

Patriot Games Part 4

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Chapter 16

Her words cut Jack to the core; however, he managed to stumble outside. To prevent any further embarrassment Jack replaced his wig and re-positioned the breast enhancer. He stood up straight, gripped his purse and Rose's hankie and struggled for the several blocks to their vehicle. The hike to the parked car seemed to take an eternity. Jack cried so hard the tears threatened to dig furrows in his make up. Finally reaching his vehicle, Jack sat behind the wheel for several minutes and tried to understand why Rose, the woman he loved, the woman he trusted would humiliate him like this. The tears made it impossible to drive. Jack stared down at his left hand and his new ring. He started to take it off and throw it away. However, something made him stop. I am a man of my word; I promised I would wear it, so I will. If nothing else it will serve as a reminder never open my heart to another woman. It took another couple of minutes to compose himself. Jack's feelings of abandonment overwhelmed his emotions, they swung from sadness, fear, sorrow, to self-pity and finally settled in an overriding burst of anger. For the first time in his life, Jack felt the need for a cigarette. Jack sat there smoking and quietly mumbled, "Maybe I will go home and just kill myself."

Taking a last deep puff on the cigarette Jack flicked the butt out the window. Jack sat frozen in time, not moving a muscle loss in thought just staring straight ahead into a nearby park. Slowly, a thought percolated up through his conciseness, a snippet from an old Robert Frost poem, 'The woods are lonely, dark, and deep, but I have promises to keep, miles to go before I sleep.' Jake spoke to no one, in particular, "If I kill myself; that vindictive bitch would probably fuck her lover right there before my corps was even cold. No I will not give that whore the satisfaction of knowing she has completely destroyed me. Besides I have made a commitment to my country. If nothing else I am a man of my word." Using the hankie, Jack dried his tears, checked his face in the rearview mirror and started the car.

Jack drove as cautiously through town as he could. He just wanted to

get home and out of there before Rose and Mike showed up. 'I would die if I was there when they got home', thought Jack. How could Rose do this to me? This whole thing was her idea. I was sure she loved me. Well, I guess I am not the first guy in history to be betrayed by a woman. Damn it! She is still my wife; didn't our vows mean anything to her? I pledged my love to her and promised to love her until the day I die. As Jack sat at a traffic light waiting for it to turn green; a police car pulled up next to him. The policeman glanced over and made eye contact with Jack. His heart was beating like a wild drum, and he prayed for the light to change. The policeman rolled down his window and leaned out. "Miss is everything alright" was shouted toward Jack. Afraid to speak Jack merely flashed the concerned policeman his grade 'A' smile. The light turned green, and the police car turned left. A very relieved Jack, let out the breath he had been holding and cautiously drove home.

Pulling into their driveway, Jack got out of the car. Looking back at the street Jack saw another police car cruise by. 'Just great that's all I need', thought Jack. Reaching the front door he fumbled with his keys, his heart pounding, his hands shaking, the long fingernails not making it any easier. Why won't those cops just drive on wondered Jack?

The cops slowed down and watched what appeared to be a streetwalker. The driver turned to his partner. "Nah, it can't be, not in this neighborhood." They slowed down and watch the 'lady' until she disappeared inside the house. The squad car drove on. Jack breathed a sigh of relief as the car's taillights disappear into the night. 'How would I explain all this', Jack thought to himself. OK, let's get this over with. Stumbling on his high heels, he managed to get into the bedroom. First order of business is a suitcase. They are stored in the master bedroom's walk-in closet. Opening the door Jack is taken by surprise. All his male cloths are missing. 'Where the hell did Rose hide my real clothes, wondered Jack? Well first things first. I need to get out of here. Spying the suitcases on the top self, Jack realized he can't reach them, so he retrieved a chair from the office desk. He rolled it into the closet and prepared to use it as a stepladder. The first of many lessons hit Jack. Wearing a skirt and high heels created a whole new dynamic, when it comes to something like standing on a chair. To be safe, Jack decided he would take off his heels before standing on the chair. Bending over to undo the straps gave Jack a view of his massive breast hanging down. Damn those things seem to get in the way of everything, mumbled Jack (If Jack had known what the future held in store for him he would have had a completely different opinion of their size.) Jack found that with the long finger nails, shaking

hands, and over tighten straps, loosening them proved to be a fool's errand. 'Damn her eyes', thought Jack, 'She intentionally over tightened these things. I can't get sufficient slack to undue them'. Giving up on the shoes, he managed to finally get up on the shaky chair. Jack had to stretch to reach the suitcase. Just as his hand closed on the handle, the chair started rolling. The chair picked up speed and Jack lost his balance, and panicked. One hand clutched the suitcase, with his freehand he reached for anything to steady himself. The only thing he could grab was a pile of Rose's underwear stacked on the shelf. The chair finally slipped out from under Jack. The law of physics took over and he dropped onto his ass. Jack crashed to the floor, again banging his head. He laid there waiting for his head to clear with a suitcase in one hand and a pile of underwear on his face. Laughing to himself, Jack though, now this brings back some memories. Scrambling to his feet, Jack violently threw his dresses into the opened case.

The additional inches and tightly synched straps made a big difference, and the soft thick carpet of the throw rug raised the difficulty of walking in five-inch stilettos to a very dangerous level. Every step was a gamble.

Jack wrestled the bag into the bedroom and started packing underwear. Again, the entire dresser contained nothing but frilly feminine attire. Jack didn't even try and separate what was his from Rose's. He just kept packing until the suitcase was full. Last stop, thought Jack, as he headed into the bathroom for toiletries, toothbrush and shaving gear. Rushing to complete this task Jack caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. What he saw was totally distracting, staring back at him was a stunningly sexy, beautiful - if over-endowed platinum blonde woman. Losing his concentration, Jack marveled at the small gold studs in his ears. 'Damn, she was right - the rich color of the gold really does enhance my new hair color', thought Jack.

Shocked at where his mind was wondering, he reflected. 'Where did that come from?' Still admiring himself in the mirror, Jack stumbled and caught a spiked heel in the throw rug. Losing his balance again he grabbed out for anything to keep his balance. This time he found Rose's vanity table. Unfortunately, the table is an old antique and was unable to sustain his weight. For the second time in as many minutes Jack crashed to the floor. This time Jack landed among all of Rose's cosmetics. Jack comically fell on his posterior, right on top of his new perfume bottle smashing it into small shards of glass and a pool of aromatic fluid. Unfortunately, for Jack as he shifted to avoid the

glass pieces his skirt acted as a large wick and soaked up the entire contents of the broken bottle. Our hero slowly stood and attempts to extricate himself from this latest mess, and now reeked of the sweet-smelling liquid. As Jack stood the remnants of the perfume bottles contents trickled down his nylons filling his shoes. Jack looked downward and swore, "Damn that will probably ruin these shoes" Jack is again surprised at his thoughts.

Opening the medicine cabinet to retrieve his toothbrush Jack saw four boxes of Rose's hormone patches. Well, the bitch may try to make babies with Mike but without these it ain't going to happen. I will show the slut; Jack threw all four of them in his suitcase. He dragged the case out to the car; closing the front door Jack thought the fresh air felt good. Plus it is helped to disperse the cloud of sweet-smelling perfume that continued to envelop him. Jack drove his car to the end of his driveway, checking for traffic, he spotted headlights coming down the street. "Shit, that can't be them already can it?" Stomping on the gas he sped away, Jack wondered 'Will I ever be back here again?' At the corner stop sign he paused to gain his composure and mumbled to himself, "Shit where am I going?" He looked and watched the car pull into his driveway. The thought of Rose with another man in their bed makes him nauseous. Jack thought, now of all those late nights at work and Rose accepting the sexual innuendos from Mike. It became clear. I wonder how long she has been fucking him. Hell this government undercover gig was just an opportunity for Rose to get rid of me. I wonder if those guys are really from the government or has this whole thing been a setup to embarrass me. Jack decided to call his HLS contact. He reached for his purse and searched for the phone he remembered throwing into it. He opened it, and dumped the contents on the seat. This produced another bout of tears. There among a pile of condoms and tampons is a pink wallet with a caricature of tinker bell on the front. "Shit, shit, shit", said Jack. Looking inside he found his driving license but no credit cards. Luckily she had included a wad of cash in the purse. Sorting through the pile Jack noticed a pink slim line cell phone. His old phone is nowhere to be found. Opening the phone he found someone had programmed all his contacts into the new phone. At this point he is so devastated he became violently ill. Rushing to the curb as the bile rose in his throat, he threw open the car door and stumbled out and fell on the roadside grass just as the vomit erupted. Jack quickly grabbed his hair to keep it out of the mess. Jack figured his world has come to an end; here he is on his hands and knees worrying about his hair and trying to keep his dress clean. 'What has happened to me', thought Jack. After the contents of his stomach have been expelled and the dry heaves had subsided, Jack

wiped his mouth with the hankie Rose had given him.

Walking back to the car from the grass Jack can't help but remembering Rose's incessant instructions one foot in front of the other, short steps, arms out, elbows in, fingers point out, wiggle the hips. Mince down the line smoothly, like a dancer. Glide, Heel-toe, heel-toe. In the few steps to the car Jack was surprised to find he enjoyed feeling the pull of my garters on his stockings.

Jack staggered extra carefully, eyes locked on his feet. His hands extended, his elbow close at his sides, his slender fingers spread slightly, clutching at the air from time to time. He blushed furiously, as a car full of teenagers drove by spotlighting him with their headlights. A young punk rolled down his window and yelled, "Hey; twinkle toes want to party?"

Ignoring the rude comment, Jack finally reached the security of his car. He climbed back into the driver seat and dialed his HLS contact. Jack told Steve he was ready to start right now. Steve has been waiting for the call and directed Jack to a safe house. Telling him someone will be there waiting for him.

Chapter 17

The most terrifying words in the English language, "I am from the government, and I am here to help."

Jack pulled into the parking lot of the apartment building he was told to go to. As he turned off his headlights, a young woman with a very purposeful and self-confident stride approached the driver side of his car. She yanked open the door. There stood a beautiful woman with long chestnut-colored hair that hung loosely about her shoulders. She had a wonderful bosom, her blouse offering a picture-window view of her cleavage. Looking in she said, "Who may you be!"

"I'm Jack."

With her arms crossed menacingly before her, this woman growled, "You don't look like any Jack I have ever seen. Got any ID?"

Jack felt foolish as he said, "Yes, I have my driver's license here in my purse. Give me a second to find it. Damn these long nails." He reached into his purse, located his wallet and handed this woman his license.

After a perfunctory scan, she casually flipped the license onto Jack's lap. Then with surprising strength she pulled the stunned Jack out and said, "Stand up let me see what we have to work with."

Jack was disheveled; he felt helpless and weak as he stood before this confident and commanding woman. Jack meekly leaned against his car, waiting for further instructions. He was intimidated by this imposing figure standing tall in her four inch heels. She gave Jack a fierce stare and just started laughing cruelly.

"Gez, honey, it looks like you have been crying; your makeup is a mess. You reek, what have you been doing bathing in perfume? I can see we have a lot to work to do. Hasn't anyone ever told you less is more? A woman needs to be restrained in the application of her make up and perfume. Remember a little dab will do you."

Extending her hand she said, "Oh by the way, my name is Linda. It is good to get to meet you. I am from the government and was sent here to help you."

