp on the vodka."

The bartender was a girl who called herself Donna. In a parody of a drag queen, he dressed, in the most outlandish fashion and came across somewhere between pathetic and whimsical. He had stuffed his bra with two over inflated water balloons. He wore a hip hugging red mini-dress and a diaphanous lace blouse, fishnet stockings and 4-inch stilettos. He walked and stood with his legs wide open and knees bent. But worst of all he followed the creed 'more is better,' eschewing the fundamental rule in applying makeup. He wore bright-red sissy colored lipstick with garish blue eye shadow outlined in heavy black eyeliner. He seemed to have put his make up on with a trowel. His beard showed despite a foundation layer that was so thick it had fissures in it.

Like most bartenders, Donna was a great conversationalist. He freely gossiped about everything, including himself. He willingly told the new girls his story. In his past life, he was a tenured college English professor. Thrown out of his home by his wife he now lives in a small room over the bar. And he now works as a waitress, bartender, and cleaning lady for the club.

While Steve was momentarily distracted, Fred fended off another Romeo.

"Tell me sweetheart, would you sleep with a stranger?"

"Hell no!"

Then let me introduce myself, my name is Tony."

Fred retorted with, "Sorry I'm not your type. I am not inflatable."

Steve laughed at that one. Now convinced that Fred was capable of taking care of himself, he turned his full attention to Donna, assured he was someone who was worth cultivating as a source. For the remainder of the night, Steve went out of his way to cozy up to Donna.

Steve found out that Donnas' wife demanded that he live and work at the club as punishment for cheating on her with a student. His wife insinuated this was the only way he had of 'maybe' saving their marriage. She insisted he never try to appear as a woman, rather he was required to go out of his way to humiliate himself. Steve marveled at the openness of this man.

Caught up in Donnas' story, Steve almost missed the auburn haired beauty that sat next to him. Her body was incredibly curvaceous; she wore a gold lamé sheath dress with a beaded keyhole collar that hugged her body like a wet coat of paint. She crossed her long legs, showing off her sassy glitter platform pumps.

Her breasts were huge and out of proportion to her trim body. To Steve this was a first clue that it wasn't all natural. She took a deep breath, her chest expanding enticingly and held out a hand and said, "Hi, call me Trixie; that's short for Beatrice."

"An aroused Steve daintily shook hands with this striking individual and introduced himself as Steffi."

Staring into her face, Steve found her dark almond-shaped eyes exotically attractive. He was getting lost in those lovely pools of brown chocolate. His heart was racing; Steve had to force himself to look away. Despite her beauty, Steve discerned a subtle; but noticeable sharpness to her facial features, and just the hint of a widow's peak showing at her hairline. She was attractive, but he thought that perhaps she wasn't quite what she seemed. Being a trained professional, Steve came to the realization he was dealing with a transsexual.

Using his peripheral vision, Steve detected a guy staring at them from across the room. He was a big guy wearing a short sleeved purple dress shirt, white Dockers and sporting lots of gold on his hands and neck. He had a weightlifter's frame and Popeye arms. He took a slow sip of his drink and smiled at Steve over the rim of his glass.

Steve speculated that he'd stumbled upon a tranny escort. This mountain of a man was probably her pimp. Steve returned his attention to this beautiful creature and thought, 'It was a pity, she's a hooker...I wonder what she charges. Damn now I'm really pissed I forgot my wallet.'

Steve glanced back at the pimp and knew that this was a place he really didn't want to go. So he pointed to a pool game just breaking up and

said, "Sorry Trixie; it's my game next."

Steve got up to leave. "See you around," Steve said and hoisted his glass in salute.

"Going so soon?" she asked as she fluttered her sexy long false lashes at Steve.

"Afraid so Trixie," Steve replied and gulped down the last of his drink in one swallow. "Maybe another time."

"Don't wait too long Steffi. I have an expiration date. I turn back into a pumpkin at midnight."

As Steve walked to the pool table, he wondered about her. She was the first transsexual he'd ever met, that he knew of. He'd certainly never expected to find one so pretty and convincing and thought it was a pity, she was a pro. The more he thought about her, the more he was fascinated by her. Fingering his wedding ring, he mentally slapped himself for losing focus.

Sure there must be lots of transsexuals who work as waitresses, hairdressers, receptionists, and many other occupations, whom we may meet unknowingly every day, without questioning whether they might have once been male in their past. Trixie didn't completely pass as a woman but perhaps she wasn't supposed to.

Steve intentionally scratched the first opportunity he got and coyly threw his game of pool to a rank amateur. Steffi congratulated the winner with a kiss on the cheek, and sashayed his way back to Fred, just in time to hear another moron embarrass himself by saying, "Hey cupcake; you want to know how you make a fairy moan? You tinker with his bell."

At that point, the PA system blared Lady Gaga's hit tune, 'Born this way.'

The entire club responded as one, everyone stood and sang.

"Don't be a drag, just be a queen. Whether you're broke or evergreen. You're black, white, beige, chola descent.

You're Lebanese, you're orient.

Whether life's disabilities left you outcast, bullied or teased.

Rejoice and love yourself today 'Cause baby, you were born this way.

No matter gay, straight or bi Lesbian, transgendered life I'm on the right track, baby I was born to survive.

