

# Reassigned



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# REASSIGNED

**By Jeri Ellen**

The holidays were over and I was looking forward to being back in school. I wasn't sure what a criminal justice degree would bring me but one thing I was certain of was that there would always be criminals.

My mother had died in a car accident in September. My dad had left us when I was very young and I had no idea where he was or even who he was. All the efforts I had made to get in touch with him after my mother's death had resulted in a dead end.

The insurance money was enough to pay off all the bills, the funeral costs and most of my school expenses at least until I began my fourth year. At that point I would have to depend on student loans and my part time job.

A friend of my late mother's got me a part time job at a motor lodge on weekends working with the night auditor. It paid better than most and the work was not at all challenging at least compared to the summer I worked undercover for a sheriff's department two hundred miles away that had resulted in them being able to bust a sizeable pot ring.

This undercover assignment had been good experience for me and I had no doubt it would look good on my resume once I got my degree.

It came as a surprise to hear a voicemail message from an FBI agent the Friday before Monday's start of school. I wondered if it had anything to do with my undercover work the previous summer.

I returned the agent's call and a woman who identified herself as Agent Kelly Brandt asked me to come into the Bureau's branch office for a meeting. She didn't give any details and I didn't ask. I guess in law enforcement that is S.O.P.

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Saturday afternoon at a quarter to one I stood at the reception desk of the FBI offices on the third floor of the Federal Building. The woman asked for an ID and I showed her my driver's license. She turned from me and called the inner office.

"A mister Jerry Lambert is here to see you Kelly," she said.

After hanging up the phone she nodded her head.

"You may go right in."

I walked past her to the inner office.

Agent Kelly Brandt was a very attractive woman with shoulder length, shiny auburn hair. She was wearing a conservative black pant suit and a white blouse. She stood up as I entered and extended her hand as she introduced herself.

“I am Agent Kelly Brandt Jerry, please have a seat.”

I took the chair in front of her desk as she sat back down and opened the manila folder in front of her.

“I was looking over your file from last summer’s undercover assignment. You did an excellent job. The Lawrence County Sheriff’s department speaks very highly of you. Apparently they were a bit reluctant to hire someone as young an inexperienced as you but you more than made up for it. There is a note here that things almost got out of hand but you managed to extricate yourself from it. What exactly happened there?”

“Well we were at a beer joint and after a couple of drinks two of the guys sort of cornered me and accused me of being an under cover cop. I responded in the following manner. I let my face drop and said the following:

“Okay guys you got me. I used to be a cop in training but a week before I was due to come off probation I attended the departmental Christmas party. After I had a few beers I asked the Chief where he found the Chinese hooker. Apparently he met his wife at a law enforcement conference in Bangkok and of course I didn’t know that. The captain thought it was hilarious but Monday morning the Chief called me in his office and asked me for my badge and gun. Don’t need you any more!”

“At that point both guys burst out laughing. I bought another round and I was “in” as they say.”

Agent Kelly Brandt smiled and leaned back in her chair as she closed the folder in front of her.

“That’s not only a good story but it indicates to me that you can think quickly on your feet and that may well be an important part of what I want to discuss with you.”

“Sometimes a little humor can diffuse a tight situation,” I added.

“What I am about to discuss with you is very serious and must be kept confidential. It may even be something you may not want to do. In addition it could be very dangerous. I will go over a few things with you and then I want you to think about it over the weekend. I will contact you and we’ll meet again to discuss it in further detail. Is that understood?”

“Of course,” I answered.

“Very well then I will get started.”

She put the manila folder to one side. Next she removed another one from the top drawer to her right and opened it.

“About two years ago there were some murders at truck stops in various states. All of the truck stops had a jiggle joint/bar and some of them had an adjoining fetish shop. The murdered victims were all men who cross dress and dance, work in the fetish shops or with a dominatrix in her dungeon. In addition two of the victims had already transitioned from male to female. They were living and working as females in either or both establishments at these truck stops.”

“These murders were particularly grisly in that the cross dressers had their male genitals cut off before they were killed and the two post operative transsexuals had their breasts cut off first before their throats were slashed. There were no clues left behind by this serial killer. In fact it has only been in the last month that one of our agents in Atlanta pieced together the common thread of all the victims. We don’t even know if the killer is male or female.”

“We can’t send a female agent undercover because none of the girls at any of these places has been attacked or killed. The killer apparently has a way of finding out which ones are the real girls and which ones are not.”

“I am not a cross dresser or a transsexual though. How do I fit in here?” I asked

“That’s precisely why we are talking to you. You are NOT either of those two types of men. You don’t buy the books and /or magazines they would. You don’t buy DVD’s about men like that, you are not on a computer watch list or chat room of men who frequent TV-TS websites so you are completely off this individual’s radar until we put you to work in one of these places.”

I swallowed hard. This might be more than I can bite off and chew. It was quite a stretch going from busting a bunch of young punks in a pot selling ring to trying to find a serial killer who was hell bent on murdering those in the TV-TS crowd.

“I am not much of a dancer and I have never worn women’s clothes or used make up. Just how are you planning on going about this?” I asked.

“We will take care of that. You will of course undergo some special training that would include how to dress and act like a woman, the proper way to use makeup and style your hair or take care of a wig. During this second semester don’t get a haircut and don’t trim your finger nails the last three months.”

“You appear to be in excellent physical condition as befitting any criminal justice major but I want you to loose about ten more pounds and when you do exercise use a stationary bike more to enhance your buttocks. We will help you with beard and hair removal too.”

“When you finish your exams we will be placing you in the southwestern part of the country. It is the one area that the killer hasn’t struck yet. Obviously this doesn’t mean he will strike there but judging by the killer’s past he or she never strikes in the same place twice or at least not yet.”

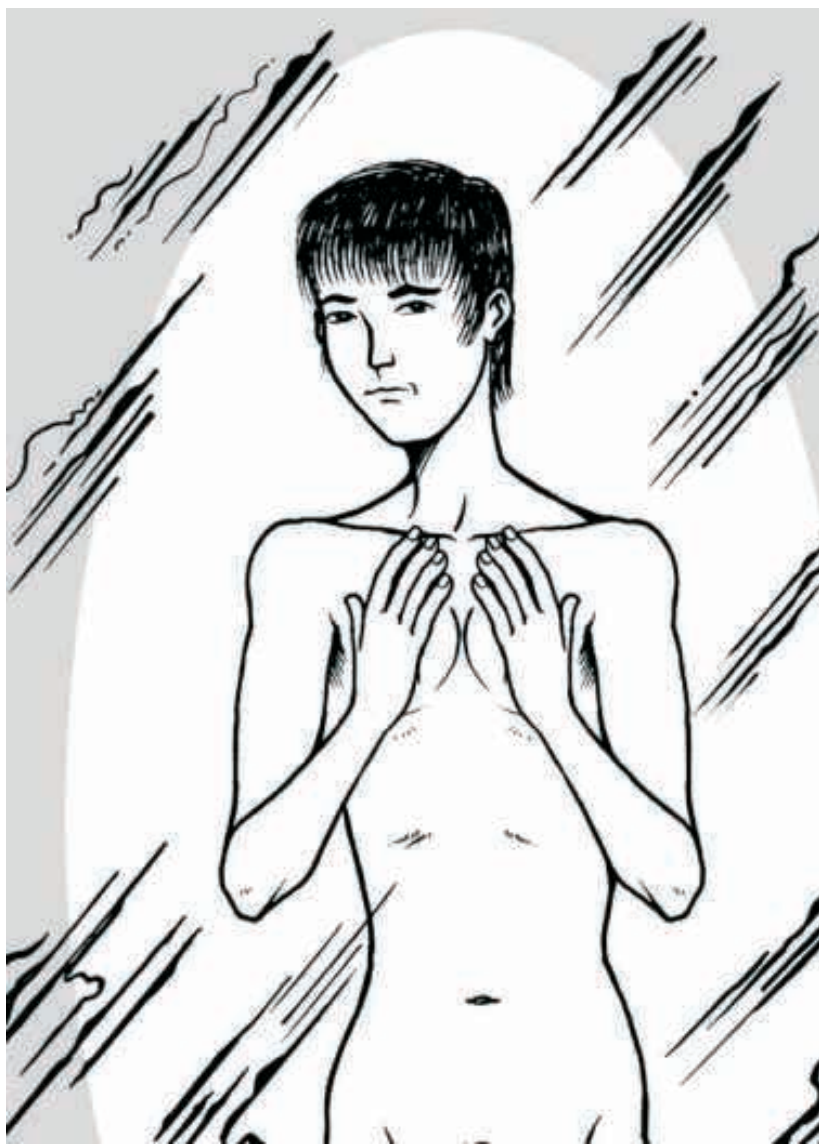
“That’s about all I can tell you for now. Think about what I have said. I will call you later in the week and if you want to pursue this I will set up a schedule that you must adhere to for the rest of the semester. Thank you for coming in today.”

She stood up and extended her hand. I stood up, shook her hand and then walked out of her office. As I passed her secretary she seemed to be looking at me in a rather odd way.

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That night after watching the news, weather and sports I sat in my recliner chair with a glass of wine. In a sense I was excited about the prospect of work-

ing undercover again. I had to admit there was a certain rush about pretending to be someone else particularly when it was going to lead to the arrest of a criminal as opposed to being an actor on stage who was only becoming a character to please the audience.



I finished my wine and then I took a shower. Afterwards I brushed my hair down over my forehead so it looked like I had girls' bangs. Standing naked in front of the full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door I did the "tuck" and then used my hands to push up the flesh of my flat chest to try to make breasts.

I wondered if they could make me look like a passable female. Except for the prospect of being butchered by a maniac I felt pretty confident I would be up to the task. Just how I was going to fit into the role of a female or a man who wished he was a female I wasn't real sure of.

As I got into bed I looked at my white briefs and imagined myself wearing pink panties and a pink chiffon top. Instead of sliding into a bed of white cotton sheets they would be pink satin ones. I closed my eyes as my head hit the pillow and a flood of memories from the summer I turned twelve came back.

"What am I going to do with you,?" screamed my mother.

I didn't answer her as I stood up. Together we walked into the principals' office.

"Mrs. Lambert I don't think we need to bring in the police for this matter. Though the vandalism is slight I think there is a better way to discipline your son."

"What did you have in mind for him Mrs. Allen?" asked my mother.

"Well it is something quite old but is remarkably successful in changing the behavior of young boys. A friend of mine and Judge Agatha Martin has a large home in the country. She takes unruly boys

like your son for a summer of what they call “Petticoat Punishment.” Your son would spend the summer dressed in girls’ clothes. He would learn to cook, sew, knit, crochet and other housekeeping chores.”

I was about to open my mouth to object when my mother interceded.

“Okay lets’ try that. At least he would not be spending the summer in jail.”

“Fine. I will be in touch with you.”

We left the principals’ office and went home.

Mom said very little as she made supper. I had cut up in class a few times and now a little harmless candle wax on the big glass windows in the front of the school was getting me into some trouble. I wasn’t looking forward to spending my much needed summer vacation in girl’s clothes when I could be outside playing softball or just walking thru the neighboring park but I guess it was better than having a juvenile record.

The month of May passed. On Memorial Day after supper mom drove me out in the country to a farm. As we parked in front of the house I saw that there were three other cars already there. We got out and walked to the front door. Mom rang the bell and a tall stout woman opened it.

“Good evening, you must be Mrs. Lambert and this must be Jerry. I am Mrs. Adams. Please come in and join us.”

We followed her into the living room. We sat on the davenport with the other three women and three boys about my own age.

“Ladies let me assure you that your sons are in good hands. This is not a military boot camp by any means but when you pick your boys up at the end of August they will be very well behaved. Now let us go upstairs.”

We all got up and followed Mrs. Adams upstairs. As we went down the hallway she had each one of us boys stop at a room. In front of the door was a box.

“Okay boys take the box in the room and undress. Put your clothes in the box. Put on the robe and slippers you will find on the bed and bring the box back out here.”

We all went into our rooms. After I undressed and put my clothes in the box I slipped on the pink terry cloth robe and tied the waist strings. I walked out to the hallway.

“Give the boxes to your mothers. Ladies bring the box of clothing back when you return this August.”

Mrs. Adams walked the women back to their cars and then returned upstairs to where we were standing outside our rooms.

“All of you come in here please.”

We followed her into my room. The rooms were small. They were just big enough for a small vanity and chair, a small table and chair, bed, dresser and a bathroom. The room was completely done in pink and white as was the bathroom.

“All right girls now pay attention,” she began with a smile. “On your vanity is bottle of pink nail polish. I want you to paint your finger and toenails before you bathe. Each night starting right now drop a capsule of bubble bath in the tub and draw your

bath water. Put on your pink shower caps and scrub yourselves with the bar of pink soap. After you've finished dry your self off and dust your self with the body powder. Put on your pink night gowns and get some sleep."

"Starting tomorrow you are going to be very busy. Your mothers forwarded your measurements to me so I am certain that your night gowns, lingerie, shoes and clothes should fit you perfectly. In the morning when the bell rings get dressed according to the sheet on the dresser and come down the stairs for breakfast. After eating and doing the dishes we will get started."

She left and the other boys went to their respective rooms. I kicked off my pink scuffs and carefully painted my toenails first and then my fingernails. I removed my pink terry cloth robe. After putting on the pink shower cap I closed the bathtub drain and began running warm water over the capsule. Soon the tub was a sea of pink foam.

I stepped gingerly into the foam and sat down. It had a very sweet and feminine scent. I picked up the soap and held it up to my nose. It too was very sweetly scented. I scrubbed myself all over and then rinsed the pink suds from my body and the tub. After toweling myself dry I dusted myself with the sweetly perfumed dusting powder and then returned to the main room.

The top drawer had pink lingerie and socks, the second had several pink nightgowns while the third had several pink petticoats. I took out one of the pink nightgowns to find it consisted of a pair of pink panties and a pink chiffon top. After putting them on I got into bed. I laid awake for quite awhile wondering just what the purpose of this feminine experi-

ence was supposed to do. Finally I drifted off to sleep.

The bell rang and I got up immediately. I went into the bathroom to urinate and found the seat was fastened down so I had to sit down to pee. Afterwards I went back to the main room. I took off my nightgown and put it back in the middle drawer.

According to the sheet dated for this week I was to put on a pair of pink panties, a pink training bra with small weighted inserts, two pink petticoats, a pair of pink socks and then from the closet a pink pettislip and a pink dress followed by a pair of pink Mary Jane shoes. Everything fit like it was made for me, even the shoes though I couldn't reach the zipper in the back of the dress. I walked out to the hallway to find the other boys waiting outside their rooms too.

