

Ellie Ness in Witness Protection Part 1

IF YOU WANT TO BE A MAN AGAIN, BRING ME THE WITNESS!

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THIS IS THE STORY OF A LIFE CHANGING EVENT THAT HAPPENED TO ME...

A BODY CHANGING EVENT.

IT IS THE STORY OF HOW I BECAME A WOMAN!

THIS IS THE DAY IT STARTED...

OH GOD, THEY'RE GOING TO GET ME!

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I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...

"THIS GUY WILL BE EASY TO TURN INTO A WOMAN!"

MAYBE BUT... THAT'S NOT ME!

THAT'S CARY HART. THE MAN I'M PROTECTING...

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!



THAT UGLY S.O.B. IS ME...

ELLIOT NESS...

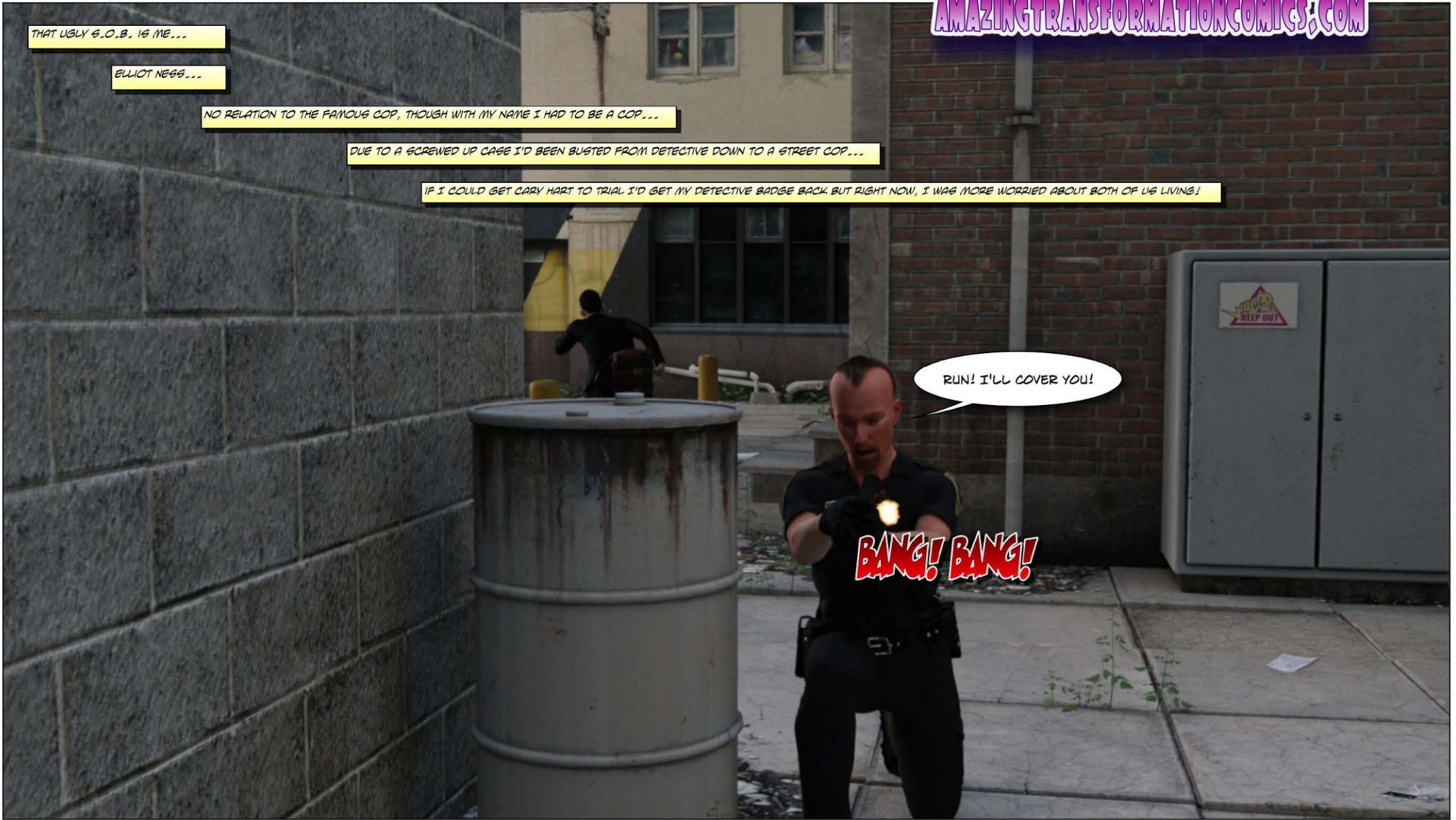
NO RELATION TO THE FAMOUS COP, THOUGH WITH MY NAME I HAD TO BE A COP...

