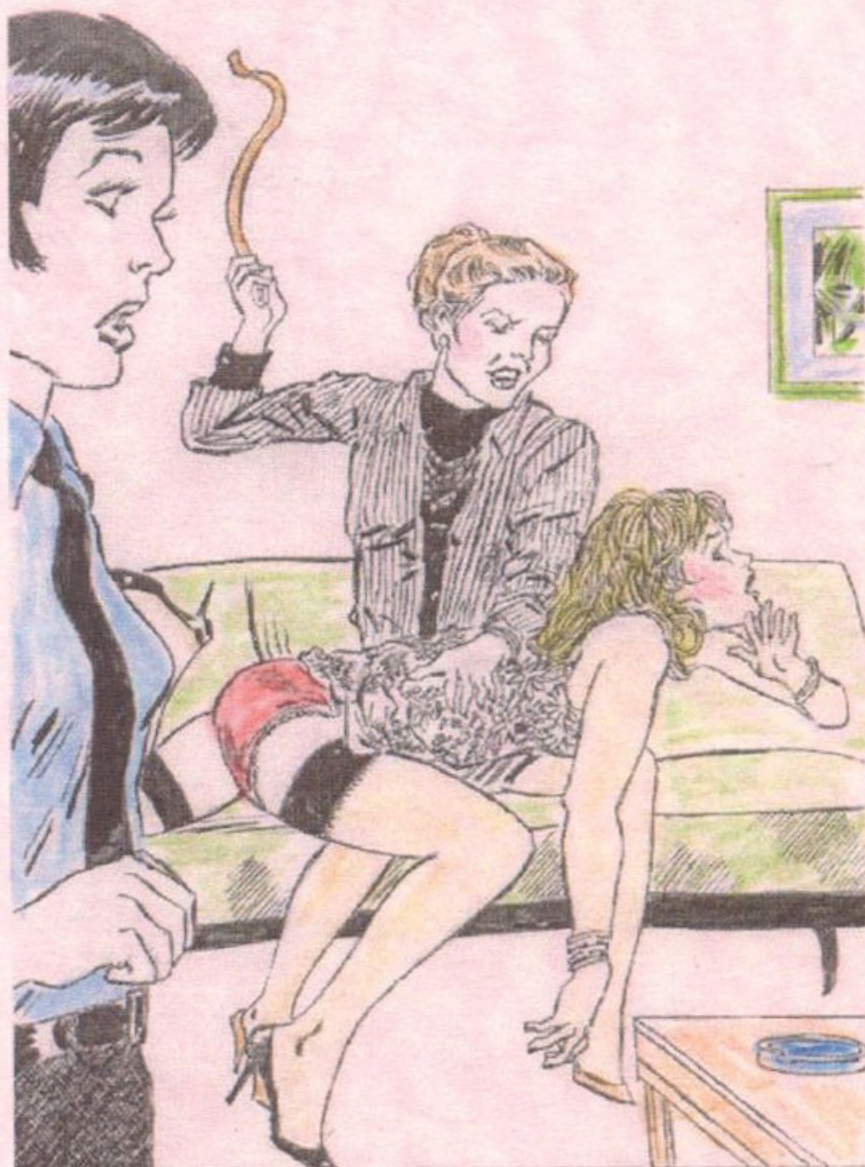


TITILLATING TV TALES

"UNDER HIS SKIRTS"



A HUSBAND GETS A TASTE OF
THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE.

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"UNDER HIS SKIRTS"

Story by Sandy Thomas & Dee Crease

Rewrite by Alice Trail

Editing by Kristi Love

Illustrations by Puyal

A twenty-six year old woman drinking at nine-thirty in the morning, may seem odd, but what the hell, I'm a cop! A third generation police officer, I was driven to excel. Men easily rise in the ranks, but women fight tooth and nail for promotions. The vice squad, Special Investigations Division, was different, and I saw it as my ticket to the top. We had just brought down a major player in the cocaine trade, and drinking with the boys was expected!

After a few too many, I rolled out of the bar around noon. Lack of sleep and too much liquor put me in a foul mood! Swaggering along the sidewalk, I prayed my double-parked car would know the way home. Turning the corner, I nearly had a fit when I saw a lame brain meter maid ticketing my ride! "What the hell are you doing?" I screamed at the top of my lungs. Pulling out my gold detective badge, I shoved it in maid's face and yelled, "Do you know who I am?"

I half expect the bitch to get all huffy, as meter maids are apt to do, so I was really taken aback when I realized this maid was a guy!

"I'm ... sorry, sir ... no ... Ma'am ... I mean *Sergeant*," he nervously stammered, cowering from me. Anxiously smoothing his pale green uniform and tensely adjusting his silly pillbox cap, he gulped, "For...forget it. I... I'll trash the ticket. No one will know."

Strangely attracted to his sparkling blue eyes and almost shoulder-length reddish hair, I felt pity for the poor slob and his thankless job. "Thanks, pal," I said. "I'm sorry for yelling. How about if I buy you a drink later?"

"Well ... okay," he quivered. "O'Malley's Tavern is down the block from the precinct station. I'll meet you at... six?"

Busting dopers was intoxicating, but the prospect of my first real date, if you could call it that, in too many months was more exciting! Finding romance isn't easy for cops, especially female cops.

I arrived at the bar early and had several cups of coffee before he arrived. "Sorry, I'm late," he meekly smiled as he gingerly took a seat across from me.

"No sweat!" I assured. "Want a beer?"

"Coffee's fine," he grinned seeing my cup. "By the way, I'm Larry LaRue. I didn't get your name earlier."

Extending my hand in friendship, I smiled, "Jo Murphy." "My pleasure, Sergeant," he bashfully smiled, limply taking my hand with the softest of shakes.

"Jo," I smiled.

"Jo it is!" he grinned.

As first impressions go, Larry was strange, but I truly enjoyed his company. We talked for hours, and among other things, he told me about his life and how he ended up as a meter maid!

"My Dad was chief of police in our small Kansas town," Larry sadly acknowledged. "He was killed in the line of duty when I was a kid."

"That's awful!" I sympathized. "Who raised you?"

"My mother and her spinster aunt," he nervously faltered. "I was an only child."

"Was your childhood bad?"

"No," Larry sighed. "Just .. confusing." "How so?" I prodded.

"My dream was to follow in Dad's footsteps, and I constantly talked

about becoming a cop when I grew up," he proudly admitted. Tensely squirming, he sighed, "Mom and Aunt Mae hated the idea, so they did everything in their power to dissuade me from a career in law enforcement."

"Like?"

"You name it!" he huffed. "They taught me feminine pursuits like cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, sewing, and knitting. Then, there was dress up ... oops!"

Larry cringed in agony, but his apparent slip of the tongue piqued my interest! "What's dress up?" I soothed in my disarming *good cop* voice."

"They said it was a game, but I was embarrassed nonetheless," he blushed. "After school, week-ends, and summer vacations, they made me wear girl's clothes!"

"You're kidding!" I gasped.

"I wish," he shyly blushed. "Not just dresses and skirts either. I had to wear panties, padded bras, and slips, *everything* real girls wore. When I was twelve, they threw out all of my cotton briefs and made me wear silky nylon panties full time, even under my jeans to school. After that, I quit roughhousing with the guys for fear my panties might be discovered."

"Wow!" I gasped while trying to imagine the trauma a boy would experience if he were forced to wear panties.

"They added makeup, lipstick, and nail polish to my girlish routine when I became a teenager. When I complained, they made me roll my hair and sleep with it in curlers. Believe me, I was constantly fearful and apprehensive that my friends would find out about my secret life."

"Why would they do such crazy things to a boy?"

Deeply blushing, he meekly sighed, "They wanted to make me into a sissy so I would forget about becoming a macho cop."

"That's wild!" I sighed. "You must've hated it!"

"With a passion!" he admitted. "Fear of being seen in dresses, skirts, and makeup kept me home, out of trouble, and without close friends of either gender."

I shook my head in bewilderment, as Larry removed his wallet from the purse-like meter maid's satchel on his shoulder. Unfurling a clear plastic encased photograph, he smiled, "I don't know why I keep this stupid picture," he tentatively simpered. "Nostalgia, I guess."

Staring wide-eyed, I panted, "This can't be *you*! It looks like a pre-teen *girl*!"

"I know," Larry gulped. "Mom took it on my thirteenth birthday. The pink taffeta party dress was a special gift from Aunt Mae."

"Your hair! It's so *long* ... and in *pin curls*!" I excitedly gushed. "Did she buy you the pink pantyhose and white patent leather Mary Jane shoes too?"

"Y ... yes," Larry grimaced, cowering in disgrace.

I couldn't get over how remarkably realistic he looked. Adorned with white hair ribbons, his pink glossed lips bespoke *girl*! Noticing bejeweled studs, I inquired, "Are your ears pierced?"

"That and the makeup were Mom's gifts," he blushed. "She said all teenage girls had pierced ears, and even though I wasn't a girl, I wore dresses and should be no different. Since my friends only had one ear pierced, I covered the hole in my right ear with makeup on school days and hoped no one would notice. The holes healed when I stopped wearing earrings, but I'm still self-conscious about them."

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "Your life must have been quite stressful! How long did you endure those dress-up games?"

"Through high school and college where I earned a degree in accounting," he blushed. "The worst part was whenever I started liking a girl and wanted to date. Mom and Aunt Mae would talk about taking me to the beauty parlor for a new hairstyle and buying

me a new dress so I would be as pretty as my date. Needless to say, I never asked anyone out! When I moved away from home, the first thing I did was buy a pack of cotton jockey briefs and throw out my supply of panties!"

"Why didn't you cut your hair?"

"I got used to wearing it long, but I don't roll it anymore," he sighed. "Despite all that, I never forgot my dream. I vowed to become a lawman and avenge Dad's murder, and I will someday! I've been traipsing about the country for the last two years looking for any type of police work," he stoically admitted. "Last month, I landed this meter maid job!"

"Wow!" I gasped. "I've got to hand it to you, pal!"

"It's not so bad," he chuckled, daintily sipping coffee with his pinkie finger stiffly extended. "When I accepted the position, they put me on the waiting list for the academy, and that makes it worthwhile. The only down side is this uncomfortable ugly green uniform."

"How so?" I quizzed, narrowing my eyes.

"The pants ride up and fit very snugly," he sighed, "The department only provides one type uniform, and it's cut for women. At least, I don't have to wear a *skirt!*"

"Would you ... wear a skirt?"

"If that's what it took for me to get into police work, I would," he shyly admitted. "I'll do *anything* to reach my goal, even wear panties under my uniform!"

"I respect that, but I don't understand why a man would willingly wear women's undergarments," I sighed.

"I've done it before, and they aren't so bad if no one knows you're wearing them," he blushed.

"Are you wearing panties, *now*, I mean?" I gasped, trying to comprehend what Larry was trying to tell me.

"I have to on duty," he blushed. "My watch commander says panties are what real meter maids wear. If I don't wear panties, she says she'll give me a bad fitness report, and I'll be off the force."

"How does she know what kind of underwear you're wearing?"

"She calls me into her office at random times and makes me drop my pants! Talk about embarrassment! At first I wore plain white nylon panties, but she made me purchase more elaborate lace embellished styles in a variety of pastel colors. She told the other meter maids what I was wearing and made me show them. I swear, that bitch gets her kicks from humiliating me!"

Despite our divergent personalities, one thing led to another, and soon Larry and I became an item. I'd never seen such a subdued nature in any man, and I liked it. We were both five feet seven inches tall, yet Larry was actually slighter built and smaller boned. His classic Mediterranean nose aside, his facial features were almost delicate. His feet, hands, and fingers were more slender and smaller than mine! I dominated our relationship from the beginning. Telling a man how, what, and when to do things thrilled me. I loved the power, and Larry was only too willing to please!

I tried keeping my involvement with Larry private, but Dirk, found out! An eighteen year veteran, he was a cop's cop. He was extremely intimidating at six foot two and muscle bound, especially with his dark hair, mustache, and deep-set eyes!

During a routine stakeout, he wormed from me the details of my new love affair. "I've seen that wimp!" Dirk spat. "He's that male meter maid. Why hang out with a geek like him when you can have a *real* man like me?"

"Don't flatter yourself, Dirk," I sneered. "Believe me, you're nothing to write home about!" As he sarcastically rolled his eyes, I vehemently warned, "I'll cut off your balls if I ever hear you bad mouth Larry again!"

Things rocked along with Larry and me getting on quite well, but our relationship seemed to hit a brick wall. Realizing that I'd be an old maid if I wait for Larry, I proposed to him.

"Of course I'll marry you, Jo!" he gently sighed as if a weight was lifted from his shoulders. "I love you very much, but I wasn't sure how you felt about marrying someone like ... like me. You are so ... so beautiful, so aggressive, so sure of yourself. You could have any man you want ..."

"Maybe so, but you're the one I want!" I assured my small docile lover.

"Congratulations pal!" Dirk huskily bellowed at our wedding reception. "Do I kiss the bride or the groom?"

"Cut the crap, Dirk!" I snapped. "Get it into your thick skull that Larry is my husband, and I love him!"

Sighing nervously, Larry sighed, "It's okay, darling. I'm sure Dirk meant no harm."

"That's right, pal. Let bygones be bygones. That's what I say!" Dirk grinned as he swept Larry into his arms and passionately kissed him on the lips.

"Put him down, you bastard!" I squealed. I was upset, but seeing Larry's red face pout was infuriating!

"Hell, I'm sorry," Dirk apologized when he saw the adverse reaction of the surrounding onlookers. "I was just kidding, and I've had too much to drink." I let the subject drop, but I could tell that the shame of his antics remained with Larry.

Our honeymoon was short-lived, as after only three days, I was ordered back to work. All 25 SID agents were present at headquarters with the top Assistant District Attorney. Something

really big was up!

"Here are more than forty complaints, but not *one* can be prosecuted!" Assistant District Attorney Barbara Pratt announced as she threw a stack of papers on the table. "These reports accuse William F. Doyle, Jr. of rape, and since he's involved in the rackets, he's no ordinary son of a bitch! Within days of each report, the women recant their story and drop the charges. We're gunning for Doyle, and this is top priority!"

Pressured by the D.A., our captain pulled us off a major narcotics probe. He assigned Dirk as lead agent and me as his assistant. "I'm making this Doyle thing quick and easy," Dirk announced at a strategy session. "We'll use the hooker ploy! We know of Doyle's haunts, so we'll bait him with a female undercover agent. As our only female officer, Murphy, you're it!"

Larry moved his things into my apartment, and we were very happy. The only thing that bothered me was the fancy feminine panties he wore under his uniform every day to work. Saying he *had* to wear them or lose his job, he begged me not to tease or ridicule him. As soon as he returned home, he took them off with his uniform, but the stigma of him being a sissy was there. He hand washed his silky lace embellished panties and included my few delicate garments. At least, that was *something*!

As for work, I usually kept tight lipped about my police activities. However, I really loved Larry, and he *had* to know about the Doyle sting. One night, as he was ironing our panties, along with a slip and a couple of soft blouses of mine, I told him about the sting.

"Scoundrels like that should be brought to justice," he agreed. "Just be very careful. I'd be so lost without you."

"Don't worry, sweetheart," I smiled. "There will be plenty backup. Doyle will be sorry if he tries anything!"

Agents surrounded the Lounge at 20:00 hours. Getting situated inside, I awaited our target. I hated the racy red mini dress and long blonde wig I had to wear. The under wire bra made my boobs

stick out too far, and I could barely walk in the four inch spikes Dirk insisted on! Pretending to admire my fake, sculptured, red nails, I checked my hidden *wire*, and it was show time!

"What a sorry bastard," I muttered, as Billy Doyle waltzed into the bar. His grotesquely thin lips spread into a cocky smirk, and he headed straight toward me.