She gripped Jack's hand in a firm and almost masculine manner, "I'm in training and development. I am your new 'Life Coach'. I specialize on makeovers from the inside out. When I get done with you, your own mother won't recognize you. As long as you don't get uppity, we will get along famously. Steve told me to meet you here and get you settled in your new home. I will show you around. We're going to have a long talk honey, but first let's give you the grand tour."

Jack stood there like a blubbering idiot and was unable to put a coherent thought together. A timid Jack stood still and waited for events to unfurl. Linda, on the other hand, was bubbly and enthusiastic. Mustering every ounce of courage he had left Jack stammered, "Linda, I have changed my mind, I want to leave."

After a brief belly laugh, in an authoritative voice she commanded, "You're not going anywhere darling; you have already passed the point of no return. Follow me, keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut!"

Stumbling in his heels, Jack allowed this woman to guide him into his new life. Linda opened the front door to his new home. Jack was surprised to see an apartment with a very spacious living room. It had hardwood floors, and was mirrored on three sides. At one, end was a

professional-looking treadmill. The rest of the room was sparsely decorated with a small television positioned before a settee and two hardback wooden chairs. Moving through the living room the couple toured a very modern and fully equipped kitchen and then a formal dining room, with a table and seating for six.

The two-bedroom apartment, was nice but lacked that indescribable something that made a house a home. Linda pointed to the first bedroom door and advised Jack, he was never to enter her bedroom without specific instructions. The second smaller bedroom was his new boudoir as Linda put it.

As Jack stood at the door and gaped at the overwhelming femininity of the space. The décor was surreal. It was so frilly a teenage girl would vomit. It was decorated in a pink floral motif, a canopy bed, adorned with a ruffled pink satin quilt, cream colored walls, even plush pink carpet and stuffed animals and containers of potpourri strewn everywhere. This was to become Jack's sanctuary, a prison without bars, guarded by a battalion of teddy bears.

One wall was dominated by a huge dresser; Linda explained the drawers were filled with all the essentials for his new life. There was an eggshell white vanity, with a lighted makeup mirror and stool in one corner. Sitting on the table was a bottle of Daisy perfume in the middle of an overwhelming assortment of cosmetics. Jack wondered, 'What are the odds of having my perfume waiting for me?' One wall was nothing but a huge walk-in closet that contained Daisy's trousseau. Jack silently slide the door open to reveal a cupboard bulging with every conceivable type and variety of dress. Each one appeared as if it had come directly from the hippest boutique. The floor looked like a shoe store had exploded. It was littered with high-heeled shoes, everyone from Gucci, Prada or Jimmy Choo, and all with 5 inch heels. It was enough to make Imelda Marcos blush with envy. There were suede sandals, studded platform pumps, heels with bows, some with straps, some pointy toes, some with open toes, and a massive number of boots. Jack thought, 'It would take a year to wear them all just once. Lord I pray I am not here long enough to accomplish that feat.'

Linda watched in amusement as Jack gawked at the multitude of shoes. Saying, "Sweetie you will wear every one of them before we are done."

When they got to the bathroom, Jack found it was equipped with a Jacuzzi bath tub and a shower. Looking in Jack wondered about the two shower heads, one very conventional head height, and the other on a

long flexible cord with a nozzle shaped with a slim cylindrical shape. Pointing at the phallic fashioned spigot, a smiling Linda said in a haughty voice, "It's for when you need to be clean inside and out. It will make you feel more feminine." Pointing to the sink, Linda directed Jack's attention to a bottle of baby oil and a pack of disposable razors.

In a no-nonsense voice Linda commanded, "Shower and shave I will be back in a few minutes."

Jack was confused, how did Linda know about the baby oil? A nude Jack exited the shower and found Linda standing in the doorway wearing nothing but a long flowing dressing gown and smelling like an English garden. Jack in some modicum of modesty tried to covered his male privates with one hand and his new breasts with the other.

This produced a booming laugh from Linda. "Aren't we the shy one? Now my bashful princess come into the bedroom and get ready for bed, I will bet you are emotionally exhausted."

As Jack entered his bedroom, a room that he immediately dubbed his pink prison. He inquired, "Linda just who the hell are you and why are you here?"

"Who am I? Well let me tell you. I am the sheriff around here, and this is not my first rodeo! I don't tolerate crap. When I say something, it is not a suggestion it is the law. I do not give Mulligan's; nor do I take kindly to back talk."

In a malicious tone, Linda added, "I am here for two reasons, first I am a patriot. I believe what you have been asked to do is in the best interest of our country. Secondly, I have agreed to supervise your training as a favor for a friend. As a rule, I am an independent contractor. For a fee, I 'reeducate' men. Normally, I try to avoid government jobs because there are too many rules and restrictions. However, in your case, your handler Steve, has given me carte blanche, I can use whatever measures I feel are necessary to prepare you for your mission."

Linda took a step back and looked Jack over like he was a piece of meat, "We need to understand each other. I can be very loving when the situation warrants it. For example, Stevie your HLS contact and I have a history. Several years ago his wife hired me to - let's say 'adjust his attitude', but she got cold feet after a couple of days and

cancelled the contract. But Stevie and I really hit it off; we even got to the point where we were sharing lipsticks. He stayed on his own accord for an extra week. "My God the sight of that man in a frock, fishnets and stilettos still gets my juices flowing. But that's enough reminiscing."

"With a little luck maybe you and I can create our own memorable moments. Let me tell you right up front I am not running a charm school for debutants; my training is not for the squeamish. You will be trained to act like a lady in the parlor, a maid in the kitchen, and a whore in the bedroom. No one disrespects me, at least not more than once."

An evil look came over Linda's features as she continued, "Let me caution you, when I don't get the cooperation I need I can be a bit draconian. I view my clients like wild Broncos; it is my job to break them. Last year, a client called me the 'Wicked Witch of the West'. He got a free pass on the first incident but the second time he called me that vile name; well, this witch rode her broomstick right up his ass."

A gloating Linda went on, "My lord he squealed like a pig. He acted like it was the first-time anything had ever invaded his man pussy. It may have been the first, but it wasn't the last. He vowed to do anything if I stopped. So when I tired of my little game and was finished with him, I made him clean off the handle with his mouth. Then things got really interesting. He was so enthusiastic over his task, I decided to put his talented mouth to use. He 'volunteered' to become my personal bidet. He cleaned me every time I used the loo. I saved a fortune on toilet paper. It was a pretty shitty position but in the end, he even came to enjoy his down under position. He would spend minutes at a time just worshipping my anus with his tongue. The intimacy of such an action was thrilling, and his humiliation only amplified the experience. When I returned him to his wife, he was the sweetest, most humble wench you ever saw. I got an e-mail from her a short time back, thanking me. She was bragging on his housekeeping skills and told me he had become the best nanny in the neighborhood. She is working with her doctor boyfriend to see if she can turn him into a wet nurse for her new baby."

Pointing to the lingerie on the bed Linda directed, "Put them on!"

"Listen Linda, there is a misunderstanding. I agreed to dress as a woman to trap some terrorist, not move into some female draconian hell. I am still a man and expect you to treat me as such."

An amused Linda calmly responded, "Daisy, yes I said Daisy, Jack no longer exists. Now drop all this masculine posturing, you checked your man card at the door. Within six weeks, you will have forgotten everything you thought you knew about being a man and will be begging me to wear the most feminine and frilly clothes available."

What Jack saw sitting on the bed, sent a firestorm of emotions coursing through his exhausted mind. Artfully displayed on the gold-colored satin sheets were a set of almost obscene lingerie. On top was a black silk bikini panty and a matching Gossamer black lace chemise nightie, with two silver dollar sized daisies' strategically stitched where the wearer's nipples belonged?

Jack just stood there dumfounded and didn't move. Finally Linda inquired, "Well you are going to wear these, aren't you? Daisy if you resist me on this, you will spend the next six months dressed in nothing but spandex and leather. Believe me Daisy you don't want to fight me. My last client tried that. He resisted everything I had him do. Usually once you get a man in diapers and a dress it's all over. But this wanker wouldn't give in, that is up until the time I had his tubes tied. Then it was... snip, snip... it's a mistake she never made again. I had them bronzed and added to my collection. His wife sent the chauvinistic pig to me in an effort to save their marriage. I returned the eunuch to his wife and two weeks later that ungrateful twit ran away from home. The cheeky bastard even had the nerve to ask his wife for alimony. When I catch up to her, she is going to be in for a very long night."

A totally stunned Jack made no reply.

"I don't normally ask twice?"

A terrified, and utterly intimidated Jack responded, "Yes, I will wear them, but I don't want to."

Chortling Linda responded "What you want means nothing to me. From this point on I am going to talk, and you are going to listen. There will be only one-way conversations. Consider your life as you knew it over. Daisy dear, when you leave me, you will be a woman albeit one without a vagina, but a woman in mind and spirit, forged in the crucible of my training."

Jack was shaking visibly and spluttered, "Wh....What do you mean?"

"You have no more free will. Your responses to stimuli will be those of a woman, not a man. Your mannerisms will be completely feminine. I will teach you to think like a woman, to respond like a woman, to desire feminine things. Womanly behavior will become an intrinsic part of your personality. You won't have to think about appropriate responses you will behave reflexively. You will only be concerned about looking beautiful and acting sexually. Your primary concern will be to satisfy your partner. Your life will be to serve. Your only happiness will stem from making your partner happy and satisfied. Anything less will be unacceptable.

Is this understood? You may eventually even desire to become a woman, it has happened for me once or twice, but that is beyond the scope of my current training program."

"Look upon me as your mistress. You will normally call me Ms. Linda. When we have company or are in a public, I expect you to use just plain Linda. Understand?"

"Yes"

"Yes what? Don't start off by misbehaving girl."

"Yes Just plain Linda"

"Touché, but don't get feisty with me missy." Responded Linda.

Then Linda laughed maniacally. "That's a good girl, now get dressed and into bed."

Slipping on the gossamer nightgown produced a very manly reflex. The diabolical grin on Linda's face shriveled Jack's swizzle stick in a heartbeat.

"Let's go over your daily agenda. When you first wake up, you will dress and prepare for your personal trainer. He will be here to lead you through a very strenuous series of exercises. I intend to have you develop a body that could win a beauty contest."

"Ms. Linda you can't be serious; some stranger is going to see me like this?"

"Of course I am serious my dear, I am merely the dean of discipline; I

subcontract out all the specialty training. Just a word of warning, all my instructors are harsh disciplinarians and handpicked by me, there are no do over's for any of them. You screw up or show an attitude; well they all have authority to make corrections on the spot. After your morning training secession, we can have a quick bite to eat, a fast shower, and then we are bringing in a professional cosmetologist to help with your makeup skills. She is going to start you on a regiment of eyelash growth enhancers that are topically applied. Before I am done, you will have to trim your eyelashes."

"After that I am bringing in an exotic dancer. She is going to teach you how to walk and carry yourself. Her trademark specialty is the stripper 'strut'."