No matter black, white or beige or orient made I'm on the right track, baby I was born to be brave.

I'm beautiful in my way 'Cause God makes no mistakes I'm on the right track, baby I was born this way."

Steve caught up in the moment found himself standing, swaying and clapping to the music. As the tune ended Steve pushed the guy standing

next to him aside and again wiggled his ass up to the bar stool, crossed his legs and observed. Both girls sat, smiled and drank way too much. Over the course of the night, they managed to consume a bottle of Chablis, half-dozen glasses of Champagne, and four mixed drinks while they became acquainted with most of the other patrons and staff. Steve noted for his report that the staff was a most eclectic mix. Some of the 'girls appeared to be whores. While the majority of employees were transvestites living out their dreams, dressing to 'pass,' there was a minority that seemed to be full-fledged transsexuals.

The patrons like most neighborhood sports bars, were mostly guys and what appeared to be a few authentic females sprinkled in between the obvious transvestites. In Steve's opinion, most of the men were masquerading as macho homophobic straight family men when in reality; they were probably misogynistic closeted gays.

Fred was impressed that the girls tried to look out for each other. In fact, this one waitress named Candy, a real peach, possessed the sweetest Texas drawl. It was Howdy Y'all's all over the place. She was especially helpful. One customer really harassed Fred and tried to wrestle him off his stool. Candy snuck up behind him and stuck her tongue in his ear, then started sucking on his earlobe. The bastard never had a chance. Candy just took charge of the situation. She had him eating out of her hand, as she led him into a backroom.

About two hours into their visit, Fred made a major concession and admitted he had to use the powder room, inviting Stephanie along for support. After he did his business, Fred stood and wiped. He didn't want his boy bits to show so he tucked his junk. He pulled up his vintage Lycra panties to hold everything in place and ensure he had a good feminine front. Meanwhile, Steffi was at the mirror and ran a brush through his hair one last time. He selected a tiny bottle from his purse. He strategically applied a dab behind each ear, and offered the bottle to Fred, who adamantly declined. Steve helped Fred touch up his lipstick. Then arm-in-arm, the duo headed back to their seats.

Stephanie and Frederica spent an eventful evening drinking, socializing and observing the club. Steve was amused at how Fred seemed to be a natural flirt and unconsciously spent the night flipping his hair and playing with his large hoop earrings. The men were drawn to Fred like flies to shit, and every one of them kept adding to the pile of manure in an attempt to impress the flirtatious Fred with their witty repartee and pathetic pickup lines.

At closing time, Steve and Fred headed for the door. Steve put his hand in the middle of Fred's back and guided him to the exit. At the door,

the agents ran into a logjam of customers. Everyone was crushed together. Some jerk took the opportunity to grab Fred by his ass and said, "Baby; you got yourself a beautifully, bodacious, bubble butt there. But your booty would look a lot better bouncing on the end of my prick."

Fred spun around and was surprised that his instinct was to slap this asshole, rather than punch him. Luckily, Steve was right there and held Fred's wrist in an iron grip. He whispered, "Frederica, take a deep breathe and let it go. We don't want to start anything." To shield his partner Steve stepped between the two. Then as he turned to leave, Steffi 'accidentally' stomped on the instep of the ass hole with the spike of his high heel.

As the guy yelped and hopped around on one foot. Steffi sweetly said, "Sorry baby, my bad."

Buoyed by the confidence alcohol can bring, Steve was feeling a little frisky and decided to have a little fun at his partner's expense. His hand casually rested south of the middle of Fred's back; Steffi maneuvered Frederica through the crowd to their waiting cab. Once ensconced in the seclusion of the backseat, an inebriated Steve became quite the cuddle kitten and snuggled up to an uncomfortable Fred the whole way home.

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The next morning Fred arrived dressed in his usual dark suit, starched white shirt and expensive tie. He was rubbing his left ear and limped in; his toes still suffered from an evening in 5-inch stilettos. "God damn it, Steve. That was bullshit last night. Why did I have to get my ears pierced?"

Steve sat at his desk. His fingers steepled under his chin and smirked at his partner. "Fred, stop the whining, you sound like a petulant child. We were trying to sell our cover. The holes will close up again in a few days. No self-respecting TV wears clip-on earrings.

By the way, for someone who claims to be a transvestite neophyte, you did amazingly well. You were simply a-w-e-s-o-m-e."

An indignant Fred gave Steve a stare that would drill through concrete. "Thanks for the compliment; however, yesterday was the longest day of my life. We spent over three hours getting dressed and an additional

four hours parading around like two tricked-out whores and never got a single clue.

It took me hours to get all the makeup off last night and forever to get that waist cincher off. My God with all of its straps, panels, hooks, zippers and ties, it must be a leftover from the Spanish Inquisition. Why did you double knot it in back?"

Steve ignored Fred's yammering.

"All that effort, and we didn't hear a single thing about the murder, or a dead body. How is that going to help?"

"Fred, no information, is still information. Think about it, a body is found feet away from where you work and not one waitress, or patron said a single word. Just fill in your report and let the Intel guys do their thing."

Fred still suffered from the indignity of his first undercover assignment. With an ashen pall on his face, he glared at Steve, looked around to make sure no one could overhear him and said, "All right; but when you walked me to my door, what the hell was that goodnight kiss all about?"