DUE TO A SCREWED UP CASE I'D BEEN BUSTED FROM DETECTIVE DOWN TO A STREET COP...

IF I COULD GET CARY HART TO TRIAL I'D GET MY DETECTIVE BADGE BACK BUT RIGHT NOW, I WAS MORE WORRIED ABOUT BOTH OF US LIVING!

RUN! I'LL COVER YOU!

BANG! BANG!



I WAS PROTECTING A STAR WITNESS IN A CASE INVOLVING CORRUPTION, MURDER AND WORSE.

THINGS HAD GONE BAD AND I WAS PRETTY SURE ONE OR BOTH OF US WOULD BE DEAD SOON...

WE KNOW YOU'RE OUT OF BULLETS!

I STILL HAVE MY NIGHT STICK, SO COME GET ME YOU BASTARDS!



THEY HESITATED FOR A MINUTE OR TWO, MAYBE THINKING I HAD A BACKUP PISTOL BUT FINALLY ONE OF THEM CHARGED AROUND THE CORNER!



LITTLE BY LITTLE HE DROVE ME BACK WITH A SERIES OF FURIOUS ATTACKS!

IF I HADN'T HAD MY NIGHTSTICK THINGS WOULD HAVE GONE VERY BADLY BUT I COULDN'T HELP WONDERING...

WHERE WERE HIS FRIENDS?



THUNK!

HE BACKED OFF AND GRINNED AT ME. HE WAS BARELY PANTING WHILE I FELT TOTALLY OUT OF BREATH...

YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET NOT GIVING HIM TO US!

I ONLY SEE YOU AND MY CHARGE ESCAPED!



THAT'S ALL WE WANTED YOU TO SEE COP!

CRUNCH!



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS OUT FOR...

ALL I KNOW WAS MY HEAD FELT LIKE IT WAS GOING TO EXPLODE...

UUUGGGHHHHH...



MY HEAD HURT SO BADLY THAT I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED IF IT DID JUST EXPLODE...

WHAT THE HELL...



HELL IS WHERE YOU ARE GOING...BUT...

I KNOW THAT VOICE!





JOSEPH D'ANGELO...

OFFICER NESS...

YOU HAVE SOMETHING I NEED...

THE LOCATION OF CARY HART...

SO, THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU HIT ME RIGHT?

HIT YOU?

I AM TEMPTED BUT NO...

I HAVE A BETTER WAY TO GET WHAT I WANT...

YOU'RE GOING TO BRING MR. HART TO ME BEFORE THE MONTH IS OUT.



I'LL NEVER TURN OVER MY WITNESS!

AND EVEN IF I WOULD, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS!

WELL, THEN YOU BETTER FIND HIM...

WHILE YOU STILL HAVE TIME!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WHILE YOU WERE OUT WE INJECTED YOU WITH SOMETHING...

POISON?

BETTER. I DON'T KNOW HOW IT WORKS BUT IT'S GOING TO TURN YOU INTO A WOMAN...

BRING US THE WITNESS, AND WE'LL GIVE YOU THE CURE....