"You haven't been told yet; but you are being placed undercover as a cocktail waitress. So next instructor will be an ex-playboy club bunny, her areas of proficiency will focus on how to take and remember orders, how to load and carry a tray, how to flirt with the clientele while taking their orders. She will even show you how to handle all nature of unruly patrons. Hours will be spent on memory exercises, teaching you how to memorize who ordered what. Once you have picked up the basics, we will run you through an obstacle course here in the apartment. Daisy you will learn to carry a fully loaded tray and maneuver around the obstacles, often while carrying on a conversation, arrive at your designated location and serve the drinks without any errors. I must warn you my favorite trick is to reach up and pinch you in the tush as you go by see if you can retain your composure and not spill."

"Next I will bring in a beautician to educate you on how to do your hair. She will start by teaching you on your wig, and then as your hair grows she will school you on your own tresses.

Then Daisy, my favorite, the bartender a real mixologist, will come right before dinner. He will show you to identify cocktail drinks by sight, and taste. Sorry, I know you are a wine drinker, but we won't go there. Your cliental are not into wine unless it is drunk out of a paper bag. Half the secession will focus exclusively on vodka, the types, differences, and of course, the tastes of each. The best part of this exercise is that we get to drink your homework. After, drinking class we will have a smoke break."

Jack replied, "I don't like smoking and don't want to do it."

This produced a snigger from Linda. She reached out and grabbed Jack by

the ear and gave it a twist. "There you go again with 'I don't want', crap. Daisy, your wants and desires are totally irrelevant. The only thing that's important from this day forwards is what I want. Are we clear on that?"

"To keep your culinary skills up, Daisy you will to make dinner every evening. I will expect a varied gourmet menu, while you, Daisy will be restricted to salads, backed fish, and chicken.

Then for you the worst part of every day, for you. After evening cleanup, you will be walking on the treadmill. Daisy, in retrospect I am afraid that letting your wife work on your famine persona was a mistake. She taught you to walk like a lady by placing one foot directly in front of the other. As of now that is unacceptable. I am going to have to teach you to exaggerate your walk. You will do the cross over step by placing your foot 3 to 4 inches on the other side of center. This will get the undulation we're looking for. Short skirts and a tight halter top is my uniform of choice. I will pull my chair up behind you and judge your movements. I will always have my swagger stick handy, which is actually my own personal invention it is a cross between a 'stun gun' and 'cattle prod' depending on the setting. Any time there isn't enough wiggle in your waggle you will get poked in the butt. If there was insufficient tit bounce, you will be shocked between the shoulder blades. I never want to see a firm wrist, if your hands aren't properly flouncing around you will be shocked on the back of your arms. Let me tell you, piss me off, and you will be flopping like a one-winged goose trying for takeoff. The real challenge will come when you are required to carry a tray of drinks while performing your nightly promenade. Lord help you Daisy if you spilled a drink. Breaking a glass is punishable but getting probed in the nuts. After that has happened once, or twice you will wish God had never given you those accursed deformities. From my past experiences, it will take about a week for you to learn how to live up to my expectations, so these next few days are going to be a nightmare. Remember, think sissy at all times, and you may survive hell week. One more thing at all times on the treadmill you will be required to wear a teeth whitening mouth piece. I have found in addition to producing a winning smile this keeps the whimpering down to a reasonable level.

Then we will finish every day with you take a nice soak in the tub, with plenty of fragrant oils to help soften your skin.

Saturdays will be reserved for you to clean the house. A professional maid will be brought in order to supervise, remember training never

ends."

"Linda I can understand the purpose behind the other trainers, but why a maid? That doesn't seem anyway applicable to my mission."

"You are correct, but I have a specialist, Matilda, on permanent retainer. Extensive maid training is a mainstay of my normal male remodeling regiment. The apartment needs to be cleaned. Bet your sweet ass, I am not going to do it, so you just got drafted."

Sundays will be your day of rest. They will be reserved for your voice coach, a professional elocution teacher. Don't get too excited, he will not be here to prepare you to talk like a woman. His sole purpose is to give you a real girly giggle. I have decided that is going to be your special trademark. Dolly has her chest, Farrah Fawcett has her hair, and Daisy is going to have her bimbo titter."

Finished with her introductory lecture Linda turned off the bedroom light and wished Daisy sweet dreams. Jack had a primeval fear of this woman, there was no doubt; she was a man-eating beast, and would devour his very soul at the slightest provocation. His dreams that night were anything but sweet they were dominated by visions of broom handles and bronzed trophies sitting on a mantel.

At 6 AM, the next morning Linda opened the bedroom door and found Jack asleep on his bed in the fetal position with one arm tightly wrapped around a big plush teddy bear sucking his thumb. Linda walked in and said, "My, this is an interesting development. If I had the time we could have a lot of fun with this but for now stop sulking, get off the bed and grow up. Nobody cares about your breakup with your wife, or your concerns about lost manhood. If you are looking for sympathy the only place, you will find it around here is in the dictionary between shit and syphilis. My training methods bring a lot of physicality to the game. Accept it Daisy, hugs and pats on the back are going to be few and far between. Now put a smile on your face and let's get to work."

Holding out a pink Lycra leotard, Linda helped Jack get dressed.

"It's time for your exercise."

After an exhausting workout and a quick shower, Linda rummaged through a drawer in the dresser and pulled out a pearl white steel boned corset with garters attached. She quickly wrapped it on Jack's waist and told

him to exhale deeply. As he breathed out, Linda would pull in. After what seemed like forever, Linda was satisfied with the progress. She tied off the laces in the back. Jack's waist was now a svelte 25 inches. Two inches tighter than Rose ever squeezed him.

Jack started to feel a little light headed. He was then told to sit down while Linda helped pull up white stockings. The front of each stocking had little roses embroidered on them. Linda clipped each onto a garter, making sure to tuck the garter through the panties so the panties were on top. Jack started to feel himself get aroused from the situation. Linda then attached his wonder bra. She added his silicon augmentations from the previous night. Stepping into open toed black sandals, Jack was ready for the first day under Linda's tender care. Wrapping himself in a silk dressing gown provided by his hostess, Jack inwardly smiled as the light sparkled off of his toe rings and red gloss toenails. Jack briefly admired the view of himself in the mirror, even without makeup and just his lingerie, he looked a lot like he has just stepped off the cover on Woman's Day Magazine.



Linda escorted Jack's walk into the dining room where she had prepared their breakfast. For Jack, it was a bland breakfast of dry toast and coffee. Linda finished her meal of bacon and eggs and informed Daisy she will be gone for an hour or so. Daisy was told to clean up while she was out.

His next appointment was with a well-known corsetiere so that Daisy could achieve the maximum benefit from time spent in those figure changing contraptions. The corset maker was going to be a little late and Linda had an errand to run.

After putting the dishes away Jack was overwhelmed at his situation and crumpled at the table and cried until there was nothing left.

In the interim.....

Linda and Steve had a very heated disagreement in Steve's office.

"Damn it Linda, remember this time you work for me."

"I am telling you Steve, I am not comfortable administering all these drugs. That's not the way I work."

"Linda this case is different from your normal venture. When Jack comes out the end of the training pipeline, he has to be a motivated, alert, confident agent capable of independent action. Not some beaten down sissy zombie. This case requires a combination of tactful delicacy mixed with a hard-fisted ruthlessness that you are famous for. We must first totally isolate our man from all outside contacts. Make him psychologically dependent on you. Then we can adjust his personality patterns through the use of drugs. Linda, there is nothing to worry about the U.S. Government has tested all of these pharmaceuticals and found them safe."

"Yah, like 'thalidomide' didn't cause any problems! It was fully supported by the FDA."

Reaching into a plain cardboard box, Steve withdrew three containers. "Linda, just take these and use them like we discussed. The yellow bottle has estrogen supplements; we confiscated them from a shipment bound for Thailand. Go easy on them, the lab boys tell me they are super strength. A couple of capsules a week should do.

The lavender bottle has strong female pheromones in them. Dilute a few drops of that in Daisy's perfume. Let's face it; this Jack character is never going to be a beauty contestant. We need to use every trick in the book to create a sexual attraction between Daisy and Vladimir. Smell and sex are entwined in a steamy vapor lock. Research has shown that scent is directly connected to human sexual attraction almost as strongly as vision. Our agent will need to stand out in a crowd. Wearing this stuff, most men will react positively. The difficult part is to get a strictly one-on-one intimate encounter, have Daisy always carry a spray bottle and to ensure the arousing effect we desire. If our subject can get Vladimir alone this compound will have Vladimir responding like a hound dog to a bitch in heat.

The last clear bottle is a derivative of LSD. Mix that with his nightly Vodka and he will be extremely susceptible to suggestions. We have had a lot of encouraging results with behavior modification in Gitmo with that stuff."

"Steve, this is where I have problems. I don't like all this psychological mumbo jumbo. I think behavior modification should be done the old fashioned way, with a carrot and stick. I won't try to change his personality with hypnoses and drugs. I just won't do it. Find someone else."

"Relax; we're not trying to change his individuality. It took some serious arm twisting with his wife, but she finally came around to our way of thinking. We brook his emotional connection to her. Jack was so attached to his wife; he drew his emotional well being from that relationship. We had to force Rose to sever that connection, so we can mold him the person we need. His loyalty must solely be with you. It is an old military tactic of breaking a man down completely and rebuilding him the way we want/need.

His wife has given us about a dozen emotionally significant events in his life. All we want to do is to reorient how he remembers them. We want to introduce cross dressing into his memoires. If he truthfully remembers these events, there is virtually no chance he will slip under examination by Vladimir.

"You mean torture!"

"Linda, every agent takes some physical risks."

"His mission is to infiltrate Vladimir's inner circle of friends. Our

surveillance can only go so far. Once Daisy is trained and in place, at a minimum, he will be able to provide us with updates, and descriptions of whom and where Vladimir encounters daily. We must determine who his sleeper agents are before they act. This country can't afford another 9/11. If we must sacrifice one poor schmuck to do that, so be it."

Sliding a standard student size three-ring binder across the table he said, "Here take this: we have researched these events to the best of our abilities."

Linda, mix the LSD with his Vodka. When he is nice and relaxed to just explain to him, he had repressed memories due to the trauma of his wife's rejection. It is a very believable scenario. To make it stick, you will have to constantly refresh the same stories every night. Eventually, they will become reality for him. There is nothing major in these stories; we're not trying to turn him into a different person - his basic personality must remain intact; that is why he was selected in the first place.

Now take these medicines like a good girl and get home before Jack gets cold feet and splits."

Jack was still sitting at the table and weeping when Linda came home carrying a small valise. Jack dared not ask what is in it. Linda made a quick trip to the bedroom and then sat and said, "I see you have already learned a very valuable lesson; women have two potent weapons in their arsenal, cosmetics and tears!

Unfortunately, for you, neither is effective on yours truly. Now go to your room and fix your face and change into the clothes I have laid out for you."

Jack felt he was walking on eggshells and afraid to say anything.

Jack sat at his make up table and whimpered. He slipped the white camisole top over his head, and then brushed his blonde hair behind his back, then put on his war paint. With utter shame, he put on a hanky panky low rise thong. Jack simply slipped his feet into the cute, red wedge sandals that were laid out next to his closet and fastened the straps.

Recalling the events of the previous two days Jack groaned. Standing he clicked his heels together three times and wished he was back in Kansas. When nothing happened, he thought, 'Well it was worth a try.'

Jack joined Linda at the dining room table; she sat at the head of the table, like a queen on her throne. Jack took his seat, as Linda sipped on a cup of tea, without saying a word, Linda placed two pills in front of Jack. She laughed, "Now let me see was that a pill every two days, or two pills a day. Oh well, no matter it will all even out in the end."