"Sorry, sweetie, you were just so cute and after 6 or 7 drinks I couldn't help myself."

"Damn you, my neighbor saw two women necking at my doorstep and called my girlfriend. Lucy has left me 10 messages already."

"Hey, don't blame me, you are the one who reached up and grabbed me by my head in a moment of passion."

"Fuck you Steve, I already told you. You caught me off guard. In those stilts I stumbled, and just instinctively grabbed your head to keep from falling."

"Listen to me Steve, partner or no partner, let me warn you. You try that again and the next Sunday; you will be singing soprano in the church choir. What am I going to tell Lucy? I can't tell her why we were in drag. Even if I can come up with some reasonable explanation for the dress, there is no explanation for the kiss."

"I don't know. Be creative. Skip the whole drag thing. Make her

jealous; tell her you had a little three-way action last night."

"Yeah, that's brilliant, since I told her we were working together last night. What will you say to your wife when Lucy calls Phyllis?"

Steve smiled because he knew exactly what Phyllis would say. Contra to the rules he showed her a dozen pictures from his cell phone.

"Calm down just finish your statement. Don't forget to file your expense report."

"All right Steve, I'll get right on it. Rest assured I will get you for that 'I left my wallet in my other purse trick.' You bastard, I had to pay for the whole night. How do I explain the undercover expenses to accounting, since I paid in cash, I didn't get any receipts? You spent nothing while I spent over \$70."

"Cool it, if that hot to trot lezzy hadn't paid our last bar bill. It would have been a lot more. That says a great deal about the success of your disguise. Butt ugly gals pay their own way. But you were so sexy and inviting. You had admirers fighting over you all night. If you took a few of those offers from the tranny chasers, the entire night would have been free. Just list everything as 'Incidentals.' I will submit a supporting statement, with your expense report."

Steve smiled and patted his coat pocket to ensure the \$200; he had been issued from the discretionary fund was still there. Maybe someday he will tell Fred about it; however, now it was time to shop. A return trip back to the club was warranted to work on Donna, and he needed a new outfit. If he was really lucky maybe Trixie will be there again. Steve daydreamed; I bet I could pump her...for information.

"By the way, Frederica, with your constant flirting, you attracted a lot more attention than I thought was appropriate. I told you to be friendly not to troll for a boyfriend. We might have overdone things with your feminization."

"Do you think? Hell Steve, I had no idea how much ass grabbing, pinching, and propositioning; there would be. My ass is black and blue from being pinched and groped. I had at least 10 guys and two women; at least, I think they were women, proposition me and ask for my phone number. One guy offered to pay me \$100 for a pole dance, and he promised to provide the pole. That was eww disgusting, like I would touch his filthy rod! Those lame pick up lines; I never realized how



cheesy they are. Last night was a real eye-opener for me."

At that moment, Bill stuck his head in the door, and asked, "Well boys how was your night at the fruit stand?"

In unison, both agents answered, "Not as bad as I imagined."

"Finish your written reports and come to debrief me personally."

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## Chapter 10

Monday started off with the ritual aerobic exercises, followed by a breakfast that wouldn't keep a bird alive. Jack was dressing for work and found Rose had replaced all his undershirts with white lace camisoles. Jack started to complain, but by now has learned the futility of such arguments. It is easier to go with the flow. Wearing his padded bra and camisole the two enter the elevator at work. Rose smiled to herself as the lacy top to his new underwear was apparent through his white shirt, as was the ever so small two bulges in the front of his shirt. On the ride up Rose rested her hand on Jack's shoulder; she absentmindedly played with his bra strap, much to the amusement of the two secretaries sharing the elevator. As the door opened on their floor Rose leaned in and kissed his ear and softly uttered, "Sweetie, you are looking particularly alluring this morning. However, you really should think about getting those cute little ears of yours pierced. We could stop on the way home. Drop by my office later and let me know what you decide."

The comment from Rose earned her a bright-red blush from her husband, and muffled giggles from the two secretaries.

After an uneventful day at work, Rose came home yet again late from Work.

She had another meeting with Steve. They discussed Jack's progress while reviewing a series of photos taken of Jack. Both concur, he is making progress; but is still not feminine enough for their desired outcomes, what they failed to agree upon is Jack's ultimate end state. Steve had prepared a briefing for Rose. "Mrs. Svensson let me be very blunt with you. Our target is the lowest form of humanity. As you know, he has a thing for She-males. Well looking at your husband there is no way he is going to survive this plan. Our target, let's call him Mr.

Big not only likes She-males, but he likes them on the soft side, almost a woman, just this side of the real thing. If we are going to go forward with your husband, there will have to be changes. I think we might get by with a few minor surgical procedures."

Rose stopped Steve, "Look mister government man, Jack is still my husband, and we are not cutting anything off!"

"Cool down Mrs. Svensson I agree completely! I don't want to subtract anything; I was thinking more along the lines of adding. Mr. Big likes his girls passable, femalely attractive but fully functional males. I was thinking small, maybe, 'A' breast implants, just enough to look like flabby pectoral muscles if seen bare-chested, but with an under wire bra and padding we could create very realistic cleavage."

