



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Witness Protection

Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

---

**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

---

*Copyright © 2004, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved*

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# Witness Protection

**By Deena Gomersall.**

Daniel, like many young boys, grew up with a love of spies and secret agents, he had watched all of the James Bond films and had dreamt about being 007 out on a secret mission, Daniel, unlike other boys, however, made his dreams come true... sort of.

Graduating with honors, he had applied for a job with the CIA. Rather than being on exotic locations, for much of the time, he was based in the suburban area of McLean, Virginia, along the West Bank of the Potomac River.

There, after starting as a technical requirements officer, he gathered and supplied intelligence and kept tabs on known terrorists. It was also Daniel's job to evaluate chemical, biological, radiological and nuclear terrorist threats. None of the scantily-clad girls of the Bond movies were to be seen nor was it quite what he had dreamed about as a young boy, but it was interesting.

By the time of his twenty-fifth birthday, he had decided to make a change of occupation and go into the building trade as his dad and grandfather had done before him. He was also looking to settle down with his girlfriend, Sophie Cygleris, who had been none too happy about the risks his job entailed, especially after the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. It was she who had been instrumental in persuading him to come out of the CIA. They had already discussed a possible move to New York City where Sophie had lived after her family had moved to the States from their home in Plymouth, England.

Six months later, Daniel and Sophie had, at last, made their move. He was now working as a self-employed builder and Sophie had secured a job with the New York Times as a journalist. Sophie and her colleagues were following a spate of minor terrorist bombings in the city. Eighty-seven people had lost their lives and nearly a thousand had been badly injured.

Meanwhile, Daniel was working in a derelict part of town that was currently going through a process of redevelopment; some of the old buildings around where he was working were boarded up and waiting to be either pulled down or given a complete restructuring and refurbishment.

It was on one particular day that he had seen from a third floor window several men of Asian origin entering one of the boarded-up buildings. He was too far away to make out any facial characteristics but he had the training and sense to keep himself hidden from sight as he watched. It was about three hours later that the five men left the building, pulling shut the wooden door behind them and walking out to a main road.

Something told him that all was not right and he felt uneasy for the rest of the day. After he had returned home that evening, he decided to bring the subject up.

“Out of curiosity, Sophie, has there been anything fresh on those terrorist attacks?” he asked his girlfriend over the evening meal.

“Nothing new. It’s been mainly suicide bombers but we believe that with the state of unrest in the Middle East, and the intervention by the USA in some of those countries as a continued fight against terrorism, that some of the terrorist leaders may be planning a larger-scale attack. I’m not saying it will be on a scale like 9/11, but I think we will be shortly receiving a high-alert warning. Why?”

“It’s just something that I saw today that made me a little uneasy. Maybe working in the CIA all those years has made me a little paranoid... but I think I’ll give Chad a ring and see if they have news of anything.”

Chad had been a colleague, working in the same office as Daniel. He still worked with the CIA but, other than a casual interest in what Daniel had to say, he couldn’t report any known terrorists having entered the States recently or that the FBI were any further to putting a finger on known ring leaders for the recent bombings.

“Can’t really say at the moment, buddy. You never know, it may just be a bunch of illegal immigrants or asylum seekers looking for refuge in the derelict areas. But keep a watch for anything suspicious and, if you do find anything, don’t do anything yourself, just get back to me okay? Catch you soon,” Chad told him.

It was two days later when Daniel heard cars pull up in the street below where he was once again working. Looking out, he saw seven Asians around two estate cars. They were talking and scanning the surrounding buildings with their eyes; one man caught sight of Daniel in the window. Rather than dodging out of sight, Daniel pretended not to be taking any notice and made it appear he was just doing his work, oblivious to their presence.

After a long stare at him to see if he was looking, the Asian began talking to the others and Daniel moved away from the window without taking a further look.

When he looked again, the same door was ajar and four of the men were gone. Five minutes later, they returned, each carrying a large wooden box, which they loaded up into the cars. Once this was done, they all climbed into the cars and drove away. Now Daniel really was suspicious.

After some fifteen minutes, Daniel left the building he had been working on and cautiously crossed over to the opposite block. With a pounding heart, he approached the door of the building he had seen the seven men enter and, after a glance around, gave it a push. It was unlocked and, with a slight push, it opened up.

Daniel's ears strained to pick up any kind of sound from within; not hearing anything, he then cautiously stepped inside. The inside of the room was dark and dusty with rubble and broken masonry scattered about the floor. The downstairs rooms were empty.

He was scared of going upstairs but, with a pounding heart, he ascended the stairwell and looked about the three upper rooms. There was nothing, not even signs of anyone squatting.

Daniel's heart didn't stop its rapid beat until he was back safe in his own building; even then he was feeling a little shaken. "Shaken but not stirred," he muttered to himself almost wryly with a slight grin.

<<OO>>

When Daniel returned home that evening, he was surprised to find that Sophie had not yet returned home. He usually worked throughout the daylight hours and, it being midsummer, he was often back home two or three hours after his partner. She finally returned twenty minutes after him.

"Where you been, honey? I've started a meal but it's going to be another half hour yet before we can eat."

"I'm sorry, darling, we all got called up to that big bomb blast in Manhattan," Sophie apologized.

"Bomb blast? What bomb blast?" he asked with a bemused look.

"Haven't you heard? Jeez! A twenty-story office block has been blown out this afternoon. No official number has been given yet but casualties are in the hundreds," Sophie informed her boyfriend.

Perhaps phoning Chad again would have been the smartest move for Daniel to make, let him know about his latest observation and if it could be in any way tied with this new attack. But something, rekindled from his childhood, made Daniel want to go out and investigate for himself again later that evening.

With the area now shrouded in darkness, armed with a powerful torch, Daniel returned to the derelict building and, with even more trepidation than before, tried the door and went inside.

Again the inside of the building was silent, deathly silent. This time, though he felt even more scared than before, he made a more sweeping search. It was an area of floor that was not littered with dust and rubble that led to Daniel's discovery of a trap door into a cellar and it was down in the cellar that Daniel discovered an arms cache enough for a small army.

Along with Semtex and other explosive devices, there was at least ten crates containing AK-74 Kalashnikov rifles and even including some of the AK-00 series weapons, boxes of bullets, gas masks and, even more worrying, phials that could contain anthrax, mustard gas or any other chemical or biological agent. Wisely, he was not prepared to check these without proper protection.

Daniel had seen enough, he couldn't get out of the building fast enough and was petrified of being caught down there by anyone. With sweat pouring from his brow, he drove back home, still trying to come to terms with what he had just found.

Chad wasn't at work that evening but he put Daniel through to a colleague on the Internet. Wesley Ryman listened to all that Daniel told him while typing a report he was planning to send to FBI investigators.

"Okay, Daniel, I'm going to send you a batch of photographs of possible Saudi nationalists that we have been keeping an eye on recently. If you recognize any of them, point them out," Wesley told him.

After eight minutes of downloading, Daniel carefully looked through the sets of photographs. His training had taught him how to quickly pick out facial features and, after a further ten minutes he had given three names to Wesley he was sure he had seen around the two cars.

"Okay Daniel, you've done good. FBI agents are already making their way over there, you stay away, okay? One of the guys you have identified is already wanted for terrorist bombings, the two others are big fish in Al-Qa'eda. We are making a trace on the car registrations you supplied. Well done! You never should have left us."

Daniel smiled wryly. "It was interesting but I decided on a more normal life. Trouble is my partner is going to kill me when she finds I didn't give her a lead to a major story before alerting you guys. I'd better wake her and give her the low down now, though, so that her paper gets the exclusive."

Sophie's tabloid did get the exclusive and she was the reporter. The arms cache was seized and four of the Asians, with information from the car registrations, were caught and arrested. Conclusive evidence was later surrendered that the men were connected to the recent New York City bombings.

Now, however, FBI agents were keen to identify the other three Asians, some of whom may have been even bigger fish. To do this, they took Daniel with them to their headquarters to see if he could pick out any more faces from the FBI files. As a former CIA agent, his identification would stand solid in a law court.

"Are you absolutely sure that this is one of the men you saw?" Agent Mike Calderwood asked after Daniel had succeeded in identifying two more men.

"No mistaking that one at all. I felt sure I had seen his face before when I was with the CIA, but he stared straight at me. I saw him best of all."

"He stared straight at you?" Calderwood questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes. He was scanning the area before they went into the building. I know it’s him because like I said, I felt sure I’d seen him before somewhere. Is he known to you?”

“You might say,” Calderwood replied. “He is Osama Bin Laden’s right-hand man. I got to confess, we didn’t even know he was over here. I’m just highly surprised he didn’t have you killed when he saw you.”

“Well, I made it seem like I wasn’t paying any attention at all. If they needed to be quick and didn’t want to draw any undue attention to themselves, maybe that’s what got me off the hook.”

“Maybe. Just regard yourself as one goddamn lucky son of a bitch. That guy is as cold-blooded a killer as any I have ever encountered. If your evidence can prove he is also connected to the bombings and we can put him away, you could get yourself a commendation from the president himself, who knows? From him we may even get enough information to trace Bin Laden himself.”

Daniel grinned. He hardly expected things to be so deep, but he was excited at the possibility of getting some kind of reward from the president and he felt satisfied with himself that he had brought some leading terrorists to task. Something inside him almost felt as if he wanted to get back into terrorist busting.

The following day, Daniel heard from Chad that from the two new identifications two more of the gang had been picked up. He was impressed by how fast these men were being captured following his information.

During their evening meal, Daniel was telling Sophie all that had ensued when there was some loud knocking at the front door. The knocking was repeated even before Daniel could get up from the table to see who it was. “Okay, okay. Goddamn it, I’m coming already,” Daniel muttered.

Five men were standing at the door wearing hats and long light gray coats. The front man flashed a badge at him that bore his photo and plainly read **FBI**. “Daniel Storage?” the man asked. “Er, yes. That’s me.”

“I’d like you to come with me, sir. Is there anyone else in the house?”

“Yes, my girlfriend, Sophie. What’s all this about? Can’t it wait? We are having our evening meal.”

Daniel gave a look of annoyance as two men brushed past him and went into his home without invitation. “Hey, hold on there one minute. Just what is going on here?”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Storage. I don’t have time to explain right now. Would you please follow me to my car.”

“But, but what about the house? Do I need a jacket?” Daniel asked in a state of confusion.

He was answered by being led by his elbow as if he was some kind of common criminal and ushered out into the street towards a waiting car with passersby watching on. Looking back, he saw the two agents who had entered his house similarly marching Sophie out to a second car.

<<OO>>

Daniel had been taken to an office of the FBI and he was now sitting before a chief agent, Eddy Rankin. Sophie was not there and he had seen nothing of her since his arrival.

“Would you mind telling me what all of this is about?” Daniel demanded angrily. “If this is to do with my observation of the Asian terrorists, which I presume it must be, is this how to treat someone who has just saved New York from terrorist bomb attacks?”

The agent remained silent as he looked steadily at Daniel. Then, putting a file folder onto his desk, he answered. “Yes, I believe it is... if you want to stay alive.”

“What do you mean ‘if I want to stay alive?’”

“What I mean is your information has led to the arrest of six leading Al-Qa’eda terrorists and the probable brains behind the attacks being forced to go on the run. How happy do you think that has made some people? We are talking top terrorists here and our intelligence guys have information that there is now a price for your head, and with those guys, that means literally. It’ll be served on a silver platter.”

Daniel suddenly felt weak and afraid, but there was more. “Further, your girlfriend works as a journalist for the Times and did a cover story about some of the bombings and of the first arrests. Al Qa’eda have already linked you and Cygleris together, both of your lives are in danger.”

“So what do you plan to do?” Daniel asked through an increasingly tightening throat.

“Place you in witness protection, that’s why we had to get you out of your place immediately. Your evidence is vital to put the six suspects away but we need your positive identification on the seventh and most important man. He is an extremely big fish and we cannot allow him to escape. We believe he was involved in the Manhattan plane attacks and the Bali incident but we hadn’t enough evidence. The do-gooders demand we have full evidence before we can convict such killers. Your eyewitness evidence can link him to these latest attacks.”

“So where you putting Sophie and me that will be safe?” Daniel questioned.

“Well for one thing, somewhere separate. There is no way you two can be in any kind of contact with each other. Also, we are going to have to change your identity. Your looks, your papers, everything,” Rankin told him directly.

“But for how long?” Daniel exclaimed.

“As long as it takes, fella, even if after we capture Jaheed Tariq Saad, these guys don’t forget soon. Those people are still hunting for Salman Rushdie for just writing a goddamn book.”

“Well, what if we decide to go into hiding just by ourselves, take our chances? I don’t want to be separated from Sophie, I love her. We’re getting married in the fall.”

“Sorry buddy, it doesn’t work like that. You ought to know, having worked for the CIA; this is a case of national security. You are totally in our hands now. I’m sorry about your girl but chances are you won’t be seeing her again. If you really love her, that’s for her best.”

“You have to be joking, I won’t do it,” Daniel continued protesting.

<<OO>>

Daniel stayed as a “guest” of the FBI in a safe house for the rest of that night and into the following day. He had no choice but to comply, he wasn’t being asked, he was being told.

Mike Calderwood had been assigned to Daniel and was now going through various things with him.

“We have traced six of the seven men and forensic evidence has undoubtedly linked them with the recent bombings. The seventh is a senior level leader with Al-Qa’eda and has connections with the Al-jihad movement He is still out there.

“As well as the armory and explosive material uncovered in the derelict house we found phials containing Anthrax spores and botulism, obviously intended for a bio-terrorism attack some time in the near future. We have put a huge dent in Al-Qa’eda’s plans and there must be some pretty pissed turban wearers out there at the moment.

“It has been decided to move you 500 miles Northwest. You will be renamed Phil Rhinehart, you will be given employment and a whole new history.”

“Don’t I even get to choose myself a new name?” asked Daniel.

“Everything is by the book. We leave for your new location tomorrow. Your file is here. Read it, memorize it. When you get to your new home, try to quickly settle down and make friends, get yourself a new woman friend. Act natural.”

<<OO>>

“Hi Phil, how’s things going with you?” Ross Stansfield asked in a friendly voice.

“Going great, Ross. Hey, I’ll get up to your place tomorrow and do that pointing you asked me to do. Okay.”

“Sure. That’d be swell. By the way, while I’m thinking on it, there’s been some guy going around the town asking questions. He wanted to know if there were any strangers about or anyone moving into the town lately. Well, I mentioned you but then told him no more because I didn’t like the look of him. Your name didn’t seem to make much to him, but I thought I’d tell you.”

“Really! What did he look like?”

“Swarthy guy. Stood about five ten, 210 lbs, dark-skinned. Looked like one of those Middle Eastern types to me, dark eyes and bushy beard graying at the sides. You recognize the description?”

“No, don’t know any Arab types. Didn’t he know who he was supposed to be looking for?”

“He never said. Anyway, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

In spite of what he had said to his new neighbor, Daniel felt very uneasy. He immediately got in touch with Calderwood.

“Stay easy. Don’t forget you are going under a new name now. Your hair is dark brown now rather than blonde and you are wearing it a lot longer, not forgetting you are now sporting a mustache. All your papers and records show you are Phil Rheinhart, twenty-eight years old and that you originate from Seattle. There’s not a lot to link you with your former identification. He could be looking for anybody, it is probably Daniel Storage he is looking for, but I’ll get some agents up there to try track him down. Like I say, don’t panic and continue acting natural.”

Whether Calderwood had sent any agents or not, none approached him the following day. After working through the day in his new IT job, that evening Daniel had something to eat, then went to do the pointing job he had promised to do for his new friend and neighbor, Ross Stansfield, while there was still light.

Daniel was three-quarters up a ladder at the apex of his friend’s house. Ross’ wife, Miriam, came out of the door to ask him if he fancied a cold beer. He was forced to look down to reply and, at that moment, a loud zip passed his ear followed by a cracking noise against the brickwork as a piece of masonry flew off and stung him on the cheek.

“What the!!” Daniel exclaimed as his ladder began to slip sideways. He lost his balance and both he and the ladder crashed into bushes below. The fall prevented Daniel from hearing more gunshots ring out. Two FBI agents were discharging the bullets and a man of Asian origin was lying dead inside a car parked a little further down the street.

The fall into bushes, although causing some scratching and bruises, prevented Daniel from any serious injury. Intelligence officers couldn’t believe how lucky he had been for a bullet, fired from a handgun with a silencer, to miss him by a fraction of an inch.

\*\*\*\*\*

“You seem to have a charmed life,” agent Eddy Rankin told Daniel as they sat in his office. “But these people seriously seem to want you dead, they must have gone to extreme measures to track you down and identify you. I guess you owe your life to that neighbor of yours.”

“I guess I do. When I get back home, I’ll do that pointing for free,” Daniel stated.

“Back home?” Rankin exclaimed in disbelief. “You won’t be going back there again. That safe house is no longer safe. The town folk now know a bit about you and what happened yesterday. You would be putting their lives in danger by returning. You would implicate them.”

“Oh great. So what happens now? Move again? Take on another identification? Learn another new job, have to make friends all over again with a whole bunch of strangers?”

“Life sure sucks, doesn’t it, but it’s better than being dead. Anyway, you have now moved up to Code Red.”

“Code Red? And just what is Code Red.”

“High-risk protected witnesses. You were found after just six months, the people that are after you mean business. You will now be forced to undergo a total change of identity in order to try protect you.”

Daniel smirked wryly. “What exactly is ‘total change?’” he asked.

“To transform you as far removed from your original self as possible. Your new identity will be as a woman.

“What!! Are you kidding me? No way, man. No way. You are joking, right?”

“No joke, Daniel. This is top priority. Only the very highest levels of protection program candidates are requested to change gender.”

“I’m not doing it. It was bad enough breaking from Sophie, taking me away from all my family and not being allowed to contact them at all, but this... this goes way over the top. I’m not doing it.”

“You are going to have to. This comes right from the White House. It’s not so much us protecting you anymore, it’s protecting National Security. Six months, just six months to track you down and, when they did, you were shot at and survived. They were not trying to kill you; it turns out that you were shot at by a dart, a dart meant to put you out, not kill you. Having tracked you for six months, if they had wanted you dead, they would have used a professional hit man, used a powerful weapon with sights, silencer and real bullets. Their man did not know we had agents tracking him.”

“So, why didn’t they want to kill me? I don’t understand.”

“It’s quite obvious. We are not dealing with some sandal-wearing camel riders who have an IQ of zero, you know. These are highly intelligent, educated people who have a reason behind what they do. They were smart enough to trace you, but not kill you. Obviously, they now know you were formerly with the CIA. Yes, they want you dead, but if they can get hold of you, torture you and extract vital information from you before doing so, all the better for them. Through you, they could learn what we know about them, where our Middle East operations are, our intelligence sources. I’m sorry, Storage, but we have not just to protect you but to ensure, at all costs, that they do not get you.”