WELL, THAT ISN'T WHAT I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY...

WHY MAKE UP A CRAZY STORY LIKE THIS?

I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME AND I DON'T BLAME YOU.

I'M GONNA HAVE THE BOYS DROP YOU OFF. TRUST ME, SOON, YOU'LL BELIEVE ME.

I'LL GIVE YOU A NUMBER TO CONTACT US AT.



THAT NIGHT I SAT IN MY HOME, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO.

I DIDN'T BELIEVE HIS STORY ABOUT SOME DRUG THAT WOULD MAKE ME A WOMAN SO WHAT WAS HE REALLY UP TO?



EITHER WAY I WAS IN A LOT OF TROUBLE...

WELL...

SHIT.



I FINALLY FELL ASLEEP. WELL, PASSED OUT IS MORE ACCURATE...

AS I SLEPT THINGS BEGAN TO CHANGE, THE FIRST OF MANY CHANGES TO COME...



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE EVER HAD A BAD DAY AND DECIDED ABUSING YOUR BODY WITH ALCOHOL AND CIGARETTES WOULD HELP...

YOU ALWAYS PAY FOR IT THE NEXT DAY...



UGH...

KILL ME NOW...

THERE ARE VERY FEW THINGS THAT CAN SNAP YOU OUT OF A TERRIBLE HANG OVER...

SPLASHING WATER ON YOUR FACE DOESN'T DO IT...

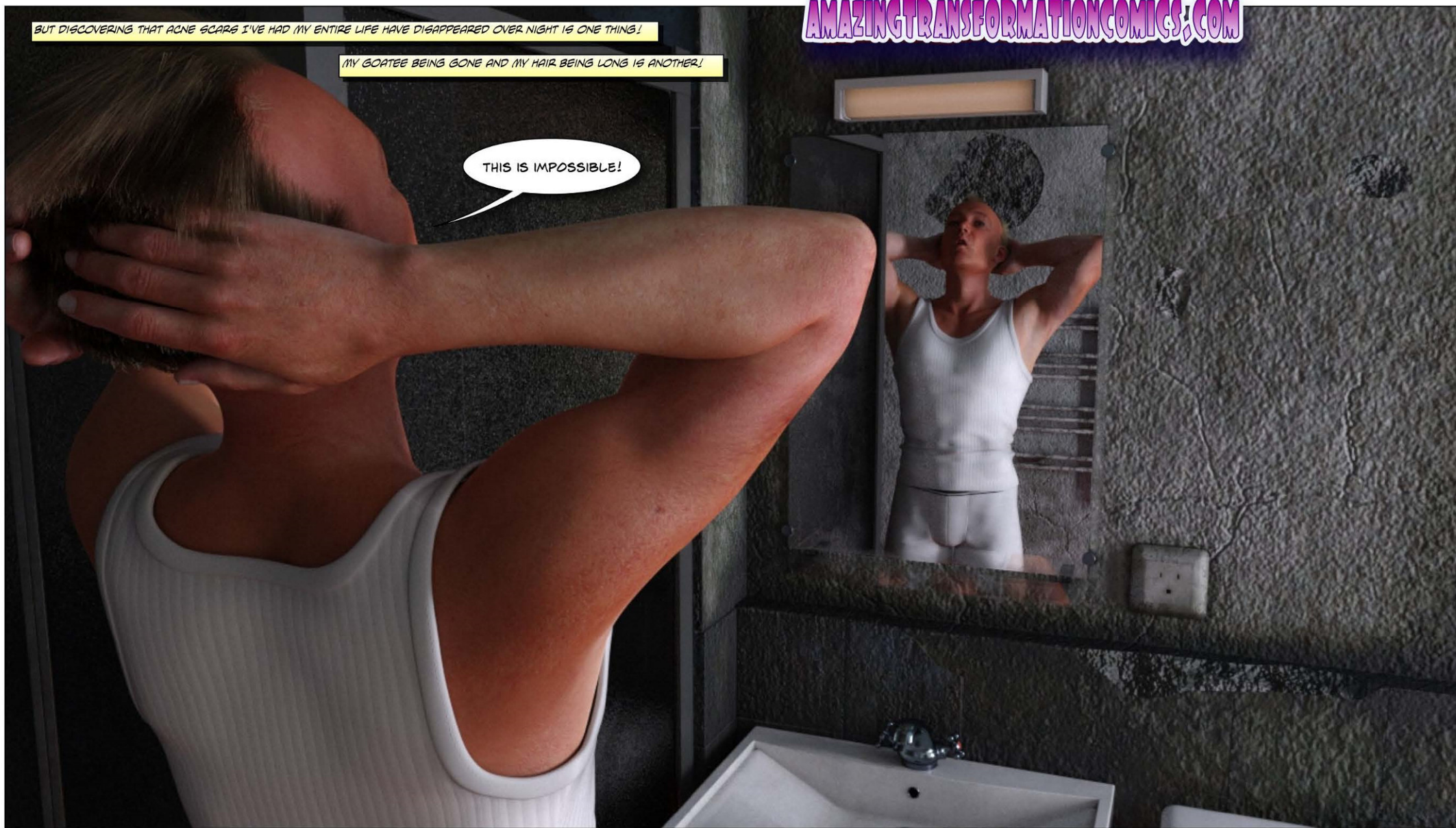
WHAT THE...