When he sat beside me, I turned on the charm, but it didn't work. "Sorry, babe," he spat, after only a few minutes of arduous flirting. "You're not my type. I'm allergic to cops!"

Feigning surprise, I protested, "*Cop?*"

"Don't con a con," he sneered. "You're a hot looking babe, but *cop* is written all over your puss!"

Larry was happy when I broke the news of the operation's failure. "I'm glad it didn't work out," he sighed. "The thought of another man touching you ... making love to you is ... is abhorrent to me."

Later, as Dirk and I searched the files for a chink in Doyle's armor, he noted, "Most of these complaints come from women who worked for the asshole."

"I think deep cover is the answer," I mused. "Let's set up a sting and see how it goes. If he tries anything, we could nab him on the spot!"

Captain Donahue reviewed and approved our plan. Since I was the only woman in SID, and he knew me, we had to recruit another female officer.

Annie Gaines was perfect. She was single with two years on the force, and she knew typing and shorthand. Most of all, she was a buxom brunette with knockout, gorgeous looks!

After a briefing, Annie applied for a secretarial job with Doyle's firm, and it was remarkable how quickly she was hired! Things moved along smooth as silk, and after only two months, Doyle

himself promoted her to his personal secretary. It was only a matter of time until he was ours!

Annie soon reported that Doyle was becoming a bit *too* friendly! Remarks became passes, which escalated to fondles. Three weeks later, he asked her to stay late to catch up on some dictation!

On the fateful day, surveillance was set up around Doyle's office building to monitor Annie's body mike. My gut wretched in revolution as I relayed to Dirk the scumbag's lewd comments.

"Being an ass hole is not a crime, Jo," he radioed back. "Wait until he makes a move on her."

I heard the rustle of Annie's low cut chiffon dress and imagined her disgust at having Doyle's slimy paws all over her. Suddenly and inexplicably, all sound went dead! Minutes later, we busted down the office door, but to our shock, both Annie and Doyle were gone!

An A.P.B. was immediately issued, but our massive manhunt turned up zilch! Even more infuriating was, while Annie remained missing, Doyle returned to his office the very next day!

"No body, no crime," Pratt snarled with frustration. "Doyle is no doubt responsible for Annie's disappearance, but we can't do anything without evidence! If we try to nail him for kidnapping Annie, we'll surely come up empty." Still, Pratt and her feminist agenda wouldn't relent. "Try again!" she demanded. "Come up with a new angle! I want that slimy bastard!"

To her aggravation, the department and the D.A. didn't see eye-to-eye. The top brass wasn't about to sacrifice another female officer to Billy Doyle .

Seeing my mounting frustration, Larry tried to comfort me, but I turned him away saying, "Don't patronize me! If you really want to help, *do* something!"

"What can *I* do?" he whimpered as he cowered away from me. "Write him a parking ticket?"

My husband's soft squeaky whine made me feel awful. "I'm sorry, Larry," I soothed, embracing his quivering body. "I'm uptight, and that was cruel and insensitive."

One day, Dirk said, "I have an idea how we can set up another deep cover probe. Instead of going straight at him like we did with Annie, what if we got a mole into another department of his firm, accounting maybe?"

"Intriguing idea!" Pratt exclaimed. "That way, we could get him for rape *and* have a look at his books. They're bound to contain incriminating evidence of some sort."

Swaggering triumphantly, Dirk bragged, "When you've got it, you've got it! So Captain, is my plan a go?"

"Who's your mole?" Pratt asked.

"My ass is still smarting from the chewing I got on the Gaines operation," Captain Donahue replied. "At best, your idea sounds risky, and the brass won't approve another woman going undercover to catch that bastard. Think of something else."

"How about if we use a man who can pass as a woman?" Dirk proposed.

Captain Donahue mused, "I don't know of a single cop who could pull something like that off."

"I'll bet dollars to donuts that Larry LaRue, Murphy's husband, could do it with the right training." Dirk offered with an undeniable gleam in his eye.

"No way!" I screeched. "Besides, he's not a real cop!"

"She's right," Captain Donahue agreed. "He's only a meter maid."

"He wants to be a cop," Dirk persisted. "Maybe we could use that as an incentive to accept the assignment."

"Oh no!" I yelped, my fevered protest falling on deaf ears. Turning

to Pratt, I begged, "Please, not my husband! I want him to be a man, not a pansy in a *dress*!"

"Your idea might be worth pursuing if he agrees," Captain Donahue mused thoughtfully. "We could fix him up with a crash course at the academy for six months or so and see how it goes. What do you think, Ms. Pratt?"

As she thumbed through Larry's personnel file, Pratt mused, "He has a B.A. in accounting, and he looks rather effeminate with his long hair. What the hell, if he agrees, let's give it a whirl!"

"Bring him in, and let's see if he's game." "He won't be!" I assured them.

Shame flooded over me when Larry arrived at the precinct later that day in his femininely cut uniform. "This is totally voluntary, LaRue, but you'll be a full fledged cop after the operation," Captain Donahue noted after briefing Larry on the operation.

"If Doyle raped all those women, he must be a terrible person," Larry sighed.

"He's a bastard!" Pratt angrily spat. "I won't be happy until he's behind bars where he belongs."

I had respect for my husband, but I feared the side effects a deep cover operation could cause. Sure, he was cute in a dress at thirteen, maybe even at seventeen, but could he handle it *now*?

"Okay, I'll do it!" I heard my husband say.

Slapping his back, Captain Donahue proudly announced, "Welcome to the team, LaRue! You start training at the academy tomorrow morning!"

"Gee ... that's ... great!" I spat as frightful images of Larry posing as a woman and coming on to Doyle whirled through my mind. "What will become of *us*?" I wondered.



"Congratulations, son, you have been picked for an elite team," the captain said.

"What role will I play, sir?" my husband asked.

I hid my face in shame as the captain started, "Well..."

As we snuggled on the sofa that evening, Larry meekly sighed, "I'm not sure I can handle wearing dresses again."

"Then back out *now*," I caressed his slender neck.

"I can't!" he whimpered. "Becoming a police officer is my lifelong dream, and this is my big chance. I can't blow it now that I'm this close. Anyway, I've worn dresses before, and it wasn't the end of the world."

Into the night, I urgently begged him not to do this. I think he wanted to back out, but despite his anxiety, he refused to relent. Strange as it seemed, he sought to avenge his father's death through the arrest of Billy Doyle.

The next morning, I dropped Larry off at the Police Academy. Wearing jeans, sneakers, and a white polo, his only other possessions were a toothbrush and a razor. "Good luck, darling," I sighed, as I tightly embraced and kissed him farewell. A van pulled through the gate as I watched him walk along the stone path. I probably wouldn't have noticed, except it was painted bright pink! Swirling lavender letters on the side identified it as 'The Chrissy Institute, Mobile Unit Two'.

Returning to headquarters, I told Captain Donahue about the van and asked if he ever heard of the company. "Some outfit Pratt brought in to assist with LaRue's training," he replied. "She has a free hand on this one."

"What kind of training do they provide?" I gasped. "I never heard of them.

"Enough, Murphy!" he snapped in a gruff tone. "The chief put the Doyle matter entirely in Pratt's hands and gave it top priority. Talk to her if you want to know more!"

I tried to do that, but for the next week, she neither answered her phone nor returned my calls. Dirk kept a tight lip, but there was always a knowing gleam in his eye. As lead agent, he knew what was happening with Larry, but he kept referring me to Pratt.

I finally made contact with Pratt by going by her office. She agreed to see me, but she coolly stated that, due to the importance and sensitivity of the case, all information was on a 'need to know' basis. In her opinion, I simply did not need to know at this time.

For the better part of a month, I dogged Dirk for information, but with a mischievous grin, he refused to even give me a hint. One afternoon, when I returned to the precinct after working a skid row hooker detail, I was summoned to the captain's office where he and Dirk were waiting.

"Sexy!" Dirk hooted obnoxiously, as I minced into the office in my scandalously short skirt, frizzed wig, overdone makeup, dark red lipstick, and ridiculous stilt heels. "I love hot chicks in miniskirts and high heels!"

Swinging my handbag, I bopped him in the rump saying, "Watch it! Next time, it's your family jewels!"

"Murphy!" Captain Donahue abruptly reprimanded. "I pulled you in to tell you Pratt approved your request to visit LaRue."

"I can see Larry!" I cheered happily. While jumping for joy, I nearly sprained my ankle in my stilt heels. "When?"

"Dirk will escort you to the academy tomorrow morning," he explained. "I must inform you that your husband is going through some radical training. No matter what you see, or how you feel about this gig, you are under strict orders not to interfere. Understand?"

"Training?" I anxiously shuddered. "What kind of training? Learning to walk in heels like these?"

"Look, Murphy! You know he's being trained to mimic the actions of a sexy woman to lure that bastard, so don't freak out when you see your husband in a dress. Besides, I went out on a limb to get you this visit," he scowled.

"Okay, I promise," I agreed.

"This operation is top secret, so any interference from you will mean my ass and get you thrown off the case! Security is vital to our investigation, so give me your solemn word that you'll follow these guidelines! Otherwise, no visit!" I had no choice but to agree.

I awoke the next morning ecstatic. I wanted to look special for Larry, so I slipped into a summery dress, and biting the bullet, I wore my despised three-inch pumps!

"Check it out!" Dirk brayed when he arrived to pick me up. "What's the world coming to? Murphy's wearing women's clothes!"

"Shut up and drive, Dirk," I teased. "Not even you can ruin this day."

Barbara Pratt was waiting for us when the door opened after he pressed a security code. "Murphy!" she chimed with a sickening smile. "So nice to see you, again."

Angry at being stonewalled for a month, I spat, "Cut the crap, Pratt! I want to see my husband!"

"He's right down the hall," she curtly replied. "He's taking a dexterity lesson, but he's expecting you."

"Dexterity?" I winced as I followed her down the corridor. My heart was pounding fearfully as I peered through a two-way mirror and saw Larry's back. "His hair has certainly grown," I noted at seeing it tied in a high ponytail hanging just below his neck.

As I reached for the doorknob, Pratt cautioned, "Don't be too shocked by what you see. Remember that he's preparing for a deep cover probe, and he has to be perfect to avoid detection."

Sneering facetiously, I barged into the room. The noise startled Larry and he abruptly jerked back and delicately pressed his hand to his padded chest. "Hey, babe!" I sang out. "I'm here!"

"Jo!" came a high-pitched squeak. "You finally arrived!"

"Oh, my darling!" I exclaimed in disbelief, as he turned to face me. "What have they done to you?"

"I'm delighted that you're here," Larry blushed demurely while looking anxiously about as if he feared something or someone. Seeing no one and hearing no rebuke, he rushed over to kiss me. Flashing long pink oval fingernails, he girlishly gushed, "I've missed you so!"

I was definitely distracted at seeing my husband clad in a skin-tight black leotard with a short overskirt. I inhaled his pleasant feminine perfume and observed his pale pink lipstick, blush, eyeliner, and black mascara.

"I've learned that hands work differently with long nails. Mine are a quarter inch past the tip, making it difficult to use of my hands." Just then, he saw a pretty redhead with freckles approaching, and he nervously stammered, "Even though they're extensions, I... I have to be extremely careful not to break them! Aren't they simply *adorable*?"

Checking my short, chipped, bitten set, I sighed tensely, "Guess I wouldn't know."

"Jo, this is my instructor, Miss Darla O'Shea, from the Chrissie Institute," he nervously introduced.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Miss O'Shea," I pleasantly replied. "Has my husband been a good student?"

"Most of the time, but sometimes we have to take corrective measures with our girl, don't we, sweetie?" she somberly replied.

"I try to do as you say, Miss Darla!" Larry exclaimed in a panic filled voice as fear filled his eyes. "Really, I do!"

"I know you do, sweetheart," she said in a patronizing voice, as she patted him gently on the cheek. "I know you do." Turning to me she said, "I'll leave you two alone for a while, but don't stay too long. As you can see, your visit is unsettling to our little darling, and we don't want that, do we?" Turning to Larry, she said, "Show your wife your quarters before she leaves." It sounded more an order than a suggestion.

"What was that all about? What did she mean by 'corrective measures'?" I asked my blushing husband.

"I... I don't like to upset her," he stammered, nervously fidgeting with his short skirt.

I knew he was holding something back, but not wanting to distress him further, I changed the subject by asking, "Is something wrong with your voice?"

"No," he pouted bashfully. "Miss Darla has me use a special gargle called 'Soprano Speak' every morning and night. You can figure out why."

"Your face looks different too," I observed.

"I've been undergoing electrolysis treatment to remove my beard," he admitted. "It's completely gone now, so I no longer have to shave ... my *face*, at least."

"Have you lost weight?"

"Yes, I'm on a strict diet."

"You live here?" I gasped upon seeing his room. "It's so ... so ..."

"Feminine?" Barbara Pratt snapped as she joined us. "It's all part of his training, Murphy. Cadet LaRue must learn to pass as an attractive woman in *spades* if he is to fool an experienced womanizer like Billy Doyle!"

I could scarcely believe my eyes! "I've never had lace curtains or a canopied bed, and I'm a *girl*!"

"Five more minutes, and you must leave," Pratt stated. "Otherwise, you'll throw your husband off schedule."

As she closed the door behind her, I heard soft music piped in over small speakers behind the bed. "What gives, Larry?" I softly whispered.

"I'm not exactly sure," he dreamily replied. "So much is happening,

and I don't understand most of it."

I was under orders not to interfere, but I couldn't take this lying down. "You don't have to continue this *training*," I suggested, being careful not to step over the line. "You can quit, you know."

"They would let me," he whined. "I've tried to quit time and again, but they won't hear of it. I even tried to run away a few times, but Miss Darla always caught me and forced me to come back."

"What do you mean they won't let you quit? You volunteered for this assignment, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I have to do whatever they say to avoid spankings and other punishments. I can't seem to stand up to them."

"I can!" I insisted. "It might get me fired, but I can damn well stand up to them!"

"Please don't!" he pleaded as he put his frail arms around my neck and began sobbing on my shoulder.

"Alright," I promised. As I returned his embrace, I felt his bra strap and became aware of the small bumps on his chest.

"Oh, Jo, I love you so much," he sobbed on my shoulder. "Please don't stop loving me if they make me too feminine. I couldn't bear to go through this without your love and support."

"I promise, darling. I'll be here whenever they allow me to visit." I nervously gulped as I ran my fingers through his long silky hair.

"Time's up!" Pratt chimed. "I'll see you out, Murphy."

Out the corner of my eye, I saw Larry skillfully freshen his lipstick, spreading pink gloss over his full, pursed lips as if he'd done it his entire life! "Thanks again for coming, Jo," he cooed as he lightly offered his lips so as not to smear his freshly applied lipstick.

"I love you, darling!" I assured him as I headed for the door. "Take care of yourself."

When we were in the corridor, I laid into Pratt demanding, "What the hell are you doing to my husband? He said you wouldn't let him quit! How dare you ...!"

"*Stop!*" she ordered while maintaining her composure. "Yours is not to reason why, Sergeant Murphy! Cadet LaRue volunteered for this assignment, and he's my responsibility until his training is complete. You were warned not to interfere. Do you want off the case?"

I would have slugged that smug bitch if Dirk hadn't grabbed my arm. "Let me go!" I wailed. "All I want is just one punch!"

"Cool it, Jo!" Dirk snapped. "I warned you, but you're a pig headed broad, and you just won't listen!"

As my anger waned, Pratt apologized, "Sorry for the shock, Murphy, but we felt the operation hinged on you not knowing the intimate details of his training."

"Now that I do, what gives?" I demanded. "What are you doing to my husband?"