“But... live as a woman! I can’t do that. This is some kind of bad dream,” Daniel responded in near panic and with an increasingly heavy heart. “It’s foolish, I

look nothing like a woman. If they trace me again, they will tell right away I am not a woman. If you want to insure that I am never identified again, why not give me plastic surgery to change my appearance? I wouldn't be crazy about that either, but it beats the hell out of living as a woman."

"Trust me. We have a special program and experts to insure you fit the bill. We have done this thing countless times, to some very high profile and famous people who were thought to have just mysteriously disappeared. These terrorists have their own intelligence officers. If they have photos of you, believe me, they would expect things like plastic surgery. They will work out all possible changes that could be made to your appearance, facial features and hair. What they will not expect is for you to live as a woman. They will not be looking for a female."

"But how long for? How long would I need to... to live as a woman? You aren't... Oh, my God! You aren't going to change my sex, are you?"

Rankin smiled. "There should be no need for that. As for how long, again, as long as it takes."

<<OO>>

Daniel had been taken to another, temporary, secure house that was being guarded. There he spoke to Mike Calderwood who was briefing him.

"We are keeping a twenty-four hour watch on this place but tomorrow you will be moved to your new, permanent location. It is highly unlikely that you have been traced here but, just to make absolutely sure, you will leave here tomorrow in your new identification, just in case anyone managed to follow us and has been watching who comes and goes."

Daniel looked at Calderwood forlornly. "What do you think of this stupid idea? If I try pretending to be a woman, I'm going to stick out like a sore thumb and I'll be bound to bring attention to myself. I know nothing about being a woman, how to look like one or how to act like one."

Calderwood tried to give Daniel a reassuring smile. "We know what we are doing, we wouldn't be doing anything that we thought would not work or will give you away. This evening you will have a visit from one of our female operatives. She is going to be your constant companion and it will be her job to train you and to insure you look the part."

"Oh well, that's just dandy. A woman is going to see me all dolled up in women's things, how embarrassing," Daniel sighed.

"She won't think twice about it, she's already been briefed, she's a professional and will just be doing her job."

Daniel glanced at his watch; it was twenty after two in the afternoon. "So, I guess I don't have much time left being a man, do I?" he sighed again.

<<OO>>

Daniel had hardly eaten anything, he'd hardly done anything. He had just sat and brooded while the hours slowly ticked by. Calderwood had left some time ago; half an hour ago he had glanced through the window to see the two agents, in their trademark hats and long raincoats sitting in their car a little way up the street.

He was suddenly startled as someone knocked on the door. He looked between the drawn curtains to see the two FBI guys still sitting there, but looking towards the door, they didn't seem unduly concerned about anything.

"Hello?" he called through the door.

"Mr. Storage? Hi there. My name is Mandy Collins. I have been assigned to help you with your new identity. Here's my card," a pleasant-sounding, young female voice told him.

Through the glazed glass paneling of his door, Daniel could now see an identity card being held up and could just make out the face of an attractive female with long, permed, shoulder-length blonde hair.

Unlatching the door, he looked at the woman who now stood before him. She was no more than in her early twenties, maybe twenty-one or twenty-two. She had a pleasant smile on her face.

"May I come in?" she asked after a long silent pause.

"Sorry, yes, if you must."

"Not pleased to see me then?" she countered, still wearing her smile. "I have that effect on men".

"You've come to disguise me as a woman, haven't you? Can't say I'm exactly enthralled about it." Daniel replied. "So, what happens now?"

"You have just said it, we disguise you as a woman and start the process of perfecting your looks, your deportment and your mannerisms. I have a trunk in my car with various items of clothing in. I'll bring that in shortly but first, shall we settle a little? We'll have a coffee and get to know each other a bit before starting."

Daniel was informed by the woman what he had already heard from Calderwood; she was assigned to him for the foreseeable future as a regular companion. He would not learn how to disguise himself as a female overnight or even in a week; it was going to take work. Mandy was a very strong, forceful type who took immediate control of things. She would tell him what she wanted him to do and he would be expected to do it.

After bringing in the case of female things, Mandy told Daniel she wanted him to have a bath, not a shower but a long soaking bath. She accompanied him upstairs to start running the water into the tub and she poured the contents of several bottles into the pouring water. There was a strong smell of perfume that began filling the air and a white bubbly froth was forming on the water.

“So, have you given thought to a name yet?” Mandy asked.

“A name?” Daniel asked dumbly.

“Uh huh. You are going to be living as a woman, you need a woman’s name. Any ideas?”

“Er, no. I hadn’t thought about that side of things. Last time, it wasn’t left to me. I guess something like Danielle or Danni maybe?”

“No, way too close to your own name. We need something entirely different and something that has no masculine connection. How about Tara or Celeste? Maybe Chloe?”

Daniel grimaced. “Aren’t they all a bit girlie?” he asked.

“Yes, they are meant to be. Like I said, I want nothing that could be shortened to masculine or sound masculine. I like Tara but how about Tina? Yes, we will go with that. Now, we need a surname?” Mandy suddenly stated, without asking for his thoughts or approval.

“Tina Marie Webster. I used to know a girl called Webster at University. Karen Webster, nice girl. I wonder what became of her?” Mandy stated again without seeking approval. Now she was giving him a second name in the bargain.

“Is that it or do I get a choice?” Daniel asked as Mandy turned off the water.

“That’s it. We’ll stick with that, otherwise we will be at it all night and our people have to start the process of giving you a new ID. After we have got you dressed and made-up, I’ll take some photographs to go on your personal cards,” she informed her charge as she handed him a round jar of cream.

“Okay, I’m going to leave you to your privacy. Rub this cream all over your body after you have washed and soaked thoroughly. Treat your arms, your legs, chest, and your groin if you want to but not on your neck or face. It smells pretty bad and it will give you a burning sensation but persevere. Then get back into the tub and wash it all off. When you are done, pat your body dry, wrap a towel about yourself, then give me a shout. Okay?”

Daniel had never felt so vulnerable, so naked or embarrassed. His skin gleamed a rosy pink and it was totally hairless; it felt really strange, supersensitive to the touch. His body had a sweet scent permeating from it as he emerged from the bathroom; a towel wrapped around his waist, to call Mandy and tell her he was finished.

“Okay. Come on downstairs, I have some things ready for you to wear,” Mandy returned.

Daniel entered the living room looking decidedly embarrassed and extremely reluctant to participate in whatever was to come next.

“That... that cream you gave me... it’s dissolved all of my body hair. I’m hairless!” Daniel exclaimed.

“Are you sure? Did you check to make sure you’ve got it all?”

“No. You never told me it would do that. I don’t want a hairless body. I’ve had hair on my chest, arms and legs since high school. I feel naked.”

“Good. When was the last time you saw a woman with a body covered in hair?”

“Well, that doesn’t matter. I’ll be wearing clothes, that would cover the hair. Who would know?”

“Anyone who saw you wearing a short skirt or a sleeveless dress. The only way to make this work is by 100% disguise, from the inside out. This is not some dress-up game, this is for real and there are some very dangerous killers out there just itching to torture you before killing you in some grizzly way. Not just you but your girlfriend; her life also depends on your success because they want her for what she wrote in one of the newspapers and for whatever else she may know.”

Daniel hardly heard the last statement; his mind was on something else. “Skirts? Dresses? Why do I have to wear anything like that?” he asked.

“Because you are being disguised as a woman Duh!”

“Yes but lots of women wear jeans and slacks these days... men’s type of clothes. Sophie only has two skirts and she hardly ever wears them. She used to borrow a lot of my things.”

“Yes, and Sophie is a woman. We are disguising you as a woman which means we have to work that much harder to make you look naturally feminine. You are not going to have much success in looking like a woman if you continue wearing men’s style clothes. Oh, and by the way, that towel is wrapped wrongly.”

Daniel glanced down at the towel that was wrapped around his waist. “Why?”

“Because it should be wrapped from underneath your armpits downward to cover your groin area and your breasts.”

“But I don’t have breasts!”

“So everyone can see. But shouldn’t you if you are a woman? Therefore they should be concealed. And, because women have breasts, you will have your own, too. Oh, don’t look so alarmed. We will merely be attaching some very realistic silicone ones to your chest, the type used for women who have had a mastectomy. They will be well-stuck to your skin, though, so that you can’t be tempted to not wear them at any time and force you to maintain a feminine-looking chest.”

“This thing is starting to be a horrible nightmare. I can’t do it. I’m sorry but I can’t bring myself to dress and disguise myself as a woman, let alone live as one.”

“And I’m sorry but like you have been told, you have no choice. We could lock you up in a prison for the duration. Even there, unless you were in solitary, you could be got at, but that will not save Sophie.

“Now, we really must press on. Put these on to cover yourself. I am going to start working on your appearance. I’ll tell you everything I do as I apply cosmetics to your face and I want you to take note. This is a lesson, a lesson you must learn so that you are able to do it all by yourself at some stage... the sooner the better.”

Daniel glanced in dismay at what he was being handed, a soft terry robe and a pair of red satin panty briefs. "Please don't make me look too feminine," he pleaded desolately.

Mandy had Daniel sit in a high chair and began by putting a liquid cosmetic onto his face and blending it in with a make-up pad. After that, she used a whole range of brushes and color pallets on him and even used tweezers to pluck away at his eyebrows.

"Your hair isn't too bad a length, Tina," she told him using, to his chagrin, his new feminine name. "We could style it into a short modern feminine style, but for now I want you looking different from normal and a wig is as good a disguise as anything. However, let your hair grow out because we can do so much more with it. Also, grow your finger nails, natural are far better than false."

Through a mirror that was opposite him, Daniel watched his face being transformed from that of a man to a woman. The use of foundation, powder and blush gave him a healthy feminine glow and changed the shape of his face. His eyebrows, to his dismay, had been plucked to give a fine, feminine arch that altered his whole brow line and made his eyes look wider. Eye pencil and blended blue and gray eye shadows made his eyes look feminine and expressive. Lip liner, lipstick and gloss made his lips appear full, pouting and sensuous.

The icing on the cake was the fitting of a long wig of fine, straight, golden blonde hair that fell about the sides of his face and over his shoulders. This last part really did alter his appearance and make him look, startlingly, like a woman.

"How is it possible. I look like a chick! I have never looked remotely feminine, I have always had a masculine face," he stated in utter disbelief and with a distinct uneasiness.

"Don't kid yourself. I've only used the paints, the canvas has always been there," Mandy said. "Anyway, let's press on. I want you dressed so that we can leave here. We have a long drive ahead of us."

Daniel's embarrassment grew steadily worse as he was forced to let Mandy fasten a bra around his chest and it increased when she filled it to give a feminine shape. The "breasts" looked all the more startling when he was given a soft, feminine blouse to wear with little printed rose motifs. It was utterly strange, not only buttoning the blouse the wrong way around but fastening the buttons over the twin protrusions on his chest.

He was mortified when he was then given a blue denim skirt to wear but he knew this was no time to start complaining. The waistband fastened perfectly but poor Daniel was aghast that the skirt didn't even reach his knees. There was some light relief when he was given a pair of flats to wear... though the shoes were in an unmistakably feminine style with pointed toes.

Standing Daniel up, Mandy inspected him critically. She ran a brush through his new long locks of blonde hair, then went to a small attaché case to retrieve a slender golden lady's wristwatch and a few dress rings.

“Hmm. Plenty of room for improvement but good enough for you to leave the house. If anyone has been observing you, they should see two women leaving and believe that Daniel is still inside. Our guys will remain outside the house for a few days to give the impression they are still guarding someone inside. Are you ready to go?”

“No,” Daniel replied, shaking his head pitifully.

Daniel was so petrified of going outside being dressed as he was that, when Mandy opened up the front door, his legs refused to move. He could not believe what was happening, what he was being forced to do. His bare legs, revealed as they were in the short denim skirt, had never felt so bare or as exposed to him as they did now.

“Can’t I just stop here and be guarded by those men?” he asked pleadingly.

“Oh sure. Those guys would just love being parked up outside a house all day long for the rest of their lives, let alone the cost of their wages to the public sector. And who’s going to buy all your food? No, you have to leave here and start yourself a new life, looking after and being responsible for yourself,” she told him.

“A new life as a woman, though. I can’t live as a woman, go about my every day life as though I was a woman. I know I can’t.”

“Well, all I know at the moment is we have to leave here. I’m here to help and guide you, but I think you’ll be surprised at what you are able to do for yourself and how easy it will all become.”

“I don’t want it to become easy, that’d be like surrendering my masculinity, becoming happy with what you intend to make me,” he grumbled as he drew up every ounce of will power he could muster to step to the door and look outside. He had never felt more nervous or embarrassed.

The street was clear except for the car parked facing the house. It was a different two agents from the previous evening who were sat in the car. They watched as Mandy led Daniel over to her convertible, Daniel stooping low as he walked in an attempt to conceal himself and hide his face. He looked over at the two agents expecting to see them smirking at him because of the way he was dressed, but they didn’t

“Tina, straighten up.” Mandy chastised. “If you are hoping to hide yourself, that is the quickest way to draw attention to yourself.”

Daniel did as he was told, making an almighty attempt to lift his head upwards. As Mandy opened her car door and unlatched his side, she quickly told him how to sit.

“Do not lead with your left leg. Place your bottom on the seat, legs together, then swing them both in, making sure you have pulled your skirt down and smoothed it as you sit. Hmmm, not bad but we’re going to have to put a lot of work in for you to pass as a woman in public.”

“Yeah, probably a lifetime,” he grumbled as he fastened his seat belt, finding the unusual obstacle of his right breast in the way.

As Mandy steered her car out onto the street and drove up the road, a car pulled out of a side street and followed them. “We are being followed!” Daniel exclaimed in panic.

“Don’t worry, it’s some of our guys, they are escorting us until we get to the state border,” Mandy explained. “You see how important you are to us?”

By now they had come out onto a main road where there was much more traffic about plus many pedestrians walking the streets. “Can’t you put the top up?” Daniel asked, feeling all the more exposed.

“What, on a hot day like this? Get the wind through your hair, girl. Besides, you need to get used to being seen as a woman and this is the safest exposure you can get. Let’s see how many people give you a double take, recognizing you as a man.”

<<OO>>

It seemed as though they had driven for hours and hours and Daniel’s legs were feeling cramped and stiff. He wasn’t sure just when the FBI agents had stopped tailing them but they were now gone.

“It’s getting late and I’m feeling a bit tired,” Mandy told him. “We’ll check in at a motel pretty soon.”

The “pretty soon” was to be another hour of driving but finally Mandy pulled into the front parking lot of a motel located just off the roadside. Daniel immediately started feeling nervous again, thinking that he would have to reveal himself.

“Just wait here while I go check us in,” Mandy told him and jumped out of the car. Daniel didn’t know what might be worse, going in with Mandy or sitting in the open top convertible on his own, even though it was now quite dark.

Soon Mandy was back. “Okay Tina, I got us a room that has separate bedrooms. Be a dear and carry the trunk for me.”

Mandy led the way to the twin room she had booked and let Daniel inside. “I’m famished,” she stated. “You make some coffee and I’m gonna go see if I can fix up some sandwiches for us. Oh, and give your hair a brushing. You can change into something more comfortable while I’m gone.”

Daniel had soon located the kitchen and the coffee pot, then went to see what was in the trunk of clothes. Everything in there was ghastly feminine, no pants or jeans at all. The best things he could find were a pair of shorts that had a “cut off” design and a feminine pattern around each leg opening plus a skinny knit brown jumper that had a low-cut neckline. He put both of these on but still felt overly exposed, especially his legs which he was now revealing even more of.

Before Mandy came back with two large, well-filled baguettes he had the two mugs of coffee ready. In no time, the two of them were eating ravenously.

“What I want to do before we turn in, Tina, is to give you a few quick lessons in walking and holding your body. I don’t want to see you stooping or hunching your shoulders when you walk like you did earlier, okay?”

“But I really don’t want to get into walking like a girl, even if I could train to. I mean, what if I can’t undo what I do? When I go back to being myself again, I’m going to be prancing about like some sissy or faggot,” Daniel complained.

“One thing I think you had better understand, quickly, is that this isn’t just some dress-up game. It isn’t something you are going to be doing for a short while until the heat dies down. This is your new identity, Woman. It is an identity that you will have for a very long time to come. Don’t you think you would be well-advised perfecting it?”

“Just how long a time is ‘a long time?’” Daniel asked. He had asked the question before but the answer he had received gave no time frame.

“I really do not know, it’s not even like it would end if we got all the guys who may be after you like in a normal protection situation. Even if we got hold of Jaheed Tariq Saad or Bin Laden himself, there are hundreds of thousands of fundamentalists out there ready to do whatever to fight their so-called Holy War. Sure, I think in time, you will be forgotten about or they may give up and move onto other and much bigger targets, but that is some time off. I reckon you will be required, by the US government, to maintain your new identity for at least a number of years.”

That statement came as a huge blow to Daniel. Maybe he could have lived as being Phil Rhinehart for a number of years but then, he wasn’t really all that different in that disguise; he wore his usual clothing and he felt the same. None of that would be so in the guise of a woman, he didn’t feel the same at all and the clothing he had to wear were entirely different, not to mention the long hair and make up he had to wear. On top of all that, it also meant that he would not see Sophie again for years... if ever. He feared that they would most likely grow apart in time.

“Come on then, Tina, let’s start by learning poise and how to walk elegantly and ladylike. I want heel-to-toe steps from you, not big masculine strides. Square your shoulders and straighten your back,” Mandy instructed.

Mandy put Daniel through the paces for over an hour. He felt as if he had gotten nowhere but she seemed pleased. “Normally, you would quickly forget all that I have told you and just get straight back into your normal gait but, if we keep at it, as I intend to, it will all start to become normal to you, you will just walk, sit and stand lady-like without thinking. Okay, enough for now. Let’s get our heads down.”

Daniel balked when Mandy produced a long, flowing black nylon nightgown for him to wear to bed. It had puffed shoulders and lots of lace and ribbon around the bosom.

“Once again, Tina, you will be wearing things like this *every* night from now on. Get used to it, adjust,” Mandy told him forcefully.

It was a very downbeat Daniel who went into his bedroom that night. Glancing into a wall mirror at himself, he saw the feminine reflection that looked back. He hated seeing himself like this. Would he ever get used to it? Did he really *want* to get used to it?

He pulled off the long blonde wig and hung it up, then put the cosmetics removing cream Mandy had given him onto his face and rubbed it in. At last, for the moment, his own masculine face reappeared, though now he faced the indignity of putting on the soft silky nightgown. "I don't care what she says, I'll never get used to all this crap. It's horrible and I hate it." he thought to himself as his head hit the firm pillow.