Mrs. Adams came up the stairs. She smiled brightly as she saw us.

“All right girls two of your turn around while the other two zip up your dresses and then the first two do the same. In the evening do the opposite to undress.”

When we were zipped up she smiled again as she checked our pink fingernails.

“Now come with me into Sissy Jerry's room and I will show you what to do next.”

As we walked behind her I couldn't help but notice she had called us “girls” collectively and then addressed me as “Sissy Jerry”.

“Sissy Jerry please take your seat at the vanity and remember to smooth the skirt of your dress with one hand as you sit down.”

I reached behind me and smoothed the dress with my right hand as she stood to one side of me

“Sissy Jack, Sissy Mike and Sissy Robert stand behind him and watch carefully.”

The three boys stood close behind me. They had also been addressed by their first names prefaced with the word “sissy”.

“Now Sissy Jerry please pick up your pink lipstick, remove the cover, and turn up the base. Open your mouth wide and with the edge of the lipstick outline your lips, then fill in your lips with the broad end and press your lips together.”

I followed her instructions.

“Turn the base down, cover the lipstick and put it back. Open your small compact and move the brush over the pallet of pink blusher. Press the brush in the center of your right cheek and smooth it on in larger and larger circles then do your left cheek.”

Once again I did exactly as she had instructed. The resulting effect was that if I had longer hair I could have easily been mistaken for a very pretty girl.

“That’s perfect. Now attach the pink bow to your hair at the top of your forehead. The rest of you sissies got back to your room and do the same. Come back out in the hallway when you are done.”

The other boys went to their respective rooms as Mrs. Adams and I waited outside my room.

I felt a little foolish to say the least. Never the less that reflection in the vanity mirror was something I hadn’t expected. I really did look like a girl. I had no idea of course how girls “felt” when they got dressed

but the pink nylon tricot panties with white ruffles felt very good on my skin as did the top half of the petti slip.

As for being sweetly scented I had to admit it made me feel quite feminine. More importantly I guess was the fact that I now seemed to feel very peaceful, very relaxed and content in my feminine apparel.

When the boys returned from their rooms we all walked downstairs. We learned how to set the table and then Mrs. Adams dished up our breakfast.

Before we could eat anything we were lectured on the proper way a lady holds her fork and spoon, the proper way to sip from the glass of juice and milk as well the need to take small bites and chew our food slowly in proper lady like fashion. We all complied with her instructions, not that we had any choice.

After breakfast two of the boys wearing pink latex gloves and pink ruffled aprons washed and dried the dishes under her watchful eye.

“Tomorrow Sissy Jerry and Sissy Mike will do the dishes. Come with me into the living room.”

We followed her there where she stopped in the middle of the room.

“Sit down on the sofa and don’t forget to smooth the skirt of your dresses when you do so. Listen to my instructions as they will not change in the three months you are going to be here.”

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Over the next hour we were lectured on what she called “feminine deportment”. This involved the

proper way a lady walked, sat down, got up, drank from a glass or cup and behaved in general. We all listened intently.

Next she had us all get up and walk around the room. Then back upstairs, downstairs to the basement and back to the living room again. She made periodic corrections to our behavior. We were always addressed by our first names prefaced with the work “sissy”.

After lunch we were instructed on the proper way to vacuum, dust, clean the furniture and drapes, clean the bathrooms, scrub the floors and wash the windows, all in lady like fashion while wearing pink gloves and pink ruffled aprons.

By the end of the month we had learned our lessons well. The place was spotless and Mrs. Adams hadn't corrected any of us for several weeks. We were all quite well behaved as we moved effeminately about the house performing our chores. All of us had become adept at sewing, needle point, crocheting, and knitting as well.

It came as a surprise when after lunch on the Fourth of July she took us in her van to the large shopping mall on the edge of town. I, as well as the other boys, became worried that someone might recognize us and tell their friends about the way we were dressed.

At the mall Mrs. Adams took us to the ladies department stores while she shopped. The people in the mall never paid any attention to us but the female clerks at the women's stores she stopped in all burst into laughter or giggles at the sight of us. It was apparent that Mrs. Adams had called them

ahead of time to insure that they would have a good laugh at our expense.

We ate at the mall's café court. Following our meal we all had to freshen our makeup in full view of the other patrons. None of them seemed to pay any attention to the five of us applying blusher or lipstick. I felt quite relieved to be back in van and even more relieved when we were back at the house.

The summer continued with each day beginning with applying makeup and ending with removing it with face cream followed by a perfumed bubble bath. We had become totally enveloped in a feminine lifestyle.

I had no way of knowing how the other boys felt about being kept in this very feminine environment. There was little or no conversation among us as Mrs. Adams had forbidden us to talk to each other except for matters that related to our chores or our attire.

We were all now accustomed to behaving in a feminine manner. I was certain the other boys, like me, couldn't wait for the summer to end. None of us had ever been put thru something like this and I had no doubt it was never going to happen again.

Our biggest fear was being "found out" by one of our friends or relatives. At least we hadn't been photographed in our feminine attire so there were no pictures to worry about.

The last weekend of August Mrs. Adams pronounced us ready to return to our families. We were all relieved that our little sojourn into a feminine world was going to end.

Saturday night we removed our nail polish and makeup. We showered with a masculine scented soap. At ten am Sunday morning our mothers returned with a box of clothes. We all got dressed and went home.

After that my mother never asked me about my summer en femme. It was almost as if it had never happened. I had hopes of keeping it that way. It wasn't until my meeting with Agent Brandt that those memories had been brought back.

When I got up in the morning I sat on the edge of my bed. If I were going to accept this assignment I would be living and working en femme. There wouldn't be a time limit per se'. I would probably work until the killer had been caught either where I was working or somewhere else.

I finished the first week of the second semester. At eight pm Friday night my cell phone rang. I looked at the number and saw it was from Agent Brandt. I still wasn't sure if I should accept something like this. I mean an assignment like this should really be given to a more experienced agent but then Agent Brandt had made some very good arguments for giving me another undercover opportunity.

"Hello Kelly, how are you?" I said when I answered the phone.

"I'm fine Jerry. Have you decided what you are going to do?"

"Yes," I answered. "I would like to work for you."

"I'm glad you agreed. I know you work Friday thru Sunday night as an assistant to the night auditor so I will come by your place on Wednesday about seven pm. Is that ok with you?"

“Fine. I’ll see you Wednesday at seven.”

She hung up. Well now I was committed. I guess the challenge as well as the excitement of going back undercover is what made me agree to do this. I closed my phone and sat back in my recliner to think about what was ahead of me.

In my mind was the image of that twelve year old boy dressed in girls’ clothes wearing lipstick, blusher, nail polish and perfume. All in all it hadn’t been that bad of an experience. It was hard to admit but looking back on it now with more perspective I had actually enjoyed being a girl for reasons that I never will understand. In addition neither I nor any of the other boys had ever gotten into trouble again.

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Wednesday night I ate a light supper. I guess you could say I had butterflies in my stomach. When the doorbell rang I jumped up and ran to the door. Agent Brandt was holding a box in her hands when I opened the door.

“Come in Agent Brandt,” I said.

She walked past me quickly and set the box down on the sofa.

“Take off your shoes and socks please,” she asked.

I sat in my recliner and began taking off my shoes and socks as she removed three shoe boxes and a package of knee high nylon stockings from the larger box.

I opened the package of knee high nylon stockings and put a pair of them on. Agent Brandt had

opened the three shoe boxes containing pairs of black leather pumps with three inch heels. The second pair fit the best so I left them on and stood up.

“Walk around the room a little and see how they feel,” she asked.

When I did she asked me to stop.

“Okay look, you are walking like a man in high heels not like a woman. Watch me.”

I watched her walk around the room. I changed my gait and she nodded with approval as I made two trips around the living room.

“Always walk in a lady like manner. This isn’t a masquerade party you are going to. Your life could depend on this. I want you to spend at least an hour a day practicing your walk. Use this too.”

She handed me a faded green beach towel with several safety pins along one side. After I wrapped it around my waist for a makeshift skirt she pinned the towel closed down one side.

“Now walk around the room again, sit down in your chair smoothing the towel underneath you like it was a skirt and then get up again and walk some more for me.”

I did as she asked. It wasn’t that hard. She nodded her approval as I sat down again.

“So far so good,” she said with a smile. “Now I have some instructional videos for you to watch and make notes from as well as several books for you to read.”

She took the items out of the box and set them on the sofa.

“Study them carefully just as you would the courses at school, maybe even more so. Remember what I said before. Your life could depend on it.”

I nodded as she got up. That was going to make this assignment much different than the one before. I walked her to the door. She turned and smiled at me.

“Remember now don’t cut your hair, an hour each night with the skirt and heels, exercise more and eat a little less. Ten pounds isn’t that much. I’ll be back two weeks from tonight to see how you are doing. If you have any questions just give me a call.”

“Thanks I will,” I replied.

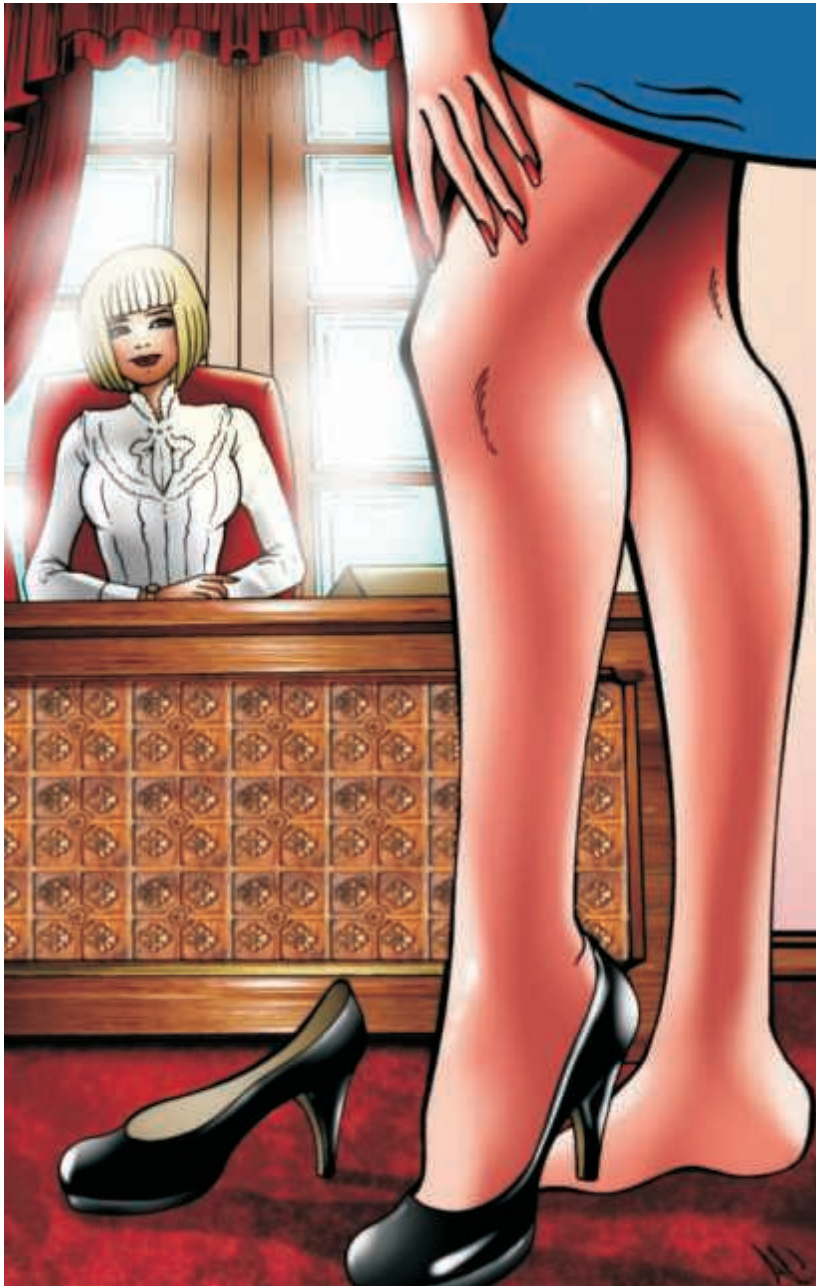
I went back to the sofa and smoothed the towel skirt under me as I sat down. There were several DVD’s. One on feminine deportment, one on makeup and another on hair wig styling. The last one was an instructional DVD on how to dance with a pole.

I had to crack a smile when I saw that one. I guess I was going to have the opportunity to see a jiggle joint from the other side. Something few men had the chance to do. There were also two books with fold out charts detailing the use of makeup, hair and wig styling.

The smallest book was on wig and hair styling so I read that first and then watched the DVD. I was amazed at how many different looks a woman could present just by changing her hair or wig style.

I took off my heels and beach towel skirt. I put everything back in the box, then carried it into the bedroom and slid it under the bed. Walking in heels wasn’t that difficult once you have mastered balanc-

ing yourself and taking your time walking heel to toe.



In the shower I scrubbed myself with a bar of unscented soap. I wondered how long it would be before it would be with perfumed soap and a sweetly scented bubble bath. After drying myself off I looked my body over. I had very little body and facial hair. The chapter on hair removal would come later.

The two weeks flew by. I had lost about six of the ten pounds. I was now walking effortlessly in my high heels and makeshift skirt. I had watched all the DVD's and made some notes from them as well as from the books.

Just about everything a guy needed to know to become a girl had been covered from the proper use of an eye lash curler and plucking your eyebrows to the application of makeup and its removal. I wondered if Agent Brandt was going to give me a test. I re-read the books and watched the DVD'S again before she came. I wanted to be fully prepared to answer any of her questions.

That Wednesday when I let her in she had another shoe box with her.

“Put your skirt and knee highs on,” she asked.

When I returned from the bedroom she placed a pair of black leather pumps at my feet. This pair had four inch heels. I stepped into them and was surprised at the difference a single inch made as I walked around the room.

“You are doing just fine,” she commented. “Here is the address of clinic not far from here. Call them for an appointment with Dr. Elizabeth Pratt. I need you to have a complete physical.”

I took the card from her.

“I will be gone for a couple of months. When I come back I will have some other things for you. Keep up your exercise routine. Have you lost any weight?”

“Yes about six pounds.”

“That’s good. Keep it up so you will loose the remaining four pounds. I will see you again in about two months.”

She picked up the box containing my three inch heel pumps and left.