BUT DISCOVERING THAT ACNE SCARS I'VE HAD MY ENTIRE LIFE HAVE DISAPPEARED OVER NIGHT IS ONE THING!

MY GOATEE BEING GONE AND MY HAIR BEING LONG IS ANOTHER!

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!



I STUMBLED OUT OF THE BATHROOM AND LEANED AGAINST THE WALL, DIZZY AS THE IMPLICATIONS HIT ME...

THERE'S AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS...

SOMEONE SNUCK IN AND SHAVED MY GOATEE...



I PACED AROUND MY APARTMENT, TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO...

I'LL FIND THE KID AND DECIDE WHAT TO DO THEN...



I STARTED BY RETURNING TO WHERE WE'D BEEN ATTACKED AND LOOKED FOR CLUES THERE...

AS I EXPECTED I DIDN'T FIND A DAMN THING...



I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY FOLLOWING UP ON TRADITIONAL LEADS...

CONTACTING HIS FRIENDS AND FAMILY...

CALLING CAB COMPANIES...

NOTHING WORKED.

BETTER TEXT THE CHIEF AND TELL HIM THE WITNESS IS FINE...

I SURE AS HELL CAN'T TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

ONE WEEK LATER

I WAS NO CLOSER TO FINDING CARY HART...

MY BODY HAD CONTINUED TO CHANGE, SO FAR IT WAS MOSTLY GOOD!



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I HAD MORE HAIR ON MY HEAD THOUGH NONE ON MY BODY ANYMORE...

I FELT YOUNGER, EVEN MY SKIN FELT SOFTER!

THOUGH I THOUGHT MY COCK MIGHT BE A TINY BIT SMALLER...

BUT I HAD ANOTHER PROBLEM, MY BOSS IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WANTED TO MEET...

HOW IN THE HELL DO I EXPLAIN THIS?

I MET THE CHIEF AT HIS FAVORITE BAR AND SPENT THE NEXT TWO HOURS TELLING HIM WHAT HAD HAPPENED OVER THE LAST WEEK OR SO...

AFTER I FINISHED TALKING THERE WAS A LONG SILENCE AND FINALLY I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!

WELL?

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE...

I'M LIVING IT AND I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...

LOWER YOUR HOOD, LET ME SEE YOUR HAIR...





AT LEAST I'M NOT LOSING MY HAIR ANYMORE...

CHRIST ELLIOT...



I'VE HEARD RUMORS OF THINGS LIKE THIS BUT SEEING IT...

I SHOULD FIRE YOUR ASS FOR LYING TO ME FOR A WEEK....