He knew instinctively that if he didn't take them unquestionably he would suffer; he swallowed them down without any questions or liquid. Linda was pleased that she had so easily established control over her new student.

That night like every night thereafter Jack cried himself to sleep.

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Chapter 18

The next morning Jack awoke with a great deal of trepidation and a huge amount of adrenaline. Dragging himself out of bed Jack presented himself to Linda. She handed Jack a long-sleeved leotard and told him to go to his room and put it on. There was a knock on the door and several minutes later Linda forced Daisy out of her secure bedroom and turned her vassal over to the personal trainer. Jack was awed by this man with a superbly sculpted body, that both aroused him while simultaneously creating an air of jealousy. He ran Daisy through an exercise program that an Olympic athlete would have had difficulty completing. After class, Linda congratulated an exhausted Daisy on her excellent dance performance. Jack wheezed "Ms. Linda, I was exercising, not dancing."

Linda snickered. "Daisy my blond air headed bimbo, by definition exercising in 5 inch heels is dancing."

Jack returned to his bathroom and showered and dressed for his day of training. Linda was there as he exited the shower. From that point forward Jack was daily laced, flounced, and beribboned in splendid frocks of silk and satin. That first morning Jack learned the price for letting a bra strap stray into public view. Linda dug into her wardrobe and produced a pair of six-inch heels, albeit in a size too small and too narrow for Jack. Nonetheless, he jammed his foot into the slippers and was required to stand in them and watch two hours of soaps on TV. Finished with his punishment Linda instructed, "Daisy your hair must

always be neatly coiffed. Put it in a ponytail for now. That will keep it off your face, until Sophie, your beautician can work with you. You'll really like her. She has the disposition of a Labrador puppy and

twice as playful."



For the next hour Jack was subject to a detailed lecture on curling irons and hair dryers, followed by a seminar on shampoos and

conditioners. As she walked out she passed her replacement in the hall.

Next on the schedule was, Sally, a no-nonsense ex-playboy bunny cocktail waitress who provided Jack with his guidance concerning being a server. Sally started her period of instruction with some sage advice.

"Daisy there are three keys to success as a cocktail waitress, 'Cleavage, cleavage, and more cleavages, any questions? On a more serious note, the first thing you must do, is to commit to memory the drinks and their prices. Cocktail waitresses should remember orders. You can start out by writing things down, but as you get more experience, memorization becomes the key. Just be on your toes. When memorizing drink orders, it helps to repeat them in your head a couple of times after they order them. Be prepared to work your butt off! Personality is the key. You set the pace. Be good to your bartenders, because they will make or break you. Remember, all any customer demands; is the fast, friendly, efficient service with a smile. Typically, the majority of your stress comes from co-workers.

You will need a good knowledge of drinks so that you can identify them as you serve. Believe me; I've had cocktail waitresses who couldn't tell a scotch and water from a rum and coke. You also will need a sense of humor, excellent reflexes, excellent eyesight and be capable of walking and standing for hours in towering heels. You need to laugh at stupid jokes, endure endless flirting, but know where to draw the line. There is a difference between flirting and harassment. Lastly, you need to view women clients as customers, not competition, and you need to expect some degree of disrespect.

You will need to look good in tight skimpy outfits, be friendly and flirty and know how to remember names, faces and drinks and above all you must have excellent balance."

Jack found out that being a waitress was more than taking orders and clearing tables. He was always expected to talk, joke and flirt with the customers. Depending on the customer, he could be a marriage counselor, a nurse, a financial advisor, a fortune teller, or even a potential girlfriend. He was expected to do it all wearing 5 inch heels, a smile on his face, and laughter in his voice.

The day progressed smoothly. Finally, it was time for the bar tending class.

The bartender lectured Jack, "The word vodka comes from the Russian

Zhiznennia. In Russian, Vodka means, water of life. The standard Russian toast said before consuming vodka is: Na Zdorovie!"

Drinking class was designed as an educational period. Jack was instructed to take only small sips from each glass. Jack quickly took the opportunity to self-medicate for his angst and found ways surreptitiously to gulp the pain relief.

Drink and smoke break became a part of the routine Daisy really enjoyed. It was the only part of the day where Jack was allowed human contact without fear of immediate and harsh reprisal for any miscue. Linda insisted that he drink from a special bottle. By the end of his first drink, Jack always became lost in a thick fog. His mind just sort of drifted along as Linda spoke in assured vibrant tones. They sat and discussed Jack's old life. Every night they went over a part of his history. Linda clearly explained how strong emotional experiences, such as Rose's ridiculed eviction, often caused a person to have repressed memories. Linda kindly volunteered to help Jack recover his lost recollections. Jack was shocked at how much of his memories were wrong. He had totally forgotten that summer where he pleaded with his mother to wear her underwear. He had it all backward, how could he have ever thought she made him wear them?

Then he totally suppressed the memories about sneaking into her bathroom and stealing her birth control pills. Hiding the sexy lingerie in his drawers and wearing them every day to school slipped his mind.

Then the really big one, my God how could he have gotten that one so mixed up. Jack clearly remembered the only time his father hit him. In Jack's mind, it was because he was told to wash his face and hands and not only had failed to do as he was told; but he lied about it. However, Linda pointed out the real reason for the beating was Jack had come to dinner wearing his mother's lipstick and mascara.

Poor Jack remembered going to football games to stare at the cheerleaders. Thankfully, Linda straightened him out. The truth of the matter he went to the games because of the crush he had on the captain of the football team, how could anyone got those two confused?

Then high-school graduation, Jack had very pleasant memories of the wristwatch he had received as a commencement present. Linda was kind enough to point out that his fond memories were really because his mother brought Jack to her bedroom and let him try on her wedding dress as a special treat. Jack could now clearly picture himself waltzing

around the room in that beautiful white gown.

Linda was such a good friend as she helped Jack recall all these repressed memories. Linda was so patient with Jack. Every day they had to go back over the same material because during the evenings, Jack's memory kept getting everything confused. At night, he even dreamed of being a man and enjoying sex with a woman, how repulsive. Linda calmly explained that Jack had always wanted to be a woman and shouldn't be having those perverted dreams.

Jack as astute enough to recognize 'they' were playing mind games with him had every night concentrated hard on retaining his own past.

The absolute worst part of every day was the 'treadmill'. Linda would arrogantly sit on her thorn behind Daisy, belittling his best efforts. She was always holding that damn cattle prod, AKA, the sissy maker. Jack found the pain was bearable but only just. Linda never said a word; Jack had to determine the nature of his errant behavior by the location of the shock. The one thing that brought utter terror to Jack's heart was when Linda would bring the prod up and hold it a fraction of an inch away from flesh and wait. Sometimes if the infraction didn't improve Linda would gleefully jab Daisy, other times Linda would slowly lower it. The mirrored walls always provided a perfect view of Linda's movement. The pause was horrifying, Jack would bite down as hard as he could on the mouthpiece and await the stabbing pain. Jack was determined not to give Ms. Linda the satisfaction of a groan when she struck with that diabolical devise.

Linda was true to her word; she was a stern task master. Any mistakes he made during his daily exercise were duly noted by Linda. At night, the length of time on the treadmill directly correlated to his days performance. Linda's favorite saying was, "Pain is a good motivator, and extreme pain is a superb teacher." After two weeks Jack had the walk down pat. Yet he still was shocked a couple of times every secession. After one such secession, Linda even complimented Daisy on her performance. Buoyed by his actions and Linda's praised, Daisy courageously asked if he did so well. Why was he still punished?

Linda's face transformed; her lips went from a smile to an evil sneer in the blink of an eye. Raising the prod, adjusted the setting and then said, "My dear sissy, no one is perfect. There is always room for improvement."

Jack thought he knew pain, but soon found out how foolish he was. Linda

stabbed Daisy right in her left nipple with the prod. The unexpected jolt stuck Daisy like a bolt of lightning and brought him to his knees. "Just for your edification Daisy, that setting is the highest; it is what I call childbirth. Congratulations you have just experienced the joys of motherhood by giving birth through your tit! The next time, you piss me off you will be delivering twins!"

Linda laughed, making Daisy crawl to her bedroom; she herded her pupil into her room through a series of verbal jabs and gentle reminders with the prods in her tush. Linda took special glee when she managed to land a probe right on the sensitive rosebud making Daisy hop like a frog. Daisy, never again questioned anything Ms. Linda did or didn't do. He dutifully performed exactly as he was told and did it with a smile on his face. Jack hated himself whenever he called his torturer Ms. Linda. It seemed to reinforce a kind of submissiveness to her. Every time he uttered those words he felt a bit of his pride being stripped away.

Every night as Jack brushed his teeth, he would see those hormone patches in his shaving bag; anger would grow, as he looked into the mirror, all he saw was a man in woman's clothes. He knew he needed something extra. He wasn't the woman Ms. Linda wanted. Nor was he the woman he had always wanted to become. Therefore, the patches were again stuck onto his thighs. Little did he know that in addition to the daily herbal pills Linda was providing, his food at home was saturated in progesterone?

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Jack was woefully unprepared for the juggernaut of a mistress Linda turned out to be. Linda was enthusiastic about his corset training. She slowly, but surely reduced his waist. Every day under her watchful eye Linda had the torturous implement of a waist cincher tightened to its limits. When she was physically unable to tighten the corset herself, she would ensure her minions assisted. The mere sight of her often caused Jack to shiver violently. The hopelessness of his situation produced a spirit of resignation and despair. There was no longer yesterdays or tomorrows. Time became a relative term, a bit elastic. With the whirlwind of the next few weeks/months who could tell? The passage of days was merely noted by the progression of training secessions. Jack's only purpose in life was to do Linda's bidding. He functioned at the primal level. He ate, slept, bathed, defecated, and did only what was necessary to avoid pain.

Linda was a hard taskmaster. She was tall for a woman and had the

bearing of an aristocrat. Aside from the nightly drinking and reminiscing secessions Linda was hardly a congenial companion. During the day, there was no idle chit-chat. Rather she displayed a cruel, hard and sullen disposition. She would sit in regal repose with her legs tucked up under her and observe every lesson. Linda revealed herself to be a master manipulator with a long laundry list of idiosyncrasies. When she did address someone, her speech was littered with strings of profanity. Linda spoke sparingly and when she did address Daisy, her words were always abrupt, critical and authoritative. Linda had a strict rule; people around her spoke only when spoken to. She literally wouldn't make eye contact with those she considered inferior. Jack ached for something as simple as a friendly touch, a caress to the cheek, a hug. A amiable kiss on the forehead was something he craved, like a vitamin deficiency. If it wasn't for those brief moments at night while sharing drinks and stories with Linda, Jack would surely shrivel up and die.

The one saving grace was each day's exercise class got easier as he got into better shape.

Hair care was fun. Playing with the wig, there were just so many styles possibly. As his own hair became longer it became a game to see how feminine Jack could make himself. The lessons on makeup remained a challenge. Jack came to dread make up secessions, as an engineer, he attacked makeup application like drafting class.

At the conclusion of the beauty secessions, Jack thought he was gorgeous. From the coffered hair to scarlet drawn lips and sexy lined cat eyes, he went through every day as a feminine, sensual, attention-grabbing diva. Unfortunately no matter how good he thought he looked, Linda always found fault with something.