I walked around a little more in my four inch heel pumps and then took them off. After placing them in the box under my bed I poured myself a glass of wine and turned on the TV. So far so good I thought to myself.

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The next day I called the clinic. Dr. Pratt’s office gave me a four pm appointment the next day. I was surprised to get in that early. I wondered if Agent Brandt had set something up ahead of time for me.

The next afternoon I reported to Dr. Pratt’s office at the clinic. After filling out the medical questionnaire I was led to an exam room and told to undress. I waited only a few minutes before Dr. Pratt came in.

She was a tall broad shouldered woman with short black hair. She went thru the physical very quickly and ended it by giving me a shot from a very large needle.

“What’s that for?” I asked her as she began writing on her clipboard.

“It’s part of your transition process. Come back once a month for another one. Get this filled at the pharmacy down the hall. There is no charge.”

She handed me a prescription and left the room before I could say anything. I got dressed and walked down the hall to the pharmacy.

Back home I opened the large bottle and examined one of the large pink pills. “1000mg” was on the pill. The directions indicated I was to take two a day after meals. I wondered just what they and the shot were for. The doctor had mentioned the word “transition”. That night after supper I took one of the pills. I guess if you can’t trust the FBI or a doctor who can you trust?

I passed my mid semester exams with no sweat. I had been able to maintain a B+ average thru out my schooling. I was feeling very confident about myself as well as my ability to do the undercover work that I would be starting as soon as school was out.

I saw Dr. Pratt two more times for more shots before Agent Brandt called me again to set up a meeting. This time she would be coming on a Tuesday afternoon at four pm. When I let her in my apartment she was carrying two boxes.

“Put on your skirt and heels. I want you to walk some more for me.”

When I returned from the bedroom I walked around the apartment several times. She held up her hand.

“Very good, now try these.”

She handed me the large box. I opened it and took out a pair of five inch stiletto heel pumps. I slipped the four inch heels off and stepped into the

higher heels. This time there was quite a difference. It took me several trips around the room before she was satisfied that I was walking in the proper lady like manner.

“I want you to start using this tonight before you shower,” she said opening the box. “This is not a ladies razor it is a special hair removal unit. The tubes are a clear gel. A little goes a long way. After you apply the gel to your body wait about five minutes. Your skin should feel a little tingly.”

“Turn the unit on and press it against your skin. Move it slowly over your legs, arms, chest and face. You will experience a prickly feeling and a slight burning sensation but that’s okay. The gel makes it easier to remove the hair and also retards it from growing back. When you finish apply some of this cold cream all over your body and the slight burning sensation will subside. Then take your shower.”

“I will see you again in about two months. Let your nails grow now and keep exercising. I will have more details for you when I see you again.”

I got up and walked her to the door. After supper that night I spent some additional time walking around the apartment in the higher heels. This higher heel would take a little more getting used to but I was confident that I could master it. I read over the books again just for good measure. I wanted to leave nothing to chance and be well prepared for her next visit

That night before my shower I re-read the instruction sheet supplied with the hair removal unit and the two tubes of gel. It seemed to be pretty straight forward and easy to use.

When I took off the cap I put the tube up to my nose. It had a slight medicinal smell. I squeezed out a small amount on two fingers and began applying it to my legs. I was able to cover almost all of one leg on that small amount. I quickly did the other leg, then my chest, arms and finally my neck and face. By the time I finished my face the left leg had already been feeling tingly.

I tuned on the unit and pressed it to my skin just above my left ankle bone. I worked slowly and methodically up one side and down the other side of my left leg. When I finished I did my right leg, my chest and then my arms.

By the time I finished my neck and face I noticed my body was bright red. I opened the large jar of cold cream and slathered all over my body. The burning sensation subsided immediately and I noticed that my body now had a fragrant feminine scent. I waited a few minutes and then stepped into the shower.

I scrubbed myself liberally with my masculine scented soap. After rinsing off the suds I stepped out of the shower. I dried myself off and then walked to the bedroom door. I looked at my body in the full length mirror on the back of the door.

There wasn't a sign of hair anywhere. I couldn't help but notice my skin had taken on a softer, almost feminine look, especially my legs which appeared to be shinier than they had been before. I had the feeling it wasn't long before I would become a very attractive woman even if I was wearing men's clothing.

School continued. I was confident that I would be passing my finals with no sweat. I lost some addi-

tional weight because of my accelerated exercise routine. I was eating less and felt better than I had for a long time.

I saw Dr. Pratt for more injections and a refill of my prescription. My skin continued to change and for the first time I noticed that the tightness in my chest which I had attributed to my increase in exercising was now becoming two soft mounds under my nipples. There was no doubt in my mind that this was the direct result of the shots and pills.

When I had agreed to do this I hadn't planned on being turned into a woman, just changed enough to pass as a woman. I would have to speak to Agent Brandt about this the next time she came. It seemed to be that going this far was beyond what was necessary to "pass" in my undercover role.

The next meeting with Agent Brandt was a Tuesday evening at seven. She had brought a pair of black leather pumps with six inch stiletto heels and an ankle strap. I put them on to walk for her and once again there was quite a difference. I was going to need a lot more practice walking in sky scraper heels.

"You have about a month left of school," she began. After you take your exams I want you to have a moving sale and get rid of all your stuff, including your car. Pay off all your bills, and give your landlord notice that you will be out by the thirty first." There is a reservation for you at a local motel for the last week of the month. That week you will have some additional things to do including getting you a basic feminine wardrobe. I will drive you around and then take you to the airport."

“Where will I be going? Originally you said something about the southwest.”

“Yes. That still stands though it may change. I will let you know. Now I am going to ask you some things regarding the material that was in the books.”

After a half hour of questions which I had answered correctly she took my four inch heel pumps and left.

The month of May began with another shot and a prescription refill. This refill was twice the usual amount as I would be leaving soon. I was curious about the last week of the month. Agent Brandt had not given any details.

Final exams were a piece of cake. I was surprised at the ease of which I got rid of all my stuff. It almost seemed as if the people were eager to buy everything I had. The only thing I had left were two suitcases and another box of clothes along with a small case with my birth certificate and financial papers.

Agent Brandt took me to the motel and we carried the few items into my room.

“I will be back here at seven am. Wear only your athletic support, sweats and sneakers.”

She turned around and left before I could say anything. Once again I was not given any details until I needed to know them. I didn't like this as it seemed I was being kept in the dark about a lot of things and only given the barest information when they felt I needed it.

At ten to seven the next morning Agent Brandt knocked on my door. I hadn't slept well and didn't

feel like eating breakfast. I followed her out to the car.

Shortly she parked behind a beauty salon at the local mall. She pushed the button at the back door. We were let inside by a woman in a pink smock who led us to the semi dark room at the rear of the salon.

“Undress and let’s have a look at you,” said the woman.

I took everything off but my athletic support. The woman walked around me and looked me over carefully.

“He looks good, we won’t need the wax. Take a seat in the first chair. Okay girls he is ready.”

I did as I was told as two beauticians came in from the front of the salon. In short order I received a manicure and pedicure followed by pink nail polish. Next one of the girls curled my eyelashes, applied some mascara and then brushed some pink powder on my cheeks followed by a thick layer of creamy pink lipstick to my mouth. My hair was trimmed slightly and brushed forward in a girl’s style. After my earlobes were pierced I moved to another chair.

An electrolysis technician thinned and reshaped my eyebrows. When she finished she held a mirror up to my face so I could see the two feminine brows. They were thicker near the nose, rose to a slight arch and then tapered off to the end. With the new hairstyle and eyebrows I really did look like a girl.

“Okay we’re done hear. Get dressed,”

It was just before nine am when I put my sweats and sneakers back on. The manager handed me a

pink makeup case along with a box containing a blow dryer, a curling iron and some rollers.

As we walked out to the car I couldn't help but think that they were certainly going all out to get me feminized as quickly and as much as possible.

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Our next stop was at several thrift stores where I was outfitted with a basic wardrobe, accessories, and one pink pantsuit with a well worn pair of pink flat shoes for traveling.

The last stop was at large women's department store. In the backroom I was measured and properly fitted for foundation garments, hose, and other lingerie items.

Back at the motel we carried the items in as well as another box Agent Brandt had in the trunk of her car. This box contained bra, panty, garter belt and stocking sets along with several pairs of multi colored high heel shoes.

We went to the restaurant and ate lunch. Returning to the room she had me try on the various outfits. She seemed to especially enjoy seeing me in the bra, ruffled panties, garter belt and stocking sets.

It was hard to admit but I was enjoying becoming a girl. I felt very girly as I walked around in front of her in my feminine wardrobe. Agent Brandt seemed pleased that I was able to be transformed so easily.

We packed up my male clothing and took the boxes to a storage area where Agent Brandt paid for the rent a year in advance. I would be completely

and totally en femme from now on. Despite my self confidence I felt just a twinge of apprehension.

This was going to be more than an adventure. It was a very serious undertaking. I was crossing a line here. Where and when I would be able to come back to the other side was anybody's guess. The success of the operation depended solely on me or I should say on the "feminine me". It wasn't just a job or a paycheck that was on the line here it was my life.

For the next several days Agent Brandt took me out to eat at several different places. I wore plain blouses & skirts or a shirtdress and low heel pumps.

We went shopping together too but neither of us bought anything. The purpose of these outings was to see how I behaved in public as a woman. I was able to handle myself with ease. Even a trip to the ladies restroom was without incident. I was feeling pretty good about myself. After a Sunday night supper Agent Brandt sat down with me and went over the relocation plans.

"You will be working at a truck plaza west of Dallas, Texas. We have set you up with the owner of a fetish store adjacent to a jiggle joint. She is also a dominatrix and has a small dungeon beneath the fetish store. You will split your time between clerking at the fetish store, dancing at the jiggle joint, and assisting her in the dungeon as her sissy maid. You have seen the DVD's so you will know what to expect at all three of these locations."

"Where will I be living there?" I asked.

"The owner has a large apartment above the fetish store. She has a small bedroom that you can

use. Since both of you will be working nights and days you shouldn't be in each others way."

"Has there been any news about the individual I should be looking for?"

"Yes and no. Since we first talked there has been a murder near Tallahassee, Florida about 3 months ago and another one two weeks ago just west of Shreveport, Louisiana. It appears this individual is working their way west though it cannot be said for certain. The previous ones were near San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, New York, Charleston, and now the last two in the south. We think it could be an independent trucker."

"Can you give me any description of the individual so I won't have to suspect everyone who approaches me in the store or nightclub?"

"That's the "no" part. The victim in Tallahassee was barely alive but she mumbled something about "bullog" or perhaps "bulldog" but he died before he could say anymore. In the Shreveport case the pre op transsexual had been able to scratch her attacker and we got enough for a DNA swab from under her fingernails. The attacker is a white male but that is all we do know."

"That is not a lot to go on. Where were the victims attacked?"

"Apparently they were all attacked close to the club where they worked, abducted and then taken somewhere else to be mutilated and killed. Night or day didn't seem to matter but he somehow had gotten the victims alone with no one watching when he abducted them."

"That sure doesn't narrow it down much does it?"

“No I am afraid it doesn’t. When you re-locate the local agent will keep you updated should anything change. Right now we want to get you down there ASAP. The sooner you start working the better the chances are of him seeing you. Except for the local agent and the dominatrix no one else knows who you are and what you are really doing there.”

“That’s not much of a safety net.”

“I agree. Right now it is all that we have. Tomorrow morning I will be here at seven to check you out. Have everything packed up and ready to go. Wear the pink pantsuit and flat shoes. You will be flown to a small airport outside of Dallas and then taken to the truck stop.”

Agent Brandt got up and left the room. I suddenly felt very cold and alone. This assignment could be the beginning of a great career or possibly my death. It was very late before I finally drifted off to sleep.

The next morning I skipped breakfast. Agent Brandt helped me carry the suitcases and boxes to the car. About a half hour later she drove past the regular passenger terminal and stopped in front of a charter terminal.

After we loaded my stuff in the private jet she handed me an envelope.

“Your Texas driver’s license and some expense money. Agent Joan Pedro will meet you there and take you to your apartment. Good Luck Jerry.”

She left the plane and I settled in one of the plush seats near the rear where my luggage was. You know what they say, always sit near the tail, it’s the first thing they find.

I fastened my seat belt as the whine of the jet engines increased. There were several men and one woman seated ahead of me. As we backed away from the terminal I had a momentary feeling of almost absolute panic. I wanted to jump up, run for the door, and scream "Let me out of here!" but I didn't.

The take off was very smooth. I unbuckled my seat belt and opened the envelope Agent Brandt had given me. There was a thousand dollars in twenty dollar bills. The Texas DL listed me as Jeri Lamb, female, and had the address of the fetish shop. The picture was not very clear. It apparently had been taken at the beauty shop after the girls had cut my hair and applied the makeup. I guess it was close enough for me to use for a short time.

I put the items back in my purse and reclined my seat. I might as well relax I thought to myself. It might be awhile before I would be able to relax completely again. I had barely slept the night before so it wasn't long before I was fast asleep.

Someone touched my arm and I woke up. There was a blonde woman in a blue pantsuit standing in the aisle next to my seat.

"Please return your seat to the upright position. We will be landing in a few minutes."

I raised the seat up and blinked my eyes several times. I had slept hard but felt rested. I looked out the window to see bright sunlight and the ground coming up to meet us.

The plane landed and taxied to a private terminal. When it stopped I got up and walked to the front of the plane. The other passengers had already

de-planed. A short Hispanic woman entered the plane and walked up to me.

“Jeri Lamb right?” she inquired using my female name.

“Yes I am,” I answered

“Hi I am Agent Joan Pedro. Please come with me.”

I followed her inside the terminal.

“It’s about an hour’s drive so if you want use the rest room before we go.”

I nodded and headed for the ladies room. After washing my hands I looked at the reflection of the woman in the mirror. I applied fresh lipstick knowing that I was going to pass very easily for a woman.

Outside the terminal two men were loading my stuff in the trunk and back seat of Agent Pedro’s car. I got in the passenger side and we left the terminal.

In a few minutes I saw we were headed north on 35W. About ten minutes later we exited and headed west on I20. It was another twenty minutes before we exited again and pulled into a very large plaza. Agent Pedro had made no conversation and I didn’t offer any.

She drove to one end of the plaza. There were a lot of eighteen wheelers parked around the fueling station. The jiggle joint and fetish shop was a couple of blocks away. Directly opposite the two buildings on the other side of the plaza was a strip mall with several sandwich shops, a gas station and motel complex.

Agent Pedro parked the car behind the fetish shop.

“I’ll be right back,” she said.