"We're using the Gates' Method of Indoctrination," she replied. "Darla is well skilled in its application." As my eyes lost some of their fire, she reminded me, "Success of the Doyle probe depends on Larry's flawless femininity. You'll see him again, but only once a month. He has less than 22 weeks to go, and frequent contact with you could seriously disrupt his progress. Please try to understand."

In the car, Dirk teased, "LaRue makes a pretty cute chick, huh? I'd say he looks better than you, partner!"

"Just take me home," I sighed as I slumped my weary head against the window. "I don't feel so good."

During the next month, I threw myself into my work to get Larry off my mind as much as possible. Finally, the time passed, and I was due for another visit! My mind whirled with mixed emotions as I pulled into the academy. Not surprisingly, Pratt met me at the

security door and informed me that my visit was limited to one hour.

"Cadet LaRue will be right with you, Sergeant Murphy," Darla greeted me in Larry's femininely appointed room. Her strange coolness set off my police sixth sense. Fearing something was amiss; I braced for the worst!

When she closed the door behind her, the soothing music started playing again. Having nothing else to do, I took a peek in Larry's closet. I was taken aback to see sexy miniskirts, wrap skirts of flimsy material that would separate when he walked or sat, and low-cut blouses that would display any feminine assets he might possess.

On the floor was an unbelievable assortment of shoes, most with high stiletto heels. In his drawers were the sexiest silkiest panties, bras, slips, camisoles, teddies, bustiers, ultra-sheer nylon stockings, and nightgowns of every style color and length one could imagine. I never owned anything anywhere near as silky and feminine as the stuff my husband had to wear!

Before I could react, I heard a saucy feminine voice sing out, "Jo! It's been ever so long since I've been allowed to see you! How have you been?"

"Larry?" I stammered, forcing my eyes to focus on the lovely creature before me. "I didn't recognize your voice! Is that really *you*?"

"In the flesh," he sighed dejectedly, tossing his shoulder length mane of reddish curls into place with a motion of his head.

Looking him over, I saw he was wearing a ridiculously tight ankle length skirt that molded to his slightly flared hips and legs like a second skin. His silky white, back buttoning blouse clearly showed the bodice of the lacy slip that covered his tented bra. A wide white tightly cinched belt accentuated his small waist. His shoes were green strap pumps with four-inch heels similar to what I wore on hooker detail. "How can you walk in that rig?" I gasped.

"It's a hobble skirt," he lamented as he smoothed his rump with

immaculately manicured hands. "Miss Darla says it trains me to glide daintily." As I shook my head in disbelief, Larry gracefully curled a long red fingernail and beckoned me to follow him. "Come over here and let's get comfortable while we talk." As he led the way to the sofa, I watched his overly feminine demeanor. Holding his head high, chest out, and shoulders back, he loosely dangled his arms at his sides with limp wrists.

"He rolls his hips like a fashion model!" I shuddered as I watched him strut across the room.

"I'm so glad you're here," he sighed as he pulled his legs girlishly under him as he sat on the sofa. Fluttering his long mascara laden lashes, he purred in a high soft voice, "I've missed you, Jo!"

"I miss you too," I gulped while watching him adjust his billowy white silk blouse away from his 'breasts'. "I barely recognize you!"

"Sometimes I don't even recognize myself!" he grimaced.

Wringing his hands with their long red nails, he sadly confessed, "I'm scared, Jo. I change a bit more each day under Miss Darla's training, and I don't know where all this will end!"

Moving closer, I caressed his slender hairless arm, looked into his eyes, and soothed. "Truthfully, what are Darla and that bitch Pratt doing to you?"

"I got awfully sick shortly after your last visit," he demurely confessed. "I was laid up in bed for nearly a week. The nausea and vomiting never seemed to stop!"

"That's strange," I noted. "The academy is known for its good grub. Was it something you ate?"

"I don't know, but I was really sick," he sighed. "Miss Darla said it was probably a virus. That was about the time I started taking my special vitamins. Could I have had an allergic reaction?"

"What sort of vitamins?"

Pursing his full red glossed lips in thought, he mused, "I'm not quite

sure. They're large purple capsules with the letters V.C. on them. Miss Darla says they'll help me grow into femininity. "

I never heard of vitamins making a person sick. "Are you still taking them?"

Narrowing his brightly shadowed eyelids, Larry cooed, "Yes, I take two daily, one at bedtime and another at breakfast. I'm not sick anymore, so I'm sure they weren't the cause of my sickness. Despite losing more weight, my energy level is high, I feel great, and my complexion is the clearest it's ever been!"

Staring closely at my husband's peaches and cream complexion, I gasped, "I should say so! Those electrolysis treatments have really done the trick. Your face is as smooth as a baby's bottom! What's this about additional weight loss?"

"I've lost quite a bit of weight, but Miss Darla says I still have more to lose," he blushed.

"*More?*" I shuddered inwardly. "He's literally a toothpick *now!*" My husband frantically scratching his chest under his bra disrupted my thoughts. "What gives, Larry?" I gulped.

"I think I'm allergic to my new silky camisoles," he grumbled. "They're very soft, and whatever they're made of is causing an awful itch. My chest has been itching for the past two weeks!" Larry gracefully minced over to his vanity and asked, "Could you lend my a hand, Jo?"

He unfastened his bra and lifted his blouse and camisole above his '*breasts*'. Indicating a pink jar, he grimaced, "Massage that cream on my chest. It causes a strange tingling sensation, but it stops the awful itch."

"*Booster Cream*", read the lavender print on the white label. "An Under Control Product, a Subsidiary of the Chrissy Institute". Dredging a dollop of creamy balm on my fingers, I tenderly smoothed it over the inflicted areas, which was strangely center directly around his nipples'

"Mmmm. It feels so good!" Larry moaned while arching his back

with feline grace. His face alight in ecstasy, he cooed, "Don't stop ... pleeease!"

"This is all screwed up," I thought. "Is he actually getting off?" My tune quickly changed. "Maybe there is something to this stuff!" Larry got hotter, which *really* turned me on'

Our passion made me forget my plaguing concerns, like why his nipples engorged so large and why I detected small jelly like mounds budding beneath his darkening areolas. Tasting lipstick that wasn't mine was a bizarre thrill! I should have been disgusted, but this was my husband! I couldn't resist his quivering crimson lips begging for more wet probing kisses!

"It's Miss Barbara!" Larry yelped fearfully when the door to his room suddenly flew open. "She'll kill me!"

"Fix your clothes and repair your makeup, darling," I commanded. "Leave that ornery bitch to me!"

As Larry obediently dressed and fixed his disheveled makeup, I sweetly chimed, "Well hello, Pratt. Time up so soon?"

"Don't screw with me, Murphy!" she warned with controlled anger. "If this happens again, your visitation rights will be permanently terminated! Follow?"

I gritted my teeth and nodded, but just as I thought the issue was dead, she turned to Larry and scolded, "Your disobedience will cost 50 demerits, Cadet LaRue, and you know what *that* means!"

"Yes, Ms. Pratt," he sighed gloomily while executing a slight curtsey.

"Finish getting dressed, repair your makeup, and swish your butt back to your feminine carriage class with a book on your head before I return, or I'll make it a hundred!"

My husband's sad eyes and pouting lips were my last image of him, as Barbara Pratt escorted me to the security door. "What does 50 demerits buy?" I snarled. "K.P. duty?"

"Not exactly," she slyly grinned, getting my goat. "The Gates' Method uses accelerated training techniques whereby punishments are psychological, yet uniquely effective. Your husband will think twice before he breaks the rules again, and so should you!"

My face twisting in anger, I held back my fury while Pratt entered the security code and opened the door. I bolted out, angrily stomping to my car while thinking, "I don't see how Larry can get anywhere in his tight skirt and stilt heels before that bitch returns, especially with a book on his head. I guess he got a hundred demerits, and it's all my fault for setting off that bitch!"

Back at headquarters, I made a beeline to Captain Donahue's office. It's now or never," I urgently warned myself. "I've got to get Larry out of that place!"

"Murphy!" Captain Donahue snapped as I burst through his door. "What's this crap about you breaking the rules at the academy after I warned you? Pratt just called, and she's mad as a hornet on speed!"

"I didn't break any rules, Captain. Nobody said anything about not engaging in a little heavy petting. We are married, after all."

"Apparently, they want to keep LaRue celibate for the term of his training," he said. "Pratt said something about male chastity adding to his feminine magnetism when he goes after Doyle. Hell, I don't know! You know how important this is." Softening his voice, he added, "Look, I know she has a hard on for you, but watch it, huh?"

"Yes, sir, I need to discuss that too," I panted breathlessly. "This has gone too far. Those bitches are screwing with Larry's mind"

"Hold on a minute!" he interrupted without hearing me. "There's a new development in the Doyle probe you need to know." Poking his head out the door, he yelled, "Baxter, get you ass in here, *pronto!*"

Dirk swaggered into the office, carrying a police lab envelope. "We're really on to something, Jo," he chirped excitedly as he tossed a stack of photos on the desk. "Take a look!"

"What's Doyle doing with Roach Fuente?" I seethed as I stared at a

photo of Doyle with the biggest drug trafficker in the state.

"Enrique, the Cockroach, Fuente, to be exact," Dirk gnarled. "We're fairly sure our Billy is into some serious money laundering for this puke!"

"If Dirk is right, LaRue's accounting skills are more critical than ever to the probe!" Captain Donahue advised. "If he can somehow worm his way into Doyle's books, we're home free. By the way, Jo, what were you saying?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," I withered. "Everything is just peachy. I'll try to get along with Pratt."

"Good, good," he smiled.

Back home, I tried deadening the pain by gulping bourbon from a near empty bottle. "We're gaining an operative, but I'm losing a husband!" I moaned as I dried my tear-streaked face. As bizarre images of Larry mincing about in sexy dresses flashed before my eyes, I couldn't decide which hurt worse; his feminization, or my apparent lesbian reaction to it. Either way, I felt sick!

For the next week, I shuffled about like a zombie. Captain Donahue, concerned over my despondency, put me on the Buy-Bust drug detail. Collaring over eighty crack dealers in four weeks put zest back in my life, while pushing Larry to the back of my mind.

There, the fun ended. Barbara Pratt made an unexpected appearance at the precinct the day before my next scheduled visit with Larry. Half expecting a scolding lecture about do's and don'ts of my visits, I was shocked by what I heard instead!

"Murphy, I'm afraid you can't make your visit with Larry this month because he's having adjustment problems," she almost apologized. "He found a surge of masculine bravado from somewhere deep inside and rebelled quite fiercely. In his rage, he ripped up several cute outfits, flushed most of his cosmetics down the john, used up his lipsticks marking on the walls, and swore he was getting the hell

out of Dodge! One of his punishments is that his visitation privilege with you has been revoked."

"That just means he's come to his senses!" I wailed. "You have to let him out of that awful place! He isn't in jail, you know!"

"After that statement and your lewd behavior during your last visit, you could use some punishment as well," she huffed. "Stay away from the academy for at least another month! That's an order!"

I tried getting on with my life over the next few days, but all the while, I was plagued with terrible guilt. "Screw Pratt!" I seethed. "I should have insisted on seeing him!"

Pleas to Captain Donahue and calls to Pratt fell on deaf ears. After two weeks of going crazy with guilt, I did the unthinkable and approached my partner. "How is Larry's training coming along?" I nonchalantly asked Dirk while we staked out Doyle's beach house.

"Laura ... I mean Larry is a real trooper," he stammered. Realizing his mistake, he spat, "Don't ask stupid questions, Jo. You'll see soon enough!" *Soon* seemed like forever, and I couldn't wait to see Larry or get Dirk's slip of the tongue out of my mind. Did those bitches refer to my husband as *Laura* now?

Finally, visiting day arrived! Determined to grab Larry's attention, I borrowed a revealing top and short skirt from a girlfriend. "Wait 'til he gets a load of me!" I smiled, checking my image in the bedroom mirror. "I only hope there's enough of my husband left to appreciate it!"

When I arrived at the academy, I was let into Larry's *lab* building, as I called it. I was surprised to be admitted by Dirk instead of Pratt. "My, aren't you the lady today!" he smugly quipped. "You look ravishing in that miniskirt, revealing blouse, and heels, with your makeup and neat hairstyle. Why don't you dress that way more often?"

Maintaining my cool, I observed his lipstick-smearred face and cracked, "Had a go with the sexy Darla, huh?"

"She wishes!" he smirked, a cunning smile covered his gruff features.

"Oh no!" I yelled. "Don't tell me you've been in bed with that dyke, Pratt?"

"Hell, no!" he mocked indignity while maintaining his haughty expression. "What do you think I am?"

"I don't have time for this!" I giggled at his jovial banter. "I want to see Larry. Where is he? Pratt wouldn't let me come last month, so I'm dying to see him."

"Down the hall, around the corner, and on the left," he chuckled with that same silly expression, mingled with the lipstick smears on his face. "Have fun!"

"Shut up, and go wash your face!" I joshed with a teasing smile as I swung my purse so it lightly tapped him on the buttocks.

I heard loud high-pitched screams of distress, and being a veteran police officer, I hurried to the source. Instead of finding a damsel in distress; however, I received the shock of my life. Larry was lying across Pratt's lap with his skirt at his waist while she spanked him on his silky black panties with a thick leather strap. He was screaming in pain, and tears flooded from his eyes.

She looked up at me with a devious smile that hinted she was getting a sexual charge out of her dastardly deed as she continued to spank my bawling husband! "In the future, when I say *flirt*, I want to see an all out effort with no holding back!" she admonished. "Understand?"

"Yes, Ms Pratt!" Larry screeched painfully. "I promise to apply myself diligently to my flirting lessons! I won't hold back on my passion like I did before! I promise!"

"See that you don't, or what you just received will seem like love taps!" Pratt spat angrily as she allowed my abused spouse to rise to his feet and adjust his skirt about his smooth nylon sheathed thighs."



"When I say 'flirt', I mean FLIRT, bitch!" Pratt roared as the whip struck my feminine husband.

"What's going on here?" I gasped at seeing my husband draped over her knee, tears running down his cheeks.

"Oh, nothing a little discipline won't fix," Pratt smiled.

Finally finding my voice, I roared, "What the hell is going on here? Why are you spanking my husband, you sadistic bitch?"

Before she could reply, Larry saw me for the first time and rushed into my arms. "Oh, Jo! I'm so glad to see you!" he sobbed as he held me tight. "I've missed you so!" he cried as he raised his lipstick-smudged lips to mine. As I held and caressed him, I noticed that his hair was a darker shade of red than before and had bright highlights at the ends. It cascaded attractively down onto his neck and shoulders and emitted the pleasant odor of a delicate feminine perfume.

"None of that!" Pratt snapped. "You both know the rules. You're only allowed a peck on the lips when you meet to prevent smearing your lipstick."

"Smear my lipstick?" Larry shouted with more courage than I had seen from him since his enrollment in the academy. "My lipstick is already smeared because you made me ... made me," His bravado faded into tears as quickly as it had arisen. "You're horrid! I wanted to look good for Jo's visit, and now my lipstick is a mess, and my makeup is all ruined from my tears!"

"Swish your sissy butt to your room," Pratt instructed in a firm, yet softer voice. "Dry your tears, repair your makeup, and change out of those wrinkled clothes. When you return, I want to see you looking pretty and sexy for your wife like you intended."

As I watched my distraught husband walk away in his four-inch stiletto heels, I noticed that he was wearing a silk crepe cocktail dress that was cut low enough to display cleverly created cleavage. The flimsy knee-length skirt was wrapped in front, and the light fabric would separate to show his trim thighs to the dark tops of his smoky nylons with every step.

"Why were you spanking my husband, you bitch?" I snarled at Pratt when Larry was out of earshot. "Haven't you done enough without humiliating him like *that*? He *did* volunteer for this crazy assignment, you know!"