Rose immediately rejected Steve's plan. Steve dug in for a fight; he was flabbergasted by Rose's counterproposal. Rose agreed with the concept of breast implants but insisted that if they are going to the expense and trouble of surgery let's do it right and give Jack a respectable set of boobs. She convinced Steve she could get Jack to consent on a full B cup thus allowing a whole spectrum of dress possibilities that a bra and artificial padding would hinder. Steve swiftly agreed with her analysis and stated the government would pay for everything: doctor, hospital, nurses the whole lot. He would set it up. All Rose has to do is get Jack to sign a medical release form. Rose assured Steve that will not be a problem. Both conclude that the breast enhancements will significantly add to the cover story. Once Jack is exposed as a man with tits, it will be the easy to convince the world, that Jack is actually a transgender male and is being pushed out of the closet by a revengeful wife.

Copious amounts of liquor were consumed before the two conspirators, had finalized their plan. In addition to the excellent Scotch, Rose was talked into trying a flavored cigarillo. High on the alcohol and coughing from the cigar Rose was barely able to navigate home without being arrested for DUI.

Entering the living room, Rose reeked heavily of cigar smoke and alcohol. Arrogantly sitting in her favorite recliner Rose sipped on a glass of Vodka and smoked one of her new cigarillos. Rose put Jack through his nightly ritual, controlled him like a puppeteer, while she blow smoke rings she had him perform his exercises again and again. A drunk and haughty Rose was more disparaging than normal. Finally, an exasperated Rose grabbed Jack by the wrist and said, "Come with me."

Jack dug his heels in and refused to move.

Rose angrily demanded he follow her into the bedroom. After a brief tug-of-war that Jack lost he found himself positioned before the bedroom full-length mirror.

"I want you to be honest with me, what do you see?"

Jack responded, "I see a man in a dress."



Rose responded with a snarl, "Exactly that is the problem; your target does not associate with drag queens. He wants someone with masculine plumbing but the looks and mannerisms of a beauty contestant."

Jack instinctively covered his ass with his hands and started crying, "But Rose, I have tried as hard as I could, please don't hurt me Again."

"Relax we are not going there tonight, unless I really have too. I only want to talk. Steve and I have had a discussion on your progress."

"Sweetheart, you have made tremendous strides in your womanly presentation; I love you for the effort you have put into it. However, you still look too much like a dude in a dress. The time for refinements are passed, if this is going to work we need to make a change, something drastic, something to up the ante. The onus of that change falls on you my dear husband."

With an aching heart Jack prompted, "Go on Rose."

A beaming Rose continued, "Steve and I have decided there is only one possible solution to correct your deficiencies. We have made a choice concerning your future."

"Now what one-minute Rose, I love you and will do almost anything you ask, but rather than tell me what to do, shouldn't you ask and let me get a vote?"

"Of course dear you get a vote, but as the primary breadwinner and CEO of this partnership, I get the final say."

"Oh," said Jack, as he packed curiosity and a request for more information into a seemingly noncommittal syllable.

"When you picture a woman, what are the most obvious visual clues, she is a woman? The female breasts and buttocks! Both are extremely potent sexual symbols of feminine beauty. Firm but well-rounded and shapely breasts and buttocks are powerful signs of a woman's health, and youthfulness. We have done what we can with breast forms.

Unfortunately, their use has some very serious limitations."

"I have a proposition for you. I am not asking you to blithely accept the fact you need, certain enhancements, to succeed. Without them, everyone concerned is convinced there will be cataclysmic consequences. I will not force you. There will be no ultimatums. If I can't persuade

you, we will forget the whole thing. Jack this is not a fairy tale, there are no magic wands. Any success you achieve will truthfully be fraught with danger and be hard earned. If things go badly you could not only die, and in all probabilities it would be a hideous and painful. Even so, I am optimistic; if you consent to our idea, there can be a triumphant finale. We will have our 'happily ever after' Ending."

What we are suggesting may sound a bit extreme, but hear me out before you reject the idea. We both agree that breast implants are needed. It is a minor medical procedure and can be done as an outpatient. With your own breasts, the clothing options become almost unlimited. You will be able to wear dresses that show Ta-tas, the twins, the girls -- whatever you want to call them. Nothing screams, I am a woman, hear me roar, like cleavage.

It is your body Jack, what you have now is nothing more than two bee stings, I was thinking something very limited, a small B cup. With a good pushup bra and some silicone padding we could create the illusion of a set of first class tits. We could skip the silicone pads if you want to go with something larger, after all you have always been a breast man."

"Me with tits, Rose that is the most cockamamie idea you have ever had. Damn it, I am still a man!"

"Of course you are a man. Honey, I am not trying to embarrass you. I simply want to point out that you can enjoy being a man while temporarily undercover in the veneer of a woman. I am not indifferent towards your concerns. Nevertheless, you must stop your myopic testosterone based thinking. Start thinking in your head not your balls. This is not some nefarious plot to take your manhood away from you. Think of these breasts as props, illusions of womanhood. Like a magician, they are intended to redirect your audience's attention." Then with a pleading expression Rose continued, "No phony platitudes Jack, I love you and freely admit you are without a doubt the finest gentleman, the most caring and sweetest person I have ever met. My last lover was hung like a horse, and boy did he know how to use that massive tool. Sex was always incredible, but I dropped him for you. I did that because I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you. You won my heart because of your sweetness not your virility. You are the only man whom I ever bedded that was more concerned about my needs than his own. That makes you stand out, even if it is only 5 Inches."