I watched her walk inside the back door. A few minutes later she returned accompanied by a tall woman dressed all in leather including a pair of very high heel boots. I got out of the car as they approached.

“Jeri this is Marlene Dandridge. Marlene this is Jeri Lamb.”

She smiled at me as she held out her hand. She gave me a firm grip but I kept mine a very limp, effeminate handshake.

“Wow you really are gorgeous,” she grinned.

“Thank you I think,” I replied with a smile as our eyes locked momentarily.

“Let’s get you inside and settled,” said Agent Pedro.

The three of us carried in my luggage and two boxes up the back stairs to the apartment above the shop. We put everything down in the middle of the floor. Agent Pedro handed me two cards.

“On the front is my office number. Call me with any questions or information you need. The number on the back is for emergencies only. The other one is for a doctor and pharmacy not far from here where you will be getting your shots and prescriptions.”

She left the room. Marlene seemed to be looking me over carefully.

“I am sure you want to unpack and get settled. I am due to see a client in about thirty minutes so I will leave you alone. I will take you across the plaza for supper when I return and we can get better acquainted.”

She left me alone and I walked into the small bedroom. It was all done in pink. The bed had pink satin sheets and pillow cases with a fluffy pink bedspread over the top. Inside the tiny pink bathroom were pink towels, wash cloths, and of course pink bath and toilet mats.

I carried my stuff inside. I filled the pink dresser, the closet and stocked the pink vanity. I put half the money Agent Brandt had given me in the bottom of one of the vanity drawers, a quarter of it in one of the shoe boxes and the remaining quarter in the wallet in my purse. Everything appeared to be in order. I walked to the other bedroom which was much larger and done in green and white.

Back in the living room I saw a diploma on the wall that indicated she had a Master's degree in business from Harvard. There was also a picture of the women's Lacrosse team. I wondered what the hell she was doing here in Texas as a dominatrix.

The kitchenette was quite small too. The refrigerator was empty except for several bottles of wine and a couple of glasses. I returned to the living area to turn on the big screen TV but the door opened and Marlene walked in. She was still in her dominatrix uniform.

"I'll just be a few more minutes," she said as she walked quickly to her bedroom.

When she returned she was wearing sneakers, jeans, and a sweatshirt. She handed me two keys.

"The large one is for the back door and the small one is for my car in case you have to drive yourself anywhere. Please buy some gas occasionally. Now come with me and we will get something to eat."

I followed her outside locking the door as we left. Inside the car I buckled myself in. She backed out and drove across the plaza.

“You can walk across in the daytime. There is a nice path on the bluff that surrounds this end of the plaza. However once the sun goes down use the car.”

“Thank you I will,” I replied.

We stopped in front of a sub shop and got out. Inside we placed our orders and took them to a back corner table. Sitting across from her I noticed she had a rather bemused look on her face.

“Something you want to tell me?” I asked innocently.

“No. It just never ceases to amaze me how delightfully feminine most of you sissies are. I have never been able to figure out why God didn’t make you girls in the first place.”

“Good question,” I said as I bit into my sandwich. “Sort of like why someone with an MBA from a prestigious school like Harvard would be a dominatrix here in Texas.”

She smiled again at me.

“Excellent point. My father pushed me into getting a good education. After a half dozen years of trying to get a secure place in that good old boy network I gave up. While in college I had met a woman who was doing this on the side and paying for her college tuition with enough left over to maintain a comfortable standard of living for herself.”

“What is your story, if I may pry a little?”

I took a sip of my diet soft drink. I wasn’t sure just how much Agent Pedro had told her about me

or this operation but I felt it was in my best interest not to divulge any details.

“Not the best home life I guess you could say, especially in light of my penchant for femininity. Absent father and an uncaring mother but a desire to have a special way of life brought me here. I have been reassigned from another job.”

I paused to take another bite of my sandwich. I remembered to take small bites of food as well as sip my beverages slowly in a typically feminine manner. I decided to try and switch the subject from us to the jobs I would be doing.

“Do you want to start me in the store or the jiggle joint?” I asked.

“The store for now but in a month or so I want you dancing a couple nights a week. I want the customers to get used to seeing you and talk about you as well.”

I nodded. We finished eating and she drove us back to the store. I went upstairs to the apartment while she went inside the store. I watched some TV and then reviewed the DVD on the dance moves that was going to be required of me.

After a shower I put on a pink nightgown and sat down to watch the news. Marlene came back around eleven. When she finished her shower she put on a rather unfeminine brown terry cloth robe and went into the kitchen. She poured herself a half full glass of wine and held it up with a questioning look on her face. I shook my head. She came over and joined me on the couch.

“We will be getting an early start tomorrow morning. I don’t keep any groceries here so we will eat breakfast across the way. When we come back I will

get you acquainted with the store as well as your duties as my sissy maid assistant.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I said.

We watched some of a late night talk show and then both of us went to bed.

I laid awake thinking not only about the next days’ work but my real reason for being here in the first place. I doubted very much if I was going to be approached the first day on the job by a potential killer. No one knew for sure if it was because of the shop like this or the dance routines this person say that was driving him to commit these crimes.

It was after midnight before I finally dozed off. It was a comfortable sleep. My smooth hair free girly skin on those pink satin sheets made sleeping that much more enjoyable.

After breakfast the next morning Marlene took me in the fetish shop.

“The internet killed about half of my business. Most of it comes from porn DVD sales and the peep shows. Magazines and paperback adult novels are pretty much on the way out. Magazines are on line and can be downloaded. With Kindle you can get the books too and at much cheaper prices.”

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For the next two hours we went over the cash register and credit card system. It was all pretty simple compared to the courses I had been taking. I rang a few items up for practice and she seemed satisfied that I would be okay behind the counter.

“We haven’t had any trouble with under age people here but if someone looks a little young don’t hesitate to ask for an ID. Most of the business is in the evening hours which is why we are only open one to ten pm. There hasn’t been any trouble here but I prefer not to be open at night. Any questions?”

“No, I think I’ve got a handle on it.”

“Okay. If there is any trouble from a customer push the button under the counter. That will alert security at the club that you need assistance. I’ve never had to use it but I do test it once a month. I’ll get the cash drawer and show you how to set things up for the day’s business.”

She walked to the back of the store to the small cubicle that was her office. She returned a few minutes later and we set things up.

“Everything is ready. Come back about twelve thirty. You don’t have to punch in here as I will be paying you in cash every two weeks as an independent contractor. Therefore you won’t be getting a check but at the end of the year you will have to report it as income when you file your taxes.”

“Okay, I will be back at twelve thirty.”

“When you do, wear a shorter skirt and higher heels. Our male customers like that,” she said with a grin.

I nodded and went back to the apartment to watch some TV. I put on a very short pink tiered denim mini skirt and four inch heels. At twelve thirty I skipped lunch and after applying a fresh layer of creamy pink lipstick I went directly to the store.

Marlene was there waiting for me. On impulse I twirled around and she grinned with amusement.

“You can get started by cleaning the windows and the glass counter. There are no public restrooms but check the peep show booths to be sure they are clean. When there are no customers in the store remove the DVD’s one row at a time, dust the shelves and the tops of the DVD’s. I will be back to relieve you around five so you can have an hour for supper. I will be back before ten and we will go thru the closing procedure.”

I finished my cleaning job and Marlene pulled the chain on the “OPEN” sign right at one pm. She left by the front door and I walked back behind the counter to await the customers. I felt a little apprehensive at first. I looked under the counter and found the little red button, hoping of course that I would never have to use it.

Half an hour went by and I decided to walk among the rows to see the various products that were available. She had all the regular porn and most of the fetishes covered. Some of the older magazines were sold in bundles as well as some of the paperbacks. I wondered just how large her gross was in a given year.

There were only two customers all afternoon. At five I drove Marlene’s car over to a pizza place and ate my supper. I came back and had a very busy evening. We closed the place up and Marlene took the cash drawer into her office to make out the bank deposit. I went back to the apartment and helped myself to a glass of wine. I took note of the brands she liked so I could replenish them when the time came.

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A week passed and then the next. Three was nothing unusual or out of the ordinary to report to Agent Pedro. I thought she might call to check up on me but she didn't. I guess no news meant good news. I was sure if there was any additional information about the suspect she would let me know.

At the end of the month I drove Marlene's car into a nearby town to see a Dr. Hernandez whose name was on the card that Agent Pedro had given me. He was a very cordial man. After giving me a shot he signed a prescription refill and I was done.

I stopped at a liquor store on the way back and bought a couple of bottles of Marlene's favorite wine and several of mine. I noticed a couple of male customers were eyeing me as I checked out. It seems my feminine appearance was passable no matter where I went. Welcome to the club I thought to myself as I walked out to the car.

I had just finished a warm soaking sweetly scented bubble bath when Marlene returned from a session with one of her clients. She smiled at seeing me in a pink towel and nothing else as she handed me a garment bag.

"What is this?" I asked.

"I will be needing your assistance three nights this week after your one to nine shift. Following close I want you to put on your black lingerie, five inch heel black pumps and this French Maid costume. Wear red blusher, lipstick and the very sweet perfume enclosed."

I nodded as she handed me the box.

“Since you are already naked why not put everything on so I can see how you look?”

I walked back to my small bedroom. After putting on my black bra, panties and garter belt I slipped on the fishnet stockings and hooked them up. In addition to the black satin French Maid mini dress the box also contained two short petticoats, a black wig, a lacy maid’s cap, a ruffled choker, two ruffled wristlets and a small bottle of perfume.

After putting everything on I stepped into my pumps and walked out to the living room. Her eyes widened as she saw me. She held one arm up and made a twirling motion with her fingers. I twirled around several times as she watched. I walked over and stood in front of her then curtsied politely.

“Oh aren’t you just the sweetest thing sissy maid Jeri!” she exclaimed. “Everything fits perfectly. You are just the image I need. I even hate to ask you to take it all off!”

I giggled as I turned around and walked back to my room wiggling my butt in an exaggerated feminine manner. I felt so much more feminine in the satin mini dress and heels than I did working in my Plain Jane every day skirts, blouses and low heel pumps.

That Thursday night after we closed the shop we went back to the apartment to change. With me in my French Maid outfit and Marlene in her dominatrix outfit we walked next door to the jiggle joint. There were two large doors at the back. She unlocked the left most door and I followed her downstairs to the dungeon.

“The first client is not due for a little while yet. I will buzz him in and when he comes down the stairs

take his arm and bring him over to me. I will tell you what to do from then on. After the session is over escort him back up the stairs.”

It wasn't long before the buzzer sounded and Marlene let her client in. He was a middle aged semi balding man wearing sweats and sneakers. I took his arm and lead him over to where Marlene was standing with her hands on her hips and a scowl on her face.

“Strip and don't look up at me you piece of shit!” she screamed at him.

When he took off his clothes he kept his eyes lowered, looking only at the floor. I was surprised to see him wearing a pink bra and pink panties.

“Spread eagle!” she yelled again.

He spread his legs and raised his arms in the air. Together we shackled his wrists to the overhead manacles and then his ankles to the ones on the floor on either side of him. His face had no expression as if he knew what was coming.

Over the next forty minutes or so she screamed insults at his manhood or lack of it. She spanked him with a leather clad paddle all the while hurling more verbal insults. I stood by and said nothing as he took it all as if he were deserving of this abuse for the amusement of the dominatrix.

Finally she stood closed to him and raised his head with her right gloved hand. With the left hand she slapped him across the face followed quickly by her right hand. The two hard slaps cracked in the quiet basement room. She waved me closer to him.

“You see what happens when you don't obey your master? This is my new sissy maid Phyllis. He used

to be Phillip. Would you like to join my stable of lovely sissified feminized males?”

The man lowered his eyes and shook his head.

“No Mistress Marlene,” He replied softly.

“Then continue to do as your told you worthless scumbag piece of shit of a man!”

“Yes Mistress,” he replied.

“Very well, I am finished with you today,” Marlene said as she stepped back and motioned to me.

We unshackled him. He put his sweats back on and walked back up the stairs.

After the door closed Marlene turned to me.

“The other customers get pretty much the same treatment with a variation or two. I will let you know how you fit in with each scenario.”

I nodded and followed her up the stairs. She held the door open for me. When it closed she checked to see it was locked and then followed me back to our apartment.

Once inside she slid her hands up under my mini dress. I turned with a surprised look on my face.

“I just love the way you look. Those black panties with pink elastic and pink ruffles along the back are so delightfully feminine. You certainly make the perfect sissy maid.”

I turned around so she could unzip me. We both walked back to our respective rooms. I wondered idly if running her hand over the ruffled butt of my panties had constituted a subtle pass. I took a shower and then joined her on the couch with a glass of wine.

After Saturday night's client left I felt really tired. I showered and put on my pink baby doll nightgown. As I sat next to her on the couch I could see that she had a bemused look on her face.

She reached over with one hand and ran it up and down my smooth hair free girly leg. I pushed her hand away and gave her a surprised look.

"Down girl, let' keep this on a professional level," I said.

She pulled her hand back and took a drink from her glass as I nervously took a drink from mine. Was this another subtle pass? Was she hoping that I was going to become her lesbian lover? I wasn't sure just how capable of a male I was going to be after the hormone shots and pills.

Nothing more was said. We watched some more TV and then went to bed. I laid awake for awhile thinking about what the two of us would be doing in bed. Apparently she was somewhat turned on by a feminized sissy male though I wasn't sure just what that was.

If she was straight I doubted if she would be interested in me since I no longer had a male appearance. If she was a lesbian then she would be attracted to my feminine image even though my biology was still that of a male. Finally I dozed off to a restless sleep.

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Several weeks passed. I continued alternating as her sissy maid and clerking in the store. I made another trip into a neighboring city for another shot and then a beauty shop appointment for a mani-

cure, pedicure followed by a little trim. I kept the pixie style as the wigs would fit better.

Agent Pedro called me on a Wednesday night to give me a heads up. A drag queen had been attacked outside a club near a Houston truck stop. She had fought him off and scratched him well enough to get a DNA sample that matched the one from the dead girls.

Now I had a reason to be just a little more vigilant. I continued working the rest of the week Sunday after several glasses of wine Marlene went into her bedroom and returned with a garment bag.

“Change into your pink lingerie please. I have a couple of dance outfits for you to try on. Wear your four inch pink stiletto heels too,” she added with a grin.

I went into the bedroom and changed into a pink satin bra, pink panties, pink garter belt and pink seamed stockings. When I came back she was holding a shocking pink wig in one hand and a large pink satin sissy bow in the other. She put the wig on my head and pinned the bow to the top then handed me two pink elastic garters and a pink mask. I slipped on the garters and put on the mask.