"Maybe so," she sneered. "I was merely giving him incentive to apply himself to his flirting lessons. If he flirts with Doyle with the

same slip-shod, half-assed, turned-off effort he was using with Baxter just now, that womanizing bastard will smell a rat for sure. He simply can't let his emotions or his sexual orientation dictate his actions when his life is on the line. You *do* remember what happened to Gaines, don't you?"

"Larry was kissing Dirk?" I gasped in shock as I realized the truth. "That's where all that lipstick on that bastard's face came from! That's why the son of a bitch was so facetious and evasive about who he had been kissing! How *dare* you?"

"Had you rather I bring someone in from off the street to smooch with your husband?" she asked with a teasing lilt to her voice. "He needs practice flirting with men, and Lt. Baxter was kind enough to volunteer."

"That bastard!" I seethed.

When Larry returned with his makeup repaired, he had changed into a silk print blouse with spaghetti straps, a straight white miniskirt, and four-inch pumps that combined to severely restrict the length of his steps. Pratt watched us lightly touch lips as instructed so as not to smear his freshly applied lipstick. "Okay," she said. "I'll leave you two alone for a while, but don't engage in any monkey business. Laura, you can continue your flirting lessons after your wife's visit."

"Yes, Ms. Pratt," he sighed in a submissive voice and a mock curtsy, his face displaying abhorrence at what he was being forced to do.

"What's this Laura crap?" I demanded.

"Do you want him walking into Doyle's office looking all sexy in a dress, heels, and makeup saying his name is Larry?" Pratt snapped. "I swear, Murphy, I think you're more concerned about your husband wearing a dress than the success of this operation! Are you afraid he'll be prettier and sexier than you?"

"Go to hell!" I snapped.

As Larry and I walked through the corridor, we passed the office, I

saw Dirk sitting at a desk. "Come in here, and give us a kiss, you sexy bitch!" he spat in a gruff tone.

Glaring at him in anger, I snapped, "I wouldn't kiss you if you were the last man on earth!"

"Not you, *Plain Jane!*" he grinned. "I want a kiss from that sexy babe with you!"

"Please don't make me do this," Larry pleaded while easing timidly toward my smug partner. "Jo is watching!"

Remaining silent, Dirk crooked his finger in a gesture for Larry to approach him as directed. When Larry leaned forward and delivered a light peck to his lips, Dirk reached out, grabbed Larry by the waist, pulled him forward, and insisted, "Not like that. I want a nice juicy kiss that leaves no doubt how hot you are for me."

Having no choice in the matter, Larry kissed Dirk as directed, and when he pulled away, Dirk slapped him on the buttocks and said, "Okay, get out of here!"

"Okay, what the hell is going on?" I demanded when we were alone in his room. "I've had it with the lies, evasions, and half truths everyone, including you, has been feeding me in this place! I want one hundred percent honesty, the *whole* truth, and nothing *but!*"

"I... I don't know where to start," Larry whined girlishly as he repaired his smeared lipstick.

"Start at the beginning, the first day you came here, and don't leave out a single detail," I demanded as he sat on the sofa, kicked his shoes off, tucked his feet under him in a girlish manner, and adjusted his short skirt over his slim nylon clad thighs.

"Well, that first day, I met Miss Darla. She is beautiful and sexy, but she's all business and has a temper that matches her fiery red hair! I was completely hairless and dressed as a woman from the skin out before noon, and I've worn nothing but women's clothes since."

"My training began with lessons in how to walk, stand, and sit in a



I found that learning to kiss a man was part of Larry's training. "What's going on here?" I startled them.

"Hi, Jo," Dirk smiled. "Just continuing Larry's training, and he needs a lot of practice."

skirt. If I didn't get it right after a few tries, she would force me across her lap, flip up my skirt and give me a spanking on my panties, always on my panties."

"She spansks you like Pratt just did?"

"Calling my spankings *corrective measures*, she just gives me enough to get my attention and keep me focused on the lesson at hand. She's never cruel or sadistic like Ms. Pratt, who I'm certain gets off on punishing and intimidating me. Anyway, since day one, my lessons in femininity haven't let up. I have to practice each gesture and mannerism until it becomes habit, and then even more until it becomes natural. I'll have a hard time unlearning all these feminine things when this assignment is over. I'll bet I can apply makeup, roll my hair, and walk in stilt heels better than half the women in the city."

"Why didn't you tell me what these bitches were doing to you when I came to visit? Maybe I could have helped."

Flashing long glossy red nails, he nervously pulled his skirt down and blushed; "They said you would try to interfere with my training if you knew everything, so they warned me not to tell you the gory details."

"Why are you telling me now?"

"It's too late for you to do anything to stop them."

"Too late, why?"

Pursing his bright red lips, he shyly looked up and admitted, "Remember when I told you about my nausea and when I thought my chest was itching, because I was allergic to my silky camisoles? Well, I found out both occurrences were side effects from the strong estrogen compounds and testosterone blocking medications they were giving me without my knowledge. I'm a B-cup now, and everything in my bra is me!"

"That's not fake cleavage?"

"This awful therapy includes implants inserted under my arms that

slowly release hormones into my body. As a result, my breasts are rapidly growing, and no matter what you say or do, they will grow to at least a C-cup by the time my training is over!"

"The nerve of that bitch!" I exclaimed. "Wait till I get my hands on her."

"No, no," Larry pleaded as tears filled his heavily made up eyes. "Please don't do anything to rock the boat. You'll only get yourself kicked off the case and barred from further visits. I need your support more than you know. I don't think I could stand not seeing you!"

"Okay, I'll hold my temper, but only for you, my love," I reluctantly agreed. Changing the subject, I asked, "What's with your hair? "It's so ... so ... *red* ... *so vibrant!*"

He tossed his shoulders back in a feminine gesture that caused his budding breasts to jut out proudly. Flicking his long, thick bangs with lengthy deep crimson fingernails, he sighed, "They colored it *Ravishing Red*. I was wearing it up, but Ms. Pratt made me take it down and shake it loose for my flirting exercise with Lt. Baxter."

"That pig!"

"I'll never forget the first time he saw me wearing women's clothes," Larry blushed as tears welled up in his eyes. "I was here just over a week when he came barging in like he owned the place. I was wearing nothing but panties, padded bra, garter belt, nylons, and heels, and I was standing on this little platform being measured for new clothes."

"Wow! How did you feel?"

"I was embarrassed beyond words' He was the first man to see me dressed as a woman," Larry sighed. He smirked and quipped something about how a flaming pantywaist sissy like me could never satisfy a real woman like you. I attacked him with a fury I didn't know was within me. Of course, he being much bigger and stronger than me, he easily twisted my arms behind me and pulled me across his lap for a sound spanking. Miss Darla and Ms. Pratt always use the strap when they chastise me, but he just used his

open palm. After only a few smacks, I was blubbering like a baby!"

"The nerve of that asshole!" I gasped in disbelief. "How could he have the ball ... uh ... nerve to continue as my partner after humiliating you like that?"

Larry went on to tell me how he was constantly being instructed in ways to improve his feminine demeanor and appearance, including applying makeup, walking, sitting, standing, styling his own hair, using voice inflections and hand gestures, all in a natural non-exaggerated manner! Hell, they even had him writing, throwing a ball, and running like a girl! Of course, his bouncing boobs helped.

I thought I would explode from anger when I saw him saunter with swan-like poise over to a chair with his hips saucily swaying and his arms, with limp wrists, swinging in rhythmic time to the clicking of his heels. Smoothing his skirt, he gracefully lowered himself, sexily crossed his shapely thighs, and paid no mind when his skirt separated and fell aside to reveal his glistening nylon encased thighs.

"Your heels!" I gasped. "They're so high!"

"Four inches," Larry simpered while fluttering thick mascara laden lashes. "They were impossible to wear for any appreciable time at first, but I've grown accustomed to them now. Check these out!" he grimaced as he pursed his highly glossed red lips and pulled back his thick shoulder length tresses. "Aren't they awful?"

"Your ears are pierced again, and double pierced at that!" I exclaimed while staring at the large gold hoops adorning his dainty ears. "Have those bitches gone crazy?"

"Look at this," he sighed as he raised the gold pendant attached to the delicate gold chain around his neck.

"No!" I gasped frantically as I stared as the pendant sparkled against his stark black dress. "Your name isn't Laura! Why are you wearing that charm?"

"I'm Laura LaRue now, Jo."

"You're still Larry LaRue!" I sneered. "Wearing that necklace won't change that!"

Caressing the charm between his French manicured fingers, he solemnly sighed. "Trust me, darling," he insisted. "It has changed." Mincing to his vanity, he retrieved a thick portfolio. Displaying a sheaf of official looking papers, he shyly pouted, "Look. I am Laura, and it's very, very legal!"

"College diploma ... Birth certificate ... Even a damn court order!" I miserably cried. "They've all been changed. But Why?"

"For my foolproof cover!" he sighed, thrusting his hands on his shapely curved hips. "Look at my resume."

Laura Lane LaRue," it read across the top. Topeka State University: B.A. Accountancy ... Professional Experience: Pinch, Penny & Moore, LTD, Senior Cost Accountant ...

"Using the city's top firm as a reference is pure genius!" I sarcastically agreed.

Before I could get any more information, Pratt entered Larry's room and smiled sadistically, "It's time for Sergeant Murphy to go. Laura, see her out!"

At the security door Larry said, "Look, Jo, I love you, and more than anything I want to leave this awful place and be with you. Since I can't, I desperately need your support to maintain my femininity. If I don't, Doyle might discover my true identity, and the consequences are too great to risk that!"

Nodding, I reluctantly agreed, remembering that Annie Gaines was still missing and probably dead. If that son of a bitch ever found out Larry was a guy, let alone a cop. Arrgggh! It was too horrible to consider!"

On the way to my car, I lamented that my husband was trapped where he had to wear dresses and become more feminine by the day. I was especially disturbed that he was being forced to seductively come on to Dirk, my asshole partner, as if he was sexually attracted to the bastard and he had to learn to have no

reservations about being amorous with another man. Not only that! He was he already more attractive as a female than me, and his boobs would soon be a *lot* bigger than mine!

At headquarters the next day, Dirk stopped and sat atop my desk. "Quite a woman, your husband! After he gets over his aversions, he's quite the kisser as well."

"Screw you, Dirk!" I spat while observing a hint of excitement in his eyes and a slight smear of lipstick on his cheek. "Even if that bitch, Pratt, did spank Larry and make him spend all afternoon smooching with you, he's no woman, and he's certainly not *yours!*"

"Whatever you say, partner," he smirked with obvious satisfaction. "But until the Doyle probe is over, Laura is my operative, and what I say goes. If I say that gorgeous redhead with the big tits and killer legs is my woman, *he's* my woman!"

"I thought we were friends, you son of a bitch! Partners don't hit on one another's squeezes. So, how far do you plan on taking this?" I asked.

"Need to know, my dear, Murphy," he smirked, the excitement in his eyes increasing. "Need to know! Anyway, he will graduate from the academy soon, and the whole plan will be revealed to you."

I was helpless to prevent the romance Pratt and Dirk were imposing on Larry, if that's what it was, and jealous of Dirk's relationship with my husband! Pounding my fists angrily on the desk, I seethed, "Listen here, you husband stealing faggot! You may have the upper hand now, but if you turn my husband into a flaming queen, I'll personally cut your balls off and cram them down your throat!"

"Look, Murphy," Dirk sighed, softening his stance. "Both you and Larry knew going into this operation that he would have to have a romantic encounter with Doyle. Maybe you didn't consider that to prepare him for this assignment, he would have to learn to react to men like a woman. I'm just trying to prepare him for when that bastard hits on him."

"You don't have to enjoy your *work* so much!" I snapped. Dirk blushed and looked away at my admonition, but he didn't respond.

The month before my next visit passed with mixed emotions. Captain Donahue swamped me with chores, and in addition to daily surveillance of Doyle, I had to rent and furnish an apartment for Larry. I was pissed that he wasn't coming home after graduation from the academy, even though I understood his need for a separate residence to establish his undercover identity. What really bugged me was that Dirk kept dropping hints about his affectionate relationship with my feminized husband"

I optimistically approached my visiting day, yet when I arrived at the academy gates, those same old worries and doubts plagued my weary mind. The feeling persisted when I entered the training facility and made my way to Larry's room. Upon knocking and entering his room, I was surprised to see him sitting with Darla as the two redheads whispered and giggled like teenage girls discussing the star quarterback.

Staring at Larry's radiantly smooth face, I shuddered. The angularity was gone from his features. With his gigantic boobs and trim thighs, there wasn't an ounce of masculinity apparent! With all the estrogen they had injected into him, I wondered if he could still perform in bed!

Leaning towards me, Larry planted a sisterly kiss to my lips that wasn't about to smear his lipstick or mine and gushed, "It's wonderful to see you, darling! Oh, we have so much to discuss!" When he girlishly clasped his hands with their long bronze polished nails and seductively pursed his full lipstick adorned lips, I noted that his makeup was more subdued than I had seen since his arrival at the academy.

"You seem rather chipper for a man who has been forced to dress as a woman, kiss men against his will, and is soon to go out into the world in skirts," I suspiciously observed. "What gives?"

Larry, perched atop black three-inch pumps, stared at me with a confused expression for a long moment. Then, ignoring my

question, he spread his skirt wide, executed a perfectly girlish curtsy, and giggled with a slightly glazed look in his eyes, "Like my outfit? I wore it especially for you, and of course, for *Dirk!*"

"Thanks a lot." I responded apprehensively, as I was unsure where this was going. "Except for those large boobs, you look like a girl in a private school in that navy turtle neck sweater, short pleated tartan skirt, and tan nylons. What's up? Last month, you hated all the feminine crap they were making you do, and now, you're flitting around like a teenage girl with her first crush!"

"Isn't this just the cutest skirt?" he gushed, ignoring my question and spinning abruptly to swirl his skirt out to show the lacy hem of his silky slip and even trim nylon encased thigh. Caressing the gold heart shaped studs adorning his pierced lobes, he exclaimed in a girlish lilt, "Dirk gave me these earrings, and he just *loves* my chic schoolgirl ensembles!"

"This is too weird," I mumbled to Darla. "Have you brainwashed him?"

"His rebellions were hampering his ability to concentrate on his lessons, so we implanted a few subliminal messages in his mind," Darla admitted. "What do you think? Can he carry off his mission without his real gender being discovered?"

"I ... don't know," I pondered slowly. "Maybe, if he were impersonating a teenage girl, but"

"I agree," Darla admitted. "But, in our favor, we have another month to evolve him into a sexy femme-fatale who will attract Doyle with her obvious charms."

Before we could talk further, Larry squealed, "Eeeee! There's Lt. Baxter! I get wet in my panties every time I see him! Wait here, I'll be back in a jiffy!" Skipping down the hall, he slipped into his quarters and emerged moments later, his full red lips curled into an impish grin.

"What's that odor?" I sneered, whiffing a strange spicy citrus aroma. "It smells like an exotic perfume."

"Like it?" Larry gleefully chirped. "It's new, and I just dabbed it in all the *right* places!" As I shook my head in disbelief, my feminized husband ran over to Dirk and excitedly leapt into his arms.

Devilishly winking at me, Dirk pulled Larry close, and they locked in a passionate embrace. While they kissed, Dirk blatantly kneaded Larry's skirt and slip up to his waist and began caressing his buttocks through his baby blue nylon panties.

"I guess you hypnotized him into doing *that* too," I snapped at Darla.

"In a way yes, but only as a last resort," she confessed. "I insist that my subjects adopt feminine clothes, makeup, hairstyles, mannerisms, and demeanor, but I hate making them do things against their basic nature. Despite the usual incentives, he revolted against his flirting lessons, and because of the magnitude of his upcoming assignment, Ms. Pratt agreed that we had no other choice. Don't worry! He has only a mild crush on Lt. Baxter. We'll be transferring his affection to Doyle before he graduates from the academy."