Daniel woke from a deep sleep to the sound of tapping on his door. He had the feeling he had been disturbed from a weird dream but could not recollect it.



<<OO>>

"Tina! Morning! It's time to get up. We have a number of things to do before we can get back on our way," he heard Mandy instructing him. He groaned to himself and half-wondered if he should make a run for it and try and escape this nightmare. Trouble was, he didn't have a solitary item of male clothing to wear.

Had Daniel known what was in store for him that morning he may well have decided running away was the best and least embarrassing option, even dressed in female clothing. Mandy, as soon as he was up, felt his skin to see if there was any trace of hair growth, then had him scrub himself thoroughly from the waist up and have as clean a shave as he could, both on his face and his chest. They then had breakfast before the real ordeal began.

He watched in dismay as Mandy took two large skin-toned jelly-like things from a box. He wasn't sure what they were until he noticed a very realistic nipple and aureole on the underside of one of the shapes. Now he remembered about the silicone breasts Mandy had told him he would soon be given. The only good point was, at least they were false and these people were not going to be making him grow his own.

Mandy put a white solution on the underside of each shape, making sure she covered the edges inwards. "These are prostheses and will look very realistic once attached," she informed him as she carefully placed one of the breast forms onto his chest to cover over his own nipple. Mandy then had him hold the shape firmly as she carefully lined up the second so that it was aligned perfectly with the first. "Hold this one too," she again instructed as she carefully wiped a slightly damp cloth along the edges to make sure they were fully sealed to his skin and any excess adhesive had been removed.

Daniel just felt foolish, standing there, with his blonde wig on his head and holding these two large and realistic breast shapes to his chest. "Aren't these things a bit big?" he complained.

"They are a C cup which is quite proportionate for your size and build, though we could go bigger if you would like."

"Why can't I be under developed?"

"Because we are trying to make you look like a natural girl. What's the point of us putting breasts on you that can hardly be noticed?"

After a few minutes, Daniel was told he could let go of the shapes. Only then did he feel the true dead weight and the pull of them. "Damn, these are heavier than I thought, and they are pulling at my skin," he complained.

"Yes well, at least that may serve as a reminder for you to always wear a bra, which will support them. These breast forms are weighted like natural breasts. It's what all women have to contend with."

This time Daniel was only too pleased to put on a bra when instructed. He was given a black satin bra with white lace along the top and a little white bow in the middle; he felt disgusted by its femininity but he put it on. This time putting a brassiere on was wholly different. Last time, he had fastened one around his chest and put padding into the cups to fill them. This time he had to cover the false breasts with the cups of the brassiere.

Next on the agenda, Mandy rolled the long lengths of blonde hair into large red rollers, then set about shaping what there was of his reasonably short finger nails. He was instructed to sit down and carefully paint his nails with a dark red lacquer. This was too awful for words. There he was, hair up in large rollers, the weight and pull of womanly breasts cradled in a black satin bra fastened around his chest as he carefully applied nail varnish to his femininely-shaped nails. He couldn't believe what was happening and he seriously doubted he could put up with this thing for more than a day, let alone a long period of time.

Once poor Daniel's nails were dry, Mandy set up a large round mirror and a host of cosmetics and brushes with the instructions for him to start making his face up. How utterly humiliating it was, having to apply black mascara to his eye-lashes and trace a cherry-colored lipstick over his lips after having first applying foundation, concealer, powder and eye shadow to his face.

Once his make-up was on satisfactorily and Mandy had released the rollers from his wig, she gave him a short black shift dress to wear and a pair of sandals that had two black elasticized straps which went over his foot and around the heel, to wear. The tortured man looked pityingly at Mandy, hardly able to bear putting these things on.

"I'm sorry Tina, but you really do need to look the part now. Other than stopping for gas and a bite to eat, our next destination will be your new home and you need to arrive there looking more or less the way you will look each day from then on. I know it's difficult but you will get used to it. Now, I want to take a few photographs of you. Look at the camera and don't pose. Try not to look like a frightened rabbit. There's a dear."

Mandy took several photographs on a digital camera then used a laptop to download them. Then she turned back to Daniel with her hand held outwards. "Here, take this."

Daniel looked at what was being offered to him and saw in Mandy's open hand a tiny pill. "What's this for?" he inquired suspiciously.

"You are to take one of these pills each day. Don't be alarmed but they will help you gain a more feminine appearance overtime."

"And just what do you mean by 'feminine appearance'?" Daniel demanded to know, ignoring Mandy's "don't be alarmed" totally.

"I'm not going to try and fool you or lie to you, these are female hormones. They will help you achieve more feminine features, take out the masculinity from your face, reduce body hair growth, make your skin smoother and your voice gentler."

"And don't female hormones also develop breasts?"

Mandy studied Daniel's face before replying. "Yes, they do develop some breast tissue but those who use them only get a limited development, and only after a long period of taking them. Once you stop taking the hormones, your own male hormones will counter them and you will return to normal, I promise. It is vital that you look as womanly as possible though, both for your own welfare, the safety of Sophie and for national security."

"Are you absolutely sure I will not develop big womanly breasts if I take these?" he asked, "These false things are embarrassing enough but I couldn't bare to have them actually growing from my chest," he told her pitifully.

"Honest," Mandy gently answered.

They were ready to go again. Mandy had put the luggage into the trunk of her car and left to pay the motel bill. Daniel sat down, waiting for her return, feeling

very sorry for himself. He looked down dejectedly, his soft blonde locks of hair tumbling down both sides of his face as he took in where his knees emerged from the hem of the black dress he wore. His denuded legs looked so smooth and feminine in their hairless state. He could hardly bear what was happening to him, to his life, as he dropped his head into his hands and softly cried through his anguish.

“I cannot do this thing, I know I can’t. No way can I live my life as a woman,” he softly moaned to himself.

<<OO>>

It was late into the evening when Mandy drove into the town that would be his new home. It was a smart, clean town and seemed nice and quiet. He was hoping there were no gangs of young punks that may make his life hell if they saw he was really a man, though Mandy had no intentions of anyone realizing the truth, anyway.

He was also surprised to find he had a nice semidetached three bedroom home with a front lawn and back garden to live in. He had expected an apartment as it was all being paid for by the government.

“Okay, Tina, your new home,” Mandy stated. “Quite a lot of action has been going on already by the department. You will soon have a new identity, papers and all the usual legal things, all listing you as Tina Marie Webster, female. You will work as a woman and you have an interview for a new job the day after tomorrow.”

“An interview? What’s the job?” Daniel asked in astonishment.

“Technical advisor in a computer software company. You have all the credentials. The salary is quite enough to live on and to pay your bills, if you get the job. You also have an appointment at a salon tomorrow to enhance your feminine looks.”

Daniel looked dubiously at the woman sitting next to him. “I already feel way too feminine, just what have you got in mind for me?”

“To start with I’m not happy about your wearing a wig; they can come off or you may even forget to fix it on sometime and someone may see. Your own hair is fairly grown out but I want you to have hair extensions. You are also booked to have your ears pierced and you will soon start a course of electrolysis to remove your facial hair.”

You have to be joking!” Daniel stormed, “I do not want my ears pierced and I certainly do not want electrolysis. That’s permanent. What if I ever decide to grow a beard or mustache when all of this is over?”

“I’m sorry Tina, but you really have no choice in that matter. The biggest danger in giving you away is any hint of stubble on your face, the slightest five o’ clock shadow. You are fair-skinned and blonde-haired, which is good, but it’s vital

that there is nothing mannish to be seen about you, or anyone happening to see a woman shaving her chin. That would start gossip. Gossip can spread. Your ears are not as important but most real women do have their ears pierced and it will prevent clip-on earrings from nipping your lobes, which can be painful.”

Yet again Daniel could not believe the extent of what he was being forced to do. This was like a living nightmare, one he could neither wake from nor escape. And, he was being ordered to do this by the U.S. government. How he wished he had said nothing when he had seen those men at the derelict house, how he wished he had never gone snooping around. But then again, had he not, thousands of people might have lost their lives or been permanently maimed.

<<OO>>

Daniel woke to a new morning, in a new home, living as the opposite sex. All those he met and befriended from now on would know him only as Tina... as a woman.

Mandy woke him early, wanting to make him look as convincing as possible for his trip to the beauticians. The previous night she had discarded his wig, returned his own hair back to its natural blonde color and put it in rollers. Now she was brushing it out and styling it into a short but feminine style. After she had applied his make-up, he was amazed how feminine his face looked without the wig.

His night had been weird, he had been uncomfortable with his hair wound up in the many rollers and he was constantly aware of the breasts attached to his chest. He had finally fallen asleep through sheer exhaustion.

Upon waking, he had felt nauseous and as though his stomach was churning; he put it down to being nervous about having to go outdoors, fully dressed as a woman.

He had practically begged not to have to go out wearing either a dress or a skirt, not when having to be exposed, for the first time, to so many people in public. He was relieved when Mandy relented and gave him a pair of denim jeans with flared bottoms but he sighed heavily again when he was given a floral patterned, low-cut, sleeveless top with wide, frilled shoulder straps to wear with them. For his feet he was given a pair of strappy sandals with 2½” stiletto heels that so embarrassingly displayed his red painted toenails.

Walking across a busy main road from Mandy’s car to the beauty salon was mental torture and probably the most nerve-wracking thing he had done in his entire life. He really did try his best to walk the way Mandy had been instructing him, more out of fear of recognition than anything, but he could not help lowering his head from humiliation.

“Tina,” Mandy hissed at him. “Lift your head up. You look great. Everyone’s too busy doing their own thing and getting on with their own lives to pay you much attention. The last thing they are looking for is if there are any guys walking about dressed as women. Don’t worry.”

Getting indoors was a relief, even though he was now confronted with a smiling, attractive receptionist and a line of women sitting underneath dryers with nothing better to do than nosily see who was coming in.

“Hiya. This is my sister, Tina Webster. She has an 11.00 AM appointment,” he heard Mandy explaining to the receptionist.

“Good morning Tina,” the receptionist greeted, looking at him. “You have been assigned to Sheila. I’ll just call and let her know you have arrived.”

Daniel smiled in way of a greeting, not daring to speak. Soon an attractive middle-aged woman with reddish-blond hair came through a door. “Tina...? Good morning, dear. Would you like to follow me to a chair?”

For the next two and a half-hours, Daniel was put through the treadmill. His make up was removed and replaced, his eyebrows tweezed and the hair extensions matched to his own hair shade and attached. Never having had his ears pierced before, he did not know what it involved and was therefore not overly concerned, other than having them pierced at all, when the gun thing snapped twice at each earlobe. They stung a little at first then felt numb but it was nothing that caused too much discomfort.

He was then subjected to something he hadn’t expected when a nail technician attached acrylic extensions to his fingernails and buffed and filed them before painting them a bright glossy red. He had claws. They looked huge to him! No matter what he did with his hands after that, he was continually aware of them!

Finally the ordeal was over and he walked back to the car with flowing hair that was now at least fifteen centimeters longer than the wig hair had been. Somehow he felt a little different inside himself.

He had merely glimpsed at his reflection in the salon mirror but he checked himself out properly when they reached the car. Lifting a left hand with bright red nails to the left side of his head, he pulled away the long straight hair that covered over his ear and fell softly over his shoulders to see his ear damage only to discover he had not one but two small silver rings going through each ear. “Christ! Just look at me. I no longer look like a man at all,” he wailed.

“Brilliant. We’re getting there,” Mandy smiled joyously.

Mandy wanted to take her charge shopping for new clothes but Daniel just wanted to get back home out of public view. Not only that, his feet were torturing him from wearing the unaccustomed high-heeled sandals and he still felt nauseous. Realizing the hard time he was having, Mandy relented and took him back to his new home.

“Okay, you are not ready for shopping trips yet though you are going to have to be at some stage. But now that we have a free afternoon and evening, we can work on your deportment a little more, do some voice training and begin on the electrolysis treatment.”

“You are doing the electrolysis?” Daniel questioned in surprise.

“Sure. You are supposed to be a woman. I can hardly take you to a professional and have her pulling great manly follicles of beard from your face, can I? Don’t worry, I have been trained to do it and I have treated five others before you.”

“Actually, if I have to have it done at all, I’m relieved that I don’t have to have someone else doing it to me or that I have to go to the salon.”

“You’ll still be going to the salon regularly, all women do,” Mandy replied as she drew out a small photo album from a case, “but I’ll do the electrolysis. These are photographs of some of the other males I have worked with in the witness protection program. This is what they look like now. I can’t show you what they looked like before, of course. That would be revealing their former identity, and that is strictly a ‘need to know’ thing.”

“But can’t you still make out what they looked like?” Daniel asked as he leaned over Mandy to see the photo album. A sudden state of dread overwhelmed him as he saw the first photographs. “This used to be a man?” he cried. “...And this one as well? Oh my God! Please, please tell me you will not be making me look as feminine or convincing as they look.”

“They look pretty darn good, don’t they? All these four people were like you when we started, scared stiff of even putting on a pair of panties, but now they are happily living as women and getting on, safely, with their lives. They chose to move on to higher levels of authenticity once they had accepted their new feminine role. What you do is up to you though you must be at least convincing. Which reminds me, you haven’t taken your daily pill yet.”

<<OO>>

For the remainder of that day, Daniel, like it or not, had to practice walking, sitting, gesticulating with his hands and even standing properly. One thing not required by Mandy but which he was forced to do was to learn to pick things up. His nails prevented him from picking up items with his finger tips as he would normally do. It was now a case of lifting things with his finger nails.

He applied cosmetics over and over again while squirming at the appearance of his narrow, arched eyebrows and he had to help Mandy in the preparation of an evening meal; cooking had never been one of his fortes but she was a pretty good cook and she intended to transfer all her skills to him. In the evening, Daniel had to endure the painful process of electrolysis as Mandy zapped away at each follicle, causing a mild burning / stinging sensation which steadily intensified.

He wasn’t sure if it was the pain from the electrolysis but, just after supper, still feeling nauseous and his stomach churning, he chucked up, quite violently.

Finally, his first full day living as a woman in his new home had come to a close and it was back to removing his make-up and putting his much longer hair in a net to protect it. That he did not have a head full of rollers made sleep easier but he still had the unaccustomed feel of breasts upon his chest which were quite alarming each time he tried to lay upon his side.

<<OO>>

If Daniel had ever had one of those days when you just wished you had never got out of bed, the following day was it. He still felt sick and *was* sick... three times. He was almost craving to be allowed to wear male clothing after two whole days of being dressed entirely as a woman.

His day started with his taking a close shave over most of his face and neck but leaving two patches that would be camouflaged with a derma-blend make-up so the areas could be treated later in the day.

A parcel had arrived by registered mail. Mandy took out and showed him the contents, which startled him. A new birth certificate in the name of Tina Marie Webster, aged 21. A driving license and all the other official documents and papers he would need for his new identity, many bearing his new, feminine image taken from the digital photographs that Mandy had taken and sent on her laptop.

Daniel looked blankly at all the contents before stating, "21? How come I'm 21?"

"I believe we aged you to twenty eight in your last identity. Don't you want to be younger? Your make-up and your new long hair, not to mention the effect the hormones will have on you, will all help you to look a lot younger. I don't think anyone at all will be searching for a twenty-one year old girl when they have been looking for a twenty-six year-old male."

Again, Daniel dismally looked at the documents and photographs. "I feel like I have had my life and my sex stolen away from me," he stated, "As though I am someone else completely!"

"Well, all of this certainly makes everything official now. You can start living your life to the full, be seen by people and go to work, all as Tina Marie," Mandy told him merrily. "And don't forget, you have a job interview this afternoon so, like it or not, you and I are going shopping for new clothes."

Of course, Daniel didn't like the idea one bit, especially when he found he would have to wear a dress. Pants and jeans were totally out for him. "You'll have to be trying on the clothes you want to buy. It'll be far simpler slipping out of a dress than pulling jeans down your legs," Mandy informed him.

A dress would have been bad enough but there were a few things far worse in store for the hapless man, starting with a corset that was laced up the back. "That's so we can pull in that tummy bulge you've got and it should give you some hips as well," Mandy casually informed as Daniel looked at the thing he held in his hand in dismay. She retrieved the item from him and wrapped it around his middle.

Daniel felt as though he was being cut in half and could hardly get breath as Mandy drew the cords together and tied them off, effectively imprisoning him in the feminine garment that was red with lots of black lace along the bottom. She was kind enough though to allow him a few minutes to get used to it and get his breath back before moving on.

“Okay Tina, we had better get you fully dressed,” she softly told him after a while, handing him a small oblong packet.

Daniel looked almost disgusted by what he was holding. “Pantyhose! Do I really need to wear these?” he gasped.

“Yes. They will make your legs look a lot more feminine and give you a much smarter appearance. Take them out of the packet carefully and roll one leg at a time, drawing the hose half way up your shin before inserting the other foot, then draw them all the way up keeping them smooth and taught.”

With Mandy’s directions, Daniel’s hairless legs were soon encased in soft, beige-colored nylon that felt utterly strange on him, yet quite pleasant and even stimulating to him. His ensemble was capped off with a low-cut, knee-length, formfitting dress in a gold pattern and the slenderest of shoulder straps, making his shoulders and upper chest all but bare. Black pumps with a three-inch narrow heel were fitted to his feet and just for good measure, Mandy put a necklace around his neck and gave him several rings to wear.

Daniel felt very unsettled with the way he was dressed. He felt totally wrong, he shouldn’t be dressed this way or experiencing the soft, almost erotic sensations of these clothes that almost made him feel feminine. So uneasy did he feel that Mandy poured him a glass of wine and one for herself to help calm his tension and nerves. He was convinced his sickness was being caused by how nervous he felt dressing as a woman and having to keep going out into the public eye dressed that way. Mandy, however, knew the real reason was that the hormones he was taking were beginning to make changes to him, internally.

As they sipped at a second glass, Mandy instructed Daniel in how she wanted him to act and present himself. “If you look scared or embarrassed, people will wonder why and pay you more attention. If you were the girl you appear to be, then you would have been so all of your life, there would be nothing wrong in what you were wearing and no need to be embarrassed by it. Your head would be high and you would be confident because you have always been a girl. Smile a lot rather than looking tense, talk unwaveringly and look self-assured.”

Daniel took in all that Mandy told him but it was a different matter trying to make himself look and act all of those things when he felt nervous as hell and was scared witless of someone “reading” him as a male and poking fun at him for being dressed in women’s clothing.

The initial settling effect of the wine soon dissipated when it was time to leave the sanctity of the house, something he knew he would have to do a great many times before this nightmare was through.

He stood nervously at the doorway, his smooth nylon-meshed legs on full display as he perched on his heels, looking one way or another to see if anyone was approaching.