“Actually I like the way you are right now sissy boy but the club requires a costume.”

She opened the garment bag and handed me a short pink petticoat. I stepped into it and brought it up to my waist while she unzipped a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress. I slipped it over my head. She zipped me up and then adjusted the hem over the petticoat.

The pink satin felt luxurious against my feminized skin. I was hard to explain but I don't re-

call ever feeling so feminine since this charade had begun. I guess it was safe to say that the hormone shots and pills had taken their toll not only on my male body physically but on my emotions and feelings as well. In a sense I was thinking and behaving in a naturally feminine way.

“Okay show me some moves, sissy boy Jeri,” she said with a grin.

I walked away from her and then turned around. I began imitating the girls I had seen on the DVD. I started with a few bumps and grinds then I turned around and bent over so my skirt would ride up revealing the pink ruffled panties. Marlene giggled out loud as I walked over to her.

“Lap dance?” I asked her with a grin.

She stood still for a minute looking me over. Suddenly she grabbed the hem of my mini dress and petticoat. Yanking them up with one hand she pulled my panties down with the other.

I opened my mouth in surprise as she laughed.

“I thought as much. What a cute little tiny insignificant miniature penis you have. You really should have been a girl.”

She pulled up my panties and adjusted the petticoats and dress over them. I stood speechless in front of her wondering what she was going to do next. She grabbed my wrists and pulled them up to her neck, then wrapped her arms tightly around my waist. Leaning in she kissed me hard. Forcing my mouth open she pushed her tongue inside of my mouth.

I couldn't believe she was doing such a thing. My mind was racing as we traded spit and I found my-

self getting warm and feeling very gooey and girly all over. My nipples were getting hard and I almost felt like I was going to faint. We finally broke and she stepped back to look at me with a wide grin.

“Oh my sissy maid Jeri, what a delightful blush you have!”

I was speechless. Suddenly she swept me up with both arms and carried me towards her bedroom. My arms were locked around her neck as I kicked my legs girlishly loosing my pink high heels in the process. She was a strong woman. Apparently the Harvard Lacrosse team had no sissies on it.

“Marlene wait I ...”

She leaned in and kissed me hard again. Inside the bedroom she unzipped me and we were both undressed in no time. It was probably the most erotic experience of my life.

Two silky smooth feminine bodies lying against each other. Two lipsticked mouths fused together. Soft feminine flesh pressed together as one. I thought I must be dreaming. I probably should blame the wine or maybe it was the girl juice that made me behave the way I had.

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The next morning we showered together. After we dried off she insisted on dusting me head to foot with the sweet body powder. We got dressed and she drove us over to the sandwich shop for breakfast. I was famished and never had fast food tasted so good.

I was off the next day Thursday but Friday night from six to midnight I would be working the jiggle joint. I carried the garment bag to the back of the club. I rang the buzzer at five forty five. A broad shouldered crew cut security guard let me in. I walked to the manager's office and knocked on the door.

"Come in," said a voice inside.

I walked in to see a slim grey haired lady behind a desk. She looked up at me and smiled.

"Hi, I am Jeri Lamb. Marlene has me scheduled tonight from six to midnight."

She stood up and extended her hand. "I am Polly Darden, the owner. Pleased to meet you sissy Jeri," she said as I gave her a limp handshake.

"Sit down a minute."

I took my seat in front of her. She sat back and looked me over.

"Marlene was right about you. I can't wait to see you in pink. I assume you are well versed in the dance routines that are required of you. The piped in music repeats itself about every two hours. Take a fifteen minute break whenever you want but remember the longer you stay out there the more money you make. If a customer grabs you or gives you any trouble at all, just sing out and security will come right away."

"Do you have much trouble with unruly customers?" I asked.

"In all the time I have owned this place there were very few times that they were ever needed. When that occurred the troublemakers were not only removed from the club but blacklisted and ar-

rested for disorderly conduct as well. We always press charges that way I know they won't back."

"I see. That's good too know."

"Let's go to the dressing room."

I followed her down the hall. The dressing room had lockers on both sides and a restroom in the back. In the middle of the floor was a long table with four chairs on each side in front of the four lighted mirrors.

"Keep your stuff locked in your locker and stay out of any other locker. We provide the make up, you provide the costumes, shoes and of course the jiggle. Now get yourself made up as you are on in five minutes."

She left. I opened a locker and then unzipped the garment bag. I dressed in my pink sissy outfit and then after locking the locker I took a seat in front of one of the lighted mirrors. I used just pink blusher and lipstick. I put the pink mask on and made my way to the entrance. Polly was waiting for me.

The stage was shaped like a U with a square bottom. There was a pole near both entrances and one at each corner of the U. The bar was off to one side and there were two cocktail waitresses hustling drinks although there were very few customers. The music stopped and Polly held a mike up to her mouth.

"Gentlemen I want you to meet the new girl, please welcome Jeri."

There was no applause as the music started up again I began sashaying my way down the stage stopping to gyrate in front of each customer and slide around each pole.

There were two other girls dancing with me. It took me an hour to get a few bills in my garters. After another hour one of the girls left and was replaced by a beautiful black transvestite named Tyra Washington. More customers arrived and two left.

I took my break at eight thirty. I sipped a diet soda and massaged my feet. I had no trouble wearing heels or walking all day in them but dancing in them was another matter. I took the tips in my garter belt and put them in my locker. None of the customers had given me cause to worry. I finished my drink and put my heels back on.

More customers had come in and now the U shaped stage had a man on each stool. I went thru my routine again and my garters were soon collecting more tips. I wondered how many girls were making money this way in clubs all over the country. I mean no one really new for sure how much they made. Everybody reported what the average was but I had no doubt there would be plenty left over.

It was just before midnight when I was making my last jaunt around the U. A customer in jeans and a T shirt with no sleeves took a seat near the end of the U. I stopped to wiggle in front of him and saw the tattoo on his right bicep. It was a bulldog with a spiked collar wearing a military helmet. The letters above it were U.S.M.C.

My heartbeat accelerated to the max. I concentrated on dancing. He was a rough looking man with a crew cut. He watched me carefully as I danced. When I got close again he stuffed a bill in my garter. I danced off stage and went right to my dressing room.

After removing my makeup I put my costume in the locker and got dressed. I glanced out the entrance before leaving the club and he was still there. I thought about calling Agent Pedro but decided to wait until morning.

The fact that this guy had steely blue eyes and did not smile or display any emotion didn't make him a criminal but considering what kind of individual we were looking for I didn't want to take any chances.

Looks can be deceiving as someone once said.

Back in my apartment I put the tip money in my vanity drawer with my initial cash advance. I took a shower went to bed but had trouble getting to sleep. Had I just looked into the eyes of a serial killer I asked myself as I tossed and turned. It was some-time later before I dozed off.

A week went by. The crew cut man had not returned. I was now alternating between the store and the jiggle joint on a regular basis. I became a little more relaxed and began to enjoy the bump and grind routine as well as the surprising amount of money I was making which had given Marlene a good laugh when I had mentioned it one evening.

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Our relationship had become more than casual now. She had taught me how to perform oral sex on her in the shower. I was happy that she was happy as never in a million years had I ever thought that I would ever have this kind of relationship with a woman.

Initially I thought that accepting this reassignment would be a good career move. I had never dreamed that I too would be reassigned from male to female and a lesbian at that. You would think that I would have some internal conflicts about this as I was still a biological male but there were none. I was completely and totally happy in my feminine persona.

The next week I saw the doctor again for another shot. When he had asked how I was doing I couldn't help but grin as I said the words "Just Fine". That afternoon I bought and washed all new bra and panty sets as I had "blossomed" considerably since I first began my hormone regime.

After our shower the next morning Marlene stood in front of me and with both hands squeezed my breasts like they were two melons.

"You have become quite a busty girl sissy Jeri," she said with a grin.

"Yes I have," I answered quickly and then added "And you seem to like them even more than I do!"

We both laughed as I got dressed for my shift at the store. She enjoyed watching me get dressed as well as apply my make up. It was almost as if she couldn't believe what she was seeing. When I left her to go to the store I shook my breasts just a little in front of her and also wiggled my butt as I went out the door. As the door closed I heard her say:

"Hurry home sissy Jeri."

I was now accustomed to being called "Sissy Jeri" or "Sissy Maid Jeri" just as I had become accustomed to doing everything in a very feminine way from getting dressed or undressed to putting on my makeup or walking up and down stairs. I had be-

come a very girly girl in almost every sense of the word.

I began to wonder just what I was going to do when this assignment was over. Would I be going back to school or perhaps I might stay en femme and be reassigned again. I really wanted to get that degree. Thinking ahead maybe I should return to school as female and complete my education that way.

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Alternating between the store and the jiggle joint had become routine. My tip income had increased substantially. I bought some more outfits, shoes and wigs. Of course I had to model all of them in front of Marlene for her approval. She just shook her head with that amused look on her face as I minced and pranced girlishly around the room.

One night after the session with a client was over she suggested I clean the apartment while still dressed in my French Maid costume. I complied with her request. While I cleaned the apartment she sat on the couch with a glass of wine and that smirk on her face.

Of course from that time on I not only serviced her with my tongue but cleaned our apartment and did the laundry too while in uniform. As you might expect I cleaned only when she was there to watch me.

It had been a couple of weeks since I saw the man with the bulldog tattoo. I asked some of the other girls and they hadn't seen him either. I had

settled into a routine but I wanted to keep my guard up. This was no time to be complacent.

I called Agent Pedro just to check base with her but there was nothing new. There had been no other murders any where in the country with the same MO. So far we were all still in the dark. I had hopes of breaking the case right away but of course that was pure fantasy on my part.

So many cases, especially those that dealt with serial killers, went on for years before the killer was caught. In addition there were many instances where the killer or killers was never caught. I had high hopes that this would not be one of those. If something didn't break soon I would miss a semester of school and I wasn't sure just how long the FBI expected me to stay undercover here.

My relationship with Marlene had been an unexpected surprise. We got along very well both at work and in bed. I wasn't sure what was going to become of us once the killer or killers were found. I was enjoying my relationship with her despite my loss of masculinity but had concerns what was going to happen once I stopped the shots and pills and returned to become a man again.

I wore a new costume on a Friday night. It was a bright red satin mini skirt and a red sleeveless blouse. My lingerie and heels were red too. I had done my finger and toe nails in bright red topped off with a splash of red rough and a thick layer of creamy fire engine red lipstick. At the top of my new blonde wig was a red satin sissy bow to match my red mask. My sissy sweet perfume carried the scent of strawberries as had my bubble bath, perfumed soap and dusting powder.

When I had modeled it in front of Marlene she had giggled. Exclaiming “Whew!” she had held her nose as I sashayed around in front of her. Being girlish and effeminate had become second nature to me and to be honest I didn’t feel I was acting at all. I was just being my feminine self not only for Marlene but in front of the customers as well.



As I passed Polly on my way to the stage she smiled then waved her hand back and forth in front of her face as she laughed out loud grinning at me.

“Go a little easier on that stuff will you sissy Jeri. We wouldn’t want anyone to pass out from those fumes now would we?”

I just smiled as I made my way to the stage. The place was packed and it looked like a good night to make some money. I began to walk to the first pole. I spun around a few times and then continued on down front.

Sitting at the center of the flat bottomed U shaped stage was what appeared to be a young woman. The club got very few women customers. I got closer and to my surprise saw it was a young man in drag.

He was wearing a blonde wig, a blue satin sleeveless blouse, a very short blue miniskirt, sheer stockings, and black stiletto heel pumps. His eye shadow was blue, the lipstick and blusher were a dark pink. In addition he wore black eyeliner and black mascara. As he took a sip from his drink his pink fingernails appeared to be the press on kind.

He was eyeing me closely as I gyrated in front of him. He took a drink from his glass and then took some money out of his black purse on a gold chain. When he reached up to slip it in my garter I noticed the little bulldog tattoo on his shoulder. Above it was the word “Angie”

Turning from him I danced some more, then I walked to the corner and grabbed the pole. My heart was beating wildly. I had just started my shift. Was he going to be sitting there all night watching me? I tried my best to calm down as I made my way along

the stage to gyrate in front of the other customers. I continued for almost an hour. He sat there with no expression on his face as he calmly sipped his drink.

When I returned from my break he was gone. Later I spoke with a couple of the other girls and one of them said he had left just after I took my break. Tyra, the black transvestite said he had been watching him closely too. We both had received the same tip, hundred dollar bill.

Now I was concerned. I asked Tyra to come with me to Polly's office. In front of Polly I explained what I was doing there and asked for her co-operation. She looked surprised but agreed to help me.

"Be extra careful when you are alone," I said to Tyra. "Not just here but where ever you go and especially at night."

He nodded and left the office. In the locker room I took off my makeup and wig, changed clothes and went back to the apartment. Marlene was still with a client so I got a head start on a new bottle of wine. I finished one glass and then took a hot shower. The hot needle spray relaxed me a little. I dried off and put on my pink baby doll night gown, then settled on the couch with another glass of wine.

When Marlene returned she walked into the bedroom to take off her dominatrix costume and stiletto heel boots. After the noise of the shower water ceased I walked to the fridge and poured her a glass of wine. Returning to the couch I sipped some of mine while waiting for her to come out.

She came out wearing her brown terry cloth robe. I handed her the glass of wine. She took it from me

and sat down close to me wrapping her other arm around my neck.

“Is anything wrong? You look a little pensive. Was there trouble at the club?”

I took a sip of the wine and shook my head.

“No, no trouble but both Tyra and I got the same reaction from a customer.”

“Was a scary guy or what?”

“Well not exactly. He was a young man in drag. He looked pretty good. It was that emotionless look on his face as he put a hundred dollar bill in my garter. Not happy, not sad, just sort of a dead pan, lifeless look. Almost as if behind those eyes there was nobody home.”

“Geeze you better let Agent Pedro know about him.”

“I will first thing in the morning,”

We finished our wine and went to bed.

As I lay awake I kept seeing the image of his face in my mind. He didn't have strong masculine features like most men, a big nose, or a strong jaw line yet he didn't act effeminate either. He was sort of like an actor playing a role but in a costume he didn't like or didn't feel comfortable in. It was another hour or so before I drifted off to sleep.

In morning I called Agent Pedro before going to work in the store. She didn't answer so I left a message on her voicemail. Now there were two customers with bulldog tattoos to watch out for or at least two that we knew of.

I kept myself busy at the store to keep my mind off things. The first few hours weren't ever too busy

anyway. After supper it picked up a little but I still found time to do the cleaning and stocking of some inventory that had come in.