"What are we asking you to give up? A little dignity. Shit you lost that a long time ago. Even before this all started, how many times did I interrupted you during tradition intercourse, because what you were doing just wasn't doing it for me, and I pushed your head between my legs? You demurely complied and never questioned my motivation. Just look at yourself. When I look at you, I am not sure if my husband is still here, I certainly don't see a man. I truly don't want to be indelicate and hurt your feelings but let's get this out in the open. Your personal appearance at the best of times is less than robust. You never portrayed the role of machismo masculinity most women sought. Your looks as a man were at the best pedestrian. Your musculature build is slim and frail. You do not exude masculine physical prowess, your narrow shoulders, small hands and feet, your lack of facial hair all make you a perfect candidate for this part. No woman has ever described you as rugged or handsome. Most of my friends refer to you as cute. Between your diet, exercises, and herbal supplements, the majority of what manly muscles you previously had, has already morphed into soft curves. When you try, your feminine persona is extremely realistic."

"Darling let's be brutally honest. As a traditional 'man', raising her fingers to make imaginary quotation marks around the word man, you are a failure!"

Shocked by her candidness and disparaging description of his manhood, Jack openly cried.

Rose could see the hurt and anguish she caused; she felt just a small pang of regret. She hugged her husband and tried to console him.

"I am sorry, much of what I have said is the alcohol speaking. However, that doesn't change the facts you can't go into this thing wishy-washy its either all in or get out while you can.

Rather than an answer, he merely shrugged his shoulders. Jack felt himself losing control of his life, so he ran to the bathroom and locked himself in and sobbed uncontrollably. Rose could hear his weeping through the door but nothing she said could get him to come Out.

While waiting for her husband to get over his pity party, Rose took the opportunity for a couple more drinks, after a good 30 minutes a crestfallen Jack emerged and plopped on the couch and buried his face in his hands.

It took him several additional minutes to compose himself enough to speak, "You can be really mean and cruel. I feel so emasculated when you talk like that. Why are you trying to hurt me?"

Rose made a pronouncement as if she were a Greek God atop Mt. Olympus, "If you are done acting like some angst-ridden teenage girl I will continue. Hell Jack, we can agree that your less than impressive member is more a sense of shame than pride. You haven't been able to give me a baby, and you can't even financially support your family. You love going to the ballet; your only real talents lay in cooking and chess. These are hardly he-man endeavors are they? Let's face it Jack, if it wasn't for my salary, we would be homeless. Aren't you tired of being a Looser?"

"You couldn't succeed as a computer programmer so you bailed and transferred into sales. That's not exactly worked out for you, has it? You aren't a people person and at the best of times you struggle with selling. You're always under immense pressure, just to make your minimum sales quotas. Your sales commissions are not going to improve until there is a major turnaround in the economy."

Jack broke down and had another good cathartic cry right there on the couch. His tears streamed down his cheeks like the flow of hot lava from a volcano.

Rose waited for the weeping to let up and then changing the tenor of the argument. Rose light heartedly proposed. "If you don't do this government project, then maybe you should investigate a career field change, something that would better fit your personality and natural talents." Rose was tempted to add such as interior decorator, hair stylist or manicurist, but felt she had already made her point.

An obviously inebriated Rose continued, "Darling; the nice government man has promised to take very good care of me in your absence. He ensured me of a very generous stipend while you are away. That is in addition to your government paycheck. So when you come home, we will have a very nice nest egg. That way, I can keep the house and even save a little. Aside from being the right thing to do, it will set us up Financially.

Please don't think of this as giving up your manhood, it's just a brief respite, a pleasant journey on the feminine side of the street. All we are asking is that you set aside your masculinity for the greater good. Excuse the pun, but Jack. Why don't you just 'man up' and agree to this



procedure? When this is over, we will still be husband and wife and will live happily ever after.

"I suggest you go find yourself a real man. I am sure with the right enticements you could get Mike to volunteer. I suppose compared to Mike, I am no man at all?"

"Don't go there, this is not about Mike."

"Answer me, is Mike a better man than me?"

"You are being stubborn, if you want to get into a juvenile cock measuring contest, I'll indulge you. In all honesty, Mike is twice the man you are. He is bigger, stronger, more self-confident, more aggressive, more virile and extremely well endowed...from what I hear. Rose moved across the room and knelt in front of her husband. She took his hands in hers and stared deeply into his eyes, "You are testing my patients. Old wham, bam, thank you ma'am, Mike, may be a real stud and the biggest cock hound in town. However, you are the only person for this job. Mike wouldn't and couldn't do it. It takes a better person, a better man than him. This job calls for an individual who has balls enough to be a woman. My love, I know that person is you."

"Rose, just get it over with and call me a fucking queer!"

"Oh darling don't be so sensitive. For heaven, sakes stop with the sad gloomy puppy-dog eyes. I am not trying to usurp your masculinity. All I am doing is stating the obvious. For heaven's sake, clothes, makeup and a set of small tits don't determine one's sexual orientation. It's what's between the ears and in your heart that's more important than what is between your legs or on your chest."