Walking was a challenge. The stripper strut was anything but normal and required constant concentration.

Waitress training was the most difficult. Sally insisted on memorization exercises, which were always followed by strenuous periods of balancing heavy drinks on a tray. While strutting around the apartment Jack was subjected to a constant bombardment of harassments.

Sally was a fount of information, always providing insightful commentaries on the waitress profession.

"When patrons request something, always tell them anything is possible.

Guys really love that. Bend at the waist as much as possible, this puts your cleavage and butt on display for the gentlemen. Remember whenever you are on the floor, no matter how you feel; you must portray the bubbly friendly attendant everyone wants to service them. Refill drinks and bring the next round before they ask. When the party is leaving, be sure to invite them back, remind them of your name and tell them how much you enjoyed serving them. A well-placed wink and grin go a long way. No matter what happens to keep a sense of humor.

Bartending was a ball. Jack learned to make and identify by sight, smell and taste every popular cocktail.

The vodka class was interesting. Every evening, Bill the bartender would line up a dozen of the major brands of vodka. Jack was tested to see if he can recognize each of them by taste. Jack was instructed to take only a small sip of each. It became a challenge to see how much of the liquid gold he could swallow before being caught.

Meals for Jack were blah, nothing but backed fish or salads.

Smoking practice was still distasteful. Jack could finish an entire cigarette and never cough once. He in no way cultivated a fondness for the foul flavored things. The saving grace was the drinking from his special bottle followed by a walk down memory lane every night. It was enlightening, remembering all those episodes in life that he has suppressed or just forgotten.

Lastly, it was the horrible nightly strolls on the treadmill. Jack was driven by energy that comes from fear and desperation.

Weeks were differentiated only by Saturday morning visits from Matilda the maid maker.

Jack would dutifully clean the apartment under the supervision of Matilda. She almost pushed Jack over the edge. He thought of her as Attila the Hun in a dress. The day didn't start off on the right foot as Ms. Hun showed up with a new cleaning outfit for Daisy. Matilda handed him a plain polyester smock apron, to go over a simple white cotton house dress. Then she insisted Daisy cover her hair in a red bandana. A surprised Jack just started at his uniform. Matilda laughed; I told you I was bringing you a maid's uniform for today's lesson. What were you expecting a frilly French Maids outfit? Not in this life missy, you are here to work, not get your rocks off prancing around like some peacock in lace and petticoats.

Matilda always wore her hair pulled back in such a severe bun her facial skin was taunt. Her voice sounded like a spoon had dropped in the garbage disposal. Not a single task Jack was ordered to do met with her approval. He was taught to do hospital corners on the beds. They were never good enough for Matilda. Jack was made to do and redo them a hundred times.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out he was being conditioned. Successes rewarded with a kind word, failures resulted in immediate and sometimes harsh punishment. Nevertheless Jack couldn't figure out how to escape. His immediate goal became to accomplish every assigned task sufficiently well to avoid reprimands.

He thought he finally caught a break when they moved to the bathrooms. He cleaned the toilet bowls until they gleamed. Matilda asked if Daisy thought they were clean. Jack answered an enthusiastic "Yes!" So Matilda went and got a water glass and filled it from the toilet and handed it to Jack saying then drink this! Jack decided he would give them one additional cleaning.

Linda stood enthralled at the drama unfolding in front of her. After drinking his glass of water Daisy turned to Linda for support. All he got was a sharp retort, "This journey is not for the faint of heart. Get back to work."

Matilda and Jack had another brief discussion about scrubbing the floor. Jack pointed out that mopping it would be faster and produce identical results. Matilda insisted that Daisy do it on her hands and knees. In the end, they compromised, Daisy mopped the entire apartment then went back over it on his hands and knees.

That night as Jack exited his bath, Linda stuck her head into the bathroom. She had a smug look on her face, that Jack didn't like one bit. Linda demanded Daisy come to the living room without getting dressed. With a great deal of trepidation, Jack slowly trailed Linda to the center of the room where she forced him to his knees. A stern Linda told a naked Daisy to kneel up straight. She took a short rope and tied Jack's ankles together and then secured his wrists behind his back. Finally she tied his bound wrists and knotted feet conjointly. Pulling the rope tighter Linda forced Daisy in an extremely uncomfortable position. His back was arched so his hands were firmly secured to his ankles. A helpless Jack could only wait for his fate.

Jack whined petulantly, apologizing for whatever he had done.

"Now listen and listen good Daisy, you wretched little man. It is my job to mold you into Vladimir's perfect mate. I and my stalwarts of instructors will teach you how to walk, sit, dress, how to flirt, and if the mission requires it, I will even teach to make love with a man. I will turn you into Vladimir's perfect submissive courtesan. You will leave here able to make a living turning tricks. Now you can keep fighting me at every turn if you want, but I can assure you, if that's the path, you select it is going to be a very unpleasant journey. Now if you cooperate and really throw yourself into this, your time in dresses could even be a little pleasurable."

Opening up her briefcase Linda said, "Daisy, I watched the problem you had today with Matilda." She reached into her case, and retrieved three large alligator clamps. Showing them to Daisy, she said, "My dear, I am about to help you with your anger control issues. This is what is called biofeedback. These I refer to as attitude adjustors." Taking two clamps, she sadistically attached them to Jack's sensitive nipples. Jack squirmed and pleaded for mercy; Linda smirked and said my dear the fun has just begun. Using the last clamp, she attached it to the tip of Jack's shrunken penis. It was more than Jack could take, and he started to screech. Linda smiled and said, "I was ready for that." She stuffed a ball gag into his open mouth. Glancing at Daisy, Linda smiled and said, "The night is young, relax we are going to be here a while. Just a word of advice, thrashing about makes it worse, try to stay still and the pain will eventually become almost bearable."

"Daisy I have tried to redress your shortcomings through education, and training. I have been very lenient with you so far because you have convinced me you were trying. Now this 'mutiny' against Matilda cannot be allowed to continue. I can modify your behavior, but only you can alter your attitude and motivation. Tonight's exercise is to convince you it is in your best interest to change. Daisy you need to exercise some restraint when you feel like expressing your opinions. I am proud to say my reactions to pupils that resist me are legendary for their harshness. I am known as a savant in the art of administering pain. Failure is not a word in my dictionary. No one has ever died under my care, but there have been a whole slew of trips to the emergency room. Do you realize I once got both my hand up a guy's rectum all the way to the elbow without any significant external damage?"

The next thirty minutes were the absolute worst of Jack's life. Occasionally, Linda would lean in and playfully bat at the clamps

sending shock waves of pain coursing through Jack. Then tiring of the game Linda roughly yanked the clamps from Jack's nipples without opening them. Next Linda grabbed the clamp on his penis and removed it by slowly dragging it off. The pain was like a lightning bolt. Jack saw a blinding flash, his mind filled with agonized screams and then nothing as he fainted from the pain and did a head dive to the floor.

Jack awoke sometime later engulfed in pain. His head throbbed, knees, jaw, back, and nipples screamed in pain. Then, there was his penis, my God it was on fire. Not a speck of light penetrated the darkness. The blackness was as profound as death itself. Jack felt the room pressing in on him. To gauge his surroundings, he warily reached a hand out, tensing in case he found something that could touch back. Hearing her captive stirring, Linda yanked the closet door open.

"I see you have recovered from your nap. Is Daisy refreshed and ready for more play time? After you swooned and banged your head on the floor. I moved you in here to get you out of my living room."

Daisy was forced to crawl to his room by Linda with the aid of Linda's sissy stick and verbal taunts of "Giddy up little missy."

Jack paused at his bedroom door. He felt a mishmash of emotions: pain, shame, degradation, and sorrow, but he also felt a tiny bit of sexual excitement. Through a torrent of tears Jack sneak a quick look at Linda and somehow found the nerve to say, "Ms. Linda, you truly are a psychopath. Was I really that horrible?"

"Oh heavens no Daisy, I am not even mad at you. What I did was to simply establish a baseline on my expectations of your behavior. I think we can move on from here."

What it all meant Jack had no idea, but he crawled over to Linda's feet. Jack trembled in his feelings of subjugation to this woman. After dutifully kissing her feet he looked up at Linda submissively and in a plaintive voice, apologized for his earlier behavior. "Ms. Linda I am so sorry; I know I deserved the punishment. I will try harder in the future. I hate disappointing you, can you forgive me?"

With a smile as cold as an iceberg Lind responded, "Daisy you are possibly the dumbest human I have ever met. However, I like your attitude. Now stop slobbering on my shoes, stand up and get ready for bed."

Jack sat at the vanity and brushed his hair the compulsory 100 strokes. With each stroke, his anger grew, as he stared into the mirror and hated what he saw. He was still a man in woman's clothes. Jack felt a compulsion to make Ms. Linda happy. Jack felt bound to that woman, even if it was a marriage of pain and suffering. Jack instinctively knew every torment, she put him through, was his fault. So Jack like most nights attached two hormone patches to his thighs, only in the morning wonder why he had done that.

Jack retrieved a large pink panda bear and climbed into bed hugging his stuffed animal. He slept with it firmly in his arms.

Sunday arrived and with it Jack heard loud voices coming from the living room. He wandered to the door and stood there in his black lacy see-through negligee with its marabou trim, hugging his gigantic teddy bear. Jack saw all his instructors in a circle involved in a lively debate. Reflexively he uttered, "What the fuck's going on?"

This immediately got Linda's attention. Jack gasped and brought his manicured hand over his lips, and thought 'I've done it now.' Linda walked over to his doorway; Jack took an instinctive step backward feeling a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. Linda smiled and reached out a hand and patted the bear then dismissed Daisy with a wave of her hand. Jack quickly backpedaled and retreated to his vanity. He sat and totally zoned out. Using medium sized hot rollers, he set his hair into sex-kitten curls. The locks fell upon his shoulders in soft waves. One rebellious curl hung in front of his right eye. He grabbed his hair, pulling the offending trundle above his head and attaching it there with a sequined barrette.



Jack waited for the wrath he knew was coming. An anxious hour later Daisy was summoned from his room by Alfred the voice coach. He had Jack practicing a dozen different vocal exercises. Daisy became so proficient at it. The giggle became his trademark. Whenever Jack was stressed, or when in a humorous situation, he came to rely on the giggle. What no one knew was that in private Jack would use the vocal exercise to speak in a very feminine manner. He was not able to keep it up for prolonged periods, but Jack felt confident, he could respond to simple questions in a valley girl tone.

After Alfred left, Linda sat Daisy down for a chat, "Daisy it is critical that when Vladimir comes in, you pay him no attention; just attend to the other customers. The biggest part of your job will be to get to know Vladimir and report on what he does and who comes to see him. Use all those memory exercises report to me every day when you get home. Is that clear? Now get yourself dressed we have an entire evening of treadmill time planned!"

Linda recognized that Jack was nearing his breaking point, so she intentionally overlooked his earlier vocal outburst. She went easy on him and positioned the stun setting on its lowest setting.