“Come on Tina, it doesn’t matter if anyone is coming or not. Very soon, a great many people will be seeing you and, the sooner the local people around here get to see and know you, the better,” Mandy remonstrated, giving his arm an encourag-

ing pull as she filed past him to get into the car. This was the most nerve-wracking day of Daniel's life. "I can't believe I'm doing this... going shopping dressed as a woman!" he muttered to himself as he followed her out.

The worst part of Daniel's exposure as Tina was getting out of Mandy's car at the parking lot and walking down the street with exposed legs, heels clicking and breasts jutting provocatively from the front of his dress. He had never felt so self-conscious of himself and what he wore and he couldn't help glancing at people to see if they were staring accusingly or mockingly at him. They weren't which was a relief, but somehow that, then, just made him feel inferior as a man, in that nobody could detect what he truly was.

The more people he walked past, the more his jingling nerves abated. He tried talking constantly to Mandy so that his confidence didn't give up on him. When they were at the first store and being addressed by the sales lady without any hint of recognition, he finally began to feel more self-assured and less nervous.

Mandy led him through rack after rack of dresses, skirts and tops, placing items he or she liked over her arm before taking them to an empty cubicle for him to try them on. Because some of the clothes looked pretty, smart or feminine to Daniel, it did not mean he wanted to wear them. He didn't. Yet, if he was to live as a female, he resigned himself to the fact that he may as well approve of the clothes he had to wear.

Then he was led through the lingerie department, which was all the more embarrassing, selecting lacy brassieres and panties of various descriptions, slips, both half and full, camisoles. The list was endless and all was paid for from a credit card with the name Tina Marie Webster embossed upon it.

"Can we go home soon?" Daniel pleaded. "My ankles and toes are absolutely killing me in these shoes."

"Shoes. Yes, there's a thought. We need to buy you several pair of different shoes; flat, low and high-heeled. Courts and sling backs. Maybe some knee-high boots, and ankle boots. Yes. Oh, stop worrying. Your feet will hurt because you aren't used to having them at such an angle and your toes will hurt because of the narrower toe of the shoe and your toes angling downwards into them. The more you wear heels, the faster you will adjust."

So, before Daniel could get back home, he had to endure further punishment going around shoe stalls, trying various types of shoe on his feet. It was highly embarrassing having one particular male shoe salesman lift his nylon-clad foot with its painted toenails and practically fondle it as he inserted it into a pair of pumps.

Seven bags full of purchases accompanied Daniel and Mandy as they returned to the car. They contained items of cosmetics and a variety of brushes plus two bottles of expensive perfumes. Mandy had repeatedly asked him which perfume he liked the best from sample bottles, but to him most of them smelled the same: sweet or flowery.

But Mandy was still not through with Daniel. She led him into a bank, telling him he needed to open a new account, as Tina Marie Webster. “Use all your new papers and identity cards informing them that you are new in town... which of course you are. We will open the account with \$1,000, the savings you have in your male accounts cannot be transferred as it will be two separate people, so, make a check out for the full sum to the department and they will issue you with a new check for that amount made out to your new identity,” Mandy instructed.

Daniel was not at all happy about emptying his male account and having all his money under his new female personality. It was almost removing Daniel Storage from existence, as though he had never been born. And just how difficult was it going to be to undo all that was being done when the time came?

The first thing that Daniel did as he walked in through the door of his new home was to kick off his offending shoes and rub his aching feet. He was, though, feeling a great sense of relief in that he had returned back home safely and without any embarrassment from being “read.”

“I’ll fix us some lunch while you go take a shower,” Mandy instructed. “It’s fifteen after one and your interview is at four. We’ll reapply your make up and find you some fresh clothes to wear... something smart.”

Daniel groaned. All he really wanted to do was rest for the remainder of the day, though the shower sounded good. Mandy supplied him with a shower cap and a large fluffy towel as he made his way upstairs.

After he had showered, which had been quite disconcerting, having to soap up very realistic breasts, Daniel released his now long hair from the cap. He slipped his feet into one of his new pair of shoes, ones that had open toes, before putting a towel around himself, ensuring he positioned it over his breasts. Walking from the bathroom into his bedroom, he stopped and gazed in astonishment as he saw his reflection in the mirror.

There was the image of an attractive-looking female who had long soft locks of blonde hair tumbling around her face and over her shoulders. Her body looked smooth and sleek, her legs long and shapely, totally hairless and there was just a tantalizing glimpse of her cleavage where the top of the towel was wrapped. Knowing this attractive, shapely girl was really himself was almost too much.

“Oh my God! Just look at me! I can’t do this, I can’t cope with seeing myself looking like this... looking so girly every day,” he groaned.

Downstairs, Mandy had set out a small plate of food for each of them and had selected the clothes she wanted him to wear for his interview. Once he had dried off and had eaten the lunch she had prepared, Mandy worked at soothing his nerves and helped him apply light make-up using soft pastel daywear shades. She also fastened his hair up on top of his head in a very feminine style, leaving long tendrils falling down in front of each ear.

His outfit consisted of a slim-line black sleeveless top with a high rounded neck, a light tan pencil skirt that came just over the knees, flesh-tone pantyhose and light beige court shoes with a three-inch heel. He had to admit when he was

fully dressed that he looked very cool and sophisticated. There was no visible hint that he was anything but an attractive young woman, whether that's how he wanted to look or not.

"Okay angel, are you ready to go for your very first interview as a woman?" Mandy sensitively asked.

"No. I'm feeling as nervous as hell," Daniel honestly admitted.

"Well, just try not to be. Smile, look confident. Soften your voice but do not try to raise it too much. You don't want to sound like you are on helium. You're going to be fine, honest. Now, let's go get you that job."

It was the worst ordeal that Daniel had ever endured, made worse by the fact he didn't have Mandy alongside him for support and encouragement. She had driven him there but sat in the car while he went into the office where he was expected to soon be working.

Daniel had tried to keep focused, he had tried to tell himself that everyone would only see him as a woman and they had no reason to believe otherwise. Although he did not feel like doing so, he smiled widely at everyone and consciously worked at remembering to sit with his back upright, his knees together and legs on a slight angle, to hold his hands in his lap.

He was petrified of introducing himself, fearing his voice would give him away. He felt just as fearful when the lady who was to interview him showed him into her office and bid him sit down at a large polished table.

For the questions he was asked, he referred to his own life except for changing himself from being male to being female and removing any connection with the CIA, the department having fixed up a bogus employment for the same duration of time. At the end of the interview, the attractive woman who had interviewed him, Jennifer, smiled and shook him lightly by the hand without giving any indication whether he had been successful or not.

"Thank you for coming in, Tina. I do have a few other candidates to see but I hope to be announcing the successful applicant within the next day or two," she told him as she raised from her seat and escorted him to the door. Once outside, Daniel gave a huge sigh of relief. "I really hope I get this job because I never want to go through that again," he thought to himself.

Mandy eased up on Daniel until mid-evening when she had him practice his voice again and did a little more work on removing his beard. "Okay, honey. You have done really well today. Did you see anyone looking at you strangely at all?"

"I don't think so."

"So everyone took you to be what you appear to be. So much of it is in the head. Once you accept that you are passable, your confidence will grow. Once that happens, you will lighten up and start acting naturally, making you appear all the more natural. Have an early night if you want. Take off your make-up, put the cream on your face that I have given you and don't forget to swab your ears and turn your earrings. Oh, and Tina... your pill."

Daniel took the tiny pill reluctantly. This was his third one and he was, quite literally, petrified at the thought of what they might do to him, to his body. Each time he took one, he had the greatest fear that he would wake the following morning having sprouted large womanly breasts.

Mandy waited until her charge had settled down, then made a phone call to her office, speaking to her department head.

“Hello Jack, its Mandy Collins here,” she announced.

“Mandy, hello. How is our witness bearing up? Did he go for his interview today?”

“Yes sir. Obviously it will be one or two days before he knows whether he has been successful or not but we do still have those other vacancies around town that you found and which he can apply for, if he isn’t.”

“Yes. The sooner he is working though, the better. Then he can more easily integrate into society. How is he coping with living as a woman?”

“No better or worse than any of the others at this period. He is still quite uptight and finding it all very difficult and embarrassing. He isn’t very confident about passing but we’ll get there. One thing is for sure, it’s certainly not time yet to tell him that this new identity is for life.

<<OO>>

Waking the next morning wasn’t quiet as strange for Daniel. After three days, he was slowly getting used to waking with the feel of large womanly breasts on his chest and the soft cool feel of nylon around his body. He was still hard-pressed to get used to his much longer, tapered finger nails and he stabbed himself in the eye twice when trying to rub sleep from them.

It was a warm day and there were no plans to go out, so, in spite of his inner reluctance, he put on a skirt and sleeveless top and slipped his feet into a pair of two-inch heeled mule sandals. He didn’t have any male clothes, anyway.

Brushing out the long flowing blonde hair he now had, a chore in itself, he put on a light make-up after shaving in the hope of pacifying Mandy.

“How are you feeling today?” she inquired upon seeing him.

“Not too bad, my stomach is still feeling queasy and I had to get up to be sick a couple of times through the night but I think it is starting to settle down. I hope it shows you how much nervous tension I have with all this.”

“As your stomach is settling down, you will get used to having to disguise yourself as and live as a woman, I promise. You can get used to anything after a time. What we have to deal with right now, at this crucial point, is making sure nobody can detect that you are a man until you get that confidence and believe in yourself.”

“So, what do you have in store for me today?” he asked as he followed Mandy into the kitchen.

“Well, you can help me with breakfast to start with, but other than that, just practice at being a woman. I want you to think before you do anything today, constantly think when you walk... how to walk, how to sit. Talking... to modulate your voice. You get my meaning. Practice, practice, practice until it all starts to become second nature.”

Daniel sat down, gently, smoothing his skirt beneath him and crossing his smooth left leg delicately over the right knee. “It’s okay making all this second nature but how do I get it all out of my head when I’m able to return to living my own life?” he asked with a hint of concern.

“Well, let’s not worry about that just yet. I think you need to realize that you will be living as Tina for a long while. This is not just some weekend exercise like I have said before. You will be doing all of this for many years to come.”

For the first time, the full implication of what he was doing really began to strike home. Probably, deep down, he already knew this was something he would be undertaking for many years; he had been told so enough times. Up until now, though, he had been shutting it out, refusing to register the truth. Now he was starting to accept it.

For the past few days it had all been happening so suddenly and had been such a shock to him that he had not fully taken in what he was being told he had to do. He had been living and dressing as a girl for just three days and it had already become a tremendous strain on him. He yearned to be able to live as a male again, get rid of this ordeal he was in, soon. Years!! How *many* years?

A tremendous feeling of foreboding seemed to shroud his whole body and his head spun in dizziness. “Years!? I can’t live like this for years, it will destroy me, I’ll have no life!” he wailed.

“Of course you will have a life. I’m a girl and I have a life, millions of other women are exactly the same. You’ll just be living your life from a different perspective, doing things a little differently but there is nothing that you have done previously in your life that you can’t still do as a woman... and more.”

“But none of it will be the same and I don’t agree with that statement anyway. What about relationships? Having sex?”

Mandy raised an eyebrow. “Your point being? You are still quite able to have sex, or a relationship. Oh and by the way, I heard from my boss last night. I can tell you that Sophie is safe and well. Keep this strictly to yourself, but she has returned home to England to live with her Mom and Mom’s partner in Plymouth.”

“So there you are. You have taken Sophie far away from me. I’ll probably never see her again... we were going to get married.”

“Yes, for her own safety, or would you rather have her here for your own gratification and put her life at risk? She will probably get on with her life and meet someone else. You should do the same.”

“Like this!?” Daniel stormed, “I’m hardly going to be able to attract girls while dressed like one unless they were lesbian. If they were lesbian, if they find that I’m a male, which they obviously *would* find out, they wouldn’t want me anyway.”

Mandy smiled. “Things have ways of working out. You have a lot of years in front of you and I’m certain that you will not be celibate for all of them. I think you will be having relationships probably a lot sooner than you think.”

Daniel was far from sure about that, it just made this living-as-a-girl thing all the more unbearable. He was sure, however, that there was no way he could last this thing out for its duration, probably not very much longer.

While he had his head hung low in self-pity, Mandy was scrutinizing him, looking for anything that needed improvement. “Don’t forget to shave your arms and legs today, the hair is starting to re-grow,” she told him.

“I hate shaving my legs!” he grumbled.

“Then do what I do. I want you to go to the salon every week to have your hair fixed, you can get waxed while you are there. You should only need waxing once every three weeks.”

Daniel looked even more sorry for himself. “Is there absolutely no other way for me to hide my identity? I honestly do not think I can do this. I just can’t switch off living as a man and start living as though I was born a woman, I just can’t. I’d rather have them find me and kill me.”

“Oh, stop feeling sorry for yourself. It’s not even just that simple. You have already been told that we believe that, other than wanting to terminate you for messing up their operations; knowing that you used to work in the C.I.A., they more likely want to capture you first and extract information from you by torture, information that could be highly detrimental to the very security of this country. No, this is our only hope.”

<<OO>>

Two days more passed by for Daniel. It was midday and he was just returning from the salon. He was still edgy about going out into public as a woman but his confidence was growing and he was yet to notice anyone that looked at him the least bit suspiciously.

He was wearing a light fabric black top with long sleeves and polo neck, A short black skirt that fell rather embarrassingly to just mid-thigh and which had a short walking slit on the left side, black knee-high boots with a sturdy three-inch heel and fine meshed black fishnet tights that felt very sensual against his now hyper-sensitive, freshly waxed legs.

His clothing made him feel terribly feminine which was the response that Mandy was hoping for. He had purposely worn dark sun glasses, to help conceal his face and embarrassment but they only resulted in making him look like an even cooler, sexy babe.

“I’m not sure I can put up with that kind of pain again,” he complained as Mandy locked her car. “It felt like I was having the skin ripped right off my legs.”

“Actually, you do get used to it and the pain decreases the more treatments you have, but now, at least, you know what we women go through.”

“And it was so embarrassing walking past that building site with all those men whistling at us and yelling those obscene things. Don’t you hate it when guys whistle at you just because you are wearing a short skirt and showing some leg? Anyone would think that we were dressing for their enjoyment. Anyway, why did I have to wear these fishnets which make me look like I’m trying to get their attention?”

Mandy smiled. “It’s something we women have had to endure for centuries. It’s strange how men only realize how insulting that kind of thing is for women when they are subjected to it. As for the nets, I just thought they would be gentler and easier than wearing nylons after having your legs treated.”

“Who do you think it was that they were whistling at?” he added, hoping it had not been him. How embarrassing would that have been, having rough macho men whistling and catcalling at him, believing he was a foxy chick?

“Probably you in that short skirt and sexy fishnets, not to mention those sunglasses that make you look so hot.”

Daniel immediately tugged off the glasses, saying, “I only wore these to help conceal my face a little bit.”

“You don’t need your face concealed, you look one hundred per cent passable. Or was it because you expected to be whistled at?” she chuckled. “I wouldn’t mind but it’s all macho bull crap. You will always get the same one or two that whistle, never expecting to attract you to them, but just to try and impress their friends, as if they are some big babe magnet stud,” she told him.

Mandy then noticed that there was a letter in the mailbox and went to collect it. “Oh! It’s for you!” she announced with a grin.

Daniel took the envelope. Written on it: For the attention of Miss Tina Marie Webster. It was the first letter he had received in his new female identity and it made him feel very strange.

“Come on,” Mandy gushed. “What is it? Don’t keep me waiting.”

Opening up the envelope, Daniel read the enclosed letter and then turned to Mandy. “It’s from Arco Industries. I’ve got the job,” he said unsurely. “I start on Monday.”

“That’s great, congratulations!” Mandy beamed, running to give him a big hug. Mandy was a very attractive woman and the close contact made him feel a little uncomfortable, especially when she gave him a kiss on the cheek. “What’s wrong?” she asked. “You don’t look too happy about it.”

“I’ve never worked as a woman before, five days a week in close proximity of lots of other people who will be working alongside me and who will be getting to

know me intimately. I don't know, it's just like another piece that is pushing me further and further away from my male identity, from myself."

"I know it's difficult to adapt but at least you are setting down all the foundations which will make it so much more easy to live and survive in your new identity. I think you are doing just great. In fact, to celebrate and to get you to be more comfortable around people as a woman, I'm taking us out tonight. My treat.

"Out? Out where?"

"I dunno. What do you think? We could go for a drink, eat out somewhere or take in a movie or a theater? What ever you like."

"Oh, er, I'm not sure. I think I would rather stay in. It's hard enough going out during the day time but night... all the predators will be out at night."

"And you have to learn how to deal with them. You can't be staying in every evening for the rest of your life. I'm not taking no for an answer."

"I wouldn't be staying in for the rest of my life... just while I have to live as a woman," Daniel countered.

"Which may be quite some time," Mandy corrected. "You are going to be a working girl in three days time. You need something to spend your wages on and you have to fit into society, naturally. People around here will notice if you become a recluse. I think you will even enjoy yourself, out on the town as a girl... once you get rid of all your fears."

<<OO>>

Daniel didn't want to go out, he certainly didn't want to go out all dolled up and he asked Mandy if he



couldn't just be dressed down a bit "like lots of real girls do," he tried to reason. But Mandy was having none of it.

"This is all part of very serious training," she told him. "You have to learn to live full-time as a woman, be experienced in all walks of life. When you start work, it is highly likely you will make friends with some of the girls that work there. If that is the case, then it is also highly likely they will invite you to join them on their girls' nights out. That's what we girls do."

"But I'm not a girl, not a *real* one. It's hard enough pretending to be a girl and dressing in girls clothing. How can I ever get used to joining in with lots of genetic girls and expect to behave and act like they do. What if they can tell from how I act, or sit, or talk that I'm really a guy?"

"And that is just it," Mandy replied. "That is why you need to be going out now, as often as possible, dressing femininely without looking ashamed or embarrassed. The more you do all these things, the more you will feel comfortable with it all. It will all become normal. I think I know just the thing you can wear."

Daniel had felt that he had been dressed ultra-femininely earlier that day and it had caused him to feel very self-conscious but that was nothing compared to how he felt now. Mandy had styled his hair for him, using the real hair extensions to great effect by creating a mass of waves with them and teasing and back brushing to make it full and glamorous. He was wearing a topless black satin dress that had a split right up the left side, sheer smoke pantyhose and black high-heeled pumps. He smelled heavily of perfume, his face was full of color with light blue shadow, heavy black mascara and glossy pink lips. His cheeks were rouged and his eyes and eyebrows were defined.

Mandy herself looked equally stunning in a metallic blue, long-sleeved, low-cut dress, gray hose and silver pumps. Her make-up tastefully complimented her flowing locks of blonde hair, swept back and to the left of her head. She looked just like so many girls he had ever seen, dressed to kill for a night on the town, only this time he was similarly attired and made-up and he would be going with her.