"Pratt? I should have known that bitch was behind this outrage!" I boiled with rage as I watched the amorous embrace between my husband and my partner. Larry gazed dreamily into Dirk's eyes, pursed his glossed lips, fluttered his dark mascara laden lashes, and smiled bewitchingly at his lover. "That's it!" I spat. "I'm giving that bitch a piece of my mind!"

Filled with anger, I barged into Pratt's office without knocking and demanded, "You have a lot of explaining to do! This has gone entirely too far!"

"You've been observing our Laura," she pompously retorted, maintaining her cool. "I assume you're a wee bit jealous over his, shall we say, coquettish behavior?"

"Damn straight!" I snapped, staring her down. "How could you, a raving feminist, do such a thing? Making Larry into a girl for an assignment is one thing, but making him kiss another man is way out of bounds!"

Removing a file from her desk, Pratt shoved it into my hands. "Here's William F. Doyle Jr.'s dossier," she patiently advised. "It will explain *everything!*"

As I flicked through the documents, Pratt narrated, "Your surveillance reports were instrumental in developing the profile. As you will note, Laura's new personality fits his preferences to a tee."

"Doyle gets off on flirts," I reluctantly confessed, closing the folder. "But damn! Why did you do such a good job?"

"To hopefully save his life! I thought you knew that," she sneered.

Thoroughly routed and deflated, I sheepishly left her office and returned to Larry. He had broken away from Dirk and, using his small compact mirror, was freshening his lipstick.

As my feminized husband gazed wondrously at me, I let out a loud breathy sigh and changed the subject. "So, graduation is in a month," I smiled. "I'll bet you can't wait to be a full fledged cop, huh?"

Crossing his arms, Larry hugged his bosom tightly. "It's a dream come true," he cooed. "I can finally avenge Daddy's death!"

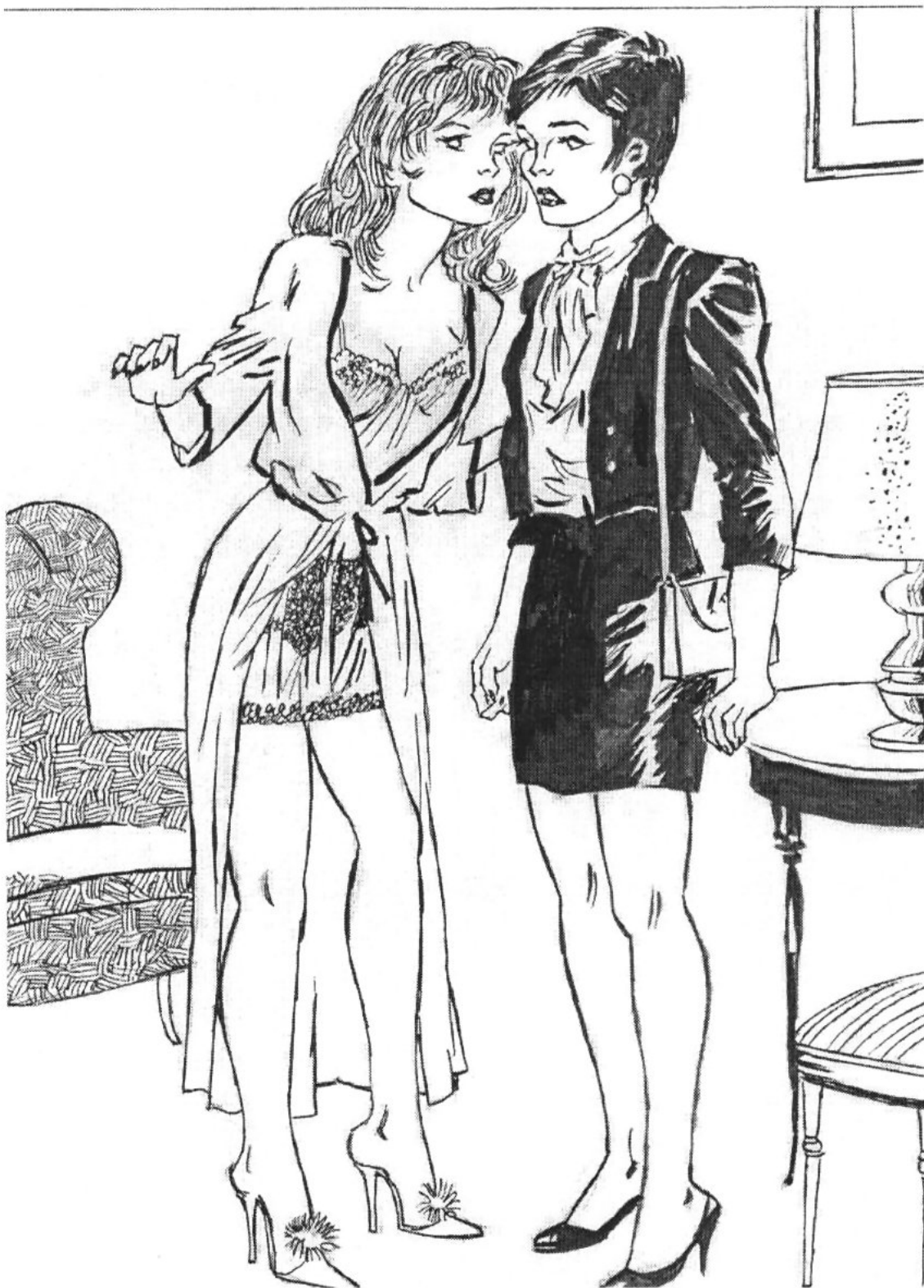
"Chief LaRue would probably roll over in his grave if he could see his son now!" I silently mused.

When we entered Larry's room, I noted that it appeared the same except for the increased number of bottles and jars atop his vanity table and the additional shoes and clothes in his closet.

Kicking off his pumps, Larry curled atop his frilly comforter. "The probe is terribly exciting," he gleefully chattered, childishly hugging a lacy pink pillow. "Still, I'm scared. I hope I'll pass!"

"Don't fret your pretty little head about that, my dear," I sincerely assured him. "You have absolutely nothing to worry about on that front!"

Since Larry's femininity training was basically over, Pratt lifted my visitation restrictions. As a result, we sat in Larry's room and



W...where is IT?" I gasped.

It is still there," Larry tittered, "It's just hidden beneath this fantastic device called a DiVert'."

Your nipples are huge!" I groaned.

gabbed for hours. "This is too weird!" I anxiously shuddered, as my husband described his new undercover wardrobe. "He is like the sister I never had!"

As we talked, strange urges swelled inside me. While I was strong enough to shake them, they were worrisome nonetheless. "What's with me?" I shivered, checking my chipped fingernails and unkempt hair. "Why the hell do I want to primp? Could it be this damn elevator music that's making me so mushy?"

Grabbing my hands, Larry lovingly embraced me, held me near, and whispered on a soft voice, "I know I've changed a lot, Jo, but deep down, I still love you in my own way."

"I hope you're still in there under all that silk, satin, and makeup," I sorrowfully whimpered. "I can't see my Larry anywhere!" As we clung desperately to one another, I strangely sensed Larry's burgeoning breasts pushing against mine. Glancing down, I gasped, "Your nipples are *huge*! They poke clear through your bra!"

"Want a better look?" Larry offered breathlessly, his sultry voice heated with seductive passion. When I warily nodded, he reached behind his back and skillfully unhooked his lacy black bra. Standing before me nearly nude, I was amazed to see him wearing nothing but silky black French cut panties. Narrow shoulders elegantly framed a slim torso, tapering gracefully into a neatly nipped waist. Sexily proportioned hips and a firm rounded fanny curvaceously spilled into shapely thighs and endless long legs. The picture was all female!

"When he stepped out of his panties, I pointed at the smooth feminine mound of his smooth crotch and gasped, "Where's y... your ... *equipment*? It's n... not ...?"

"Everything is still intact," Larry grinned wistfully with a wink. "The DiVert is a wonder, isn't it?"

"What the hell is a DiVert?"

"It's a clever device designed to conceal a man's genitals well enough to fool even the most discerning observer, except for the ultimate act, you understand." For one of the few times in my life, I

was speechless!

"Jo, are you alright?" Larry urgently asked. "Your face is bright red, and your eyes are bulging! What's wrong?"

"I'm okay," I deeply sighed, quelling my rage. "It's just that so much has changed between us. It's damn tough to get used to!"

After he dressed, Larry rushed over to his vanity, primly smoothed his skirt and busily began fixing his face. In the bathroom, I hastily brushed my hair, added a smear of lipstick, and just as I joined my primping husband, there was a firm knock at the door. Expertly wielding his mascara wand, Larry chimed, "It's open!"

"Well, if it isn't both of my lovelies," Dirk quipped as he cockily swaggered into the room. "Aren't I the lucky dog?"

As if on cue, Larry threw down his mascara wand, rushed over, threw himself in Dirk's arms, and planted a passionate kiss on his lips as he has done before.

"No time for that now, doll," Dirk admonished as he roughly pushed him away.

While Larry stood looking disappointed, I spat, "Dirk, you asshole, I'll have canine patrol toss your ass into the pound if you don't cut the crap with my husband!"

"My, aren't we edgy!" Dirk scoffed sarcastically. "Pratt wants you in her office, Jo. I'll take care of this delicate morsel while you're gone."

"Keep your meat hooks to yourself, you son of a bitch!" I spat as I made my exit.

Pratt kept me for ten minutes, suggesting new angles to Doyle's surveillance. Afterwards, I headed back to Larry's quarters to say our goodbyes, but I never made it that far. When I turned the corner, the sight before my eyes sickened me! Dirk was blatantly and openly groping my feminized husband! While one hand was thrust up under Larry's flimsy skirt, the other had crept inside his bra and was caressing his budding beauties!

Larry is kissing Dirk again!" I silently shrieked. "My sissified husband is kissing my ass hole partner on his lips *again!*" Retreating to the wall behind me to keep from falling, I began hyperventilating. "Gawd!" I gasped in misery. "What else have they done to my husband?"

"Holy crap!" I yelled as I opened the envelope on my desk. "I'm invited to Larry's commencement exercise!"

"That makes two of us, partner," Dirk leered, waving his elaborate invitation in the air. "Want to be my date for the ceremony?"

"In a sow's ear!" I snapped. Yet, I shuddered, Why all the pomp? Larry's training's supposed to be top secret.

As with all academy graduations, formal department dress was required. Donning my despised policewoman's uniform, I glared disgustingly at my reflection. "I hate this outfit!" I angrily winced, tying my regimental scarf about my blouse collar and checked my straight, just above the knee length skirt for wrinkles.

To my surprise, the cavernous assembly hall at the academy was nearly empty. Only Barbara Pratt, Captain Donahue, Dirk, Darla, and I were in attendance. "TEN HUT!" Captain Donahue ordered. As we snapped to attention, the Chief of Police walked to the podium.

"Fellow officers and guests," the Chief announced. "We are gathered today to usher a new officer into the ranks of the Metro Police Department. Cadet Laura L. LaRue will now approach and be sworn."

I stared in sheer panic as Larry entered from stage left!

Attired in a dress uniform with a straight mid-thigh length skirt and the standard two-inch blocked heels, Larry approached the podium. "I never walked like that!" I fearfully shuddered as my husband sauntered toward the chief. "His wrists are limp, and he's rolling his hips like a damn chorus girl!" His face was as feminine as could be even with minimal makeup.

He looked in my direction, smiled, and gave a little wave. I smiled back and returned his wave. Suddenly I noticed that Dirk, standing next to me, was smiling and waving to Larry too. Was Larry's smile and wave for me or for Dirk? I couldn't tell from this distance who was the object of his smile.

As the chief read the official police oath, Larry tearfully grinned, using a tissue to dab droplets of joyful moisture from his eyes. "I do!" he breathlessly whispered at the oath's conclusion.

I nearly died as Larry's luscious lips involuntarily puckered and parted. "My husband is going to kiss the chief!" I frantically shivered. Realizing his error, he impishly grinned. Backing away, Larry limply shook the chief's hand instead.

"Welcome to the force, rookie!" Dirk boldly congratulated Larry with a kiss on his cheek. "Let me buy you a drink to celebrate!"

"Okay, thanks," Larry agreed with a bright smile.

"Forget that asshole!" I snapped as I took my husband's white gloved hand, pulled him near, and hugged him endearingly. "I'm so proud of you, darling!" I gushed. "You finally made it! You are now a bona fide police officer!"

"I'm dedicating my career to Daddy's memory," he joyously whimpered, cuddling his willowy body close to mine. "But, I'm emulating myself after you, darling!"

"So, I'm my husband's model in mind ... or ... *body*?" I gravely wondered. "Hell, he's better built than me!"

After the ceremony, Dirk and I joined Darla and Pratt in Larry's quarters for a small reception. Although Larry left twenty minutes before us, we waited another fifteen for his appearance. When he finally joined us, Pratt gushed, "What a darling sheath dress, Laura. It's really you!"

Flashing long brightly polished bronze nails, Larry gracefully smoothed out his low cut tightly fitted ensemble. "Thanks, Ms. Pratt," he elfishly tittered. "I've worked so hard to fit a size six!"

"Oh lord!" I shuddered, as my husband tripped across the room atop matching four-inch heeled slippers. "I can barely squeeze into an eight!"

Although he was the honored guest, Larry traipsed about as if the consummate hostess. Donning a frilly apron, he made certain everyone enjoyed the refreshments. "Hello, Captain Donahue!" my husband squeaked, gaily welcoming our latest visitor. "Come in, and have a drink!"

"I'll kick the living crap out of that asshole, if he doesn't stop ogling my husband's cleavage!" I fumed as I watched Captain Donahue's undoubted approval of Larry's feminine figure and coquettish body language.

As my face twisted with rage, I felt a poke at my back. "We're wanted back at headquarters, Jo," Dirk solemnly advised. "Surveillance units report Doyle is making some sort of move!"

As Dirk yanked me away, I urgently strained back to look. "I hate what's happened to my husband," I sneered, as Larry girlishly flicked his dangling pendent earrings. "Damn, I wish he'd stop that!"

"Check it out, Murphy," Captain Donahue stated as he handed me the want ad section of the newspaper. "Phase two starts now!" The circled listing read, 'WANTED: Cost Accountant for major multinational conglomerate. Contact Director, Human Resources Dept., K.I.C.'

"Okay, Doyle's lead accountant is having her baby, but how can we be sure Larry will get the job?"

"It's a done deal," Dirk mused. "He's a shoo in with his looks and the impressive resume we created for him!"

As I furiously glared at my partner, Captain Donahue cut in, "Quit the crap! Insiders say Doyle reviews all resumes, so Dirk is right. Officer LaRue's beauty and feminine allure are major assets in our

favor."

Captain Donahue was right. Once Larry's application was submitted, it became a waiting game. Meanwhile, my contact with him was restricted, as Pratt insisted he live alone until the sting was over. Two weeks later, she stormed into headquarters excitedly yelping, "We're in! We're in!"

"In what?" I angrily snapped. "Deep *crap*?"

Ignoring my quip, she smilingly retorted, "We're inside Doyle International. Billy Doyle just notified Laura she was hired by a personal phone call!"

A whirlwind of activity followed. Larry was to start within the week, so surveillance points were set up to monitor him at all times. "Operation Billy Ball is a go," Captain Donahue stoically advised during the main briefing of the entire SID. "Your assignments are as follows ..."

"Why me, captain?" I whined upon receiving my assignment. "I'm Dirk's assistant. I can't be sitting in a communications van while Larry is in danger!"