An emotionally distraught Jack inquired, "I still don't understand why we can't continue doing this using padding?"

"Fine, be like that!" She said with a bit of a scowl in her voice.

"What we have done so far is nothing but window dressing. To carry this off you need to feel like a woman and there is nothing that makes a person feel more feminine than her own set of tits. So what say you? This is your chance to get rich in self-respect and pride. No one would ever be able to take that feeling of accomplishment away from us. In the grand scheme of things what are a couple of pounds of quivering flesh compared to a lifetime of self-esteem? The implants can always be

Removed."

"Let me lay it on the line, if you decide not to do this, then I am calling the whole thing off. I refuse to sacrifice you and send you on a fool's errand. Everything we have done the last few weeks will have been for naught. If you agree to this, I won't lie to you. It will be a very tumultuous voyage. However, I will be with you every step of the way. You are going to make me so proud. When you have completed this assignment, you will be a true modern-day hero. We have long lives ahead of us, won't it be wonderful to look back on this period and know we have made a difference!"

"I am not looking for a medal, but if I get one I would just like to still have a manly chest to pin it on when this is all over."

Rose continued, "Oh, poor Jackie, don't you realize that when you are successful, Jack will never receive any public acclaim. All the glory will go to Daisy, so any medals will be draped on nice soft boobs not on some hairy manly chest."

"Can you guarantee me that if I do as you request, that if I, or should I say when I, come home our relationship will return to the place we were at before this all started?"

"Don't be a fool Jack, no one can do that. Every event we experience changes us in some way. We can never recreate the past. Only God knows what the future will hold. But that doesn't mean the future won't be just as good if not better than the past. The only thing I can guarantee is that I love you, and nothing can ever change that."

"I will admit that at times I have enjoyed our little games; however, this is such a big step. I am not sure what I should do."

"Don't be a silly goose, using the term 'enjoyed' is not accurate. I have seen you. I would more appropriately use the terms giddy or even euphoric. Hell Jack be honest, you love getting all pretty in your feminine finery. When you are in Daisy mode you are the sweetest, most demure female on the planet. Jack it just jumps out at me that Daisy is much closer to your true inner being than Jack."

"Don't paint me with your emotions and expectations. I do not have a gender dysphoria; I am a male and want to stay that way! But you are correct, there are times I love getting all dolled up, but I also love Disneyland that doesn't mean I want to live there. Rose you are turning

something that started out as a fun playful game into a sentence. If I have surgery, I can't just wash it off like my makeup. I am condemned to live as a woman for the foreseeable future."

"Damn your eyes Jack, don't you dare to imply being a woman or even living as one is a punishment. It is an honor! To follow up on your Disneyland metaphor look at it like this, over the past four weeks you have paid your entrance fee. You are now in line for Space Mountain. Just sit back and enjoy the ride. Please Jack do this for me, do it for us!"

"Honey, you know I would sacrifice my life for you. If you needed a heart transplant, I would be the first one in line to donate. I admit that female mannerisms, dress and makeup are now almost second nature to me. But what you are asking is for me to...to give up my masculinity."

Rose reached the crux of her agreement, the coup de grace - she played the guilt card. "Alright Jack, I know this can all be daunting, but if you don't love me enough to do this one simple thing I have asked of you, then just say so, and we can move on. Daisy will disappear forever, and you can go back to the old, plain, underachieving Jack."

A teary-eyed Jack hugged his wife, and she tenderly kissed his tears Away.

"Damn you Rose you can be a hardheaded, stubborn, demanding SOB!"  
"So what's your point Jack? You are correct I can be demanding, but you know what I am suggesting is the best course of action. Now my little, sexy husband just say yes and let's move this thing along."

Mortified that he was again crying like a school girl, Jack's resistance broke, and he consented to the surgery. Signing the medical release form, Jack quipped, "Alright Rose, you win, I guess I am about to become the newest member of the mammary gang. I just hope the club initiation isn't too bad."

A jubilant Rose rushed off to fix them both a celebratory drink. She was delighted that Jack agreed to the procedure. At best she expected a protracted argument; his total capitulation was welcomed but surprising. Thinking, 'Perhaps, I should feel guilty about what we have planned for my poor unsuspecting husband. But, que sera, que sera, whatever will be, will be. The future's not ours to see.'

Getting in bed, Jack turned to Rose and said, "Honey can we talk?"

"Jackie we talk all the time, now it's late, just go to sleep."

"No Rose you are wrong. We don't talk. You talk, and I listen; there is a difference."

"Jackie, stop being argumentative, you are just tired. You have just made a monumental decision and are probably having second thoughts. Go to sleep it will all look better in the morning. Now I am not going to tell you again, go to sleep!"

"There are times you can be a bit cavalier about my feelings. I love you more than life itself. I know you are infatuated with Daisy, but I need to know, do you still love Jack?"

Rose answered evasively, "You know I love you, you daft sod, now nighty Night."

That night after they had retired, Jack laid in gloomy silence staring into the dark. Jack had to rationalize the motivation behind his decision. Why didn't he just say no? Why had he agreed to do this? The most likely reason is because he can never deny Rose anything, or did he do it because it is the right thing, or was he easily persuaded into it for some deeper reason? Jack spent the night silently weeping in his soul over this latest turn of events.