Mandy had called a cab to pick them up and take them to the city, then asked the driver to pull over at a very ritzy looking restaurant and bar. Getting out of the cab was an embarrassment because he and Mandy were attracting a lot of attention; he could sense men ogling at them. Walking into the restaurant and taking a seat was a little easier as most guys in there were with their partners... though that did not prevent the men from getting as much of an eyeful as they could whenever they could sneak the chance.

The meal was light but delicious, washed down with red wine. Then Mandy suggested they go on to a club. Daniel didn't want to go but it was either stick with Mandy or be left stranded on his own while she went. Now things were completely different and there was lots of single men and parties of men about, though luckily there were also lots of girls as competition.

Daniel did his best to insure they were in the most out-of-sight spot but that did not prevent two men stopping by and asking if they could buy the pair a

drink. Later, when the lights went down and the music started up for dancing, they were overwhelmed by male attention. Finally, Mandy pressed the issue when two tall, handsome men approached.

“Yes, we would love to dance. I’m Mandy and this is my friend Tina,” she introduced.

“Hi Mandy, Tina. I’m Bob and this ugly one here is Gerald.”

Daniel looked at Mandy in shocked horror as Gerald came around the back of his chair to gallantly help him to his feet, after first pummeling his friend’s shoulder.

As each man took his partner by the hand to lead her to the dance floor, Mandy turned to the mummified Daniel, hissing, “You’ll be okay. Relax and just let him lead. Don’t look so petrified, dancing won’t kill you.”

Her words did little to ease the dread and embarrassment that Daniel was feeling. He was going to be dancing... with another man... up close and personal!

At first Daniel fumbled as he tried to work out how he was supposed to hold Gerald. Gerald had held his hand out as he expected his partner to take it so Daniel just went along with that, holding Gerald’s left hand with his right and tentatively placing, very loosely, his left hand around Gerald’s waist, which was really the only thing he could do with it.

“I can’t believe I am doing this,” Daniel muttered to himself with burning mortification. “I can’t believe I am actually dancing so closely with another guy, dressed as a woman in sexy, feminine clothing. Oh God, I hope he doesn’t try to kiss me.”

Gerald did not try to kiss Daniel, nor did Matthew, or Richard; other men who each took their turn dancing with the feminized man. The last pair of guys, Harry and Peter, stayed in the company of the two girls and bought them drinks. At the end of the evening, as Mandy suggested, it was time for them to head off home. Harry suggested they swap telephone numbers.

“Thank you for the dance and the drinks, gentlemen, but I think we ought to keep our telephone numbers secret for now. We have enjoyed your company though,” Mandy stated to the two men. It seemed both Harry and Peter were hoping for a kiss goodnight from the two voluptuous-looking girls, but with no signal from either that they would get what they wished, they gave a look of disappointed resignation and wished the pair goodnight without pursuing further.

It wasn’t until they were safely in a cab and heading back home once again that Daniel let out a sigh of relief. “That was the worst, most traumatic evening of my life,” he stated. “Why the hell did you accept dances from all those guys?”

“Simply as a part of your learning curve and to show you how to let men down gently without offending them or giving your most precious secrets up, such as your telephone number. It’s all what you will need to learn as I will not always be there to guide you. Anyway, don’t tell me it was such a bad evening. I really enjoyed myself; it’s rare that I get to socialize. My job is all work and no play.”

“I’m sorry, that was unkind of me. Yes, I did too, thank you. It was just very embarrassing dancing with other men, especially dressed like this which makes me feel so vulnerable.”

Mandy smiled. “Women can be tough, but yes, we are very vulnerable as well. I’m glad you have started to realize. You will learn so much about women that you never realized before, at the least it will make you a better, more understanding person.”

Daniel paid close scrutiny to Mandy as she talked to him in the back of the cab. It was little wonder so many guys came up to their table; she was absolutely gorgeous. He was not the kind of man to ever cheat or two-time a woman but, they had taken Sophie away from him and he was badly missing the company of a female. It would be almost impossible to get a girl interested in him while disguising himself as one and being unable to give out his secret, but Mandy already knew all about him and what he really was.

Back home, the two cleaned off their make-up, removed their evening clothes and replaced them with night robes before settling briefly for a nightcap. They’d both had a bit to drink and were talking in lighthearted conversation, sitting side by side. Mandy had her usual affectionate demeanor and was tactile as she talked. Daniel looked into her eyes, then leaned towards her to kiss her.

“Whoa! What are you doing?” Mandy asked, looking startled.

“Don’t you like me? I thought we were getting close. You are always very warm and loving when we talk and you are always putting your hand on my leg or holding my hand. You said your job prevented you from enjoying yourself. I just thought...”

“Well, don’t just think. Girls do that kind of thing towards one another. We are not as reserved as men are towards other men. It means nothing, we can just be close with each other and comfortable as you will have to learn, without there being any sexual intentions.”

“I’m sorry, I just got things worked out wrong. You are very attractive and, well, I’ll probably never meet anyone else who can ever know about the real me, who can share my secret and accept me for what I really am.”

“Look, I am fond of you and I do understand your dilemma but I’m here to do a job. This is serious work, to save your life and safeguard our country. There must be nothing between us at all so that we can concentrate on what we are doing. I do honestly think that you will meet someone though, you make a very attractive woman.”

“Huh! But the only people that would be interested in an attractive woman would be men. There is no way on earth I would want to do anything sexual with a man. I’m not like that, even if I had what they would expect me to have, which, of course, I haven’t.”

Mandy didn’t make any further reply and quickly changed the subject. “Well anyway, come on, it’s time for bed. It’s Saturday tomorrow and that’s a good day to go shopping,” she told him.

<<OO>>

Whether he wanted to or not, Mandy did take him around the shops the following day, buying a few more clothes items and getting groceries for the following week. In the afternoon she took him through more of the things that women should know and had him continue practicing make-up application, deportment and voice training. In the early part of the evening she had Daniel help with preparing the meal and later in the evening she insisted they go out again, though this time not so dressed up and, this time, not subjecting him to the attention of men.

Sunday was a little more relaxed; housework was a priority on this day, more deportment, more voice training and more electrolysis. In the evening, once again, they went out, though this time it was just to a Café where they could be more relaxed and chat together. It was all designed to get Daniel used to presenting himself as female and, although he wouldn't have acknowledged it, still feeling very insecure and scared that he may be read, he was already far more relaxed and much more confident about passing than he had been.

Because he was due to start a new job the following day, Mandy ensured they were not out late so that he had time to prepare his following day's wear and have an early night. The early night, however, did little good for him as he tossed and turned throughout, unable to sleep because of worrying what the next day would hold. He found it very hard to accept that he was actually going to go out to work... as a woman.

<<OO>>

Mandy woke early herself the following day to help Daniel get ready and to run him over to his new place of employment in her car.

"I think this weekend we should go look for a new car of your own, Tina, so that you can get about without me," Mandy suggested as they sat for breakfast. Daniel had been forced to leave his own car behind when he went in the witness protection program, just in case his registration was traced.

Already nervous about starting a new job as a female, Daniel was shocked by what Mandy wanted him to wear for his first day at work. A plain red crop top that left his slim midriff naked and a plain black skirt which had a hem ending mid-thigh. Off-black pantyhose and black two-barred sandals that had a slim 3" heel. Over the top of this, he wore a tan-colored leather blouson-type jacket.

"Don't you think I'm a bit overexposed in this? I'll bet none on the real girls wear anything so revealing," he complained

"Oh, I don't know, office girls often dress a little provocatively. But it will get you noticed by all, which is what I want, so that you have to deal with it and can't just try shying away. I firmly believe in being dropped in the deep end."

“But don’t you think the girls will resent me? If I go dressed like this, they may think I’m a tease trying to lure the attentions of all the male office staff from them... which is another thing. I’ll have men all over me.”

“Fun, huh! If that happens, then you get to experience how bitchy women can be and you will need to learn how to keep men at arm’s length. Once the girls see that you are not a man-chaser, they will probably admire the way you’re dressed. Not that anyone would have the slightest inkling that you were really male, but, if they did see anything masculine about you, they sure wouldn’t expect a real man to be dressed like you.”

Daniel was not convinced by what Mandy said and he was annoyed about her implying he was not a real man. Now he was even more reluctant to go into work for his first day. Mandy, however, was very insistent and persuasive.

As they went outside to the car, with Daniel feeling extremely exposed and jumpy, a middle-aged woman came out of the next house along, waving to them.

“Hello. I’ve been trying to catch the two of you to introduce myself, I live next door. I’m Margaret, Margaret Haywood; my husband’s name is Michael. We saw you last week when you first moved in.”

Mandy smiled pleasantly at the woman and Daniel copied with a nodded greeting. “I’m Mandy Collins and this is Tina Webster. Actually, it’s Tina I you should be introducing yourself to. We are old friends from school and I’m just helping her settle in here, then I’ll be returning back home.”

Margaret’s attention fell on Daniel. “It’s nice to meet you, Tina. Haven’t you got a husband or man friend? Surely you won’t be living here all on your own?” she asked with a look of concern.

“No, it’s just me, I’m afraid. But I’ll be okay and Mandy will be with me for a while yet,” Daniel replied, trying hard to maintain the feminine timbre he had been practicing throughout the previous week.

“But I don’t think it will be long before Tina is attracting interest in the local men, do you? Not with her looks and figure,” Mandy stated with a wide smile.

“No, I’m sure. You are very lovely, if I may say so, dear. Is that ‘Poison’ you’re wearing?”

Giving Mandy a look of disgust, Daniel agreed that the scent he was wearing was Poison, though he wasn’t sure. He was constantly baffled by how women could tell the names of different scents and perfumes so easily, they all smelled the same to him. “It’s nice to have met you, Mrs. Haywood but we really must be on our way now. I’m starting a new job this morning,” Daniel informed his neighbor, more in way of escaping any further humiliating remarks from Mandy.

“Oh really! Well good luck and please, call me Margaret”

<<OO>>

Daniel's first day at work was every bit what he feared it would be. He was ogled by the seven men in the office, looked at disapprovingly by some of the older women and glowered at and sized up by most of the younger girls, who saw this new girl as an office flirt. He did make two friends however. Janice was a very friendly woman in her fifties who had been asked to show Daniel around the office and show him the ropes. Gloria was around Tina's age and was pretty with a pleasant personality. She didn't look upon this new girl as a threat and she took everyone at his or her own merits.

It was midday when the first of the men made their approach but Daniel sent him packing with a 'not interested' and informed him that he/she was already seeing someone. One of the younger girls was standing nearby and took in the conversation. After the man had gone, she approached.

"Hi, how are you getting on with your first day? Don't worry about Max, he tries it on with all the girls. He sees himself as the office Romeo."

Remembering to smile, Daniel returned the greeting. "Hi. I'm picking up a few things and learning my way around. Actually, I'm not really seeing anyone at the moment. I thought I would just tell him that", he admitted. He was letting his male self emerge, just in case there may be any chance with her, so she knew he was available. He then realized the folly and improbability of that so he continued, "...but I'm not actively looking for anyone, either."

The girl looked questioningly at the way he was dressed, as if not quite believing that someone dressed so flirtatiously wasn't interested in luring men.

Recognizing her disbelieving look, he added, "Oh, these are just the kind of clothes I like to wear and what I feel comfortable in. Doesn't it make you mad when guys assume you are dressing just to try and attract them?"

Daniel's comment won the girl over and she smiled. "Yes I know what you mean, they think we can't dress just for our own enjoyment. I'm Sandy, by the way."

"Nice to meet you Sandy, I'm Tina, Tina Webster," Daniel replied with a friendly smile. Sandy was a real looker but he had to remember he was trying to win friends, not girlfriends, no matter how attractive they were.

Daniel couldn't have done better for himself in getting on friendly terms with this girl. Sandy, at eighteen, was one of the youngest girls in the office; she was also one of the most popular. Although Daniel wasn't aware of it, after she left him, she told the rest of the female staff that the new girl was okay and not trying out to be the office bimbo on her very first day.

So Daniel's first day working as a girl came to an end. He felt quite tired but he also had a sense of achievement and pride in getting through it. He could scarcely believe that everyone just accepted that he really was a biological girl without any apparent doubts. Although he still would have preferred to be able to live his life

as a male, he was now further assured that maybe he could manage living life as a female, after all.

<<OO>>

For the rest of that week, Daniel fell into the routine of getting up and dressing femininely for work, applying his day's make up and going to his place of employment. He began to learn all the names of his coworkers and they were getting to know him and involving him in their conversations. He was already grasping the job and by Thursday he could work unassisted.

He also began to meet more of the neighbors. The Haywoods had invited Mandy and himself over for an evening meal with them on Wednesday evening. He was now being, as Mandy had said he would, accepted by everyone who saw him as an attractive young woman; nobody had any doubts. The only slight suspicions, from one or two of the more gossipy neighbors, were that he and Mandy were lesbians rather than just friends; but that hardly concerned them. "If that's their choice, it's up to them, though they should be more out about it rather than keeping it a secret," Mrs. Wildenstein told her next door neighbor, Mrs. Arnold.

Now that he was working through the day and in regular contact with all his new work colleagues, Mandy did not force going out on an evening. She did, though, keep up Daniel's practices in deportment and voice training, doing the electrolysis on his face every other day and making sure he took his daily hormone pill.

On Thursday, Daniel was experiencing some mild tenderness around the area of his nipples but, at the moment, he did not associate this with the hormones. Rather, he believed it was chaffing from wearing brassieres all the time.

Leaving work on Friday evening to return home, Daniel, who was wearing a black shift dress with three-quarter sleeves and a hem that fell more decorously to just an inch above the knee, said good-bye to his work friends. Many of the girls were going out on the town for a drink together.

Before moving off for home, Daniel took out and put his sunglasses upon his nose. The use of the sunglasses was not because he was still trying to mask himself but because, on this particular day, the sun was bright and dazzling. Once he had diminished the glare of the sun, he suddenly stopped and stared.

There on a corner across the road was an Asian man, looking straight at him, studying him. Daniel's heart began to pound but then, calming himself down, he thought how paranoid he was being. "It's very unlikely they would even have traced me out here," he thought to himself. "They certainly can't possibly know it's me, not looking and dressed like this. I'm just being foolish."

Arriving back home, Daniel found that nothing had been prepared by Mandy for their meal. He took it that she was waiting for him to help her so as to continue expanding his culinary skills.

“Actually Tina, I thought we would eat out this evening,” Mandy told him. “At the very least, I think you deserve a reward for getting through a whole work week as a woman. You have done really well; you have settled into your new job, you are making friends with your coworkers and you are becoming familiar to your new neighbors and making friends with them.

“You are also becoming more comfortable, even if you don’t appreciate it yet, in wearing female clothing. You can apply your own make up, your voice training is coming along well, as is your stance and deportment. Given another couple of weeks, I will have finished the electrolysis on your face. Soon my work with you will be over and I can leave you to live your new life.”

Daniel frowned at that. “Oh no, you can’t do that. OK, I know I work at the office without you alongside me but you are always there as support. I won’t feel half as confident if you are not there. Even unseen, you are my mentor. And anyway, I’ll be lonely here on my own.”

Mandy smiled. “How lonely do you think I feel all day long while you are at the office? Okay, I can log on and do work on my laptop, but I am on my own. Anyway, this is a job and there are many other people like you I need help and work with... and I have a boyfriend waiting for me back home.”

“A boyfriend! Oh, I didn’t know. Then I suppose you must. It’s just that I have taken to you as a real friend rather than someone just helping me along, plus you’re an housemate and companion. I’ll miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too. But so long as you do see me as a friend and not a prospective lover there is no reason why we can’t — and I would like to — keep in touch with each other. If I’m ever out this way, I can always call in on you but you do have to make your own way in life, in your new identification; that’s what the witness protection program is all about. There will always be new candidates for me to deal with and help along the way. You would be surprised how many men are living their lives as women under this program.”

Nothing more was said on the subject and after they had both showered and dressed, they prepared to go out for a meal. Daniel was a little more confident wearing his dress and heels than he had been just a week before and wasn’t quite as uneasy about dancing with men, which he did.

As during the previous week, the two girls told the two men who were hoping for more from them, that they’d had a great night, thank you but no thank you.

“I enjoyed myself tonight,” Mandy declared merrily, “it has been like being out with a best girlfriend with you tonight, so, admit it or not, you are definitely getting there. We will have to go out again next Friday.”

“Hmm. Thank you, I suppose, though I still feel jittery, especially when I need to go to the bathroom. I still feel awkward about dancing with other men too, but, so long as they don’t try to kiss me... Yes, okay, we’ll make it a date for next Friday.”

<<OO>>

As had been pre-planned by Mandy, the following morning they both traveled into the city with the intentions of selecting a new car for Daniel/Tina. Mandy had allowed her charge to dress down for this trip and he wore slender blue denims, a rose-colored short-sleeved top and tan-colored, stiletto-heeled ankle boots, the tops of which were hidden by the hems of the jeans.

The showroom salesman believed his luck was in when he saw two sexy-looking women walking in. He believed he would make an easy sale. Daniel, however, was very clued-in about cars and in making deals for them. A metallic blue Chevrolet Camaro 3.8 V6 really caught his eye and he was all for buying it. Mandy, however, had other ideas.

“It’s a nice car, Tina... for a guy, but shouldn’t you be going for a sleeker, more feminine model?”

That did make sense, though he wasn’t happy about it. Ruefully, he decided to let Mandy chose the car he would be driving and, fifteen minutes later, at a knockdown price, he was test driving a deep pink Corvette convertible. It was a genuine, automatic, Indy 500 pace car and drove beautifully. The problem was it just looked so feminine... but then again, in his current capacity, he suited it to a tee.

<<OO>>

By Monday of the following week, Daniel was experiencing almost intolerable tingling in his nipples and they were definitely becoming very sensitive. Rubbing a soothing balm on them, he realized for the first time, that the fleshy area beneath each nipple was slightly raised. With alarm he went to seek out Mandy.

“Look at my chest!” he demanded. “The nipple area has been itching like hell for days and now there is definite swelling. I’m developing tits, aren’t I?”

“Breasts, honey. Tits sounds so vulgar. And yes, I did tell you that you would, from taking the hormones.”

“No. You said I would have limited growth and only after some time taking them.”

“Oh, come on now. And what do you think you have there? Dolly Parton’s breasts? They are hardly noticeable and they shouldn’t grow a lot more than that. Breast tissue comes with the rest of the changes but the real advantages will be better skin and complexion, a softer voice and being shapelier in other places, like your hips and butt as the body fat re-deposits in your body.”

“Fatty tissue re-depositing? You mean my whole body will be changing? You never mentioned that.”