I'M GIVING YOU YOUR DETECTIVE BADGE BACK.

FIND CARY HART. DO WHAT YOU MUST.

BUT BE SURE YOU CAN LIVE WITH IT.

I SPENT THE NEXT FEW DAYS FOLLOWING UP LEADS. SOMETIMES I WASN'T NICE ABOUT IT.

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW!

SMACK!



THAT LAST MAN FINALLY GAVE ME A LEAD TOWARDS FINDING CARY...

BUT AS I WAS LEAVING THE AREA I GOT THE FEELING I WAS BEING WATCHED!



I WAS PRETTY SURE I KNEW WHO IT WAS AND DECIDED TO LEAD HIM ON A LITTLE CHASE!

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WAIT! I JUST WANT TO TALK!



I DUCKED AROUND THE NEAREST CORNER AND WAITED...





HE DIDN'T GO DOWN WITH MY FIRST HIT AND SOMEHOW HE DODGED UNDER MY FOLLOW UP KICK!



HE EASILY BLOCKED MY NEXT PUNCH AND THEN...

YOU DUMB BITCH!



THE FIGHT ENDED WITH A HARD SLAP TO MY FACE!

SMACK!



THE BOSS WANTED ME TO CHECK ON YOUR PROGRESS...

HAVE YOU FOUND THE WITNESS YET OR NOT?





WHAT...

SHHHH...



NO TITS YET...

BUT THAT WILL CHANGE SOON...



YOU HAVE UNTIL THEN TO FIND THE WITNESS.

IF YOU DON'T, THE BOSS HAS OTHER USES FOR YOU...

THE SHORT FIGHT WITH D'ANGELO'S MAN HAD TAUGHT ME THAT I HAD TO LEARN HOW TO COMPENSATE FOR MY NEW FORM...

THE NEXT DAY I AWOKE TO FIND MY BODY HAD CHANGED EVEN MORE.

I STARED OUT AT THE EARLY MORNING SKY AS I CONTEMPLATED MY NEXT MOVE...

I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME...

I WORKED OUT THAT MORNING AS I TRIED TO THINK...

THE WITNESS, CARY HART, WAS BEING HELD AT A WAREHOUSE...

HE'D FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF JOHNIE CLEARY, A RIVAL OF JOSEPH D'ANGELO'S.



I NOTICED SOMETHING ODD AFTER MY WORKOUT...

I WAS TIRED BUT NOT AS TIRED AS I USUALLY WAS AFTER A WORKOUT...





WHO IS IT?

KNOCK KNOCK!

UNFORTUNATELY THE PERSON AT THE DOOR WAS THE LAST PERSON I WANTED TO SEE...



IT'S DELBERT...

I WORK FOR BOSS D'ANGELO.

I RECOGNIZED THE VOICE, IT WAS THE MAN I'D FOUGHT A COUPLE OF TIMES AND WHO HAD COMMENTED ABOUT MY FATE JUST YESTERDAY...

GO AWAY!

I HAVE ORDERS FROM THE BOSS...

OPEN THE DOOR OR I'LL KICK IT DOWN!

I LET HIM IN AND PACED OVER TO THE WINDOW, ANNOYED AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR AND FOLLOWED ME.

WELL?


I SEE YOU HAVE TITS...

AND NO WITNESS.

A woman with long, dark hair and a light green tank top is shown in a dark room. She has a serious expression. To her left is a window with wooden blinds, and to her right is a dark door. Two speech bubbles are positioned to her left, connected by a vertical line.

LOOK, I'LL BRING YOU THE WITNESS...

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE A STRIPPER OR WHATEVER THAT THREAT WAS ABOUT...



DON'T WORRY...

YOU HAVE TITS BUT YOUR SKIN IS STILL ROUGH LOOKING...

HE ADVANCED EVEN AS I INSTINCTIVELY BACKED AWAY...

STILL, YOUR TITS HAVE...

STOP!