That afternoon when Agent Pedro returned my call she expressed concern for both me and Tyra. She asked us to be extra vigilant as there was the possibility that we might be dealing with two serial killers, maybe even more and not just one. It was hardly a conversation that had put my mind at ease but then I had to accept it as part of the job.

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The summer was coming to a close and I knew I was going to miss a semester of school but I honestly felt I was getting close to something here and it wasn't going to be possible for me to leave, transition back, and then return to school with the job undone.

On my next day off I drove into town for another shot and to refill my prescription. Marlene had referred to them as "sissy pills" and the shot as "girl juice." I had giggled with delight as I asked her if the results were pleasing to the eye. Once again I was swept up in her arms and the afternoon of my day off was lost as we romped in her bed giggling and laughing like two school girls.

I continued to dance at the club and clerk at the store. Tyra and I did not see either of the customers with the bulldog tattoos during our respective shifts. I warned him about being too comfortable at work or anywhere else.

Just about the time you let your guard down one or both of us could very likely become the next vic-

tim. That meant six months work would have gone down the drain without finding the killer or killers. I wasn't going to let that happen if at all possible.

The weather turned a little cooler in September, at least by my standards. They have a saying in Texas that there is a reason the devil lives in hell and rents out Texas. I guess anything under one hundred degrees is considered "cool".

It was business as usual at the store and the club. Labor Day weekend had been a great one for tips. By now that bottom drawer of my vanity was stuffed. My next trip into town for shots would have to include a stop at the bank to exchange this bundle of cash into large bills.

Things slowed up a bit the next weekend and the one following it. Agent Pedro called me but I had nothing to report. Before she hung up she added the words: "Stay safe".

I met with Tyra before we went on stage the next night at the club and told her the same. She seemed to take it all in stride.

"I'm serious Tyra," I told her. She turned and looked me straight in the eye.

"I appreciate your concern for me. Look men like me have had to be ever so vigilant all of our lives and this is no different. You are new to this. You come from the straight world where anything other than a male-female missionary type of relationship is considered a perversion. The rest of us are all going to hell. In the twenties and early thirties there was a movement to round us all up, kill us, and bury the bodies in a large pit."

"Gays, straights, bi's and anyone in fetish behavior all are lumped together as freaks, weirdo's and

sickos. We run the risk of public humiliation, job loss, beatings, stabbings, rapes, and murders twenty four hours a day and seven days a week so this is nothing new to me. I will be as careful as I have always been. Thank you again.”

With that she turned and headed for the stage.

I had to admit that he was right. I was the only real imposter here. I had taken so many things in life for granted. Here was a group of men who every day of their lives had to be on guard. To be honest about our society today I guess you could say the same thing about women.

Men think nothing of walking down the street any time of the day or night or driving somewhere at odd hours. Men are men and do not have that in-born fear of being attacked. Men aren't used to being the hunted so they don't understand a woman's fear of going somewhere alone day or night.

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The next weekend I would be working at the club was what Polly called a “retro weekend” We were all to pick an era and wear a dance costume that depicted it. Marlene picked out mine of course. She stood there giggling as I put on a pink billowy sleeved tight fitting mini dress with a very short skirt and matching knee high block heel go-go boots. Last she pinned my pink satin sissy bow to the top of my black shoulder length wig.

We watched a DVD of the go-go girls of the late sixties dancing in their cages. When it was over she played it again as I danced in front of her to the music. In addition to my dance moves I had to rub up

against her several times and then back away teasingly.

Fortunately I was due at the club in a few minutes otherwise I felt she might rip my pretty outfit off of me and carry me back to her bedroom again.

Retro weekend brought out a good crowd that Friday night. I had to empty my garters several times before my shift ended. Saturday night was the same. We had no cages at the club but obviously the men didn't mind. They were all thinking of an earlier time in their life as they pushed the bills in the garters of the dancers.

It was near the end of my shift when I saw him. It was the rough looking man in the sleeveless T shirt with the USMC bulldog tattoo. I tried to remain calm as I gyrated in front of him. He drank slowly from his glass as he watched me go thru several routines. His face was expressionless as usual.

I finished my shift and walked off stage. After changing clothes I walked back to the apartment. The wind was blowing hard. We were supposed to get a late fall storm on Thursday but the front had stalled delaying it until now.

Later that night the storm hit. The power went out for a while but had been restored by ten am the next morning. I opened the store at one after finishing my cleaning but I didn't expect many customers. There had been some damage in the area but nothing too severe.

Across the plaza near the restaurants two light poles had come down in the wind and lightning. A maintenance crew was repairing the poles but the power for the overhead lights in that area of the

parking lot would probably remain off for another day or two.

A second wave of storms came thru Wednesday night. My shift at the club was cut short when the power went out and came back on several times. Finally Polly closed the club. I changed and walked back to my apartment.

I had skipped supper hoping to eat on my break. I saw the lights were still on across the plaza so I drove over to a sandwich shop. There were no parking places close to the shop under the lights so I had to park further away. I wasn't happy about walking in the dark even if it was only a block or so. I remembered Agent Pedro's words: "Stay safe."

I finished eating and headed for the car. The restaurant had been nearly full when I left but there was no one in the parking lot where I was heading.

Looking back on it I guess I should have been more vigilant. Once again I was behaving like most men who think nothing of walking alone anywhere anytime of the day or night. I should have been more careful. It was too late now so I kept right on walking.

My mistake was in not being more like Tyra or other men like him and women in general who knew only too well the perils of being what they are and the unknown trouble that might find them when they are the most vulnerable.

The cold muzzle of a gun was pressed against my neck I stopped dead in my tracks, frozen in place. The voice behind me was raspy, rough like someone who had smoked too many cigars or cigarettes.

"Keep moving and don't look back at me," said the voice.

My heart leapt in my throat. I felt like wetting my panties but I kept walking to the car. When we got to where I had left the car he spoke again.

“Unlock the doors and stay still,” said the voice.

I did so. I heard the person walk around the car and get in the passenger side.

“Get in,” was the next order.

I got in and turned to see my abductor. It was the man in the sleeveless T shirt with the bulldog tattoo under the letters “U.S.M.C.”. He was grimacing. I looked down to see a blood stain below his left knee.

“Start the car and drive where I tell you,” he ordered.

I fastened my seatbelt and started the car. I drove slowly out of the plaza parking lot. There were few people around and no chance that I could call out to anyone. As I drove out of the parking lot I saw a brown van parked near the store. In my mind I envisioned that in the back of that van would be rope, duct tape, and God only knows what else. He didn't ask me to stop

I was momentarily relieved but I still felt cold and it was hard to keep myself from shaking. I wondered if this was going to be my last night on this earth. I tried to put those thoughts out of my head as we came up to the intersection.

He was looking straight ahead but his right hand held the gun pointed at me. It was very steady and I knew it wouldn't take much for him to shoot me and push me out of the car. I concentrated on my driving instead of what else might happen.

We took the frontage road that wound around the plaza. At the next intersection he had me drive north on to the state highway. I had driven it before on the way to see my doctor at the clinic.

“Do you want me to stop at a hospital or free clinic so you can get some first aid?” I asked. “That looks like a bad wound.”

“NO!” He answered sharply. “Just keep driving.”

I turned my attention back to the road. A state patrol car passed us going the other way. There wasn't any way to signal the trooper to get his attention without it being obvious. I felt heartsick. It was as if my last hope of help had just passed and I was headed for my death.

Without him seeing me I flipped the child lock button near the arm rest on my left. I accelerated into the curve and at the last minute turned the wheel hard left and smashed thru the guardrail. I pressed the button to lower the window on my side as the car headed down the embankment to the river below.

He hadn't fastened his seatbelt and was thrown forward hitting the dashboard. The gun fell from his hand as the car flipped over and landed upside down in the river. As he tried to find the gun in the darkness I unfastened my seat belt, turned and kicked him in his injured knee with my three inch heel pump. He screamed out in pain. As the car rapidly filled with water I pulled myself out of the car and swam into the river.

I knew he couldn't roll the windows down or unlock the doors as the child lock would have prevented him from doing so. I also knew had he been

able to get out he was going to have trouble swimming after me with that injured leg.

I swam underwater for a minute or so trying to keep close to the shoreline where we had gone in. I came up for air and then continued to head downstream. Despite the difficulty of swimming in a short skirt and heels I wanted to put some distance between me and the killer before I dared risk heading to shore and climbing up the embankment.

I continued swimming for several more minutes then rolled over on my back and began to float with the current. I swam some more but then felt tired again. I headed for the shoreline and soon I felt sand under my feet. Looking back I could not see the car nor could I see anybody swimming in the river. I walked a short distance up the embankment and sat down to catch my breath.

I looked upstream in the direction where I had driven into the river but in the darkness I could not see anything. I sat for several minutes to catch my breath. When I felt rested I climbed to the top of the bank from where I could see the lights of the plaza in the distance.

Walking slowly I made my way back. I stopped again on the bluff overlooking the back of the store and then slowly picked my way down the bluff and across the parking lot. I pounded on the apartment door and Marlene let me in.

“My God what happened to you?” she asked with a horrified look on her face.

“Call Agent Pedro and the police right away,” I gasped.

She helped me inside. I collapsed on the couch and took a glass of wine from her. I gulped half of it down and looked up at her.

“I think I got our killer,” I said.

“I hope so,” she said with a serious look on her face. “Someone attacked Tyra earlier and he fought him off. He gashed him with his high heel shoe just below the left knee. Polly sent him home for a couple of days.”

“That’s the guy that abducted me,” I added.

I drank some more wine and soon the police arrived. A few minutes later Agent Pedro arrived I gave them my story between refills of wine from Marlene.

After they left I took a warm soothing bubble bath. I had some more wine and then went to bed. It felt so good to be in the bed that an hour ago I thought I would never see. As soon as my head hit the pillow it was light’s out.

When I opened my eyes I was standing in front of a full length mirror. I was wearing a blonde wig and my face had pink blusher and pink lipstick. My fingernails were pink too. I was wearing bridal lingerie. With both hands I reached down and smoothed my white seamed stockings. They felt good against my hair free smooth legs.

I turned to face a young woman behind me. She was wearing a pink satin bridesmaids’ dress and pink high heel shoes. Her makeup was pink and so was the bow in her hair. She handed me a white petticoat. I stepped into it and brought it up to my waist. Next was a white pettislip. After slipping it over my head she adjusted the hem over the petticoat. She still hadn’t said anything to me and there was no sound in the room.

The long sleeve white satin bridal gown seemed to just flow over me. The bridesmaid zipped me up and adjusted the hem over the petticoats. I stepped into a pair of white stiletto high heel pumps. Turning to face the bridesmaid she fastened the veil to the top of my wig. She stepped back.

“Time to go,” she said.

I followed her out the door to a limousine parked at the curb. She held the door open for me as I gathered my voluminous skirts up and got inside. I slid over closer to the bridesmaid sitting next to me and the first bridesmaid joined us.

There was no conversation as the limo pulled away from the curb. When it stopped again I saw we were parked in front of a church. The bridesmaid to my right got out of the limo and held the door open for me. I got out and she helped smooth out my skirts. The other bridesmaid joined us as we walked up the steps to the church.

Inside the pews were full of people. The wedding march started and they all stood up to face me. I didn't know any of them nor had I recognized the bridesmaids either. As I got closer to the front of the church a solitary figure in a black tuxedo and red cummerbund turned to face me. It was Marlene. When I got beside her the bridesmaids stood on either side of us as the minister smiled.

Things became blurry, and then turned black. I could feel someone grabbing my arm. I opened my eyes. Marlene had a hold of my arm.

“Wake up. Agent Pedro is here with a police investigator,” she said.

I sat up. Despite the fact that I had always kept myself in good shape I was stiff and sore all over. I pulled the covers back and sat on the edge of the bed.

“Tell her I will be right out as soon as I am dressed.”

Marlene left the room.

Once again I felt very alone. I shook my head to try to clear my thoughts. What had transpired in the last twenty four hours was like a nightmare come true. It was almost hard to believe it had actually happened and was not a bad dream.

I got up and walked to my vanity. I put on some pink blusher and lipstick. After brushing my hair the reflection in the mirror looked much better and I felt much better too. I got dressed and walked out to the living room. Agent Pedro was on the couch with a tall broad shouldered man in a dark blue suit.

“Jeri this is detective Bronson. He is coordinating the homicide investigations with us as well as the attack on Tyra the other night. How are you feeling this morning?”

“As good as can be expected I guess, considering what I have been thru,” I answered.

“You will be pleased to know the body that was taken from Marlene’s car matched the DNA evidence we had on file. This will put an end to the serial killer investigations in several states, well at least most of them.”

“We believe we got our killer or I should say you got our killer. What we need from you now is your account of exactly what happened last night starting

from the time you left the restaurant. Take your time and recall as many details as you can.”

I took a seat opposite them as Agent Pedro started her tape recorder. I closed my eyes trying to relive everything that happened and the exact order that it happened. Little by little over the next hour I recounted the events of the last twenty four hours.

When I finished both of them asked questions and I answered them to the best of my ability and recollection. Finally Agent Pedro looked at detective Bronson and he nodded. She shut off her tape recorder and they both stood up. Agent Pedro handed me a sodden purse.

“I believe this is yours,” she said with a smile. “I will check back with you in a week or so when you have had time to get over this. If you remember anything else let me know.”

“Thank you very much,” I said as the two of them headed for the door.

I dumped the contents of the purse on the kitchen table. I took my DL out of the wallet and picked up my key to the apartment. Everything else went into the trash can.

“Do you feel well enough to go to lunch?” asked Marlene”

“Sure, actually I am famished,” I replied.

I followed her out to the parking lot. She had rented a car pending a settlement with the insurance company over the one I had wrecked.

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At the sandwich shop she didn't ask any questions as we ate our lunches. It was a relief that it was over though the trauma of my experience would probably stay with me the rest of my life. After we finished eating we got back into the car.

"Do you need to go into town for anything?" she asked.

"Not today. Maybe next week when I see my doctor again," I answered.

We drove back and went into the store.

"Do you feel well enough to work a full shift?" she asked.

"I'll be okay," I said.

"I have a client in a half an hour. In addition to the usual cleaning there is some new stock you can attach security tags to and put out on the shelves."

I nodded and she left. As I stood in the middle of the back room once again I felt very alone. I decided the best thing to do was to keep busy. I tagged and put out the stock. Between a few customers cleaned the place up. It felt good to be occupied with something other than my own death.