“Well, what did you expect to happen, taking female hormones? That is why you were sick just after you started taking them. As your body starts making changes, it upsets your system for a while.”

“Well this would be just dandy... if I was a transsexual! What happens when I come off the protection program and want to live my life as a man again?”

“You will stop taking the female hormones and your body will begin to revert back to its former state.”

“So I will have to go through all the process of body changing again?”

“Listen, if it’s really bothering you, I can give you another pill to take with the estrogen.

“And what will this pill do?” Daniel inquired.

“This one will stop your hormones from functioning properly and cut down on the effects they have on your body. Do you want to try taking them?”

Immediately, Daniel said yes. He had no desire to have breasts or a womanly figure. Mandy smiled, thinking how smart she had been. The new pill, which she planned to start administering him that night, being an anti-androgen, would definitely stop his hormones from functioning... his own male hormones, allowing the female hormones to speed things up. And he had fully agreed to it!

At work that day, behind Daniel’s back, Max was spreading rumors about the new girl. Thinking of himself as the office stud, he had to justify to his six fellow male workers why he had failed to get anywhere with Tina. “Although she comes in her own car to work now, if you remember, when she first started here, she was always being dropped off by another girl. Well, it turns out that the other girl lives in the same house as she does. I’ll just bet they’re a pair of lesbians.”

The word reached Katie, one of the few female staff that Daniel was still to win over. Katie decided to mention it at break time to some of the other girls.

“No, I don’t think so.” Sandy defended, “lots of girls house share, it doesn’t make them lovers. We all thought she was a complete bimbo when she first came here, though she now dresses a little more decorously and she has proven she isn’t chasing the men. So now she has to be a lesbian. Why just not get off her case?”

“Well, let’s invite her out with us on Friday night. We always have men coming onto us at Casanova’s Bar. Let’s see how she reacts to male company,” Gwen, one of the older women, suggested.

“I was planning on inviting her anyway,” Sandy told her work friends. “But even if she doesn’t have anything to do with guys coming onto her, even if she is a lesbian, so what?”

Daniel was invited to join them as they left the office that evening. He didn’t give a direct answer as he felt a tad unsure about it. He wanted to have a word with Mandy first before committing himself.

“What, you’re dumping me!” Mandy joked as he asked her. “I thought we were going out Friday night?”

“Oh Lord, I forgot. That’s fine, I’ll tell them I have other arrangements.”

“No, you will not. I said that you would probably be invited to join your work friends for nights out, didn’t I? This is perfect, you will become one of the girls by going on girls’ nights out and, by mixing with a party of females, you will pick up so much more about women, how they think and what they do. You are definitely going.”

<<OO>>

All that week, because he was advancing himself so well in a feminine world and establishing himself as a female, Mandy had allowed him to dress down for work: lower heels, knee-length skirts, even slacks. Come Friday, because the office girls went out on the town straight from work, Mandy made sure he was dressed up for work, ready for his night out.

He had driven to work that morning in a low-cut black dress which, although knee-length, being cut on a bias, tapered up higher on the right side with a split that came nearly to the top of his thigh; the straps of the dress came off the shoulders. With this he wore black nylons and black three-inch pumps. Mandy had put his hair up and pinned it in a very feminine style and she had taken out the lower rings in his ears and replaced them with pearl drop earrings.

She had also created cleavage for him by fitting a strapless Wonderbra around his chest after drawing up and pulling in any excess skin on his chest and taping it into position. After only twenty days, Daniel still felt awkward about presenting himself so femininely, though he was, now that the anxiety was waning, starting to appreciate how good he looked as a woman. He even enjoyed the feel of the softer, more sensuous materials he wore against his skin.

Along with his purse he took a small make-up bag so that he could freshen up before they left work to go clubbing. Once again, he felt nervous and pondered how things would go.

For most of the day he had felt jittery. It wasn’t every day that he was dressed to the nines to go for a night out as one of the girls. The clothes he was wearing were a distraction in themselves. He couldn’t help looking down at the feminine cleft on his chest or feeling the brush of nylon on his legs as he crossed them, or the sway of his earrings. It was all a little too much for the new girl.

His work colleagues already had an idea where they were heading and he simply tagged along, nervously, with them. “I can’t believe I am doing this,” he thought to himself as they reached the first bar. “I can’t even believe I am going out drinking in bars dressed as a woman.” It wasn’t until he’d had one or two drinks inside him that he started to settle down a little bit.

Some of the male office staff caught up with the party of eight girls at a night-spot; they were Joe, Pete and Max. By now the drink he’d already had was start-

ing to loosen Daniel up a little and he was starting to feel a little less nervous and more comfortable in joining in with the girls' joviality and banter.

The girls were slowly being hit upon, one by one, to get up and dance. Several men asked Daniel but each time he kept his seat; he didn't feel nearly as confident dancing with men without Mandy being there. She knew his secret and would come to his rescue; his work friends would probably encourage any male advances.

Max took all of this in and again started the rumors that Tina was a lesbian. Some told him he should mind his own business, others just told him they couldn't care less while a few started to spread the gossip themselves.

At the end of the evening, Daniel phoned Mandy who had offered to pick him up; he had left his own car parked at work because he was going out drinking. Some of the party had already caught taxis back home but Daniel, Janice, Brenda and Valerie, Joe and Max all waited outside the club to be picked up by partners or more cabs. There were one or two knowing glances as Mandy rolled up in her car to collect him.

"See. That's who Tina is involved with, that's why she doesn't dance with guys and wouldn't go out with me," Max stated drunkenly to those who would listen.

"Or maybe she has got a boyfriend but is just roommates with that girl," Janice said crossly. "You don't know any more than we do, Max, but it really doesn't matter anyway. Tina is a nice girl and obviously very wise, seeing she turned you down."

<<OO>>

"So, how did it go? Did you enjoy yourself?" Mandy asked once they were back inside the house and Daniel had flopped tiredly and rather drunkenly into an armchair.

"Yes, it was fun. I think I'm really starting to be one of the crowd," Daniel replied.

"You mean one of the girls," Mandy corrected.

"Whatever. Oh! You'll never guess what though. We have this guy called Max who works in the office. He's the one who hit on me when I first started, remember? Anyway, I think he has started to spread it around that I'm a lesbian and you are my lover."

"Hmm, yes. And if you'd had it your way, he'd have been correct, wouldn't he?" Mandy asked light-heartedly.

"Well, that's your loss. Anyway, I'm pooped and I'm going to bed. Goodnight," Daniel stated as he kicked off his heels and began staggering up the stairs to his room.

<<OO>>

Daniel slept in the following morning and, when he did get up, it was with a dizzy drunken headache.

“Oh! How much did I have last night?” he groaned, holding his head. “I hope I didn’t do anything silly or embarrassing.”

“No, I don’t think so, not with men anyway, seeing as your work friends all think you’re a lesbian,” Mandy reminded him.

“Oh yeah. So, what we doing today? Anything special?”

“We need to go out and do some shopping, then we’ll just continue with your training, finish off your electrolysis and otherwise relax,” came the reply.

Daniel was getting out of the door before Mandy, which was a vast improvement from a few weeks ago. As he stepped outside, across the road, he saw a man standing, looking directly across. The man was Asian and Daniel was almost sure it was the same one he had seen outside work the Friday before. He wondered if he ought to tell Mandy and he went back inside. When the two of them came back out, the man was gone.

“He was standing right over there by that tree,” Daniel reported.

“Are you absolutely certain he was the same person who you saw last week?” Mandy asked.

“No, not absolutely but very similar. If he’s not the same one, why have I now seen two Asians, apparently looking straight at me, in just over a week?”

“I’m not sure. It could of course be nothing. I really cannot believe they have managed to trace you, especially so soon, especially with you disguised and living as a female. But, just to be on the safe side, we ought to start keeping our eyes peeled.”

<<OO>>

Over the course of the next two weeks, Daniel lived his new feminine life on a day-to-day basis, as any ordinary woman would. He didn’t stop to think or dwell on the fact that he was a man dressing as and living as a woman. He just went to work, shopped, cleaned house and gradually learned to live as a woman. Without consciously realizing it, he was becoming more and more established and convincing in everything he did. The more he did things, the more they became second nature.

By now his pierced ears had healed and he could wear whatever earrings he fancied; he was learning to suffer having his legs waxed and to have his hair extensions looked after while, all the time, his own hair was growing slowly longer. The electrolysis on his face was now complete.

He had been dismayed by the continued amount of swelling around his breast area that he was developing but Mandy insisted on his keeping to the hormone pills and the other pill he had been taking. She continued to assure him that he would not develop that much and that everything that was done, or grew, could be undone.

As for the Asian, nothing more had been seen of him until the weekend of his fifth week living in his new, feminine lifestyle.

It was Saturday and the staff of Arco Industries had gone to work for Saturday morning overtime. From there, Daniel had driven into the city to buy a few things he needed. It was amazing how his confidence had grown enough for him to go about, in public, without Mandy being there besides him, something he would never have thought possible just a short time ago.

He returned back home with his purchases and a few little extras such as a nice pair of three-inch heeled strappy sandals that had caught his eye and a couple of packets of pantyhose. Parking up on the roadside, he had said hello to Mrs. Jenkins, one of his neighbors, then stopped dead. Right across the road in front of him, once again was the Asian. This time he was sure it was the same man. Trying to make it seem that he had not taken any notice, Daniel opened the door and went into the house.

Mandy was in the kitchen doing a few cleaning chores. "Mandy, Mandy, come here quickly," he yelled out in panic once the door was closed behind him.

Mandy came out of the kitchen wiping her hands on a towel. "What's wrong?"

"Follow me," he instructed, leading her up the stairs to the front bedroom. "Take a look outside... across the street over by that tree. You see him? That's the man I have seen watching us."

Mandy took a secret look then immediately went back down the stairs again. Within minutes, she had returned with an expensive camera and took several photographs.

"Okay, come away from the window, Tina. We had better be extra cautious tonight. Meanwhile I'm sending these to the bureau to see what we have."

Once the digital photographs had been sent by her laptop, Mandy took out a handgun, which she had been carrying in a bag. "Just in case," she warned.

It took Mandy's department a little over thirty minutes to get back to them. The news was not good. The man in the photograph had been identified as being Zardad Hassan Muhammad and was a known Al-Qa'eda hit man and international terrorist.

Eddy Rankin then made a telephone call to Mandy. "I'm taking you off this case, Mandy. You were due to leave next week anyway, what with Stourage now having made considerable progress. As for Stourage, we will be sending another operative to him. I want him to continue in the guise of Tina."

"Is that safe?" Mandy asked in surprise.

“Yes, I believe so. The guy I’m sending is one of our top men and is highly trained. The thing is, if Muhammad has been watching Stourage for over a month, then why hasn’t he made a kill or captured him? I believe that he thinks he has trailed his man, but since Stourage is in the identity of a female, I don’t believe he is entirely sure and he doesn’t want to make a false hit. It won’t do us any good moving Stourage again or changing his identity again. They may even be waiting for us to do something like that as proof it’s him. No, I want Stourage to stay where he is and to keep his identity... but I’m taking him up to Level Two.”

“I don’t think he is mentally ready for that, sir. Yes, he’s made a lot of progress but he is still rebelling about having to exist as a woman at all. Wouldn’t it be better to place him in Code Red protection since they seem to have traced him once again?”

“No. We have a huge opportunity here to snare Muhammad. Like I say, I don’t think he is entirely sure, which is why he is observing rather than moving in and he may be wary of being watched himself. Let’s put a little bit more doubt in his mind and see what happens.”

<<OO>>

Mandy didn’t say much to Daniel regarding the phone conversation; she warned him about the man outside being identified as a hit man, but that was all.

“They are taking me off the case, Tina. They are putting a male operative with you who should be able to provide more protection. Now don’t go freaking out on me about this, this is all for show, but the agent they are sending will pose as your boyfriend... just to add realism.”

Daniel’s eyes opened wide. “What! And just what does *that* entail? How much pretending are we supposed to do? Anyway, I don’t want you to go, I’ve gotten used to you and I thought we were friends? I don’t want a guy living here, with me like this.”

“We’ve been through all of this before. Yes, we are friends but I’m still an FBI Agent. You don’t have to do anything unnatural, it’s for appearance only. Let the people at work spread the word that your boyfriend has returned from working away. On the plus side, it’ll curb this lesbian rumor that’s been going around as well. You and the agent just go places together with each other like we used to do, though maybe a little more closely.”

Daniel wasn’t happy about this, not happy at all. But what could he do?

Later that night, more than just Mandy’s replacement turned up. There was Rankin and a young man who was introduced as Blake, a handsome, well-built guy possibly in his late twenties. There was also a doctor who worked for the FBI.

“Blake will be living here with you for an indeterminate amount of time. Like Mandy has told you, he will pose as your boyfriend,” Rankin explained. “This other man is Doctor Guiller. I want him just to do a few tests on you and do a few procedures that should help keep you safe.”

The doctor made blood and heart tests on Daniel without explaining the necessity for such things. He then asked to put a needle into Daniel's arm and Daniel obliged by rolling up his sleeve, expecting it to be for another blood sample. Only after he had finished, did Daniel question the reason for it all.

"If this man has been watching you recently, then it's because he suspects that you *are* who he is chasing. The man kills for fun, he could have just killed you after tracking you, he could have killed Tina Fleming just because he suspects her of being you, but that wouldn't tell him it was you for sure and that you had now been exterminated. He obviously wants to keep you alive. Like we said before, that is obviously to get information from you. He doesn't want to capture someone who may not be you so he is waiting for positive proof. Let's try and prove him wrong, shall we?" Rankin informed him.

"And how do we go about doing that?" Daniel asked sleepily. He was starting to feel very tired, probably from all the tension, he thought.

"By making you all the more convincing as a woman. It is now vital that you retain this identity, we cannot keep changing you and moving you around. The time and the cost does not merit it. Also, we have a chance of getting Muhammad and maybe a few other top players, in the process."

"Wh...a d..o youu mea..n, more con...vinc...ing?" Daniel struggled to ask as he tried to keep his eyes from closing. He was fighting a losing battle. His eyes finally closed on him, his question unanswered.

With Daniel slumped in the chair where he had been sitting, several more people entered the house. A table was made ready and covered with a plastic sheet as a makeshift operating table. Instruments were brought in and Daniel was undressed from the waist up. Mandy felt almost guilty about having not told Daniel what they intended to do to him, but she was off the case now and would be leaving first thing in the morning.

<<OO>>

Daniel awoke laying on top of his bed, on his back. He immediately knew something was wrong, in spite of his headache. His chest felt very tight and, putting his hands to it, he found that he was bound in heavy bandaging. Being intelligent and taking into account all that had been happening to him so far, he had a very nasty suspicion about what was wrong. Surely they wouldn't, would they? Not without his consent!

Another thought occurred to him. In near total panic he placed his hands to his groin. He let out a huge sigh of relief as his hands touched his manhood.

Within an hour of his awakening, his worst suspicions had been confirmed. They had now given him breast implants. Mandy was at his bedside holding his hand and comforting him.

"Why? Why do such a thing to me? I had those false things. They were real enough," he stated.

“It all depends on how closely Muhammad decides to get to you to verify if you are his target. If he does get really close, then maybe those just weren’t realistic enough,” Mandy told him.

“But I don’t want to have real breasts!” Daniel wailed.

“Tina, honey, they are not real, they are saline sacs. They can be taken out as easily as they went in. Like I said before, there is nothing being done to you that cannot be undone.”

“I suppose that’s true. I was half-worried they may have removed my manhood,” he sighed. Mandy gave him a strange look as he said that. “What? They aren’t going to do that, are they?” he questioned.

“No, not really. Hold on. Before you start freaking out, just settle down and listen to me. You needed something inside rather than outside that could be removed, hence the implants. You are now going to be fit with a false vagina. It’s a cover, you will be fully intact below. Don’t worry, no-surgery. The reason they did your implants here was so that you didn’t have to leave the house in case you were still being watched. Had you been, Muhammad might have suspected you had been taken away and given implants because we know he is watching. He’ll know you haven’t left the house but, at the first opportunity, he will see you with very realistic breasts, once the swelling and bruising goes down.”

Daniel was far from eased by the words, he never wanted to go down this road of disguise and now, now he had a pair of breasts that were a part of him and would soon even have his manhood concealed... by a fake vagina.



He soon learned that these implants were painful, too. For the time being, he had to keep them bandaged and take pain killers; he also covered them over with larger, heavier tops than he had been wearing recently as they were heavily bandaged down.

Mandy, Rankin and most of the others left the house early Sunday morning. The doctor stayed and fit the new false vagina, made of latex, to him and joined it to his skin so as to be bearably discernible. Inside he'd had his penis placed into a tube that was only just concealed from the outside so that he could pass his wastewater. Seeing a very realistic vagina where he normally had his manhood gave him a very weird feeling. He just did not feel right at all, didn't feel like a man anymore.

His new housemate, Blake Edwards, settled himself into the bedroom that Mandy had used and told Daniel that if he needed anything or was concerned about anything, then he should let him know immediately. He had immediately taken charge and had just set himself up as "the man of the house."

"Other than my being male, just treat me as you treated Mandy. Mandy posed as your friend. I, of course, am supposed to be your lover. I know how difficult that sounds but all it involves is not walking at arm's length from me. When we go out together, we should be close, maybe hold hands or have our arms around each other. Don't forget, I have to do this too, it's purely for appearance sake. Do you have any problem with that?"

Daniel shook his head no, although he knew he was going to feel very uncomfortable holding a man's hand or snuggling in to him.

<<OO>>

It was the 45<sup>th</sup> day that Daniel had been living in the new safe house, nine days had passed by since Mandy had been replaced by Blake. It was Tuesday and a normal working day, Daniel was now into his sixth week at his new job and already felt very much a part of the workforce, if not quite one of the girls. It was also the day that the doctor told him he could unbind his chest. The bandaging had felt very tight and uncomfortable and didn't give him a very shapely outward appearance but he felt very loath to release the bandage to see what had been hiding there.

"Do you want me to unwrap the bandaging for you?" Blake offered.

Daniel immediately blushed. He had become quite acquainted to his new minder but this was a rather personal and embarrassing issue. "No thanks, I ought to try and do it myself. If you would cut the bandage where it's fastened at the back, I'll unravel it privately," Daniel replied.

Going into the bathroom, Daniel began to carefully unwind the gauze dressing, almost fearful of seeing himself with breasts that were actually a part of him. It would be his own skin prominently tented out rather than some silicone breast form. He was still struggling about seeing a vagina down where his penis was sup-

posed to be, as well as being forced to sit down like a girl every time he wanted to take a leak.