"As Laura's wife, you're too emotionally involved to get any closer to the action! However, since you are the only female officer in SID, you will join the Cat's Away Health Club as our liaison with LaRue. That's where you'll meet."

"But Captain ...!"

"It's that or you're off the case, and that's final, Murphy!" he snapped with exasperation. "Now get to work setting up communications or I'll transfer you to Traffic!"

"Look on the bright side, Jo," Dirk patronized, patting my back and snapping my bra. "You're getting a free health club membership. Who knows, with a little exercise and a lot of makeup, you might look half as hot as your foxy husband!"

"Screw you, partner!" I snarled as I collected my briefing notes and bolted out of the conference room.

Our lives were still far from normal, but phase two at least allowed me to see Larry on a regular basis. Yet, even that was terribly frustrating. "Look, but don't touch," I silently whimpered as I angrily watched my sexy husband shuttle to and from work from my lookout post in the communications van. "I can't take much more of this!" I wailed as I watched Larry lively mince by, perched atop fashionable four-inch pumps, his purse gently swinging from his delicately rounded shoulder. Sadly, I wondered, "Will he ever walk like a man, again?"

Nothing appreciable occurred during the first month of Larry's employment with Doyle's company, and I was bored out of my mind. When I complained to Dirk, he said, "Buck up! With any luck, this sting will be over in a couple of months and life will get back to normal." At least an end of this insanity was on the horizon.

Since Pratt wanted a broad case, our initial rape investigation took a back seat. Larry's primary job became acclimating himself with the firm's accounting procedures. I wanted him out, but her ego was in the way!

"Damn those form fitting business suits with tight miniskirts that reveal his slim attractive legs and those stilt heels that really set them off!" I tragically shuddered as I watched my sexy husband saunter by day after day. "Could his body possibly look more feminine?"

"This damn heat is killing me!" I seethed, wiping my sweaty brow. "This sauna is driving me crazy!" Then I heard two long and three short knocks. "Finally!" I sighed. "Larry is here!"

"Sorry I'm late, Jo," he girlishly smiled as he gingerly stepped into the hellishly hot room. "I would have been here sooner, but the 1040's had to go out."

Wearing nothing but a white bath towel tied femininely around his upper chest, he locked the door behind him. "Here's the file for Ms. Pratt," he chirped while gripping a large envelope between his elegantly long French manicured nails. "I hope it's what she

wanted."

"How have you been?" I grinned, ignoring the vital information. "It's been so long since we've been able to talk!"

Daintily sitting beside me, my husband demurely crossed his smooth, slender, hairless legs. "Aren't saunas delightful?" he breathlessly chimed. "They do wonders for my skin and complexion!"

"I'll bet!" I impatiently agreed, not really giving a damn. "I miss you so much, sweetheart. It's hell watching you walk by the van and meeting here without being allowed to touch you."

Leaning toward me, Larry clutched my muscular thigh. "I miss you too, darling," he seductively whined, as the towel loosened, exposing his pert rounded breasts. "It has been too long since we've been together." All at once, we passionately embraced.

"I love you, honey," I sweetly moaned, anxiously watching my feminized husband aggressively mount me atop the sauna bench. When he came up for air, I watched, dumbfounded, as beads of sweat glisten about his bosom. Lifting my hands, I caressed his twin mounds and rolled his nipples between my thumb and forefinger, to Larry's excited shrieks of delight.

"Don't stop, darling," he purred, returning the favor upon mine. But when I reached for his sheathed crotch, he abruptly pulled away. "No, Jo ... You *can't*!"

"But why?" I whined, again attempting to grab at his patch of red, bikini cut hair. "You love my touch and ..."

"Do it my way!" he tensely insisted, tightly squeezing his thighs. "I'm wearing my DiVert ... and what if we're interrupted?"

"Please, sweetheart," I begged. "I need you inside me!"

My desperate plea only made him shirk away. "I'm sorry. I have to return to the office," Larry blushed as he hurriedly rewrapped the towel about his lithe figure. "I mustn't be late!"

As he left the sauna, a dark emptiness engulfed me. "Why won't he let me touch him?" I sorrowfully pondered. "What have they done to him beneath that cursed DiVert?"

Over the next several months, it was business as usual, for Doyle International Imports. Pratt was more and more ecstatic with every new document I relayed from Larry. "We're building a paper case Houdini couldn't wiggle out of!" she'd vigorously boast. "Just a few missing pieces, and we'll nail the son of a bitch for money laundering, whether we get him on rape or not!"

By then, my enthusiasm for the probe had all but vanished. I loved my liaisons with Larry at the health club, but his brand of sex left me frustrated, begging for more, and feeling miserably empty. "What's happening to me?" I'd ask myself, questioning my own sexuality. "Is my feminized husband turning me into a dyke?" To clear my mind, I took advantage of my club membership and started working out. A little exercise couldn't hurt, and maybe I could work off my frustrations.

As my meeting with Larry neared, I left the weight room. "A quick shower, then that damn sauna!" While heading to my locker, I stopped to watch an aerobic class. "Ha!" I huffed. "Bimbo babes all dressed in high fashion leotards! What women go through to get men, I'll never understand ..." My thoughts trailed off at a most bizarre sight. "Larry! What the hell?" I gasped as I saw my husband smiling, bouncing, wiggling, and shaking to the driving disco beat.

"That's a wrap for today, girls," the aerobics instructor announced. "See you Thursday!"

Inanely gossiping, the women filed from the room. I noticed that Larry remained behind to do stretching exercises.

"Hurry up," I ordered after sneaking up on him. "You'll be late for our rendezvous!"

"In a minute, Jo," he chimed from the floor mat, bending his head to touch his toes. "I have to do this to prevent leg cramps!"

Staring in disbelief, I anxiously drawled, "What flexibility! Nine months ago, you could barely lift your foot to tie your shoe!"

"That's nothing," he slyly winked. "Watch this!"

"Oh my Gawd!" I gasped as Larry performed a full leg split. "What ... I mean why ... How the hell can you do *that*?"

Springing to his dainty feet, he coyly simpered, "Don't worry about my ... equipment!" Caressing his loins, he winked, "Just practice, and a tip from Darla!"

In the sauna, Larry handed over another envelope after which, we again engaged in our standard, yet unfulfilling, yet wild lovemaking session. "I'm worried, my darling," I confessed while cuddling against his feminine bosom. I tenderly stroked his long brilliantly red hair and asked, "When do you suppose the probe will be over and ..."

"Sooner than you think," he gaily replied, playing with my breasts. "Doyle is hinting at promoting me to be his executive assistant!"

As Larry parted his full lips to kiss mine, I stopped him. "How did you manage that?" I anxiously demanded. "You didn't ..."

"Come now, Jo," he teasingly whined. "I wear a body bug. You hear everything that goes on. Trust me, darling, it was only a *little* flirtation and sexual banter, that's all!"

Breaking the news of Larry's pending promotion to Dirk and Pratt was difficult. While it meant our probe hit a new plateau, I couldn't shake my fears of what could happen to Larry. "No more accounting documents, aye," Dirk thought aloud. "Screw money laundering! We're back to the rape case. Either way, Doyle is going down!"

Sure enough, when Larry got the promotion, the entire operation changed gears. "Get him a sexier wardrobe," Dirk insisted at a strategy session. "I want that prick Doyle to drool!"

"Indeed!" Pratt gleefully agreed. "I know this hot little boutique. After a few trips there, *no* man will have the willpower to resist our

sexy Laura!"

About a week later, the phone at my desk rang, "Murphy, SID," I gruffly answered. "Larry, is that *you*?"

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, but I've got a problem and ..." his sultry voice sexily hesitated over the phone.

"Problem!" I heaved, clenching my chest. "What's wrong? Are you hurt? I'm on my way!" Fear reverberated through me. Slamming down the phone, I bolted out the office, not learning what the problem entailed.

To maintain my cover in case Doyle had his own spies on Larry, I wore overalls and posed as a plumber. Knocking on the back door, I loudly shouted, "Hey lady, I'm here to fix the sink!"

Hearing the door unlatch, I reached beneath the bib to grip my Glock. "Put the gun away, Jo!" Larry tittered in a sexy breathless tone. "Relax, the problem's not *that* big!"

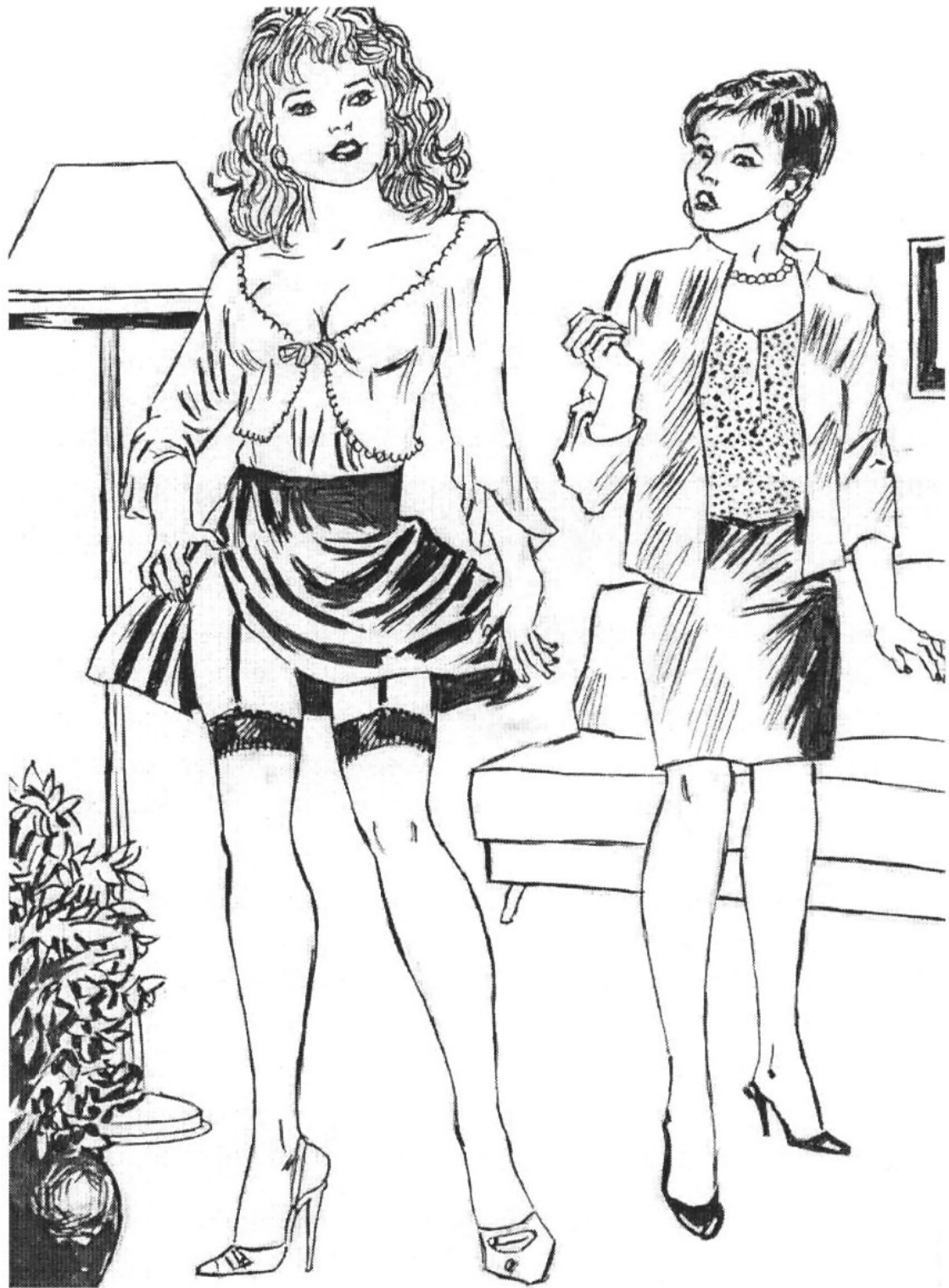
As he led me toward the living room, I noticed that he was wearing a sheer negligee over a skimpy babydoll nightie. Leering in disgust as my feminized husband expertly navigated atop three-inch bedroom slippers, I gasped, "What the hell? You scared me half to death!"

"Had you listened to me, oh well, you're here and that's what counts," he sighed. "I only wanted to tell you about my new wardrobe. Now, I can show you!"

After fixing me a stiff bourbon and water, Larry scampered off to change. Gazing at the filly drapes and femininely styled furnishings, I muttered, "How can he live in this place?"

Inspecting the surroundings more closely, I wandered towards the credenza by the front door. There, I noticed a box of stationary with Larry's undercover monogram in swirling print. "Pratt has really gone all out," I muttered. But something else then caught my eye. Letters addressed to 'Laura LaRue!'

Who the hell was writing my husband?



"You aren't wearing a bra," I scolded. Your breasts are practically falling out of your blouse.

"I can't wear a bra with this outfit, Jo," he giggled in his high liting voice. "Besides, I want to look sexy."

"Gawd, you've turned into the sissiest girl possible," I said.

Just as I was about to pick up one of the letters to investigate, I heard Larry's sultry voice saucily calling from beyond the bedroom door, "All done, sweetheart! Ready or not, here I come!"

"My *Gawd!*" I exclaimed as Larry sauntered into the room. "You're not seriously going to wear *that* to work!"

Smoothing his long, bronze manicured hands along the extremely sheer tight fitting white silk blouse, my husband sadly pouted, "What's wrong, Jo? Don't you like it?"

"What's wrong?" I nervously screamed. "Your dark pink nipples are popping clear out from the darts showing clearly that you aren't wearing a bra! That's what's wrong!"

Gravely disappointed, Larry sadly shook his head. "Bras aren't worn with this style blouse," he whined with a simpering frown. "I was so hoping you would like it. Anyway, it's not my choice. Ms. Pratt and Dirk want to make sure Doyle is attracted to me."

"And you'll do anything necessary to get him, just as they would," I spat. "Come on, Larry. Be your own man!"

I was shocked as his sadness gave way to fury. "Don't call me Larry!" he seethed, his wide eyes narrowing to mere slits. "I'm Laura ... I *have* to be Laura ... I *must* be Laura!" Before I could say a word, tears filled my feminized husband's eyes and he scurried back to his bedroom and slammed the door behind him.

"Open up, sweetheart," I incessantly begged. "I promise not to forget again!"

Fifteen minutes later, Larry finally emerged, his face streaked with mascara-drenched tears. "Sorry for my outburst," he whimpered, blotting his reddened eyes. "I don't know what got into me."

"That's okay," I lied. "Living a distressing deep cover lifestyle can get the best of you."

Once calmed down, Larry finished his fashion show. Glaring in awe, I could hardly believe the scanty styled garments Pratt chose for him to lure Doyle.

Putting his new outfits away, Larry rejoined me clad in a sexy nightgown and sheer negligee. "I know you don't approve, but the red dress is my favorite," he sighed as he curled up beside me on the sofa.

"That dress is skin tight!" I declared. "You've literally got to *paint* it on!"

Smirking, he jested, "But, darling, don't you simply adore how it enhances my figure? It makes aerobics class worthwhile!"

We must have fallen asleep in each other's arms because the next thing I knew, there was a heavy pounding on the front door. "Laura, are you home?" a whiny voice cried. "I'm picking you up for work. You'll be the first to ride in my new BMW!"

"Holy *crap!*" I exclaimed. "Billy Doyle is at the door!"

Larry hustled me out the back door, but not before activating the eavesdropping bugs within the apartment. With my service revolver in hand, I silently listened on my receiver not far from his door.

"Good morning, William," Larry coquettishly sighed, after I heard the front door open. "What a pleasant surprise, but as you can see, I'm not ready for work."

Footsteps followed, then Doyle suspiciously asked, "You have company last night? I know you're not a bourbon drinker."