STOP TOUCHING ME!

I'LL BRING THE WITNESS...

YOU GIVE ME THE CURE...

YOU'VE STILL GOT A BIT OF FIGHT IN YOU...

THE DRUGS THAT THE BOSS GAVE YOU...

WELL, THEY USUALLY MAKE THE NEW GIRL SUBMISSIVE AND SLUTTY...

I'M NOT...



SHUT. UP.

MY ORDERS ARE TO GET THE WITNESS FROM YOU...

OR TAKE YOU TO THE BOSS.

TRUST ME, YOU DON'T WANT THAT.



SO, HERE'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN...

YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT AND LET ME SEE THOSE TITS...

THEN YOU'RE GOING TO GET ON YOUR KNEES AND GIVE ME A BLOW JOB...

IN EXCHANGE, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU 24 HOURS TO BRING THE WITNESS TO THE BOSS...





RIGHT NOW YOU'RE THINKING YOU CAN'T...

YOU CAN, I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

AND THIS IS BETTER THAN THE ALTERNATIVE.



LOWER YOUR ARMS AND THRUST YOUR CHEST OUT.

IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED?

AS I THOUGHT, YOUR SKIN IS STILL ROUGH...

BUT THAT WILL CHANGE.

NOW...

ON YOUR KNEES...