Suddenly the bandage gave and slipped down. Two large round breasts suddenly bounced free and weighed heavily upon on his chest. "Oh my God!" he gasped in mortification as he took his first look at the new breasts he now had and which still had blue and yellow bruising in places. "I can't believe how things have come to this. I can't live my life with these things on my chest, I'll never get used to them," he stammered in intense embarrassment. The overall picture reflected back at him was of an attractive young woman, her long blonde hair framing her pretty face. She had a very feminine, well-developed womanly figure.

He returned downstairs some time later with a large dressing robe covering him, his face flushed as he felt the unaccustomed constant movement of his breasts underneath.

"Is everything okay?" Blake asked genuinely.

"Oh yeah, sure. How would you be feeling if you suddenly had a massive pair of tits emerging from your chest?"

Blake grimaced in support of what was being said. "I know how you must feel, and I sympathize, but you know the reasons for it all. I've been left with a few things to give you. There's some jars of cream that you should massage into your... er... and some different type pills from those that you have been taking. I've got to make sure you take the pills, the cream will make your skin supple and help ease the tightness."

Blake did make sure that Daniel took the pill later that night though he had no more idea it was actually a powerful femininity booster than Daniel did. The cream was up to Daniel but it was for his own good and so, before getting into bed that night, he took a scoop from the jar and worked it into his tightly stretched skin and painful nipples. He looked dismally at the two orbs jutting out before his eyes. "I can't deal with this," he almost wept to himself.

The following morning there was a large disagreement between Daniel and his minder in regards to what Daniel should wear to work.

"How can you possibly tell me what to wear to work?" Daniel yelled, "Would you wear such things if it was you that had these... these breasts on your chest?"

"I fully understand your feelings, but I'm carrying out my job as instructed. I know you probably find them embarrassing but, what is the point of our guys doing this to you... mutilating your body as you put it, and all the pain and discomfort they have caused you, if they are then totally covered up? The very reason for the implants is so that if the hit man is still watching you, he will clearly see some very real breasts on you."

"But we haven't even seen him since I got these damn things put in," Daniel countered.

"That doesn't mean to say that he isn't about. The night you had them put in there was a lot of human traffic going in and out of this house. If he suspected the

volume of people may have had something to do with him, that he had been seen, and that you really are his target, then maybe he is being extra cautious now.”

The disagreement and argument went on for a while but eventually Daniel conceded and put on a black push-up bra and a low-cut top. The top was to be left unbuttoned in the last two buttonholes and Daniel looked down, greatly embarrassed, by the large round orbs and deep cleavage that had been created and was now profusely on show through the plunging neckline.

“This is going to be so humiliating, I’m going to be ogled by every man that sees me,” Daniel complained under his breath.

“Before you go Tina, don’t forget to take another one of those new pills,” Blake reminded, only to get another blast from his charge. Daniel reluctantly popped the pill into his mouth as he hurried out to his car, feeling extremely conscious of the amount of womanly flesh he was showing.

That evening, after he returned home, Daniel offered humble apologies to his housemate and minder. “I’m sorry for kicking at you this morning. I know you were only acting under instructions. It’s just that all of this dressing and living as a woman business is hard to cope with. Then, I’m given a fake vagina and real breast implants. I can hardly see the old male me anymore.”

“It’s okay, I understand. But you know, if you can’t see your former self, then surely that has to be good, doesn’t it?”

“I guess so... that’s what Mandy would have told me too. Anyway, in way of an apology, I’ve bought a few things and I’m going to make a special meal tonight. At least Mandy gave me a few good cooking lessons.”

“That sounds good to me. Should I go and buy a bottle of wine to go with it?”

For the rest of that week, Daniel had to slowly get used to going to work with more cleavage on show than normal. The male workers, including Max, were quite happy at getting an eyeful and the office Romeo was wondering if he could get this lesbian woman to go straight. Some of the girls such as Kate, wondered anew if Tina was dressing more revealingly to start getting attention from the male workers.

Tongues soon began wagging however when Blake dropped Tina off at work on Thursday morning and then picked her back up again in the evening. Who was this new guy? Where was the usual girl? The story was spread about that Tina’s car had broken down, her and her girlfriend had split up and this was a neighbor offering a lift. Tina let it slip to friends about her boyfriend coming back to live with her.

On Friday, Tina had intended to go out for a drink with her coworkers, something she had continued to do since the second week at work, but Blake made a different suggestion.

“Tell them that you can’t make it this week because you are going out with me. Now that they have seen me and have heard I am your boyfriend, they would expect you to spend time with me.”

“But if I do that, I won’t get out for a drink tonight,” Daniel protested, forgetting all about how, just a few weeks previously, he would have done all that he could to get out of going out into bars as a woman.

“Of course you will. WE can go out together. We need to be doing that kind of thing anyway, so that everyone sees us as a couple, especially if our friend is still observing you.”

Do you think he still is? I mean, we haven’t seen him in nearly two weeks. Do you think he may have decided I really am a girl and gone back under the stone he crawled out from under?”

“I really don’t know. If he has, then well and good but of course you still have to keep up your new identification, which you had been given before he showed up.”

“Yes, but I was given these boobs *after* he turned up. If he has gone, then maybe I can have them taken back out... or at least cover up a little.”

Blake laughed softly. “After all you went through being given them I don’t think you should rush into getting rid of them, just in case. Covering them up a little may be okay... but not tonight, okay? I’d like the satisfaction of proudly showing off my well-endowed girlfriend first. It will be good for my ego... if you are coming out with me?”

Daniel studied Blake’s face to determine whether he was being serious or not.

<<OO>>

Daniel looked into the mirror at his reflection later that evening. Seven weeks earlier, he never would have dreamed he would look like he did now. He stood sidelong, hands on hips as he viewed how his jutting breasts looked in the very low-cut, sleeveless leopard print top he was wearing.

His long silky blonde hair fell over his shoulders and down his back, revealing glittering pendant earrings suspended from his ears, his tasteful and perfectly applied make-up with slender, shaped eyebrows, glossy silver and light blue eye shadow and darkly penciled and mascara’d eyes plus glossy rose-colored lips.

The black skirt he had chosen fell to just midway down his bare, smooth thighs, his feet were fastened in strappy black, high-heeled sandals that showed off his crimson painted toenails. Not a hint of Daniel Stourage was to be seen. “I can’t believe this is really me,” he thought to himself. “Dare I really go out on the town, with a guy on my arm... looking like this? Isn’t it all wrong?”

Taking a deep breath, he went back downstairs where Blake was waiting. He was quite amazed at how Blake himself looked; “very handsome and dashing” came to mind, but he quickly cast that thought out. He shouldn’t really be thinking that way about another man. He did look very good-looking and well turned out, though.

It was early morning that the couple returned home again, talking and laughing as people do who have had a bit to drink following a good night out.

“So, you weren’t too disappointed with having me instead of your work friends?” Blake asked once they were indoors.

“Not at all, I really enjoyed myself. It’s surprising how much you find you have in common with people once you talk in a more relaxed setting. I mean, we have been sharing this place together now for twelve whole days and I didn’t even know you loved astronomy, let alone enjoyed the same taste in music as me.”

“So, I haven’t been a complete failure then?” Blake asked merrily.

“Not at all. I miss going out with Mandy, I guess but you did a great job in keeping those guys away who obviously wanted to danced with me. She’d have encouraged them and got me up dancing with them.”

“Yes, but it’s a bit different, isn’t it? I mean, you are supposed to be with me, so, those guys coming onto you, it’s like treading on another man’s territory, it’s insulting toward me.”

“Is that how you see it... how you see me, as being your territory?” Daniel suddenly asked, his smile slipping.

“No, not like that. What I’m saying is, you are supposed to be with me... my girl, as far as they are concerned. So, if they come over, it’s like they are challenging me to trying to win you from me. It’s a man thing. Do you see what I mean?”

Daniel looked confused. “Er, not really. It doesn’t matter, though. I’m turning in because I am pooped. See you in the morning.”

“Okay honey, don’t forget your pills before you go to sleep.”

Daniel climbed heavily up the stairs totally missing that Blake had jokingly called him “honey” or the reference to “a man thing.” He was, after all, a man himself and therefore should be aware of “man things.”

From work on Saturday morning, Daniel decided to call in at his now favorite clothes store. He had something in mind to look for but wasn’t sure if they would stock it. From there, he went to a food store and bought what he needed for a recipe he had found to cook a tasty evening meal for that evening.

Blake did like Mandy had done and filed reports and entered data on a laptop just for something to do with his day; he was still working on the laptop after Daniel arrived back home. Daniel quickly prepared the food he had brought in with him and left it cooking as he went up to the bedroom. Taking off his outer clothing, he then opened up the packages he had brought upstairs with him. He looked at each item, feeling excited and yet he was unsure just what had compelled himself to buy such things in the first place.

Stripping off his bra and pulling his panties off, Daniel again looked at the first item before trying it on. Soon he was looking at his reflection in the mirror. The pink, half-cup corselet with an intricate flower and vine embroidered design made his body look terrific and sexy; the four pink satin suspenders that hung from the

garment tickled against his thighs. This was a really feminine item of underwear. What had made him want to buy such a thing, let alone want to wear it?

With a beating heart, he then opened up the second package. He had to sit on the edge of the bed to begin drawing the first brown, sheer nylon stocking up his smooth shaven leg. When he had drawn the other stocking up his other leg, he stood so as to attach the stocking tops to the garter straps, fumbling a little as he did. The smooth satin material of the corselet felt delightful against his skin, the sheer nylon on his legs and the pull of the garters felt divine.

He took a long look at the sexy reflection in the mirror before replacing his outer clothes. This was a little treat just for himself; he'd had a strange desire to dress more femininely all day... to see what really feminine clothes felt like to wear. He was not disappointed.

That night, after their meal, Daniel and Blake had a cozy night in, sharing a bottle of wine and listening to music. Daniel felt happy, relaxed and contented, the feel of his new lingerie kept him feeling turned-on... almost a feeling of arousal. He was almost saddened when it was time to turn in and he had to strip off his new corselet, panties and stockings. If each day could be like this one and he could feel this good, then perhaps he could get by living as a woman for the foreseeable future. Before he lay down to sleep, he took his hormone tablet and the two others he had been given, still unaware of their true function.

It was a warm night and, rather than covering himself with a sheet, Daniel lay undressed on top of the bed, his breasts loping slightly to each side of him. He put his hands to them and gently caressed them. They felt good and gave him a pleasant feeling.

With his eyes closed, he stroked at the false vagina between his legs. How real it felt. He fleetingly wondered what a real vagina would feel like. He moaned contentedly and gathered his long silky locks of hair in his fingers, combing through them sensually. Eventually he fell asleep to have dreams that were erotic, yet slightly disturbing to him.

The following day was even hotter than the previous one and neither Daniel nor Blake fancied being cooped up in the house all day.

“What do you think about packing up a picnic and we can drive off to the countryside?” Blake suggested.

“That sounds wonderful. I think I have a few things to make sandwiches with. I have some fruit and a few cakes. Do you have anywhere in mind?”

“There are some lakes about forty miles from here with wonderful scenery that I know of. How about driving out there?”

Blake sorted a few things out and made sure he had water and oil in his car. He helped prepare the picnic basket, then went to change into a polo shirt, long shorts and sneakers. Daniel put on a lightweight, sleeveless, low-cut white top and a pair of very high-legged shorts, also with sneakers. He was very hot and wanted to dress coolly. The low-cut top revealed a goodly expanse of his now very real cleavage but he was no longer that shy about it. He insisted on “putting his

face on” though and darkened his eyes with mascara and pencil before tracing a rose pink lipstick over his lips.

“Okay, ready to go,” he declared when he was ready. Blake took a long look at his charge but kept his thoughts to himself. How on earth could a regular guy look that damn good, feminine and sexy as a woman? he wondered. He decided he couldn’t possibly think of Tina as being anything other than a woman so that was the way he would always deal with her.

The day out was enjoyable and both Daniel and Blake enjoyed the fresh air, the sun and each other’s company. When Blake had replaced Mandy, Daniel hadn’t been too pleased, he knew he would miss Mandy as a friend and mentor and he wasn’t excited about sharing his new home with a man, but they were getting along well together. Living with a man in his house was totally different to living with a woman.

They returned home in the early hours of the evening. The fresh air had made them both feel a bit tired. “You’re not still hungry or anything are you, Blake?” Daniel asked, “I’m beat and I think I’ll just have an early night. I’m going to make a nice hot chocolate drink. Want some?”

“Yes please, that sounds great. I’m ready to turn in myself after all that driving in the heat but I’m going to wash my hair first. I still have a load of dirt in it after you collapsed grass on top of me.”

Daniel burst out laughing. “Hey, I said sorry. I didn’t know it would all be loose, but you shouldn’t have picked that spot to lay under to sunbathe. What a stupid thing to do.”

“I wasn’t sunbathing. That overhang was perfect to lay underneath and shield myself from the sun, and it would have stayed that way... until you made it collapse on top of me.”

“No I did not!”

“Yes you did, you liar. I saw you from the corner of my eye. And why did you run away laughing then? You mischievous imp.”

“In case you accused me... like you are doing. I’ll tell you what then, seeing as I’m getting blamed anyway, I’ll wash your hair for you before I go to bed. Okay?”

Daniel filled the kitchen sink with hot water, then had Blake hold his head over the top, face upwards so that he wouldn’t get soapy water in his eyes. After dousing warm water over his hair, Daniel then began to lather shampoo into it and work it through with his fingers.

From Blake’s viewpoint, looking up at Daniel, leaning over him and looking down as he worked, he took in the very feminine curves of the person he was protecting; his attractive face, long dark eyelashes and kissable lips. He knew he shouldn’t be thinking that way, but he couldn’t help it. Once again he could hardly believe the feminizing job they had done on Tina. He had an urge to lean upwards and kiss those lips.

Daniel was struggling with similar feelings. There was no doubt that Blake was an attractive man. Had he been a real girl, he probably would have fallen head over heels for him. He was sure one day some lucky girl would win him for her husband.

Washing the suds out of Blake's hair, Daniel suddenly stepped quickly away, looking flustered. "There, all done," he said, the smile having disappeared from his lips. "That's it, I'll make those drinks, then I'm off to bed."

He walked into the kitchen feeling very confused. He had almost felt himself being drawn towards Blake, like he was being magnetized towards the man's lips and a strange feeling had come over him.

Putting a mug of hot chocolate down by Blake, who was busy drying his hair off with a towel, Daniel bid him good night. "And don't worry, I've got my pills, all three," he stated before Blake could mention them.

<<OO>>

The next day was just as hot as the previous one had been. It was a workday and, knowing he would be cooked up in the office, Daniel dressed as lightly as he could. This was one real advantage that women had over their male counterparts.

He wore a lightweight sleeveless pink mini dress that had a scoop neckline with white trim. The hem of the dress fell only a third of the way down his smooth bare thighs. The only other items of wear were his panties and a pair of strappy sandals. He had piled his long hair up on top of his head as Mandy had shown him to do. Getting all that hair off his neck was cooling in itself.

During mid-afternoon, he received a call on his cell phone from Blake. "Hi, this heat is driving me nuts. What do you think about eating out somewhere?"

"That sounds fine with me. I'm not looking forward to cooking over a hot oven when I get home. We are all roasting in here."

"Okay, well, listen, I'll pick you up outside work and we'll drive out somewhere."

As Daniel left the office at 5.00 PM with the other work staff, Blake was sitting in his Sebring convertible waiting for him. His work friends saw Blake jump out from the driver seat and open the door for him before getting back in on his own side.

"There's no wonder Tina didn't say too much about her boyfriend when she started here. If my boyfriend was as handsome and toned and was that gentlemanly, I would keep him under wraps too," Sandy joked to Janice.

Blake drove to a restaurant on the outskirts of town that was set on its own grounds. There were tables outside to eat at on days like this and the two of them selected one that offered the most shade. They both ordered a tossed salad with a cold glass of lager.

After they had eaten and each had drank another two glasses of beer, they strolled around the grounds. Daniel had that funny feeling again as he walked alongside the taller man, in spite of the 2½" heels he was wearing. Suddenly and

unexpectedly, Blake reached for and held Daniel's hand in his. It felt strange having a man hold his hand and yet it felt comforting. Blake's hand looked so much larger and stronger than his own with their elongated, pink painted nails. "Is this for appearance sake?" he asked.

Blake smiled. "Well, you never know who is looking."

After a while, Daniel stopped and turned to face Blake, taking Blake's right hand in his left so that now both hands were held. "I haven't really ever said thank you to you for being with me and guarding me," he stumbled, feeling his cheeks heating.

"I'm just doing my job really, no thanks needed," Blake answered.

Daniel's face dropped slightly. "Oh!"

"Well, if you can call it a job. I'm not exactly working hard, there's no imminent danger... and the company is very pleasant."

A smile came back onto Daniel's face. "Really? I suppose I was a bit difficult at first but doing all of this was all so new to me. It was hard to adapt to what I had to do," he replied, indicating his feminine body and mode of dress with his eyes.

"And have you adapted?"

"I'm getting there. It's nowhere near as strange for me now as it first was. Being so accepted by everyone as the real thing certainly helps. I've never asked; I mean, you must have family somewhere... do you ever see them? Have you ever been married or do you have a girlfriend somewhere?"

"I'm widowed actually. My wife, Leona, was also in the FBI. She was shot dead on duty five years ago."

Daniel let go of Blake's hands. "Oh God. I'm really sorry, that must have been terrible for you."

"Yes, it was at first. I've gotten over the hurt now but I still miss her. We lived in Utah where I was raised. My folks still live out there. Listen, perhaps we ought to be making our way back now."

There had been a moment when Daniel had suddenly felt very feminine for some reason. Dressed as he was, looking like he did, holding a man's hand had made him feel womanly and romantic. Had he not said the wrong thing he most likely would have tried to kiss Blake. The spell had been broken though and, on the way back to the car, Daniel now felt a little embarrassed and confused by the near miss. "What on earth came over me? That could have been so humiliating and Blake probably would have punched my face in if I had acted on my impulses," he thought to himself.

Whether through embarrassment or whatever, Daniel and Blake slightly distanced themselves after that. Nothing more was asked or mentioned about Blake's past or his deceased wife. The heat wave continued through the following week and Daniel continued taking his estrogen pill, his anti-androgen pill and his femininity booster pill on a daily basis. Each day, without really realizing it, he became more feminine both in appearance and in his mannerisms and feelings.

Saturday saw Daniel on his second full month living as a woman. How things had changed from those first full days. He had gone into work wearing a floaty black halter neck dress with a plunging wrap over-front that showed the sides of his firm round breasts. His blonde hair had been styled to frame his face and fall in layers over his shoulders. In his ears could be seen large silver hoop earrings. His finger nails, now his own, were French manicured and his tanned, freshly-waxed legs were revealed by the shortness of the dress. He walked perfectly in four-inch heeled, ankle strap shoes.