While Jack was tormented by his decision, his wife lay next to him with her emotions, likewise, in fluctuation, bouncing back and forth between feeling actual remorse for her treachery of this poor gullible man and jubilation at being one step closer to her goal.

Rose's last thoughts before falling into a deep sleep were, 'I have my wants and needs, if my husband isn't man enough to stand up to me, then that is his problem.'

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## Chapter 11

The week leading up to surgery was especially difficult for Jack. Whenever Rose was displeased in any way, Jack was plucked like a chicken; each hair removed was a bit more of Jack's masculinity going as well.

By the last few days before surgery, Jack was definitely showing. One

of the secretaries at work asked about them, Jack's reply was he was just trimming them up a little. The woman responded if you trim them anymore dear you will have to paint them on, ha, ha.

Jack mentioned the conversation with Rose, his mistake. Rose plucked several more hairs for being a complainer.

The night before Jack's last day at work found Jack's apprehensions at their highest; an unsympathetic Rose was extremely critical of everything Jack did. Each objection cost Jack more hair from his brows. The next morning Jack noticed his unmanly brows and grumbled to Rose. "I can't go to work looking like this."

"Oh, nonsense, here with just a touch of eyebrow pencil I can fill them in for you. In a few weeks, they will have grown out."

Using her dark-brown pencil, she expertly shaped Jack's brows with just a hint of a feminine arch and colored them in.

"Stop being such a baby about everything. If you hadn't screwed up so much, you wouldn't have any problems. Now get dressed, we are going to be late for work."

In his haste to get dressed Jack failed to notice his usual white brassiere has been exchanged for a padded beige one that clearly showed through his dress shirt.

On their ride into work, Rose had Jack drive and was particularly cheery. She could smell the perfume she had lavishly sprayed on Jack's jacket that morning. It was a lot heavier than she normally used on his clothes. He wore so much of it at home, over the weeks poor Jack had become desensitized to the smell. From the rumors floating around the office Jack was the only one that hasn't picked up on the aroma.

"Please don't worry so much. Stop with the 'Miss Negativity' everything is going to be fine. Just go into Mike's office and turn in your vacation request, then tomorrow Jack will go into a hiatus, and Daisy will come fully into the daylight."

Just before arriving at their parking spot, Rose took out her lipstick and applied an extra-thick layer of the darkest red she owned. In addition to coating her lips Rose surreptitiously applied a glob to each thumb. Riding up in the elevator, as the doors were about to open on their floor Rose grabbed Jack by the back of his head, pulled his

face towards hers and kissed him with all her strength, grinding her lips to his and wiped the red coloration onto his cheeks. Breaking the kiss she whispered in his ear, "Have a good day."

A befuddled Jack left the elevator then turned and confronted Rose; "I just realized I have not turned in a formal request for vacation two weeks early like HR demands. What if Mike refuses to give me the time off?"

"You are a stereotypical blond air head. We decided you need some time off, for medical reasons, so it's all taken care of."

"We? Who's the we?"

"Oh, I have already cleared it with Mike, he and I had a long conversation about you needing some time off, for 'personal reasons' so there should be no problem. I have even given him some suggestions on your replacement while you are away."

"You did what?"

Rose grabbed Jack's head and pulled his face in close, thus providing the opportunity to wipe the remaining red residue on his cheeks. Nose to nose Rose firmly said, "I don't like your tone; I don't have the energy, patience, or time for this, hissy fit right now. As a company officer I did what is best for the business, now grow up and get to work."

Jack apologized for his angry outburst and headed to his office. Jill one of the secretaries met him as he was about to enter his office. She snickered and said, "My, my, don't we look elegant today, trying new look are we? I love the new color you are wearing, where did you get it? I would love to get some for my grandmother."

Jack glancing down at his suit and responded, "Jill, what the devil are you talking about?"

Through an embarrassing laugh she said, "Never mind, Mike left word that he wants to see you in his office the minute you arrive."

Rose exited the elevator and trailed her husband. She waited for Jack to enter Mike's office, then she walked up to the Jill and right on cue; Rose started to cry. "Jill did you see my husband? He's wearing makeup now. I could handle the woman's underwear under his clothes, the

dresses on the weekends; but makeup out in the open is more than I can take. Hell, he would come to work looking like Tammy Faye Bakker if I let him. You want to see his latest photos? Come to my office at lunch and we can have a drink, and I will show you the Daisy album."

Jill gave Rose a quizzical look.

"Oh, I forgot you don't know. Jack insists on being called Daisy when he is dressed en femme. He has forced me to take a ton of pictures. We have filled a dozen albums with photographs of his alter ego."

Jill responded, "I would love to see the photos; but Mrs. Svensson I don't think Mike would approve of us drinking during working hours."

"Oh, you foolish girl, who do you think gave me the bottle I keep in my desk? Come on by and bring some friends we will have a party."

A sympathetic Jill hugged Rose and tried to comfort her. "Yeah, your husband has always been a bit effeminate but the recent changes have everyone guessing. All of us girls have noticed the nylons, perfume, the plucked eyebrows, his mannerisms becoming so feminine and then he started to wear bras and the lipstick; we all like both you guys, so we have kept quiet. I am so sorry."