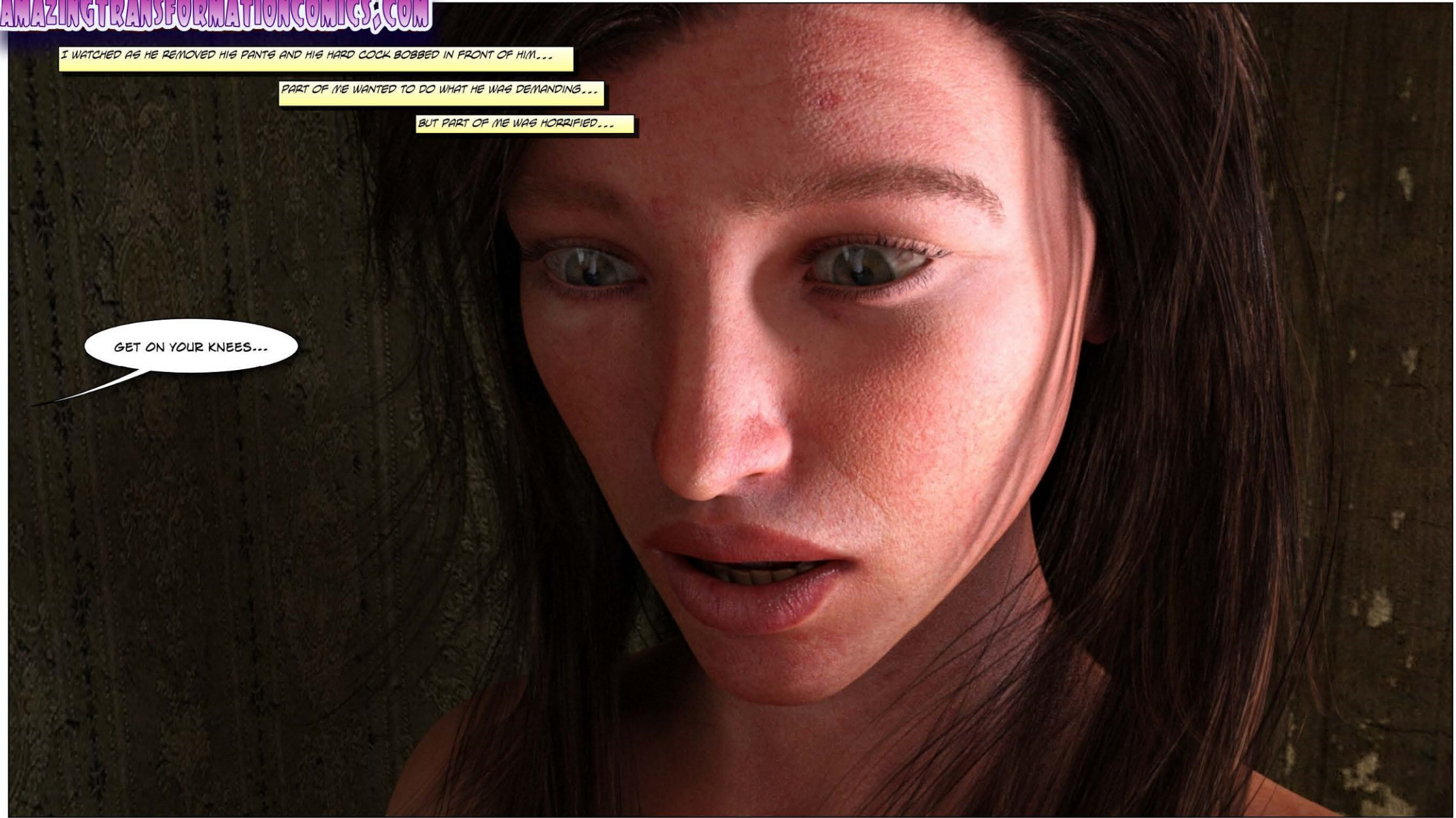


I WATCHED AS HE REMOVED HIS PANTS AND HIS HARD COCK BOBBED IN FRONT OF HIM...

PART OF ME WANTED TO DO WHAT HE WAS DEMANDING...

BUT PART OF ME WAS HORRIFIED...

GET ON YOUR KNEES...





I SANK TO MY KNEES AND STARED AT HIS EXPOSED COCK...

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

DO YOU NEED HELP?

HE PLACED HIS HAND ONTO THE BACK OF MY HEAD AND PULLED ME TOWARDS HIS COCK...

I CLOSED MY EYES AND OPENED MY MOUTH..



AS HIS HAND URGED ME TO TAKE HIS COCK DEEPER I WAS OVERWHELMED...

THE SMELL...

THE TASTE...



WHY DIDN'T IT GROSS ME OUT?

WHY WASN'T I FIGHTING TO GET HIS COCK OUT OF MY MOUTH?



YOU'RE DOING GOOD...

I'D ALMOST SAY YOU'RE A NATURAL...

SLURP!



HE REMOVED HIS HANDS FROM MY HEAD AND I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE...

I JUST GRABBED ONTO HIM AND SUCKED, BOBBING MY HEAD FASTER AND FASTER!



EVENTUALLY MY EFFORTS PAID OFF...

FOR HIM AT LEAST!

AHHH HELL YES!



I PULLED AWAY SO I DIDN'T GET HIS CUM IN MY MOUTH BUT WASN'T ABLE TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

YOU LOOK GOOD LIKE THIS...



I WIPED MY FACE OFF AND STOOD AS HE GRABBED MY ARMS...