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Chapter 19

At breakfast that fateful day, Daisy sat at the dining room table as per Linda's direction. Daisy ate but truthfully didn't taste it. Suddenly, Linda entered from the kitchen with a birthday cake bearing one candle and singing happy birthday. It's Déjà vu all over again. Linda then handed Daisy a series of gaily wrapped packages. It was like Christmas morning. Jack gleefully ripped open all the parcels. Jack unearthed a new birth certificate, a social security card, driver's license, a credit card, high school transcripts, a college diploma from Ohio State, and a passport all made out to Daisy Belle Svetlana. Then Linda handed the astonished, birthday girl a complete work history and work references. Linda explained, "Similar to the university diploma, all the job references are from very large organizations. The files show you worked there; the sheer number of employees provides excellent cover. The HR departments have been provided with a picture of you and are prepared to say they remember you. We even managed to get your picture in the college yearbook. FYI, your grades were only average.

Except for sex education, you aced that one. So Daisy welcome to the first day of the rest of your life. Happy birthday."

The remainder of the day, Daisy was pampered at a local day spa. Linda proudly took Daisy to the salon, after a mud bath, and a body wrap, an exfoliation and facial peel followed by a private shower and steam bath. Then a relaxing full-body massage. The Pièce de résistance was a trip to the beauty parlor for a shampoo, hair extensions and a new hairdo followed by permanent eyelash extensions, manicure and pedicure. The one thing Jack wasn't fond of was the pink highlights that Linda insisted he get. Linda explained it gave Daisy a special sissy look. A bedazzled Daisy skipped out of the spa feeling very pretty and overjoyed for the thought, he could permanently retire the wig.

Linda squealed with delight at the giddiness of her companion.

"Now Daisy, just one more stop before we go home. It's my treat. I am taking you to a photographer for a portrait. I am going to hang it in my hall of fame. Besides HLS wants undated pictures of the woman you have become."

"Ms. Linda, what do you mean updated?"

"Oh, you are a poor naïve, fool, Rose told us you were really gullible. I never realized how true those words are, until now. Haven't you ever heard of 'nanny cams?' Your home was fully wired the day you agreed to this operation. The guys from HLS have watched your training 24/7 until the day Rose threw you out. I have watched most of the archived film. When this is over, I may ask her to subcontract for me, she really has a flair for this kind of work."

After the standard high-school graduation portraits, Linda had the action moved to the back room where Jack was posed through a series of glamour boudoir shots. Jack only objected to the suggestion of a full-frontal nudity shot. Linda settled for a rear and several side shot. Watching Jack walk home from the photographers, Linda leeringly commented, "Daisy that personal trainer has done wonders on your butt and legs. They look like they belong on a professional dancer. You have a spectacular derrière. It has developed into a perfect teardrop Shape."



"Thanks Ms. Linda you can really be suave and debonair when you try."

"Daisy, I think we have progressed far enough along; you can drop the Ms. just call me Linda. Now strut for me girl, shake your booty. Your undercover job will start tomorrow. Remember, you are trying to seduce every customer, not just Vladimir. An air of self-confidence is very sexy. I am convinced you will do great at your new job. Just be careful, that bar attracts some loathsome behemoths. The bar's normal customers are mostly the scum of the earth, foul mouthed louts. They are likely to take great glee in disparaging all you Sissies."

Jack continued strolling towards their apartment, concentrating on his walk and feeling like a beautiful butterfly released from its cocoon. Returning home, Jack found birthday or not, he was put through his nightly exercise on the treadmill. After finishing up and getting ready for bed, Jack was standing in the bathroom brushing his teeth, Jack stared into the mirror and saw a woman, there was no vestige of Jack left, only Daisy. The image hidden deep inside his eyes was different from the one reflecting back at him. It was a terrifying realization; a once happily married man was gone forever. Now what remained was it a transvestite, a transsexual, a sissy, or was it a woman. Jack was no longer sure which of the above occupied his soul.



Linda waited in her bedroom with her own doubts. Having spent the day with a totally convincing young woman Linda was concerned that she might have overdone the training. Daisy became more sophisticated and feminine than most housewives. Linda had one more opportunity to remind Daisy he was still a man, a sissy, not a woman. She got up and disrobed and headed into Daisy's bathroom.

As Jack walked into the shower for his evening bathe, he was shocked to find Linda stepped into the shower with him, naked. Linda then proceeded to wash Jack's body, covering him in soap and then vigorously scrubbing his body. It was all fun and games until Linda lowered the second spray nozzle. Adjusting the water temperature she proceeded to insert it in Jack's male pussy. Pumping it in and out an inordinate number of times, Jack felt violated, but very clean. That dual shower did more than clean Jack and Linda. It also washed away the cruel vindictive dominatrix Linda.

Drying Jack off with a fluffy towel the now loving Linda led Jack to bed and still naked climbed in with him. She spent a great deal of time and effort trying to seduce the male in the bed with her. She did everything she could to stroke his male ego including stroking his male parts. Her efforts were mostly in vain, Daisy no longer felt like a man, no longer wanted to be a man. All Linda managed to do was create a great deal of sexual tension between them. In the end, the couple spent the night blissfully cuddling.

Jack arose early to get ready for what he thought was a job interview. He looked toward his first day at work with horror and trepidation. Donning his favorite skirt and cashmere sweater Jack sat down and spent the next an hour dutifully applying makeup, trying to recreate the look from yesterday. Finished with his cosmetics Jack decided to accessorize by wearing a ton of cheap jewelry, including his showgirl rhinestone earrings with a full 6-inch drop. Jack loved the way the earrings would brush his neck when he walked. It made him feel so feminine. Finally, a squirt of perfume, and Daisy was now complete. Linda held a formal inspection of her pupil, checking for any imperfection. Fully satisfied Linda proclaimed, "Daisy you are the perfect sissy." Further confusing Jack's self-image, Linda reminded Daisy never tuck; she insisted there constantly be a small bulge showing in front. Daisy must always proudly show his man parts, not try to pass as a real woman. Reluctantly, Jack reached into his panties and rearranged things to meet Linda's specifications.



Linda escorted Daisy to the sidewalk and like a nervous mother, watched her protégée venture out into the world. A parting pep talk completed the sendoff. "Remember, you need to be Miss Congeniality. However, let Vladimir come to you; don't ever initiate contact with him. Be very careful around his friends, most are former Spetsnaz commandos recently disenfranchised with mother Russia. They are a tight-knit group of slime balls. They like most military types, think a quick grope is foreplay. You don't want to get the reputation for being easy. If someone gives you a really hard time, don't get mad. Pout, stick your lip out, stare at the floor, and cry if you are able. They will crumble I guarantee you. Daisy, remember the biggest part of your job will be to get to know Vladimir. But play it cool for now, we have time on our side."

"But Linda, I want to get this over with to get my old life back."

"You silly twit, if you rush this, the only thing you are going to get is a funeral. Which brings up the issue what outfit do you want to get buried in? Personally, I like the gown you had on the first day we met, but it's your choice of course."

Jack summoned all his courage and walked the three blocks to his new job. It seemed to take an eternity; Jack felt cold in his corseted covered belly. He was unable to shake the premonition of dread. Jack briefly thought of fleeing but stiffened his resolve, stood straight and checked myself in the window reflection before going into the bar. It was ShowTime. Jack thought, 'I need to be at my best. The first hurdle was coming up.'

Jack was as nervous as a virgin on her honeymoon. He knew he was about to get fucked. He just wasn't sure how. He walked in the front door and was greeted by an employee a 'woman' with perfect makeup and prom hair. She introduced herself as Georgette and spoke with a sickeningly sweet southern drawl, albeit in a husky voice. She moved without a trace of self-consciousness despite the fact she was dressed in an outfit that was so tight Jack could read the size tag on her thong panties. The outfit was rather flamboyant and just short of being sleazy. With his stomach doing flip flops. Jack, in a soft voice announced, "Hi, I'm Daisy; I am here for the waitress job."

Jack thought he was going to an audition. Little did he realize it already was a done deal?

"Yes, I was told to expect you." Georgette replied as she looked Jack up and down. "Please sign in Miss Daisy." Making idle conversation, Georgette said, "Phil the boss is going to like you but be warned he is a total leech. Believe me, I all about Phil, I was his brother. That is until he decided he needed a receptionist. There wasn't money to hire one, so he transformed me into the goddess you see before you.

Good luck and follow me. I will take you to his office. Reaching a grubby office, Georgette announced, "Please take a seat, Phil will be with you in a while." Jack sat waiting for an audience. Eventually, Phil made a grand entrance and stared at Daisy expressionlessly for a couple of minutes. Jack crossed his legs to give the lecherous man a good look at his best feature. Finally, Phil waved Daisy up. Daisy demurely stood feet together and hands crossed in front ready for his interview.

In a very derisive tone Phil said, "Young lady," - with a sarcastic emphasis on the word lady - "You come with some impressive recommendations, but if you want this job you will answer my questions succinctly. No funny business is tolerated with the customers. You can look but no touchy. This is a class joint here. Lewdness is never allowed in my house. You can show your melons all you want, in fact, we encourage it. But under no circumstance are you to display the coconuts understand? We tiptoe around vulgarity, but I do not tolerate any debauchery on club premises, just keep it in your panties. Your makeup should always be dramatic, think a Los Vegas show girl. Do I need to elaborate?"

Jack shook his head no.

"All right, let's get a look atcha", he signaled with his finger to do a twirl. Daisy did as he asked.

"Nice, average body, your ass is small by most standards, but it is round and soft, and I love your hair and your submissive, demure attitude. You'll do. Go see Libby for your work assignment. You start immediately."

Walking out of the office, Daisy was shocked to find Linda waiting just outside the door. Linda gave Daisy the once over. She laughed a

predatory laugh and then without a word she passed around Daisy and walked into the office and closed the door.

A 'girl' named Libby, with a loud commanding voice like a Saint Bernard, but just as harmless and the figure of a fashion model and an effeminate swagger showed Daisy the locker room, allocated her a locker and introduced her to the bartender, a few other waitresses and then assigned Daisy her tables.

"Ok, you're new at this! What great fun! I have been here for like two and a half years, and I love being a waitress because I know what to do. Can you believe I'm just 18?" Ha ha.

Departing she left Daisy with a dire warning about poaching other girl's tables and or clients.

"Stick to your tables and be friendly, show lots of cleavage and flirt. You will make a lot of money. Just make sure you get the orders correct, smile, but not too much! Your sex appeal has to be obvious yet understated. Make eye contact as you give the patrons their drinks and always ask 'Is there anything else you can do for them'. The sleaze balls that come in here love the sexual double entendre. Daisy let me remind you there is no need to go off the reservation. You will get all the action a girl like you can handle. Just make sure if you arrange any 'private rendezvous' the action is done elsewhere."

"Oh, Libby, you don't have to worry about that with me; I am not that kind of girl."

A laughing Libby responded, "Sweetie that is what everyone says at first. An innocent, adorable thing like you will find a sugar daddy in no time. That I guarantee."

After her brief encounter at the club and some final instructions to Phil, Linda returned home and eagerly awaited Daisy's return home from his fist day at work.

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Without knocking Daisy enter her apartment. "How was your first day at work? Did you see or hear anything about Vladimir?"

"OK and No." Curtly answered Jack.

"You will answer my questions fully. I don't tolerate crap. Let me warn

you Daisy if you fuck with me, I will get my Ginsu knives out and do a sushi chef on your sausage."

A repentant Daisy responded, "Sorry Linda, please give me another chance. It's just I never realized there was so much involved in standing. My posture reprimanded several times. Apparently, I am to make like a fashion model, while I stand and wait for orders. A whole day doing the stripper strut is exhausting. Despite all your nightly treadmill training, an entire shift doing the 4-inch cross over step is exhausting. The constant undulating of the hips makes my back hurt. Even my ass aches from the exaggerated hip swing.