"Damn!" I muttered, just beyond the back door. "I should've ditched the damn glass!"

"Why, William, don't tell me you're jealous?" Larry's voice lilted. "I like that in my *men!*"

"It's a good thing Darla and those Chrissy Institute women really did such a thorough number on him," I painfully lamented. "Otherwise, he couldn't have gotten out of that so easily."

Listening to clothes rustle, I breathlessly heard Doyle challenge, "Really? Well, I've got something else you're sure to like!"

"Not now, dear," Larry chimed, putting him off. "The Board meets at ten sharp. You won't make it if we don't leave here within twenty minutes."

"Try me, Laura," he enticed. "I'm *fast!*"

"Too bad," my husband giggled, as I listened to his high heels strike the hardwood floor. "I'm not!"

I was relieved nothing came of their flirtation. With no backup, I doubted if I could to arrest Doyle without incident. Had the occasion arisen, I would have shot the son of a bitch, dead!

"All dressed!" my husband's sweet voice chimed thirty minutes later. "I just need to pop my vitamin pill, and I'm ready to go! I can finish my makeup in the car."

Tensely clenching my pistol grip, I shuddered, "He's still taking those damn hormones. I hope their effects will quickly wear off when this gig is over!"

"Sexy!" Doyle sloppily droned. "How about a little kiss for your *boss!*"

"Gosh!" I nervously gulped. "I hope Larry's not wearing that tight red number!"

"Please, William!" Larry impatiently whined. "I just put on my lipstick, and I have to look my best for the Board!"

I waited ten minutes after hearing the front door slam. Satisfied my cover was secure, I returned to headquarters. "Fantastic!" Captain Donahue enthused, over my report. "If Doyle moves as fast as he did on Gaines, we'll bust him in a matter of *weeks!*"

Being reminded of Annie was gravely disturbing. "Larry had better watch himself," I fearfully sighed. "I couldn't bear to lose him!"

Over the next weeks, Larry reported his escalating relationship with

Billy Doyle during our sauna meetings. While bothered by his chauvinistic antics, my husband's reaction to them upset me more! "He touches me," Larry whimpered, anxiously fidgeting with his gold hoop earrings, "in the most private places!"

Holding my anger, I soothed, "I understand, but breast jostling and fanny pinching aren't crimes in this state. Hang in there, darling. He's making his move, and the end is near!"

Later at headquarters, I shared my information with Dirk. "You're right, Jo," he thoughtfully agreed. "In a matter of days, we'll give Pratt a case even *she* can't blow!"

As our investigation intensified, we began around the clock surveillance. Meanwhile, my contact with Larry lessened when Captain Donahue put me in the communications van full time. Larry's arrivals and departures from work were my only chances to see him. His smile and poise, while as feminine as ever, weren't as lively as before. Something was happening. Was he falling for Doyle as a woman?

"This is *it!*" Dirk shouted excitedly to the gathering of SID agents around his desk. "LaRue just reported that Doyle is having him work late tonight. The final phase of Billy Ball is on full alert!"

While my brother officers cheered, I was disheartened. "Why didn't Larry call me?" I sadly pined, staring at my undisturbed telephone. "Is he angry with me? Have I hurt him in some way?"

Arriving at 15:30 hours, agents stealthily took positions all about Doyle International Corporation's fifty story tower. Stuck in the van, all I could do was wait. Minutes ticked by like hours, as I listened to the agents check in, verifying their positions. "Please, Captain," I begged, calling over the radio. "Put me on the entry team!"

"No can do, Murph!" he sternly rebutted. "Baxter is in charge and I'm not about to countermand his orders. Besides, you're too close to the operative!"

Finally, I heard activity over the bug in Doyle's office. My fingers quivering, I flipped the switch, turning on the tape recorder. "Have

a seat, and let's see those gorgeous legs, Laura," he welcomed in his ugly, whining voice. "We're reviewing the Adams deal, but first, how about a drink to mellow out a bit?"

Listening on my headset, the rustle of nylon came over loud and clear. I imagined my husband seductively crossing his slender thighs and allowing his skirt to creep ever higher. I gulped, "I'm glad he'll not be wearing that revealing red dress!"

"William, I never mix work and play," Larry rebuffed coquettishly. "Now, about the Adams deal ..."

I have no clue what the conversation that followed was about. Large numbers and business terms were bantered about, yet I envisioned the worse scenarios as I grievously wondered what they were doing!

"Great idea, Laura!" Doyle enthused at one point. "That way, I can screw old man Adams out of an extra five million big ones! You really earned your salary this month, doll! Okay, our work is done," Doyle leeringly snarled. "It's play time now, so how about that drink?"

Tensely gripping the microphone, dire premonitions told me that their business was about to change, and change *big!*

"It ... it's getting late, William. I'll take a rain check," Larry countered in a tension filled voice.

"Sure!" Doyle too willingly retreated. Then he demanded, "Of course, you'll give your boss a kiss before you leave!"

"Just one, then I really have to go," Larry purred.

Sweat poured from my brow. Hurriedly radioing my brother agents, I gasped an alert. "Stand by! This may be *it!*"

"Please, William," Larry pleaded after some moans and groans. "I'm not that type of girl!"

"I know your type, Laura," he spat in a surly tone. "Believe me, you want what I have!"

"That's enough, I quaked, grabbing Dirk's arm. "Let's take him down now!"

"Shut up, Jo," he impatiently snapped. "You know we don't have a case until the creep does something illegal!"

"Damn!" I growled as I disdainfully slumped back in my seat. "I hope we're not too late like we were with Annie!"

"Give me another kiss!" Doyle venomously demanded. "And get that sexy dress off, *now!*"

"William, you're such a kidder," Larry tensely giggled. "I'll take that drink. Why don't we meet at the bar around the corner?"

"Cut the coy crap, you prick teaser!" Doyle raged. "I get what I want, and ..."

Suddenly, a fearful screech echoed loudly over the headset. "He's killing Larry!" I squealed. "Dirk, get him out of there!"

"Wait!" Dirk heartlessly sneered, ignoring my desperate plea. "We need more!"

"Oooh, baby!" Doyle jeered. "You've been wearing painted on low cut dresses with short skirts and showing everything you have from day one! You've wanted this all along, haven't you, you hot horny bitch"

The sound of ripping cloth drilled my aching ears. "Stop!" Larry whimpered, frightened panic filling his voice. "No! Not *that!*"

Punching Dirk's arm, I frantically tried grabbing the microphone. But he literally pushed me away.

"Arrrg!" Larry painfully screamed. "My nose! You've broken my *nose!*"

"Ahhh ... What a tight ass!" Doyle breathlessly panted. "Give it to me, baby! Give it to me!"

As I ripped out my hair in frustration, Dirk calmly ordered, "Bust Billy Ball! Repeat. Bust Billy Ball!"

"*Bang!*" the crash of splintering wood sounded over the radio as the door was kicked in, then the sound I had dreaded, "Officer down! Officer *down!*"

"Damn!" I spat while burning with frustration. Ordered to remain in the van, I could do nothing but listen helplessly as my brother officers frantically scurried to rescue my husband.

Arriving at the hospital, I witnessed the grotesque damage our undercover operation had caused. Larry lay motionless on a gurney clad in a tattered royal purple silk shantung dress that was torn away in several places to reveal his panties, bra, ripped nylons, and a lot of skin. His bruised and bloodied face sickened me, but to show courage, I boldly gushed, "I'm here, darling! I'm here! Don't worry. Everything will be fine. I promise!"

With long, dark mascara laden lashes twitching, Larry opened his eyes. "Oh, Jo," he hurtfully moaned, painfully lifting his manicured right hand. "He broke my nose, and when I tried to escape his grasp, I broke two nails!"

Tightly clinging to his hand, I refused to let go until the orderlies wheeled him into the emergency room. Morosely weeping, I walked back to the waiting room. "Chill out, Jo. He will be as good as new in no time," Dirk cockily assured. "He knew the dangers of this operation when he volunteered."

"Screw you, asshole!" I snarled. "Don't you have one ounce of compassion in that black heart of yours?"

"Give me a break!" he snapped. "Can't you keep this on a professional level?"

"Professional? That's a joke!" I angrily countered. "You hung Larry out to dry and let Doyle have his way with him before you made a move, and I'm not being professional? Screw *you!*"

"Pratt wanted an airtight case, so I got her one," Dirk snapped. "If you have a bone to pick, take it up with her!" Dirk wouldn't let me have the last word, as he stormed out of the room.

I sat quietly in a corner, crying my eyes out. "Damn it all!" I sobbed, anxiously wringing my sweat covered palms. "Why did I let things go so far? Was I blind with desire to bring that scumbag Doyle, or was it really the emotional jolt I got from wielding power? Whatever, Larry was paying the price!

As I sat uselessly drying my unstoppable tears, a hand touched my tensely flexed shoulder. "Sergeant Murphy?" an understanding voice asked. When I nodded, she advised, "Officer LaRue is being transferred to a private room. Would you like to accompany her?"

"Yes, nurse," I quivered, turning around. "Is my h... I mean ... Officer LaRue alright?"

"The doctor will be in to answer your questions shortly," she replied in a noncommittal tone.

Grabbing a cup of coffee on the way to Larry's private room while he was being transferred, I ran into none other than Barbara Pratt! "Good evening, Murphy," she smiled. "I came as soon as I heard the news."

"Got Doyle where you want him, huh?" I snarled. "All it took was turning my husband into a sexy bimbo and getting him beaten to a pulp! Are you happy now, you heartless *bitch*?"

"When you become civil, we'll have a chat," she stated flatly, shrugging off my rage. "How is Laura?"

"Doyle beat the crap out of him and broke his nose. Luckily, we got the goods on son of a bitch this time." I wanted to scream, "How dare she? How *dare* she!" I immediately left the hospital. I couldn't stand being in the same building, let alone the same room with Pratt!

I was relieved to find Larry alone in his room when I returned to the hospital early the next morning. "Was I? Did we?" he meekly stammered, painfully pouting his full swollen lips. "You know ... get

Doyle?"

Larry was still as feminine as could be. Even without makeup and despite his bandaged nose and the two nasty black eyes, his smooth face was as pretty as a teenage girl's! As my injured husband nervously wrung his long red nailed fingers, I ogled his terribly knotted auburn mane. "We got that son of a bitch, darling," I tenderly assured. "He won't be on the prowl again for a hell of a long time!"

Despite my soothing, Larry remained anxiously upset. Gazing at me with his big, round, turquoise blue eyes, he seemed to want something I apparently could no longer give. "I'm awfully tired, Jo," he timidly sighed. "I want to get some beauty sleep. Could you come back later?"

Nodding, I quietly left, as his frail, feminized body tensely quivered. "What's happened to us?" I wondered. "He's reacting to me as if I was an acquaintance instead of his *wife*!"

"Great job, Murphy!" the captain enthused, as I shuffled into the office the next day. "Operation Billy Ball was a glowing success!"

"Thanks, Captain," I softly droned as I began typing my official report. "Success? Really?" For me, success would be when the femininity was erased from Larry, and things were back to normal between us with him wearing pants instead of *skirts*!

When I arrived at the hospital after work, I was surprised to see Dirk, Pratt, and Darla. Darla was leaning close to Larry, whispering something in his ear, but when she saw me, she snapped her fingers before his face and backed away. Dirk and Pratt jumped back like kids caught with their hands in the candy dish. "What the hell is going on here?" I snapped.

"O... oh, hi, Murphy!" Pratt stammered nervously. "Come in. We were just questioning Laura about her altercation with Doyle. We have to get our facts straight for the preliminary hearing in two weeks."

"Why is that conniving bitch lying to me, and what are these three up to?" I wondered as I rushed over to Larry and visually examined

his swollen, bruised, and battered face, and bandaged nose.

His eyes were fixed in a glassy stare, but he shook his head and they returned to normal when he saw me. "Oh hello, Jo," he greeted with a slight smile. "Thanks for coming by."

Looking him over, I noticed that he was wearing a soft pink nylon nightie instead of the rough cotton hospital gown from the night before. His hair had been brushed into a neat feminine style, and a matching translucent negligee was draped across a chair beside his bed. "Where did you get the gown and negligee?" I asked.

"Darla was nice enough to bring a few essentials from my apartment," he managed a slight smile. "I know I must look awful, but my face is too sore to apply makeup. All I could manage was a dab of lipstick and a touch of face powder. Darla was about to brush the tangles out of my hair when you arrived."

"Now that the Doyle sting is over, you no longer need to wear dresses, silky underwear, and makeup," I logically stated. "You can change into pants, and we can finally start to put our life back together as husband and wife."

"I'm afraid that's not possible, at least not yet," Pratt stated. "When Doyle's attorney learned that we used a guy dressed and made up as a woman to trap his client, he filed a motion that Laura maintain her feminine guise until after the trial. He wants the jury to see why Doyle was fooled into thinking he was romancing a woman. I'm afraid our lovely Laura will be with us for a while longer."

"Larry will have to wear skirts and act as a woman until after the trial?" I spat. "How long will that be?"

"Given the importance of this case and the high profile defendant, I expect the trial to start in six to eight months," Pratt mused. "The trial will last three or four months, and if we get a conviction, the appeals process could take another year or so"

"That could take up to three years!"

"I know, but look at the bright side. Although Laura will still be on hormone therapy, you two can move back in together as

roommates."

"Roommates, my ass!" I seethed. "I want us to be husband and wife again. I'm horny as a brass band!"

"I could fix that!" Dirk implied with a sly smile.

"Naughty, naughty!" Larry injected with a teasing smile while playfully wagging a well-manicured finger. His smile broadened as he put his hands to his face and added, "Don't make me laugh, Dirk. It hurts too much!" A moment later, a cloud covered his pretty feminine features, and he sighed, "I feel so gross with these broken nails, and the color is all wrong for this gown!"

"Don't fret, sweetie," Darla smiled while picking up her cell phone and dialing a number. "I'll have a nail technician come by to fix that little problem with some extensions and a fresh manicure." When she hung up the phone, she gushed, "The technician is on her way, and she's bringing a hairdresser and an expert in making up bruised faces! You'll be looking and feeling much prettier real soon."

"Thank you," Larry smiled with a slight blush brought on by his feminine vanity.

Just then, Dirk's cell phone rang. He left the room as he answered the call. A moment later, he stepped back into the room and said, "The Commissioner wants to see the three of us in his office ASAP. Darla, you stay with Laura. A patrolman will be at the door, and all access points to the hospital are guarded. The two of you should be safe."

Never had I been so surprised as when we walked into the Commissioner's office. A group of police dignitaries, the Mayor, several Councilmen, the District Attorney, and members of the press filled the room to capacity. There were a lot of medals, awards, and citations passed out in the aftermath of the Doyle sting. To make a long story short, Captain Donahue was promoted to Deputy Commissioner, Dirk was promoted to Captain, and I was promoted to Lieutenant.

When the ceremony ended, several of us were asked to remain for a strategy session. Dirk would head a task force to combat organized crime, and Pratt would be special council. The main strategy was to use male officers disguised as females to infiltrate the mob "*families*". Since my husband had undergone this training, I was to select two candidates for feminization from members of the force and, along with Pratt, supervise their training at the academy.

As promised, Larry moved back with me, but to my chagrin, he insisted on occupying a separate bedroom! I was confused, but I vowed to help him become masculine again. That; however, proved to be easier said than done! When I entered Larry's bedroom that first morning, he was wearing a long mint green nylon nightgown and a matching negligee. He had applied subtle feminine makeup and was propped up on several pillows with lacy satin slippers.

I wondered why he wasn't wearing the men's cotton pajamas and terry cloth robe I bought him, but not wanting to push the issue I smiled and said, "I must say, you're looking a hell of a lot better. Those shiners are almost cleared up, and you removed the bandage from your nose."