24 HOURS...

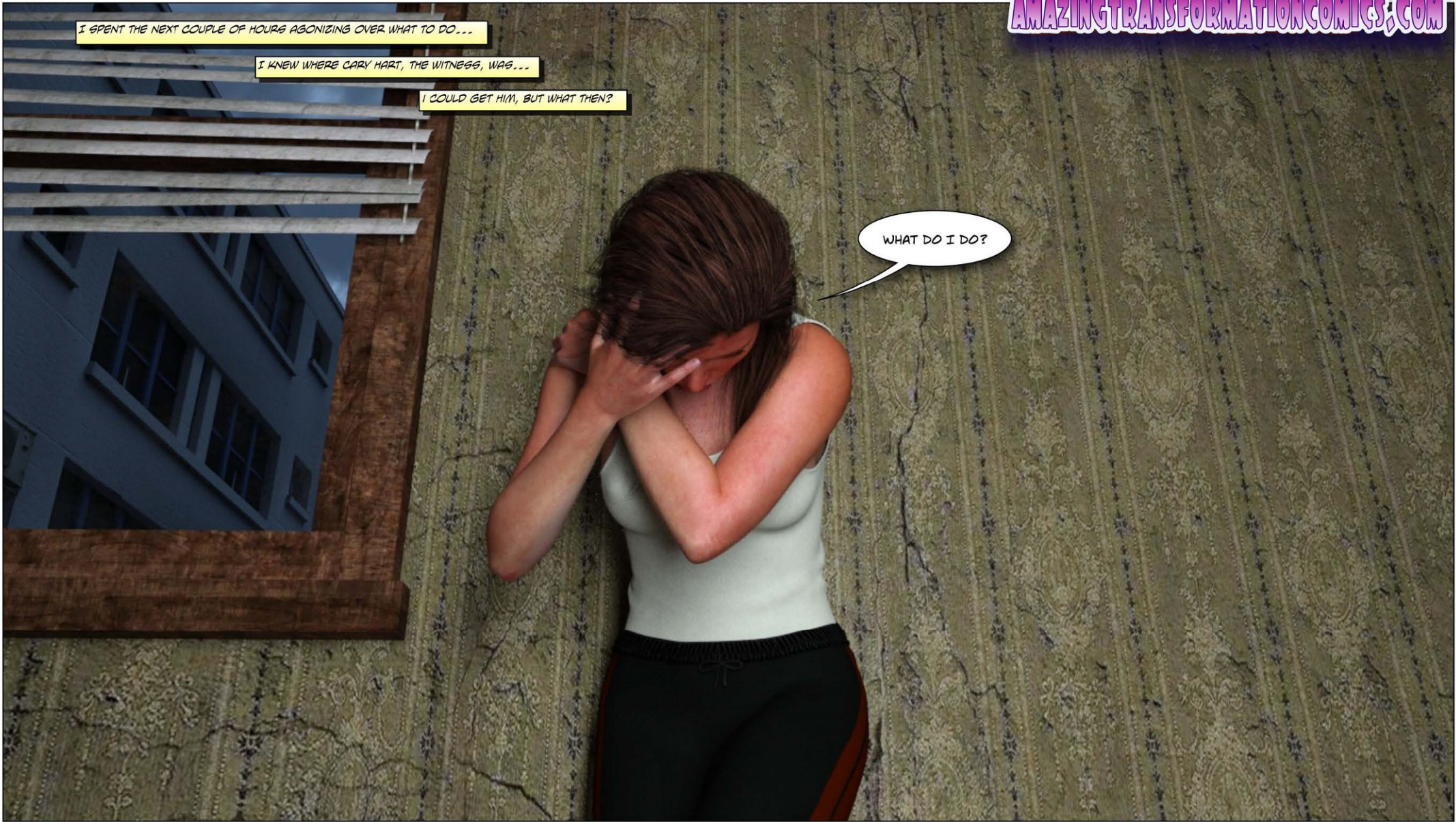
BRING US THE WITNESS OR I'LL COME BACK...

I SPENT THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS ABONIZING OVER WHAT TO DO...

I KNEW WHERE CARY HART, THE WITNESS, WAS...

I COULD GET HIM, BUT WHAT THEN?

WHAT DO I DO?



AM I STILL A COP?

CAN I BETRAY AN INNOCENT TO SAVE MYSELF?

OR DO I RISK BEING TURNED INTO A WHORE OR WORSE BY MR. D'ANGELO?



EVENTUALLY, I KNEW I HAD TO ACT AND COULDN'T AGONIZE ABOUT MY DECISION ANY LONGER...

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I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO...



I BOUGHT SOME NEW CLOTHING AND WENT TO MY MEETING WITH FATE...

I HOPE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA...

REMEMBER, TELL THEM YOUR NAME IS ELLIE...

ELLIE NESS!

THE END OF PART 1
IN THE NEXT ISSUE:
ACTION!
SEX!
AND A FATEFUL CHOICE!