"Exactly, you have finally realized our objective. If Vladimir wanted a woman, he could rent one by the hour. What he likes are feminized men. Not some hot-tempered hooker. We have a dozen of female agents we could have put on this case, but that is not what Vladimir wants. So camp it up, exaggerate everything, show a hint of innocence and flaunt your sexuality. Keep your eyebrows up and your eyes fully open at all times. Smile big and bright and be happy all the time! Be peppy! Be chipper! Feel good about yourself! Feel good about everything! Smile! Laugh! Giggle! You need to get people to forget all those depressing things like politics, money, death n' stuff! Just like you do! You don't worry about that stuff anymore, do you?"

"Now tell me about your news acquaintances at work. You have been isolated from normal companionship for a time. It is important you develop new friendships."

"Well Linda, at first the girls were a bit standoffish, and seemed very cliquy. I introduced myself to the other waitresses, but was careful not to say too much. The other girls bought my act, not one giving even an inquisitive look. Sophie, a sultry brunette is the only one to offer me a hand of friendship and showed me the ropes. This one girl, a really stuck-up bitch which calls herself Sara was a real pain, on my case all day. I think she is jealous because I am so much prettier than her. Linda, I had no idea how much ass grabbing, pinching, and propositioning; there would be. Eww! I had at least 10 guys and one woman ask me for my phone number, for a date, or outright asked for sex. I also felt a hand on my ass about every fifteen minutes or so. I tried to handle it all gracefully as the other girls did, with a smile and a girly hand smack, I made an effort to never piss the customers off. I found if you wink at them after rejecting them, they keep coming back."

"Linda, the first guy to order had to play wise guy, he ordered pizza, when I asked how many pieces do you want your pie cut? He responded, Four. I don't think I could eat eight." giggled like I had been taught, and everyone laughed. The next guy was a real ass as I stood to take his order; he reached up my skirt and tried to explore for my little member. I squealed with delight. Then I hit him over the head with my serving try. Phil, called me aside and told me that was my only warning, one more and I was gone."

"I learned quickly to use my wit to keep the creeps in place. The next guy propositioned me; I responded like I was shocked, and said, "I had been told the delivery of magical blue pills had been delayed are you sure you can get it up enough to satisfy a girl like me."

"Most of my contemporaries were girls without a great deal of educations, with one exception Donna was an English teacher until she started working at the club. They all were quite ready to talk about themselves. It seems that after a lifetime of hiding their true nature, any chance to open up to someone who will not judge them is eagerly taken. Some spent time on the streets, making a living with their bodies. Not to be a snob, but developing friendships is going to be a challenge; we have nothing in common, other than trying to impersonate a woman. They covered the whole spectrum. Some of the 'girls' identified themselves as just sissies who love to wear dresses and lipstick. They freely admit it gives them some kind of satisfaction. I learned the hard way just don't call them a queer for it. The girl who calls herself Donna, is somewhere between pathetic and whimsical. He told me he was a college professor. He quit that job and is now serving out a six-month sentence; his wife is making him work there as punishment for cheating on her with a student. His wife devised this as a way of saving himself and maybe their marriage. He goes out of his way to humiliate himself. He told me, he felt it is a fitting punishment, and he deserves the abuse. My lord, he stuffs his bra with two over-inflated water balloons, and eschews every rule in applying makeup, he follows the antithesis of the prime directive were more is better. In a parody of a drag queen, he was wearing bright-red sissy colored lipstick with garish blue eye shadow outlined in heavy black eyeliner; I think he puts his make up on with a trowel; his beard showed despite a foundation layer that was so thick it had fissures in it. However, Linda, that all pales in comparison to how he dressed, in the most outlandish fashion, wearing a hip hugging red mini-dress and a diaphanous lace blouse and 4-inch stilettos. It is like he enjoys the ridiculed. He was walking with her legs wide open and knee's bent; it looked like he was stomping down ants."

Taking a deep breath he continued, "We have the most eclectic mix, ex-whores and prostitutes, some of the girls are just transvestites living out their dreams, it is obvious they are dressing to 'pass', while others appear to be fully-fledged transsexuals. Most were very stand-offish of me at first. They were constantly gossiping about girly things, like makeup, hairstyles and the latest fashions. They don't have the advantages of a profession training staff like I do. After I contributed my thoughts and expertise, most welcomed me into their fraternity. By the end of the day, I felt a real camaraderie with them."

"Some of the customers were absolutely vile, human beings! They show no respect for any of us, the room would frequently erupt in derisive laughter when some obscene comment was made about one of us girls. We are treated like freaks at a Carney sideshow. It is the most dehumanizing thing I have ever seen. The men were rude and crass but predictable, mostly they just gawked at us girls. Most of their comments were sexual innuendos intended to impress their friends and embarrass us girls. A couple of guys were even flirtatious and courteous. But as vile as the men were, the actions of the wives and girlfriends were loathsome. They were intentionally cruel; their comments were venomous and calculatedly hurtful. Linda I don't understand women."

Linda laughed and said, "Well Daisy welcome to the club."

"Linda I made the mistake of walking past the men's room and found myself trapped by a real asshole who tried to force me into the men's room. Luckily, Paula saw what was happening and got the bouncer involved."

The girls at work do try to look out for each other. In fact, this one girl I really like, named Candy, she is a real Georgia peach, and possessed the sweetest southern drawl I have ever heard. It was y'all's all over the place. She was especially helpful. One customer was really harassing me and trying to wrestle me into his lap. 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 and had him eating out of her hand. Later back in our dressing room I gave her a huge hug in appreciation, we squished boobs, my huge was a little too enthusiastic I am afraid, as we both ended up soaked by her leaking enhancements."

"Linda those buffoons were laughing at me all day long. I tried pouting like you said and even cried once. That helped some."

With her voice dripping in derision, Linda blithely responded. "Oh, how precious, I wish I had seen that."

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Chapter 20

The next day as Daisy was leaving for work Linda gave her another pep talk, "Daisy remember even if you despise someone, smile when you see them. It puts them at ease and releases endorphins in your body, which scales back the loathsome vibes. I want you to tread very carefully around Vladimir; he has a short fuse. Remember your prim directive, lure that bug into your web, get to know who he is doing business with, report everything you see and here, then we can wrap him up and deliver him to the justice department. Go get that terrorist bastard."

Daisy's first encounter with Vladimir did not go so well. As she dropped off two drinks at his table, she turned to walk away and Vladimir reached and grabbed her ass. Without thought, Daisy reflexively whirled around with an open hand slapped Vladimir across the face. Spreading her feet, she glared down at the astonished customer. Daisy smiled and said, "Mr. Vasilie, I am not just another house whore, if all you're looking for is a quick 'fuck n suck' you're barking up the wrong tree. Take your mange ass somewhere else."

Vladimir quickly responded with, "Sorry sweet lips. You got spunk, I like that. I did not mean to disrespect you, I was just being playful. Can you forgive an ill-behaved, bad mannered old man?"

Vladimir reached for Daisy's hand and lifted it up to his mouth for a kiss. But catching Daisy completely off guard Vladimir turned the hand over and kissed the palm, not the back, thus turning what could have been a rather gallant gesture to something sleazy, saying, "If I said you had a beautiful body would you hold it against me?"

Daisy giggled, reached out with her other hand a gently stoked Vladimir's red check.

"Apology accepted, Mr. Vasilie." Daisy began to breathe again. Moving off, Sophie, Jack's only friend dragged Daisy into the locker room.

"Daisy, are you crazy or do you just have a death wish? No one treats

Mr. Vasilie that way and lives to see another sunrise. I suggest you get on your hands and knees and crawl over there and beg for his forgiveness."

"I appreciate the advice, but back off; the guy was a creep and got what he deserved. Sophie, my friend let me tell you. All of us girls may have issues, but that doesn't give anyone the right to treat us like a piece of meat. I am not ashamed of what I am. No one can make you feel inferior without your consent. My ex-wife and her kind may be appalled by what I have become, but that is their problem, not mine. I am proud to put on a bra and panties every day. Let's stop hiding in the shadows and come out into the sunlight. No one will ever accept you until you accept yourself. But with that prideful chest thumping, comes the responsibility of dealing with the potential consequences. I for one am tired of living in fear, if Vladimir kills me so be it. At least, my anguish will be over. I will die with my head held high and my tits proudly on display."

"Good luck girlfriend. Please understand if I don't get real close to you for the rest of the day. I am not prepared to be collateral damage if that Russian has a major meltdown. Are we still friends?"

Parting Sophie grabbed Daisy and pulled her close and kissed her full on the lips. Jack/Daisy was so shocked, he failed to respond. Sophie said, "Well I tried."

The three musketeers of gossip, Candy, Paula, and Libby, walked in just as the kiss was being administered. The three girls probed Daisy for an explanation, aside from a blush; she refused to address the issue. The rumor that Daisy and Sophie were lovers spread like wildfire and stayed alive for several weeks.

Later, that day, an edgy Daisy, delivered two more drinks to Vladimir's table. He was playing a game of chess. Jack stood submissively to the side while Vladimir's opponent contemplated his move. Following chess etiquette, Jack watched the move and waited until he has taken his hand off the piece. Jack quietly snickered at the move; Vladimir smiled and looked up at the waitress. Vladimir's opponent announced in a condescending manner, "Ms. Sweet cheeks why you don't leave this to the men."

Jack responded by defiantly saying, "Don't call me sweet cheeks, I don't like being talked to like that."

"Listen, you trollop, I will talk to you any way I want!"

Jack defiantly replied, "Well Mr. Sweet cheeks if you ever speak to me that way again I will personally ensure you never have another opportunity to breed."

Vladimir laughed and told his challenger, "Sorry buddy, but she's right. Its mate in two moves, I will add the \$1,000 to your tab. Now move along and leave us grownups alone. The man pushed up from his chair and glared at Daisy, then stormed off. Jack politely served the two drinks.

Vladimir said, "Don't mind that riffraff. Do you want to play?"

"Who little old me? I know how the pieces move, though I will admit I get confused sometimes about that horsey looking thing."

Vladimir grinned and said, "Sit down we will play a game."

Confused by the comment, Jack was not sure if that is a polite command or a request. Trying to be standoffish and diplomatic he responded, "No I can't, my boss wouldn't like it."

Vladimir yelled, "Phil, I want to play a game of chess with your waitress; you got a problem with that?"

"No Mr. Vasilie, Take all the time you want."

"Sit down girl, NOW!"

Jack sat and crossed his legs sexily hooking his foot behind his calf, like he had practiced a 1,000 times. Vladimir handed Daisy a shot of vodka. Vladimir said, "Nostrovia" the traditional toast. Daisy took one sip and answered "Na Zdorovie!" An impressed Vladimir threw his shot down. Daisy sipped hers swishing it around in her mouth before swallowing and then said, "Starka, not a bad brand, I prefer Stolichnaya; but was raised on Fris. My father would let me sneak a sip from his glass when my mother wasn't looking." A surprised Vladimir laughed and replied "I was raised on bootlegged trash made from potatoes, now I only drink the good stuff. I don't find many Americans that appreciate Vodka. It is the one thing my country still does well."