"I know, but since my nose suffered a compound fracture, the doctor says I'll need reconstructive surgery," he sighed while staring into a hand mirror.

Attempting levity, I joshed, "Why bother? That slight bump will give you character and make you look more manly! Heaven knows, you'll need plenty of that until all this femininity can be eradicated from your mind and body."

"Manly?" he meekly cringed while indicating his womanly breasts. "I... don't. I... can't! I won't look or feel very manly until these subside!"

That's the way it was between us for the next few days. Each successive visit to his femininely appointed room was more frustrating, and he became less and less responsive. "What's

wrong, darling?" I asked one morning. "It's as though we no longer know each other!"

Tensely pursing his full red lips, Larry sorrowfully whined, "I'm not sure, Jo, but you're right. Something has changed between us. It's probably me. I'm not sure if we'll ever get back where we were."

"Don't worry your pretty head about it, sweetie," I purred while kissing him on the cheek. We'll talk about it when you get stronger." After leaving, I scolded myself for talking to my husband as if he were an adolescent girl! "I can't fall into that trap like everyone else!" I seethed inwardly. "I simply *can't!*"

I threw myself into the task of selecting two of my fellow officers as candidates for feminization. My problem was that I simply couldn't look at macho young men and envision them mincing around in dresses, makeup, and heels. In my horny condition, I could picture them in my bed, but not in skirts!

At home, I was learning that a year of intense femininity imposed on a male could not be unlearned or put aside in a short time. In the days that followed, Larry not only wore dresses and skirts, he wore the appropriate feminine undies, makeup, and hairstyle to boot! One day, I asked, "Darling, how about changing into a pair of jeans and making a trip to the barber shop? I'll bet you'd feel more like your old self if you wore pants and had a short haircut."

"No!" he whined while protectively running his elegantly long fingernails through his long auburn mane. "I can't, I simply can't cut my beautiful hair! Please try to understand!"

"All he needs is space," I reasoned. Even after finding him dreamily arranging a silk flower bouquet, I stupidly insisted, "He'll return to his wimpy masculine ways soon enough!" Yet, despite my ardent efforts, Larry showed no signs of coming around. Instead, he appeared to drift further and further away, becoming more girlishly feminine! "Unbelievable!" I shuddered as I watched him primp at his vanity. "I loved my kind, timid husband, but now he's acting like everything I despise, a weak docile *woman!*"

Turning to me, he asked, "Darling, does this lipstick match my nail polish? I'm out of Blushing Bronze, the color I should be using to accentuate my new hair color."

"What's wrong with you, Larry?" I shouted, ignoring his question. "You won't sleep in the same bed with me, and you're worried about lipstick and nail polish colors! Hell, I seldom wear the crap!"

Throwing down the lipstick tube, he snapped with more fire than I had seen him exhibit since before he went to the Police Academy, "Why can't you accept that I'm no longer Larry?"

"Snap out of it!" I screeched, grabbing his narrow shoulders and violently shaking his frail lithe body. That's an *order*, damn it!

Cowering like a scared rabbit, he frightfully squealed, "You're hurting me, Jo. Please stop!" When I released him, he threw himself across the bed and burst into tears.

That's when I realized that I didn't know this person. He was no longer the sweet meek man I married. My first thought was to comfort him. "Despite it all, I *am* his loving wife, aren't I?" I asked myself doubtfully. As the question filled my beleaguered mind, I demanded, "Is it true? Did you seduce Doyle?"

"Yes!" he shrieked without raising his tear filled face from the bed. "I seduced Doyle, but long after I seduced Dirk over and over again!"

"Oh no!" I spat. Unable to stand more, I stormed out of the house, jumped in the car, and made a beeline for the nearest bar.

Larry and I continued to dance around the issue of his masculinity for the next several weeks, but we never got to the heart of the matter. One evening, when I came home earlier than expected, things became crystal clear! Dirk was sitting in the recliner, and Larry, wearing a long black nylon nightgown, matching diaphanous negligee, and full feminine makeup, was curled up on his lap. A silly sitcom was showing on the television, but they were far too intent on kissing and fondling one another to notice.

"What's the meaning of this, Dirk!" I screeched to get their attention. "The sting is over, so you no longer have a free rein to make love to my husband!"

"Look here, Murphy ...!" Dirk started.

Larry interrupted him saying, "No, darling, let me. I should have told her weeks ago, but I just couldn't make myself do it." While I stood open-mouthed, my feminized husband continued, "Look, Jo, we are no longer married."

"Since when?"

"When the judge had my identity legally designated as female and changed all my records accordingly, that's when! He said two women couldn't be married, and he divorced us at that time."

"That was nine months ago!" I declared. "Why didn't you tell me then?"

"Ms. Pratt was afraid you might be upset and blow the sting," Larry softly replied. "I moved in with you for police protection until the trial, but since I'll have the same security at Dirk's, I've decided to move in with him."

"I can't believe it!" I seethed. "My partner stole my husband with the blessing of the District Attorney. "Damn!" I swore as I slammed the door behind me .

At work the next morning, all my problems resurfaced, plus I had a dastardly hangover! Larry was not only planning to wear dresses and become as feminine as possible, he had fallen for Dirk and was moving in with him. Besides that, I had to find at least five or six potential *candidates* for feminization at the academy soon, and I didn't even have *one*! In desperation, I swallowed my pride and made the ultimate crow eating call.

"Look, Pratt!" I seethed when she answered the phone. "I won't beat around the bush. I'm mad as hell over what you did to my

husband, but I can't let my feelings affect my job. What's done is done, and we have to work together on this task force thing. How about we bury the hatchet, and not on one another's back, okay?"

"It works for me!" she gushed. "Call me Barb, and bygones will be bygones as far as I'm concerned."

"Okay, B... Barb, I'm Jo."

"Jo it is! How about we get together for a drink later and compare notes?"

"That's the problem," I sighed. "I don't have any notes. Hell, I can't find *one* suitable candidate for feminization, and I've been through these damn personnel files till I'm blue in the face!"

"I wish all my problems were this simple," Pratt ... uh ... Barb chuckled. Call Darla. Since he went through a similar program, he's the expert here."

"Darla, that cute befreckled redhead with the gigantic boobs and great legs is a *guy*?" I gasped in disbelief.

"If you don't believe me, check it out for yourself. The story of Darla, and his twin brother, Marla, is chronicled in Sandy Thomas TV Fiction Classics, 'Womanhood', #26 and 'Womanhood Completed', #27. They give detailed accounts of how two male delinquents were forced to become attractive well-mannered girls in dresses despite their intense efforts to return to pants. 'Darwin's Womanhood', #48 & #49 is Darla's story. They feature many drawings that describe his frustration as he reluctantly transitions into skirts, learns to interact with men, and is forced to accept a feminine lifestyle."

"Thanks for the tip. I'll give her ... uh ... *him* a call."

After lunch, Darla arrived at headquarters wearing a straight purple suede miniskirt that bared his trim nylon clad legs. A silky lavender blouse emphasized his huge breasts and showed the outline of his bra, causing the men in attendance to squirm nervously at their desks. Quickly flipping through the files I had pondered over for days, Darla came up with no less than eight potential candidates for

feminization in less than two hours! After rating them from first to worst, he handed me the list.

First on the list was Emmett Hardy, a 22 year-old junior detective three years out of the academy. That meant his time was spent in boring jobs like canvassing neighborhoods, searching for witnesses, filing reports, and researching records for the older men in the division. He was rather small at 5'7" and 160 pounds and had raven black hair. If he was fed the right line of bull, he might be convinced to transfer to the task force.

The next two were married, so not wanting another wife to experience the trauma I had, I summarily crossed them off the list. Number four, Lyndon Gilbert; however, was an interesting case. Twenty-five years old, 5' 7", 175 pounds, dishwater blonde, recently divorced, and had spent time in drag as a decoy when he was on the vice squad. With the loss of forty pounds or so, he'd do fine.

Both of them were supremely confident, swaggering, and macho like the average cop, so I thought recruiting them would be the hard part. However, to my surprise, they both jumped at the chance. Gilbert summed up both their feelings saying, "Sounds like a soft life. Lie around the academy; attend a few classes, and what the hell if we have to wear a dress and a little lipstick occasionally? I've done it before as a decoy, and no harm came of it!"

"I'll do anything to get out of that boring dead end job and do some real police work," Hardy agreed. "Let's do it!"

At a strategy meeting prior to our *victims'* arrival at the academy, we decided that Darla would be the strict taskmistress while Barb and I played good cop, bad cop. Given the experience she gained from training Larry, we agreed that she would be the bad cop.

"Guess what!" Barb chuckled on our way to the academy. "Laura already has Dirk wrapped around her little finger. Not only does she require him to come directly home from work without stopping for drinks with the boys, she makes him do all of the housework while wearing a frilly pinafore style apron decorated with lace and ribbons. Rumor has it she has him wearing panties full time under his pants to keep him from straying!"

"That would serve the husband stealing son of a bitch right!" I laughed while imagining the former skirt chaser being pussy whipped and forced to wear panties by a man in dresses.

To test our planned tactics, we confronted *Lynda* and *Emily* a couple of weeks after their feminine training began. We found them wearing pink leotards, matching tights and tutus, feminine makeup, bright pink lipstick, and matching nail polish. Large pink satin ribbons were pinned in their short hair at the back of their heads, and they stumbled precariously about in short pink boots with slender three-inch heels. The outline of their panties and training bras was clearly visible as they struggled to execute the basic ballet positions at the exercise bar.

When he saw me, Lyndon rushed over and gushed, "I'm glad you're here Lt. Murphy. You've got to get me out of here! I didn't sign up for this kind of crap!"

"Me neither!" Emmett quickly agreed.

Pretending innocence, I inquired, "What's wrong? You both volunteered for this assignment, didn't you?"

"We didn't volunteer for *this*! Look at us!"

"I see what you mean," I replied while trying for all I was worth to maintain a serious expression and keep from smiling. "I'll have a word with Ms. Pratt."

When I approached Barb, who was sitting across the large recreation room, I yelled some prearranged jargon about her being too harsh with the new pupils and them wanting to quit. All the while, I tried desperately to maintain a seemingly harsh demeanor.

Barb responded by bellowing that she was in charge and that I should butt out of her business.

After we exchanged several barbs, I turned in a huff and haughtily marched back to our hapless *victims*. Grabbing the tutu about Lyndon's waist, I snatched it down to his ankles and did the same for Emmett. "There!" I exclaimed with a satisfied leer. "You might

have to wear pink leotards and learn ballet positions to help you develop grace and poise, but I see no reason for *tutus!*"

"I didn't mean to get us out of our tutus!" Lyndon exclaimed in an excited, yet agitated, tone. As he waved his hands for emphasis, the light reflected attractively from his pink nails, giving him a very androgynous appearance. "I meant this whole gig. You've got to get us out of this place and away from those sadistic *bitches!*"

Maintaining my pretended misunderstanding of his complaint, I said, "If you don't like your assignment, why don't you just walk away? You can always resign from the force, you know."

"They won't let us leave," he sighed with a blush. "We tried to run away, but Miss Darla caught us and brought us back. As punishment for trying to escape, she forced us across her lap, flipped up our skirts and spanked us on our panties with a leather strap until we were blubbering in tears. Sitting was painful for nearly a week after that."

Just then, Darla approached the quivering pair and scolded, "Don't be ungrateful! Thank Lt. Murphy for removing your sissy tutus, and thank her *properly!*"

"But, Miss Darla!" Emmett complained. "We want her to get us out of this awful *place*, not just out of our tutus!"

"You have about three seconds to apologize like proper sissies, or you go across my knee for a sound spanking!" Darla spat. "Is that what you want?"

"Blushing for all they were worth beneath their feminine makeup, the two intimidated males grasped the hem of imaginary skirts and dipped polite curtseys. Looking down in humiliation, they sighed in unison, "Thank you for removing our sissy tutus, Lt. Murphy."

"That was sweet, but you need more work on your curtseys," Darla spat. "Now, get back to work and learn your ballet positions, or you'll eat standing up tonight, if you get my drift! You still have aerobics, makeup lessons, and charm and comportment classes on the schedule for today. Hop to it, and if I see another masculine move from either of you, you'll really get it!"

I watched as the two intimidated males held their forearms parallel to the floor with limp wrists and minced back to the exercise bar in their heels with short dainty steps and swaying hips. "How prissy," I giggled. "That Darla is relentless!"

"He's the best at what he does," Barb tittered, reminding me that the lovely Darla was once a man who had been subjected to a transformation like he was forcefully imposing on *Lynda* and *Emily* at our direction .

"I have news, from the top," Barb informed me as we shared drinks in her apartment one evening. "Because of the need for the type operative we're training, we start with two new students as soon as Lynda and Emily graduate in six months. There'll be more after that, and on and on and on. Who knows where this will lead."

"You mean this isn't a one time thing?"

"Don't screw with me, Jo! You got off on toying with those two stammering red-faced sissies at the academy this morning. It's obvious that you want this to be a continuous assignment as badly as I do!"

"Okay, you got me," I admitted with a sly grin. "Those two were confident macho males when I interviewed them a few weeks ago. Now after only a few weeks of Darla's training, they were too ashamed of their enforced feminine manner of dress to even make eye contact! Given the way I've been put down by males all my life, damn right, I enjoy having the power to make those two squirm!"

"Wait till you see the former macho bastards mincing about in stilt heels with huge tits spilling out of C-cup bras!" Barb giggled girlishly. "Making the pantywaist darlings we created raise their prissy little skirts and meekly lie across your lap for a sound spanking on their silky panties for some imagined faux pas is such a blast! That's when you know the true meaning of *power!*"

"Is that why you spanked Larry so much and dreamed up so many humiliating punishments for him?"



It is strange how things work out," I thought, as Pratt played with my aroused nipples. "I lost my husband to a man, but found true love with my female antagonist, the woman most responsible for my losing him.

"Partly, but he was a pansy from the start. These two were macho, and neither had a sissy bone in his body when they arrived. Forcing them into demeaning situations will be a hoot! Wait till we start their flirting and kissing lessons. You'll see!"

"Will you use Dirk for that chore again?"

"No way! That shrewd ex of yours won't allow him within ten miles of the academy while training is in progress. That honor falls to Smooth Lou, the pimp. Our cuties will be working out of his stable when they graduate, so he's the logical candidate to turn them out."

"Darla will have to put in lots of overtime on subliminal messages to bring that off with those two!" I exclaimed.

"No hypnotism or mind control for these two!" Barb grinned. "Smooth Lou wants them fully aware of who and what they are. No matter how much they hate their situation, they'll be completely helpless to escape. Of course, they'll gather evidence on violence, drug abuse, larceny, and other crimes while mincing about in sexy miniskirts, revealing tops, garish makeup, and ultra high heels trying to sell their bodies for the price. Talk about revenge!"

"Wow!" I exclaimed while envisioning our two former macho cops kissing this large man, doing him sexual favors, and being forced to turn tricks for him. "My Gawd! Sweet Lou really *is* planning to turn them out!"

"Quite a concept turning two macho cops into sissy hookers, huh?" Barb snickered. "That was Lou's idea. His slice of the pie is that he gets the money Lynda and Emily earn from prostitution, and we overlook his operation. I know they'll be making the ultimate sacrifice, but Lou wasn't about to do the establishment a favor for *nothing!*"

While I pondered the thrill of watching these events take place, Barb took me in her arms and gently kissed me on the lips. I was caught by surprise, but new and exciting sensations surged through my body. As I returned her kiss she opened my blouse, gently caressed my breasts, and lovingly tweaked my nipples. After a rocky start, we had become friends, *close* friends, and maybe, just

maybe, I wouldn't miss Larry so much after all!

The End