"Lipstick, that witch gave me his word it was only tinted lip balm."

"It may have been lip balm it is hard to say. Why do you stay with him, or is it, her now?"

"Jill, you are still young, as you get older you will find if you love someone you often have to overlook some minor quirks."

"I understand that; but this is more than minor. Is he into guys?"

"Oh, heavens no Jill, Jack in and out of drag lives in a cock-free zone." Rose moved her hand to her crotch, extended her pinky and forefinger and held them about a quarter of an inch apart and said, "I mean a total cock free zone, if you know what I mean."

Jill retreated to her cubicle grinning from ear to ear and bursting at the seams to tell everyone her latest gossip. Rose walked off sniffing and headed to her office. Sitting at her desk, she rapidly converted her sniffles into humming a cheerful little tune. Rose was delighted with the way things were progressing.

Within minutes the story had circulated throughout the building. Every secretary in the company begged Jill for an invitation to the lunchtime coming out party.

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Entering Mike's office, a perplexed Jack stood before his boss. Mike glanced up from his desk and scrutinized his nervous employee. The bright color of his lips triggered an immediate reaction from Mike. He viciously verbally attacked Jack's manhood. Jack you god-damn fairy, if you insist on wearing makeup, at least get lipstick that doesn't clash with your suit. Wiping his hand across his lips, Jack discovered the gift Rose had left him. A humiliated Jack started to explain; however, Mike stopped him with a wave of his hand.

"Give me your vacation request and get your ass back to pixie land, or wherever fairies like you go. Lord I can't for the life of me understand what that sex pot of a wife of yours sees in a twerp like you. Jack if it wasn't for your wife and how accommodating, she has been in servicing ...let's say the company's needs; I would have let you go a long time ago. I was going to let you go on paid medical leave but after your little fashion show this morning, consider yourself temporarily on 'unpaid status'. Maybe we can actually get a few new sales! Now get out before I lose my temper and fire your sissy ass."

Jack returned to his office, sat at his desk and fumed. How did he become the bad guy in all this? He used his hankie and exchanged his lipstick for a thick coat of Chap Stick. Rose stuck her head into his office during the early morning to check on her husband; but didn't give him the opportunity to say anything. Jack stood and followed her to explain what Mike said. However, Rose was gone before he can get the words out. During the day Jack called Rose's office persistently; but her secretary refused to put his calls through, each time she claimed Rose was busy.

During her brief glimpse of her husband, Rose noticed that without his suit coat Jack's bra was clearly visible through his white shirt. The rest of her day was extremely tedious she was only able to handle the most routine of actions. Her mind kept wandering; thinking about how close she was to one of her dreams.

During their ride home, at the day's end Jack complained to Rose about his embarrassing predicament. A disinterested Rose dismissed his



concerns with contempt.

"Listen twinkle toes you are unbelievable, here you sit wearing a bra, a corset, stockings, and panties, and this time tomorrow you are going to be a man with tits, and you are worried about a little lipstick residue. Get over it!"

Rose tried on several occasions to start a conversation. Jack merely sulked and answered in monosyllable grunts. The ride home was filled with tension; it was so palatable you could cut it with a knife. They became embroiled in a huge traffic jam. Rose, normally so calm and rational just lost it. She laid on the car horn and scream obscenities out her window. Then spying an open ally, Rose drove the car up the curb onto the sidewalk and speed down the side street.

As they pull into their garage, Jack broke his silence, "I am scared to death. Aside from your driving I am having serious doubts about surgery. What will my life be like after this operation is over, will I be able to go back to being Jack? Will I even have a job?"

In a cold authoritative tone Rose sternly said, "God damn you Jack, if you attempt to back out now I will never forgive you! You are delusional if you think I will let you renege!"

Relax, "I will keep my word; it's just that the magnitude of my decision could have all kinds of unintended consequences. Hell, how will I ever get my old job back? No one is going to respect me. I will be known as the man with boobs, even if their little ones. I will be laughed out of the business."

Rose could read her husband's facial micro expressions and knew he was under psychological stress, so she teasingly responded, "Cheer up honey, you always hated that job anyway. When this is over, we will find you something more suitable to your talents. I hear Lucy in HR is pregnant so in about eight months, there is going to be an opening in the secretarial pool. Of course, you will have to work on your typing and dictation skills, but maybe I can pull a few strings.

Speaking of 'dictation', let's get you into bed, and we can start your training right now."

After coating his lips in her most expensive and long lasting lipstick, Rose led Jack to the bedroom and was like a wild animal. Rose continued to taunt her husband. "Cheer up Jack; you have just exchanged a seat in

the boardroom for one in the bedroom and that is one position you are in no danger of ever being laid off."

She first pulled Jack to her chest and had him nursing there until she couldn't stand it any longer. She pushed her husband's head down between her legs. Rose luxuriated in the red telltale marks ringing her nipples. As Jack worked his magic in her love garden Rose clearly visualized a similar residue on her vulva. After several satisfying organisms, Rose permitted Jack, for the first time in weeks to actually enter her Bermuda triangle - where Jack's prick goes in to never be seen again. The two lovers kept at it until exhaustion overtook them both.

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