Then Vladimir offered his tablemate a cigarette. Jack took one and held it to his mouth waiting for a light.

"My dear girl, why is your hand shaking, I don't bite."

"I am sorry Mr. Vasilie; it is just that no man has ever lit my cigarette before."

"Call me Vladimir or Ivan, my dear child."

The game began with Daisy having white and the first move. Leaned back in his chair with his lit cigarette Jack let the smoke waft from between painted lips in dainty wisps. Jack made a production of wrapping his mouth around the tobacco tube and sucking more of the caustic smoke into his mouth. An erotic stain of red lipstick left on the paper. During his smoke training, Jack had learned that he could draw the smoke into his mouth and exhale it without going through his lungs. Jack was proud of the fact he could now go through the motions without choking on the vile tasting fumes. Jack's training focused on more than actually puffing on the cigarette. He learned 'the presentation' was more important than just smoking. How you positioned it in your fingers, how you held your hands; how you drew the cigarette butt into your mouth, how you tapped the ashes, how you hold your head, how you exhaled the smoke were all part of the presentation. It wasn't about smoking it was turning the whole process into a sensuous flirtatious gesture.

Jack contemplated his opening move, alternating between puffs on the cigarette and dainty sips on his vodka. Jack finally decided to go with a low-risk move and played the classic, Ruy Lopez opening. A cocky Vladimir responded with the Berlin Defense.

The game was afoot. Sacrificing a queen side pawn early on, Jack quickly took control of the center of the board. Vladimir's black pieces were under considerable pressure until late in the endgame. Jack became distracted playing the seductress and lost concentration. Vladimir pounced on this lapse. He forked Jack's Queen and rook. At that Jack, uncrossed his legs, reached over and laid his king over in surrender. Standing, as Vladimir said, "Thanks for the game Daisy."

A shocked Jack said, "How did you know my name?"

Vladimir answered, "I have known everything about you from the time you started working here. For example, I know you are a ranked chess player and that your wife really did a job on you. From what I hear she and your old boss are an item now. I even acquired a picture of them

swapping spit at a recent business function."

Ivan opened his cell phone and showed the picture to Daisy.

With a great deal of emotion in his voice, Jack responded, "Yes sir. That bitch set me up real good. Just because she couldn't handle my little 'hobby', she felt justified in ridiculing me in public! As far as my old boss goes, she deserves that wanker!"

As solitary tear ran down his cheek, Vladimir said, "It appears that you still have very strong feelings for that woman." Taking a minute to compose himself, Jack responded, "Yes Mr. Vasil...Vladimir, I guess I still have feelings for her. There is a fine line between love and hate. I will admit I love the woman I married, but I have developed a deep hatred for the person she became."

Jack got up and went back to work, but a bond had been formed between the two that would continue to grow over the ensuing weeks. Jack retreated to the back of the club. His colleagues squealed in delight as Jack left his tête-à-tête with Vladimir.

Daisy and Vladimir played many other times over the coming weeks, Daisy never won, but was always able to compete with the Russian. They would talk during the games, mostly about gourmet cooking and classical music, but generally, they just chatted and became friends.

Every night, Daisy provided Linda a detailed description of her interaction with Ivan. The hard part for Linda became separating rumors from actual observations, out of Daisy's reports.

When football season arrived, Daisy was delivering Vladimir a drink and stood for a moment to watch the game. Vladimir looked up and asked, are you a football fan? Daisy smiled and quipped "I am an athletic supporter."

Amused by the response Vladimir invited Daisy to sit with him for the game. Vladimir was flabbergasted at the amount of trivia Daisy knew about both teams, one of which was his beloved Buccaneers. Now in addition to chess games, Daisy became a regular for the football matches. What Vladimir never figured out was the preparation Jack put in studying each of the team's statistics. Thanks to Linda, the night before every game was a cram secession.

Daisy enjoyed the time off her feet, but Vladimir's attentions soon

became a problem. He would order snacks during the game and made it a point to hand feed Daisy tiny morsels. Each feeding was accompanied by Vladimir's fingers just ever so lightly touching Daisy's lips. Jack found the feathery touches to be an extremely intimate experience. Although he would frequently deny it, Jack, in fact, found it sexually stimulating. However, it was Vladimir's wandering hands that made Jack the most uncomfortable. Vladimir was anything but subtle; Daisy never gave him an ultimatum, but handled each incident with a light girly slap on the wrist and a pretty little giggle. It was the disrespectful way Vladimir treated Daisy that upset him the most. It often got his ire up. Jack would never admit it but deep down, what he really wanted was to be treated like a lady.

The closer Daisy's relationship with Vladimir became, the less trouble Jack had with the other customers. Vladimir's rogues' gallery of cutthroats avoided Daisy like the plague. Even strangers seem to know instinctively to mind their manners. The disparaging comments and crude sexual innuendos continued, but it was a very rare occasion that anyone made any physical contact. Jack actually began looking forward to his daily shift. The work was certainly low stress and as much as Jack hated to admit it, he enjoyed getting all dolled up every day. He luxuriated in the feel of the soft materials. He even made friends with several of the other girls. They were initially a bit cliquish, always talking among themselves about girly issues like lingerie, hair, makeup, nail polish, the best way to give head, or that all important subject of shoes. Jack had a real advantage over the others with his stable of professional tutors, so by butting in with pertinent comments from time to time Jack slowly won acceptance among the other waitresses.

One day, Vladimir joked, "I don't understand you Americans I walked into the greengrocers and ask the female assistant if it's OK to squeeze her 'melons' and she slapped me."

His playful repartee, found a warm reception, Daisy giggled like a mischievous school girl. Unexpectedly the sexual entendre caused Jack's nipples to harden. It also cost Jack more than one night's sleep as he tried to come to terms with his new perspective on life.

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Chapter 21

One night Linda called Daisy into the dining room. They sat at the

table and Linda said, "Daisy it took a while, but we found his last girlfriend Laura in Denver. Laura has told us that Vladimir keeps a PC in his bedroom aboard his yacht. Laura said the computer is protected by a password. He said he once got on to the computer when Vladimir left it logged on. When Vladimir returned Laura got a beating for his curiosity and shipped to Mexico where he was castrated. Then the bastard threw Laura out. Vladimir had him drugged and put him unconscious on a bus for Phoenix with no money and a dildo stuffed up his ass. Before she fell out of favor Vladimir had some cosmetic improvements made on Laura. He was attractive enough to initially get a job in a swank bordello. However, he got thrown out for stealing from his customers. He has been in and out of mental wards and now makes a living working the streets selling his services."

Based on what we know, the tech guys have come up with this little gem. Linda showed Daisy a tiny electronic device about the size of a nickel. Linda explained, "All you do is peel the tape off the back and stick it to the underside of his laptop computer. It will capture every keystroke made, thus acquiring all logon passwords. Then at some future time we combine it with a special thumb drive allowing us access to the hard drive. All we have to do is get you aboard his ship so you can place this on his computer."

"I know you have been very friendly with Vladimir. I told you to play hard to get. Well, this changes everything; you need to up the ante. I now want you to flirt with Vladimir every chance you get. NSA intercepts indicate he is having a big dinner party on his ship. You need to try to get an invitation. We will get you the complete layout of the ship, so you can find his stateroom. Do you have any questions?"

"Yes, that sounds extremely dangerous. How do I get the bug aboard the boat without getting caught?"

"Let me worry about that. You just concentrate on getting invited to the party. I have it all figured out, in the end it won't be a problem."

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"Linda Please, tell me, what's on your mind."

"Okay, come with me, I will show you."

"Yikes, what the hell are those tampons for? I don't like where this is

heading, please tell me it isn't what I think."

"Daisy, you need to get something onboard the ship. From what we know about Vladimir's security this is the only way. This is low tech, smuggling 101. Just watch me and then we will get to your participation. Let me show you how these work. First, we put this little tech device inside this special tampon. Then I spread my pussy lips to open my vagina. Next I place the applicator at the opening and gently insert it, pushing slightly toward my back. First timers sometimes feel a little discomfort, but that soon stops. Now I take the little string here and hold it against the outside of the plunger and push with a nice steady pressure." You can feel the tampon enter as you depressed the plunger. Okay, it's all the way in. Now I release my finger on the string and slowly withdraw the applicator like this. See how the string slides through the applicator? When I'm done the string hangs down. You'll want to give the string a little tug just to make sure the tampon is properly in place. There should be just a slight resistance."

Linda stood up erect and spread her arms, proudly displaying the telltale white thread between her legs. "See, that's all there is to it! We have these specially made tampons that are hollow and ideal for concealing small devices. Now it's your turn.

To ensure you don't give away your special hiding place. I want you to become accustom to wearing these. So every morning I will watch you put one in. In no time, it will become second nature, trust me."

"Yuck, Linda this whole thing scares me shitless."

Smirking Linda replied, wearing one of these up your bum, I would recommend that."

Jack put the applicator at the entrance to his lubricated ass hole and paused. Then pushed upward on the inner tube, missing the cavity he was shooting for and having the tub drop to the floor between his legs.

Watching Daisy's first clumsy attempts at inserting the tampon had Linda laughing so hard she couldn't breathe.

Jack's second attempt finally produced the white string hanging out his boy hole.

"All right Linda I have finally got it in. How do I get to his

stateroom without raising suspicion?"

"Daisy let me pass long on old military maxim; you improvise, adapt, and overcome. If you screw this up, I promise I will give the eulogy at your funeral."

The next day with her feminine hygiene product firmly in place Daisy combed her hair in a sexy side swept bangs, and applied her new sequined eye shadow. Coating her lips with a scarlet lipstick he decided on wearing his most tawdry top, with a deep v cut. Upon seeing Vladimir, Daisy locked eyes and sashayed over to him. He lightly rested his hand on his forearm and licked his lips. Vladimir immediately invited her to play a game of chess. Daisy sat and crossed his nylon-encased legs at the thigh, a pump dangling from the tips of his manicured toes. Daisy played with his hair as he contemplated each move. Half way through the game Daisy captured one of Vladimir's bishops. Unable to beat Vladimir using conventional tactics, Daisy decided to use his womanly wiles. Rather than place the piece on the board, Daisy leaned over the board towards Vladimir and played with the piece between his fingers, slowly stroking it up and down its length. Then Daisy brought the cylindrical piece to his mouth and was sucking on the piece, pumping the slender tube in and out of his mouth. Vladimir looked up and realized his opponent was trying to distract him, so he firmly told Daisy to "KNOCK IT OFF!" A startled Daisy said, "Yes my liege" then clumsily dropped the piece. It plunged exactly where Daisy intended and disappeared into his cleavage. Making a real show of it, Daisy spent several minutes fishing for the missing piece. Producing the lipstick stained piece, Daisy said, "Gotcha you slippery little bastard!"



An amused Vladimir, replied, "It's probably a good thing your bosom is not in full bloom, or we would be here all day."

In response, Daisy reached up with both hands and rearranged her breasts. Giggling Daisy countered with, "Admittedly I am mammary challenged. But if you think small can't be effective; you have never

been trapped in a room with a mosquito."

Vladimir laughed and said, "Daisy you are a diamond in the rough; your naïveté is a breath of fresh air."

Her dramatic performance was not in vain, first thing the next morning a messenger delivered an invitation for a dinner party on Friday night aboard Vladimir's yacht.

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