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By the end of the shift I was pretty exhausted. I had driven Marlene's rental car over to the sandwich shop for supper and instead of drinking a diet soft drink I had coffee. The stimulant kept me going but

I was still pretty tired by the time I closed up the shop and returned to the apartment.

Marlene was with a client so I took a hot soaking and sweetly perfumed bubble bath followed by a generous dusting of scented body powder. Putting on my pink baby doll night gown I once again began to feel like a real girl.

I poured myself a glass of wine and sat on the couch to watch the news. The anchorman replayed pictures of the wrecker pulling Marlene's car out of the river. He also stated that neither the police department nor the sheriff's department had any comment on their continuing investigation.

Right now the less information that was let out the better I thought to myself as I took another drink of wine. The dead man in Marlene's car might be the sole killer or there could be others still out there and it wasn't necessary for them to know any of the details of the last two days.

When Marlene returned from her session we shared another glass of wine. After watching the late talk show I stood up and faced her.

"I need to sleep alone for awhile," I said.

"I understand Jeri," she said with a smile. "You know where to find me."

I had a good nights sleep. I worked the next two days in the store and then got ready for two nights work in the club. I was looking forward to it. The mincing around coquettishly in high heels and dancing with a pole would give me a good workout. I hoped the crowd would be sizeable too as then all of us would be getting good tips for our night's work, if you could call it work.

When I went to the club I decided to wear my pink sissy outfit. Nothing makes a girl feel more feminine than being dressed all in pink in addition to pink makeup, pink finger and toe nails in addition to a generous application of sweet scented perfume.



It struck me as rather odd that not only was I enjoying my life as a female but acting and thinking like one as well. I wasn't a real female of course. Basically I had become a sissified and feminized male who was living and working as a female in a totally feminine environment.

Perhaps the strangest part was that I had gotten to a point where I hadn't missed being a male. I couldn't even remember the last time I had worn pants, flat shoes or done anything that was even close to being considered manly.

Except for the night when my mistake had led to my abduction I was no longer thinking like a man either. I was never sloppy as a man but now living as a woman I was always conscious of my appearance.

I would check my hair and makeup periodically to be sure I looked just right, something that as a man I had done once in the morning after shaving and running a comb thru my hair. That was it for the rest of the day unless a social event was involved.

I wasn't sure just how I was going to readjust when this assignment was over. Could I go back to being a male and have no adjustment problems? Would I miss the femininity that had been created in me? Was I ever going to be able to have a normal male-female relationship again?

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Sitting at the table in my pink lingerie I applied my pink makeup. As I looked at the reflection in the mirror I saw a very pretty girl. Would she ever be as

happy in a masculine lifestyle as I was in my current feminine lifestyle?

I pinned the large pink satin sissy bow to the top of my pink wig. After stepping into my petticoats and heels I slipped on the pink sissy dress. Tyra helped me adjust the hem around the petticoats and zipped me up. As I headed for the stage with her there were a lot of doubts in my mind about my ability to return to the masculine world.

There were a fair amount of customers around the stage. As I got closer to the second pole at one corner of the U shaped stage I saw the young man in drag that had been in once before. He had worn a blue satin sleeveless blouse that night. He had a smaller bulldog tattoo with the word "Angie" above it and had become the second suspect.

My heart nearly stopped. He was wearing a red satin blouse with long, billowy sleeves. It was tucked into a very short black leather mini skirt. The fishnet stockings and black leather stiletto heel pumps completed his ensemble. This time he wore a black wig. His lipstick, blusher and nails were bright red. I had to admit he made one fine looking woman, at least until you got a close look at his face.

I danced for him for a few minutes. He took some bills from his black leather purse and put them in my garter belt. I continued to dance and gyrate around the stage. At my break I stuffed the tips in my purse. When I went back out again he was gone. I finished my shift, changed my clothes and walked back to the apartment.

For some reason I couldn't get that young man out of my mind. I saw a voicemail message on my

cell from Agent Pedro. It was late so I decide to call her first thing the next morning. I presumed she was going to terminate me now that a killer had been found.

Marlene was watching TV when I returned. I took a hot shower. The needle spray felt good as I scrubbed myself with perfumed soap. I still liked my perfumed bubble baths better thought. I always seemed to feel more girly when I finished a hot soaking one of those.

After drying myself off I slipped on a pink chiffon robe and walked to my bedroom. Marlene met me half way and handed me a white box with a smirk on her face. I took it from her without a word and went into my bedroom. It had been a week or so since our last night in bed.

Opening the box I found a purple peignoir set and a pair of four inch heel fuzzy toed slippers. I took off my robe and after a generous dusting of my perfumed body powder I slipped on the set and stepped into the heels. I walked out to where she was sitting.

Her face brightened when she saw me. She stood up and drank the last of her wine as she motioned with her finger for me to spin around. I turned around twice. With one hand on my hip I walked away from her with an exaggerated effeminate motion.

Coming back towards her I could see she was grinning. Stopping in front of her I wrapped my arms around her neck and kissed her hard. She swept me up and carried me into her bedroom. It didn't take her long to have that new peignoir and slippers on the floor. Her clothes soon joined them.

She picked me up, dumped me on her bed, and then pounced on me like a cougar on her prey.

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To call it a night of passion was an understatement. When I woke up I felt like I hadn't slept very much. Well I guess that would be right because I hadn't. We showered together and then went over to the sandwich shop for breakfast.

The insurance company had settled with her over the car I had wrecked. It wasn't as much as she had hoped for but the five year old Camry XLE rode like a dream and the butter soft leather seats were very comfortable.

When we returned to the apartment I gave Agent Pedro a call. She didn't answer so I left a message on her voice mail. I waited until Marlene was in her dominatrix costume before I changed into my French Maid uniform.

Marlene watched me carefully as she usually did. I took my time teasing her as I put on my black bra, black panties with pink ruffles and the black garter belt. After attaching my fishnet stockings to the black garter belt I smoothed them over my legs.

Sitting in front of the vanity I applied red rouge, a thick layer of bright red lipstick and a generous squirt of sissy sweet perfume behind each ear and along my neckline as Marlene stood grinning behind me. I got up and put on my black leather stiletto heel pumps. I took her arm and accompanied her to the dungeon to assist her with a morning client. When the session was over the client tipped me generously.

Back in the apartment I changed into a skirt and blouse. I took my other tips out of the vanity drawer and counted them. I was surprised to find a small sheet of white paper between two fifty dollar bills that the young man in drag had given me. Written on it was a phone number.

I knew that all the girls at the club got one of these from time to time from the customers. The cardinal rule of course was to ignore them. You never knew who these men were and agreeing to hook up with them was just looking for trouble. I set up the slip in my purse so when Agent Pedro returned my call I could discuss it with her.

I opened the store and stocked some of the shelves. The place was pretty clean so I skipped the dusting chores but did clean the glass windows and the counter. My cell rang right after I got back from supper. Marlene had gone to her appointment with a client and the store had no customers.

“I need to meet with you right away,” said Agent Pedro.

He voice sounded like she was concerned.

“Is anything wrong?” I asked.

“No. At least not for sure,” she began. “I want you to meet me away from the plaza.”

“I have an appointment with Dr. Hernandez tomorrow at ten am. Can you meet me at the clinic?”

“Yes. I will meet you there.”

She hung up right away. I wondered if it might be concerning information about the other killings that could not be traced to the man who was now dead. Was the young man in drag some how involved? Or maybe she thought because of the time

that had elapsed since my abduction it was now safe for me to return to my previous life.

I finished my shift at the store. Back at the apartment I looked at the slip of paper with the phone number on it. The possibility of another killer still out there was not that remote. The dead man's DNA only tied him to one killing, the assault on Tyra and my abduction. My gut instinct told me there might be more to this young man in drag that either one of us thought.

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The next morning I saw Dr. Hernandez again. He was his usual affable self. After a brief exam, during which his eyebrows raised a little as he examined my breasts, he gave me another shot and wrote an extension for my prescription refill.

I got dressed and walked out to the parking lot to find Agent Pedro's car parked next to Marlene's. She waved me around to the passenger side. I opened the door and sat down inside. The serious look on her face told me something was up.

"First on behalf of the Bureau and our law enforcement affiliates I want you to know we appreciate the job you are doing for us. I know you have been thru quite an ordeal and I wanted you to have some time to get over it and return to normal. How have you been doing?"

"Just fine thank you very much," I answered.

"Good. As you probably have gathered by now the man whose body was recovered from the car in the river was linked by DNA to only one killing, Tyra's assault and your abduction. The other homi-

cides are still technically an open case. Because of that we would like to have you remain here for while yet”

“How long is “a while”? I asked.

She looked rather pensive as she answered. “We don’t know just yet. There are still a lot of questions about these unsolved murders and no evidence. We are continuing our investigation which is why we want you to stay on at least thru the holidays if you would.”

“I think I can manage that,” I answered

“In your report do you recall mentioning the brown van that was parked near the front of the store?”

“Yes I do.”

“Well the dead man was an over the road trucker. We found his semi at the truck stop. The brown van might be connected to these other crimes. I need for you to tell me as much as you can about this second customer. You said he was a fairly young man who looked good in drag is that correct?”

“Yes and he was always very sexily dressed. I mean he looked very attractive until you got close up. By the way this was in between two fifty dollar bills that he put in my garters.”

I handed her the slip of paper with the phone number on it. She jotted it down and handed it back to me.

“Save that. I don’t think it would be a good idea for you to contact him. Let’s wait another week and see if he shows up again. We’ll set something up. Keep your eyes and ears open and tell the other girls at the club to watch for this guy.”

“Okay I will,” I said as I got out of the car.

Driving back to the apartment I now had another potential killer to worry about. In addition I was going to be here longer than I expected. I would miss another semester of school. I had hopes that things would have been resolved by this time.

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Now it seemed as if I had become mired a little deeper in this mess. I wanted to solve these crimes as much as law enforcement and the FBI did. Just how much longer this was going to take was anybody’s guess. I thought back to Agent Pedro’s words: “Some of them never get solved.”

I was committed at least for a couple of more months and even then there was no guarantee that we would be able to solve these crimes. The only thing to do was to keep going and hope for the best.

A week went by then two. I was wondering if the young man was ever going to show up. I was nervous but didn’t let on to Marlene or the girls I danced with though I did keep them apprised of this young man and admonished them to let me know if he showed up again.

Agent Pedro called me on a Sunday night. I hadn’t expected to hear from her so soon. They say no news is good news except it wasn’t this time.

“Several nights ago there was another attack on a drag queen who was a regular performer at a nightclub just northeast of Dallas. I got the autopsy report this afternoon. Sparing you the details the one bit of evidence that was found was a piece of a press on nail embedded in the skin of his neck. We are

hoping to get a DNA sample but with a small piece that is fitted over a regular nail it is doubtful.”

“I believe I mentioned that this young man appeared to be wearing press on nails when he visited the club on the two previous occasions.”

“Yes you did. That’s what makes us think he is still in the area. The problem remains who he is and where he is. Another agent mentioned he might be an impersonator who travels thru out the US performing at various clubs. Then again he could be a local who dresses up occasionally only to kill and then resume his male existence.”

“This isn’t getting any easier is it?” I asked.

“No it isn’t,” she replied.

“If this person travels to perform at various clubs around the country would he possibly use a brown van like the one I saw near the store? It would be handy to carry all his costumes and show business stuff as well as hold a mattress and sleeping bag if he was living on the cheap as he traveled from gig to gig.”

“I hadn’t thought of that. I will mention it to the other investigators,” she replied. “In the mean time keep your eyes and ears open. Be sure you remind the other dancers and store employees to be watch for this person and let me know immediately if he shows up. DO NOT attempt to hook up with this individual by yourself. If you do see him contact me first and we will set something up.”

“I will,” I replied and hung up.

The next few weeks I was more nervous as we all kept our eyes peeled for the young man in drag. Thanksgiving came and Marlene and I had our din-

ner at a fabulous restaurant in town. I wasn't looking forward to the Christmas holidays as I had hoped to be done with this job by now.

Two weeks before Christmas Dr. Hernandez gave me the once over and another shot. After filling my prescription again I headed back to the apartment. I had the rest of the day off but the next two days I would be at the store and then three straight nights at the club.

It seems rather odd that sales at the store picked up as it got closer to Christmas. Porn DVDs didn't strike me as a likely Christmas gift but then I had gotten past trying to figure people out when I first started my criminal justice course.

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After my short undercover work among drug dealers and my most recent assignment here gyrating and wiggling around for the men in the club, most of who were married, my opinion hadn't changed any.

The customers who came into the store were mostly single men and judging by their looks quite lonely. Porn was a respite from their apparently miserable lives and the girls at the club provided all of the men with a fantasy they could always think about whether they were with their wives or alone.

Friday and Saturday night the club was packed. Tips were good. I guess the holiday spirit was bringing out the generosity in our customers. I was enjoying myself as usual to say nothing of the tips I was bringing in. I doubted if the general public or even the IRS knew the kind of money we were all making.

For the month of December Marlene had insisted I do my nails in red and wear my red outfit at the club. I wore a red satin puff sleeve mini dress flared out with petticoats over my red satin lingerie, red seamed hose and bright red four inch stiletto heels. My black wig was topped with a red satin sissy bow to match my red mask and make up scheme Sweet strawberry scented perfume topped it all off. It made Marlene happy and my customers as well.

Sunday night just before I went onstage Tyra came into the dressing room.

“He’s here!” she said with a fearful look.

“Okay relax. Your shift is just about over. When you leave the club just be careful walking to your car. I will call Agent Pedro on my break.”

She nodded and went into the rest room. I checked my appearance in the mirror, swished my skirts a couple of times and headed for the stage. My pulse was racing as I tried to tell myself to relax.

I began my jaunt down the stage. I avoided looking directly at the young man in drag as I grabbed the pole and began to dance around. When I leaned close to him he stuffed two more fifty dollar bills in my garter. I smiled at him as I gyrated in front of him.

“See you after close,” I whispered softly.

Tonight he was wearing a tight fitting shiny royal blue sheath. It looked like some kind of spandex or perhaps lycra. In addition to his fishnet stockings and bright blue stiletto heel pumps he sported a large blue satin sissy bow on top of his blonde wig. His lipstick and blusher were pink to match his long pink press on nails.

He took a sip of his pink lady and smiled for the first time since he had come to the club. I continued to dance and moved on to the next pole. I jiggled in front of other customers and then walked back to him and wiggled my way around the pole closest to him. I blew him a kiss and then returned to the other side of the stage.

It was hard not to be afraid. All eyes, including his, were on me. I had to keep up my act. We were not supposed to show favoritism to any of the customers so I had to spend time dancing in front of the others as well as using the poles at the other end of the stage.

On my break I phoned Agent Pedro and told her to get here ASAP and bring some help. She said she was on her way. Tyra had left while he was still out there so I knew she had made it home okay. Now it was just me that he was interested in. My fear increased as I would have to call him after I finished my second time out on the floor.

I returned to the stage and as I danced in front of him I bent over and blew him a kiss. Standing up I made a motion with my right hand using my thumb and little finger indicating I was going to call him and then I sashayed away from him with a girly wiggle.

He nodded and smiled again. Taking sips from his pink lady he continued to watch me entertain the other customers. I was expending my energy in my dance routines to hide my fear. I hoped Agent Pedro was en route. I didn't have much time between changing clothes and calling the young man to arrange for a meeting.

When I finished for the evening I went back to my dressing room. Agent Pedro was waiting for me. She had a serious look on her face.

“I have several agents in place. The front of the club, the restaurants across the way and a car stationed neat the plaza’s exit. I want you to call and make a date for a cup of coffee at the sandwich shop across the plaza,” she said.

“All right but I want to change first. I wore a short skirt, blouse and low heels to the club. I don’t want to get into a fight with him in high heels and a dress. Please unzip me.”

“I understand. Go ahead and change. I will wait for you in the hallway.”

She unzipped my dress and left the dressing room. As I dressed in my casual clothes my heart started pounding again. Was I going to survive this close encounter of the dangerous kind? I almost didn’t the last time.

I left the dressing room and walked to where Agent Pedro was standing near the back door. I took the slip of paper with the phone number on it and my cell phone out of my purse. Looking pensively at Agent Pedro I entered the numbers in my phone and pushed send.

It rang three times before a voice answered with a single word “yes”. It sounded like a male trying to disguise his voice to sound like a girls.

“Hi this is the new girl at the club, Jeri,” I said in a softer voice.

There was a bit of silence and then I heard him clear his throat.

“I would like to meet you in person. You are a gorgeous dancer,” he replied.

“Thank you. How about a cup of coffee at the sandwich shop across the plaza? We can get to know each other a little better. I can be there in about ten minutes. I have to change first,” I replied

“Okay, ten minutes,” was his answer.

I hung up and faced Agent Pedro. She held up her radio and notified the agents that I would be meeting the suspect at the sandwich shop in ten minutes.

“Wait a full ten minutes. Then drive over there. If he wants to see you badly enough he will wait. Everybody is in place.”

From her purse Agent Pedro produced a small wireless microphone. She undid the top two buttons of my blouse. Between my bra cups she fastened the microphone and then buttoned the blouse back up again.

“Say something so the agent’s in the vehicles know it’s working,” she asked.

“Testing, 1, 2, 3, I said in a normal speaking voice.

Agent Pedro spoke into her radio. “Everybody got that?” she asked.

Replies came from all three cars that would be watching me.

“Okay lets’ go”, Agent Pedro said.

I walked with her back to the apartment where I got in Marlene’s car. I waited until she walked back to the rear of the club. When she got into her car I started mine and backed out of my parking space.

I drove over to the sandwich shop. I saw the brown van parked about a block from the front entrance. I parked the car close to the front door of the shop and got out. I walked slowly to the entrance of the sandwich shop and looked inside. He wasn't there.

The sound of a car door slam shut got my attention. I turned to see him walking towards me from the brown van. My pulse accelerated as he approached. He seemed a bit unsteady in those stiletto heels. I kept a grip on my purse as he came up to where I was standing.

"Hi I am Jeri from the club."

"Hello I am Francine from nowhere actually."

He smiled slightly at his joke but his eyes still had that deadpan look as he opened the door and we went inside. I felt a little more relieved to be inside the sandwich shop.

We both ordered decaf. He paid the cashier for both drinks and motioned me to take the front corner booth. I sat down opposite him and took a sip of my coffee. He was looking me over as much as I was looking him over.

"Like what you see?" I asked.

He nodded and took another drink.

"You are very feminine," he began. "I love femininity and those who are in love with it."

"You are quite pretty yourself. I see you love hose and heels too," I smiled at him.

"Of course, I wouldn't go out without either of them. Do you like my dress?" he asked.

“Yes,” I replied. “Actually I prefer to see you in short skirts, those pretty blouses and of course stockings and stilettos,” I replied with a grin.

I took another sip of my coffee as his gaze shifted to my chest. I felt panicky for a moment as I thought he may be looking for my microphone.

“Beautiful breasts like yours add so much to a woman’s femininity. Don’t you think?”

“I certainly do, of course I must confess I have had a little help in that area.”

I smiled as he took a sip of his coffee. I was still somewhat unnerved by his deadpan look. I wasn’t sure if my smiling was making him more or less at ease.

“Actually I am too but it is taking longer than I thought. My doctor said a year is not nearly enough. Another year and maybe I will be as busty as you are.”

“Good luck with that. It took me just over two. My doctor said more injections wouldn’t get me where I wanted to be any faster and could be more dangerous.”

He nodded and finished his coffee. I drank the last of mine as he stood up.

“I would like to have you come to my place. It’s only a short distance from here. This dress is getting a bit warm and I am not used to wearing these stiletto pumps for much more than an hour or two. I don’t know how you dancers do it for that long a period while you are on stage.”

“Practice makes perfect,” I replied and then added: “I could show you some moves if you like.”

“That’s a deal. Lets’ go. My van is parked nearby.”

I got up and we walked out of the sandwich shop. There had been only one other couple in the shop and the parking area was pretty much deserted.

My heartbeat had risen to a point where I was afraid it would explode right out of my chest. Once again I had thoughts of this night being the last one that I would have on planet Earth.

The van had been parked equidistant between two of the overhead lights on poles that lit up the parking lot. I hoped that Agent Pedro and her people could see me clearly from their stakeouts as it was in a semi dark area.

As we got near the van I had an inkling or foreboding that something was about to happen. I faked catching the heel of my shoe in the blacktop and suddenly fell forward to the sound of a swishing noise behind me. I straightened up to see a fierce look on his face as he retracted his arm for another swing.

“Now!, Help me NOW!” I screamed out loud as I blocked his second swing at me. I grabbed his wrist and saw what appeared to be a sap in his right hand. I kicked his left knee cap with my right foot. As we struggled I could hear cars approaching.

Shortly two burly agents wrestled my attacker to the ground and put him in handcuffs. They picked him up and then led him to one of their cars as Agent Pedro came up to me with her gun drawn and a fearful look on her face.

“Are you ok?” she asked.

I nodded as I caught my breath. She picked up the man's purse from the ground and took out the keys to the van. After unlocking it we looked inside. The back of the van held exactly what we had anticipated. There was a roll of duct tape, sheets of plastic, rope and a variety of knives. I felt ice cold just looking at what had been in store for me and what the previous victims had gone thru.

"Drive back to your place. I will be over shortly to get your statement."

I nodded and walked back to my car. Once inside I sat there for a few minutes. When my pulse returned to normal I put the key in the ignition and started the car. I was no longer shaking and the relief that I felt was indescribable.

Back at the apartment Marlene had just returned from a session with one of her clients. She was changing out of her dominatrix costume when I walked in. I poured myself a glass of wine and sat down on the couch to wait for Agent Pedro to come.

"Jesus you look a fright. What happened?"

I related my close call with killer number two. She just sat there looking at me with that amazed look on her face. I got up and refilled my glass then sat back down next to her.

"I am just so glad this is over and I mean finally over," I said.

"Finally is right. That makes two killers in less than a month's time. I think you should get a medal for what you have been thru," remarked Marlene.

"I'll settle for some time off and a good job recommendation when I get my criminal justice degree," I answered as I drank a large gulp of my wine.

It was over an hour before Agent Pedro showed up. I let her in and we sat at the table to go over the night's events. She started her tape recorder and I began talking. My pulse increased so I swallowed some more wine.

I found retelling my second brush with death was almost as scary as the incident itself. Agent Pedro interrupted me periodically with questions. When we finished she shut off the recorder. She put it and the notepad in her purse.

"There won't be anything on the news for awhile. Our suspect lives east of Dallas and works as an impersonator in various clubs thru out the south. Sometimes he flies to other cities for a weekend. We have a search warrant and are going to go thru his residence with a fine tooth comb. Hopefully that will get us more evidence. As it stands right now all we have is the assault on you. That stuff in the van is not illegal to possess and has yet to be processed by the CSI team."

"I see. So I will continue to live and work here then?"

"Yes. I know this is an additional burden on you. We obviously never expected that you would find two killers instead of just one. We have no information that might suggest there is more than that though anything is possible. I am going to check back with you in a week or so."

I nodded as she stood up. I had just about enough of serial killers for one month or for that matter for one lifetime. I walked Agent Pedro to the door.

Marlene handed me a refilled glass of wine and we sat on the couch. I talked with her for quite a

while. It was good to have someone to unload on. She had always been comforting and understanding. I finished my wine and stood up.

“I want to shower and sleep alone for a while,” I said.

Marlene nodded and headed for her own bedroom. I needed some time to “come down” as they say from another close call. I didn’t feel much like being around anybody let alone please her in bed.

I took a long hot shower. I was feeling the wine as I finished. After drying off and dusting myself with perfumed body powder I slipped into my pink nightgown and crawled between my pink satin sheets. I don’t remember my head hitting the pillow.

I slept until almost noon. Marlene drove me across the plaza for pizza. I felt much better and the pizza tasted extraordinarily good. Back in the apartment she got dressed in her dominatrix costume for her afternoon client.

“I would like to have you join me. Do you feel up to it?” she asked.

I thought a moment and then nodded my head. Getting back to work would probably be the best thing. A half hour later I was in my black satin French Maid uniform and black leather stiletto heel pumps. I took her arm and we walked to her dungeon to await her client.

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The next several days I alternated between the fetish shop and dancing at the club. It felt good to go out in front of the audience and gyrate around. After

the stress I had been under it was a way for me to unwind. The customers seemed to appreciate it too judging by the tips I received.

Agent Pedro called me and wanted to talk to me again in person. I was off Monday so I told her to come by about one pm. Hopefully this was going to be our last official meeting. If it was I wanted to know what my future was going to be. More importantly I guess was how I was going to transition back so I could resume a normal life as a male.

It had been a little over a week since my attack. There had been nothing on the news about my attack and the perpetrator's subsequent arrest as she had said. I could only assume the news blackout was because of the continuing investigation and now there could be some evidence gathering too since the FBI had his name and address.

Marlene would be working at the store while Agent Pedro and I talked. I would fill her in when Agent Pedro left. I was a little apprehensive about what she might have to tell me. If in fact things were over and I would be going back my relationship with Marlene would also be over.

She was on time as usual and had a big smile on her face as I let her in. We walked over to the couch and sat down. She opened the folder she had brought with her.

“You will be pleased to know you found our killer. A search of his apartment revealed a stash of souvenirs. I will spare you the details but all those unsolved murders have been cleared up. I can assure you this individual will never see the light of day again.”

“That’s a relief,” I said. “Did you learn anything about him or what made him do these things?”

“He had a very unhappy childhood trying to come to grips with his penchant for femininity coupled with being a very feminine boy who was growing up in a man’s world. Apparently he had come to loathe himself and everybody who was like him.”

“I see. Now that this is over what about me? Am I going to be needed here any longer?”

“No, at least not for the two cases you helped us solve. His lawyer advised him to plead guilty to all counts in view of the evidence that we were able to present. Your written statement is part of the evidence. Your actual presence won’t be needed since there isn’t going to be a trial.”

“So what is the next step then?”

“That is going to be entirely up to you. In talking with Polly at the club and in view of your relationship with Marlene I must ask you this. “Do you really want to go back to being a male and continue your education in criminal justice?”

Her question hit me between the eyes like a pail of cold water.

I had become so wrapped up in my feminine lifestyle. I had found a wonderful female lover in Marlene. Despite the underlying truth about why I was here I had become very happy living and working as a female. Like the song I really enjoyed being a girl.

Had this reassignment into a totally feminine lifestyle unlocked some deep rooted desire to become a woman? Were the thrills and enjoyment I got from

wearing very feminine clothing, shoes and makeup purely the result of the hormones?

Or perhaps I had gone past a point of no return that my submergence into a totally feminine lifestyle had made me forget what it had been like being a man and now left me with not only a feminine body but female emotions and personality too.

“Your silence raises some questions about us letting you return to your male existence.”

Agent Pedro’s statement caught me off guard. I had been lost in thinking about what I was going to have to give up on the road back to masculinity. Despite the circumstances that had brought me here I had found happiness not only with Marlene but working with Polly and the girls at the club.

If I went back would I be able to find the same kind of happiness with a woman as a man? Could I readjust to a “man’s world” and be happy there? My head was swimming and I was having difficulty making a decision.

“If you want to stay here it is ok with the bureau. You will have to pay for your meds from then on though. There will be a news release Wednesday about the capture of a serial killer. Included in that report we will have a side story that details a missing undercover agent who was lost in the river while apprehending the first killer.”

“I see. That would wrap things up neat and tidy wouldn’t it?”

“Yes it would. Why don’t you take some time to think about it and then give me a call in a week or so and tell me what you have decided to do.”

“Ok I will,” I answered.

Agent Pedro got up and left. I tried to watch some daytime TV but couldn't seem to get interested in anything. Agent Pedro's words kept coming back to me. "Do you really want to go back to being a male?" My criminal justice career was just an afterthought.

At five I relieved Marlene at the store. When she came back she asked me if anything was wrong. I shook my head no and then went back to the apartment. When she came back I was dressed in my French Maid costume as she had a night appointment with a client in an hour.

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Afterwards we sat on the couch with a glass of wine. She looked over at me and with no emotion in her voice said:

"What are you going to do?"

"Stay," was my one word answer.

"Are you real sure about this?" she asked.

I turned to look her right in the eye with my heart pounding in my chest.

"Yes," was my second one word answer.

"So what does this mean for us?"

I got up and set my wine glass down. Turning to her I swished the skirts of my French Maid costume.

"Well you can start by seducing the maid," I said with a giggle as I began mincing in an effeminate manner towards her bedroom.

That Wednesday night we both watched the news broadcast with the follow up story on the first killer that had resulted in the death of an undercover

agent whose body was never found. With that news out I felt much better. I would now be able to genuinely relax and enjoy my life.

Later in the shower as I rinsed the sweet smelling bubble bath suds off my feminized body I looked down at what little was left of my manhood. At some time in the future I might be able to under go another reassignment. Only this time it would be a permanent one.

THE END