He was getting used to the admiring looks he received from the men he passed by in the street and, in some ways, it gave him quite a lift. Some of the women looked at him in admiration, some looked jealously while others gave him a glance up and down without any indication of their thoughts.

He had just walked out from his favorite store again and was planning to walk to where he had parked the car. He was thinking of his night out with the office staff the previous evening and how Anthony, one of the younger guys in the office, had come on to him. Anthony wasn't like Max, he was normally quiet and he was good-looking. Drink had played a big part in giving him Dutch courage. Daniel's wicked mind thought about teasing the poor guy on Monday. He thought he would dress in saucy underwear and keep giving poor Anthony brief flashes of what he was wearing just to keep him hot and drooling.

Pressing the automatic unlock on his car keys, Daniel suddenly saw a man standing over the road, reading a newspaper but facing towards him. The man was clean-shaven but Daniel was almost sure he was the same Asian who had been observing him a few weeks before, even though that man, Muhammad, had worn a thick bushy beard.

Trying not to look and trying to prevent himself from panicking, Daniel swung his legs into the car and drove off.

"Hi there. How's your morning been?" Blake greeted as Daniel pulled up outside the house. Blake was busy hosing his car down on the driveway.

"How? Hectic and alarming, that's how," came the reply.

"Alarming? What was the alarming bit."

"Blake, I think I have seen that guy again, in fact I'm sure I have. The hit man, Muhammad... the reason you are here with me. He has shaved his beard off but I am good at facial features. He was watching me downtown."

"You're absolutely sure? I wonder why he has come back again? Anyway, in that revealing dress you are wearing surely he cannot believe you are a man disguised as a woman."

"Why not? That is what I am.

"Well, maybe. But I just don't believe he would expect you to go through such an extreme disguise. And if he has returned because he now believes you are who he is hunting for, why did he not take his chance to get you while you were on your own?"

“I really don’t know... but what should we do now?”

“Nothing. We can only wait and see if he does make some kind of move on you. I have a miniature tracking device in the form of a pin. Start wearing it and, if anything should befall you, then at least I can trace you.”

Daniel was feeling more uneasy about Muhammad than Blake was, but then, it could be his, not Blake’s, life that was on the line. Trying not to worry about the situation too much, he went upstairs to try on his new purchases and make himself feel a little better. He had bought himself an absolutely gorgeous three-piece underwear set comprised of a black satin push-up brassiere which had delicate red orchids sewn on to it and which covered the entire front. There was also a wide, sheer black lace garter belt with the same sewn-on orchid design and matching see-through black lace panties. The ultra sheer black stockings he had bought to go with the set had very intricate four-inch wide lace tops.

The underwear felt delightful and made Daniel feel sexy. He had half a mind to show himself to Blake to get a reaction from him but then he remembered about Blake’s wife and how uneasy things had become after the disclosure. Besides, Blake was just there doing a job... and why should Daniel want to dress sexily for him, or any other man, anyway?

No, he would wear the items on Monday, just to tease Anthony, nothing more. He could maybe wear a blouse with the buttons half-undone so that Anthony caught sight of the bra. He could sit with his skirt slightly hitched up his leg so as to flash a glimpse of his lacy stocking top and garter strap. Daniel smiled to himself, he felt so wickedly naughty.

Taking a last admiring glance at himself before he covered the sexy underwear over with a skirt and top, he then went downstairs to start preparing the evening meal for Blake and himself. “It’s high time you learned to cook,” he complained to Blake as he went into the kitchen. “I have to do all the cooking after a hard day at work and all you have to do is laze about all day long.”

Daniel felt excited as he drove to work on Monday; the hidden scanty underwear he was wearing felt so good against his body. He wondered, once this was all over, if he would become one of those men that liked dressing up as a woman just for the thrill of it. He had never had any such desire to do so before but now that he had forcibly gotten a taste for it, he knew he would miss the feel of feminine sensual clothing.

Anthony was in and out of the office all day and had nearly choked as he took a sip of coffee and saw the half-opened blouse Daniel was wearing, exposing a goodly sight of tempting cleavage. Daniel saucily fingered the pendant of a necklace he was wearing, pretending not to notice.

A little later, Anthony missed the show of stocking top... but Max hadn’t. Max saw Tina as just being flirtatious that day... probably due to the heat. He wondered if he ought to try out his luck with the attractive girl again. Even good girls could stray, he believed.

In the afternoon, as on the previous Monday, Daniel received a call from Blake.

“Hi, just wondering if you wanted to go back to that restaurant where we ate at last Monday? I thought we had a nice time there.”

Daniel actually felt a bit miffed with the call; he was excited about winding up Anthony and he had been enjoying himself. He could have fun with Anthony whereas Blake was just his minder and he still carried the emotional baggage of his lost wife. Nothing could ever *happen* between them.

He pondered his thoughts and was rather alarmed by them. Had he *ever* considered the possibility of him and Blake? Was this what he was trying to do with Anthony? Attract him? Lure him? What the hell! He was a man, same as them for heaven’s sake? Why was he thinking like that?

“Hello! Tina! Are you still there?”

“Uh, yes. Sorry, Blake. Yes, I’m still here. Ermm, yes, okay I suppose, why not? You picking me up at five?”

“I’ll catch a bus into town and we can go in your car. Then you have it for tomorrow morning.”

“Is this, by any chance, your way of getting out of learning how to cook?” Daniel joked.

<<OO>>

Max was all prepared with his lines for when the office turned out that evening. He had spent most of the day in semi-arousal as he sneaked glimpses of Tina’s opened blouse and her stocking tops. What a tease, she must be begging for it, like all bitches were.

Tina had gone out just before him but he knew he could catch her at her car. Then he would ask her if she wanted to go for a cooling drink somewhere.

Blake was standing by the entrance door as Daniel stepped outside with Sandy, Claire and Janice. He was topless because of the heat, showing off his well-toned and tanned body, his flat stomach and muscular arms. Daniel said bye to his friends as they walked towards the parking lot. All three friends gave Blake an admiring glance. Daniel then turned to speak to Blake but his mouth dropped and his eyes suddenly opened wide.

“Blake. Muhammad is there. He’s standing over on the other side of the road.”

Blake didn’t turn around to look but he had received the message. He caught Daniel totally by surprise when he suddenly put his right arm around Daniel’s neck and, putting his left around his waist, drew him in for a deep kiss on the lips.

Max had just emerged through the door and out onto the sidewalk. He looked around and saw Tina and her boyfriend in a tender embrace. Tina had put her arms around the man’s neck and, as he fondled her bottom, her skirt rode up her thighs to show an enticing glimpse of her stocking tops. They looked so like a cou-

ple very much in love. Dejectedly he turned and walked off in the opposite direction muttering to himself what a lucky so and so her boyfriend was

Daniel looked up into Blake's eyes, his arm still around the man's neck as Blake finally broke the kiss. "Wh..! What on earth are you doing? Why did you kiss me?"

"You just said Muhammad was there, didn't you? Are we not supposed to be posing as lovers? Isn't the whole idea of this assignment to make him think he is on the wrong track? That the person he is watching isn't a man in disguise but a real woman?"

Daniel nodded yes.

"So tell me, if a man comes to pick up his beautiful girlfriend from work how does he normally react? Would he kiss her."

"Like that?"

"If he is deeply in love with her, yes... and we are supposed to be casting illusions here and making this thing as convincing as possible."

"But I'm a man!" Daniel hissed, "Doesn't it bother you kissing another man?"

"I'm a professional at my job, I do whatever I have to do. Anyway, the last thing on my mind when I kissed you was that you were a man."

"Huh. Well that's all well for you. I look like a girl so you can easily get your head around it... but what about it from my perspective? I'm a man like you, and you *do* look like a man, especially being bare-chested like you are."

"But it didn't bother you *too* much. You kissed me back. You didn't just press your lips onto mine either, you kissed me properly... and put your arm around my neck."

Daniel blushed in embarrassment. What Blake had said was true, it had happened instinctively and he had nothing to counter with.

There was a slight uneasiness between them at the restaurant this time and, after they had eaten, rather than going for a stroll as they had done before, they sat and talked.

"Look, I needed Muhammad to see what we needed him to see so as to put further doubt into his mind," Blake tried to explain.

"Yes, yes. I know you are right. I guess I was just a bit embarrassed by it, that's all. You didn't even warn me."

"I didn't have time, it had to look natural. Anyway, you say you were embarrassed by it? Embarrassed but not offended?"

"Yes. No, oh, I don't know. I'm confused. I've never been kissed by a man before."

"Well if it's any consolation, I've never kissed a man before. But we got through it okay with no damage done. You didn't even slap me," Blake replied, a smile starting to show on his face.

Daniel burst into laughter. "I wonder what our watching friend would have made of it if I had slapped you?"

"Well, a slap would have been the feminine thing to do. I think his suspicions may have been greatly raised, though, had you punched me. Shall we head off back home?"

Once they were back inside their house, both Daniel and Blake sat quietly watching television without speaking a word. It was as if neither dared speak first. Both of them were deep in their own thoughts. At 11.00 PM, Blake announced he was off to bed. Daniel followed up a few minutes later, his mind was in a mess, his feelings were in a mess and he felt totally confused.

Going into the drawer where he had placed some of his Saturday purchases, Daniel took hold of a packet and looked at it for a long time, trying to make his mind up about something. He just felt so unsure, so hesitant and, so nervous.

Blake was reading a book in his room when he heard Tina's voice calling.

"Blake? Blake, could you come into my room for a minute please?"

Believing that Muhammad may be lurking outside again, Blake quickly slipped from under his sheets, wearing just his boxer shorts and went to Tina's room. "Are you decent? Shall I come in?" he asked at the door.

"Yes?"

Blake opened the door and stepped inside before coming to a sudden halt. There sitting on top of the bed, wearing just a pair of black lacy tights was Daniel/Tina. Her bare large round breasts were framed with her soft blonde hair. She looked up at him, almost fearfully.

"If this isn't what you want then I am deeply sorry and apologize. I'm sorry, I can't even understand my own feelings anymore but, but... I think I have become very attracted to you," Daniel/Tina stated nervously.

Blake crossed over to the bed, placing his finger to Daniel's lips. "Hush! Don't say anything more, Tina. I can't understand this myself but I have wanted you almost from the moment I first saw you. You are the most attractive, alluring woman I have ever met and I just cannot accept you are really a male."

The already nervous expression on Daniel's face slipped to uncertainty. "But I am. The breasts they gave me feel real enough, are real, but what I have between my legs is just a realistic cover. You can't penetrate it and, beneath it, I'm as male as you. I don't really know what to do or how to do it."

Sitting on the bed to the side of Tina, softly stroking her bare arm, Blake spoke in a hushed voice. "Then we are both new to this, let's just find out as we go." With that, he placed his lips on hers and kissed her softly and tenderly. He felt her mouth part to receive his and the kiss became more passionate.

Tina groaned as Blake began to fondle her full breasts. Breaking from the kiss, he huskily asked, "What do they feel like to you, do you get enjoyment from them like real breasts?"

Tina nodded three times as she pulled his head back towards hers to continue the kiss. “umm, yes they do. Don’t stop kissing me.”

Their kisses and passionate embraces reached fever pitch and they both felt the need for release, yet they both knew that normal sexual intercourse was impossible. Slowly, Blake guided Tina’s lacy tights down her smooth legs. She stood to get them entirely off and, while in the standing position, they embraced each other, her breasts slightly flattening against his firm chest.

Blake’s manhood was erect and pressing against her false vagina. He couldn’t take her that way and was unsure of her reaction if he tried the other way but slowly he guided her body around so that he stood to her rear.

They were both total novices at this kind of thing but each had some kind of idea. Tina knew what he had in mind and she wanted it too. Climbing back up onto the bed, she positioned herself so that she leaned up on her arms with her bottom in the air. She felt Blake climb up at the back of her. She shivered as his hands encircled her waist, his touch was electrifying. She felt his lips kiss the back of her neck, then felt his penis against the cleft of her bottom. She was about to let another man make love to her, give her anal sex, but she was not going to freak out and stop it from happening.

<<OO>>

Tina’s eyes flickered open from sleep and she felt warm and cozy. She stretched languidly then turned to face Blake who was lying besides her. He was awake and looking at her. She smiled at him. “Hi!”

“Hi,” he replied, smiling back.

“How long have you been awake?”

“About half an hour,” he answered, “I’ve just been laying here, looking at you and thinking.”

“Any regrets about last night?” Tina asked unsurely.

“None. You?”

“None,” she replied, a smile spreading across her face as she leaned forward to give him a kiss on his lips.

“That’s good. So, what’s for breakfast?”

The question earned Blake a swipe from Tina’s pillow. “Huh! When are you ever going to cook *me* anything? I have to get up and get ready for work.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll get up and cook breakfast. Cornflakes OK for you?”

\*\*\*

There were certain understanding nods as Tina went into work that morning. The smile on her face left no doubt that she was the cat that had got the cream the previous night. Poor Anthony was totally forgotten about by her, though at least he was left alone to get on with his work that day.

Things changed in the lives of Daniel/Tina and Blake from that point on. They both admitted to themselves and to each other their mutual attraction and became lovers. It was difficult as neither had ever regarded themselves as being homosexual or had ever indulged in a homosexual act. It was more difficult for Daniel, who was now more ready to really accept himself as Tina, than for Blake who only saw the vision of a woman. Tina's male appendages were concealed from view, whereas Blake was all man with a masculine body.

What Tina didn't realize though, secretly helping her to accept all of this, were the male hormone blockers she was taking and the femininity enhancers, all making her feel, think and act more like a woman with each day that she took them. From this, the two of them steadily learned how to pleasure each other, experimenting with what each other had.

There was no longer any shyness from Tina in how she dressed. Indeed, her choice of clothing became more and more feminine and she was totally confident with her appearance in public. The staff at the office became more used to seeing her and Blake together and giving each other loving embraces and tender kisses. As for Muhammad, he was still being seen, viewing them, from time to time. If not for anything else they had to keep up appearances for him... he still posed a great threat to them.

It was a Wednesday evening, the 83<sup>rd</sup> day of Daniel becoming Tina, when there was a knock on the front door. Blake answered the knock. Tina, who was upstairs waiting for her man to come up and join her, came to the banister to see who it was. There was quite a lot of talking between masculine voices and eventually Blake called her down.

Tina emerged wearing a short, lacy black nighty that did nothing to conceal her feminine charms. Her bare feet revealed her pretty, pink painted toenails and her mane of blonde hair was pinned sexily up atop of her head. She had a cautious look on her face.

Four men wearing long coats and hats stood in front of Blake. There were looks of surprise on their faces when they viewed Tina.

"Good evening, ma'am. We are sorry to disturb you at this hour but we are government agents acting on behalf of the president himself. Can we speak?"

The spokesman of the four men, agent Oliver Montgomery, seated himself in front of Tina and Blake and began telling the pair something highly surprising.

"We have been doing our own investigations and surveillance on Muhammad. Our intelligence guys have been intercepting phone calls the guy has been making. The good news for you (looking at Tina) is that there is no way he any longer believes you are his target but, it now appears that... the guy has developed an infatuation for you."

"What!" Tina and Blake both exclaimed loudly together.

“He has been watching you for over two months. At first he did believe you were his man disguised as a woman. The closer he got to you, however, and the more he observed you, the more he began to doubt you were his target and began building up an interest in you and to appreciate the feminine you. From calls he has made on the phone, it seems he is now totally taken with you.”

“Taken with me! So, what now? What are you planning to do with him?” Tina asked.

“Well, this is the reason we are here now. We could have captured him a long time ago, we certainly have enough on him to link him with numerous counts of terrorism and put him away for life, but this man is so high up the tree, we could

get vast amounts of information from him. His knowledge could lead to the capture of the world’s top terrorists. Here’s what I would like you to consider...”

<<OO>>

Tina still couldn’t really get to grips with what she was doing, what she was allowing herself to do. Three days had gone by since the visit of the government agents and what they had asked her to do still seemed unreal to her.

They wanted her to make a pass at Muhammad somehow or to try and get him to make an approach to her. To clear the way, she had to orchestrate a fight with Blake so that he left the house in what would appear to be a violent rage. The idea was to get close to Muhammad... very close.

In order to do this successfully, the government needed Tina to go one final step further in her feminization... to undergo a total sex



change! Although, surprisingly to her, she had now become comfortable living as a female, this seemed to be far too large a commitment to make. What if she was ever able to go back to being a man; to reclaim her former lover Sophie Cygleris? If she underwent sex change surgery, that would never happen.

“We know how great a thing we are asking you,” Montgomery had said, “but this could move our war on terrorists forward by years. You know how passionate the President is about fighting terrorism. This could earn you a commendation of the highest order, you would become a national hero ...er, heroine.”

Tina and Blake had talked about it at length since Wednesday, they had tried to put aside all Tina’s fears. It was highly probable that, by now, Sophie had moved on in her life and there was undoubtedly, a very strong bond between Blake and Tina. If she did make this ultimate commitment, Blake swore to stand by her and support her.

“Sometimes we do have to make huge sacrifices for our country and to protect the millions of innocent people that are affected by terrorism,” he told her.

“Easy for you to say, have you ever made such a sacrifice?” Tina countered.

“Can’t say I have ever had my sex changed, but depending on what you call a sacrifice, then yes. What I have never told you is that Leona and I had a baby girl together. She was just thirteen months old when Leona died. I had a choice to face, give up my job and be a full-time father or to give up my daughter and remain serving my country.”

“Oh Blake, you should have told me before. What became of her?”

“She’s fine and healthy, six years old and very beautiful. She lives with my Mom and Dad in Utah. I do get to see her once in a while... but it’s not like watching her grow up,” he had said.

Those words and revelations from Blake had been a deciding factor for Tina. Yes, it was a huge, life-changing thing for her to do, but hundreds of thousands had given their life for their country and a better way of living. American soldiers were still dying in Iraq. With a beating heart, she made the phone call that would start the process of her becoming, irreversibly, a woman for the rest of her life... something she had never dreamed of doing not so long ago.

Things were not going to happen overnight. The government were delighted at Tina’s decision and quickly set the wheels in motion. The very best gender surgeon in the country was appointed and a designated hospital made immediately ready for the surgery to be performed. But there had to be a three-week convalescing period afterwards to allow the surgery to start healing.

It was well broadcast that Tina and Blake were going away on a month’s vacation. If Muhammad was still keeping a serious watch on Tina, then they felt sure he would hear of the supposed vacation, a vacation aimed at explaining to him Tina’s disappearance for the period of her surgery and convalescence.

The idea now took shape that Blake and Tina would have serious rows while on this holiday, a thing that so often happens. They would return still warring

with one another, which would then lead to Blake packing his bags and moving out.

If only the truth had been that simple. Tina had not prepared herself for the kind of pain she would experience following the removal of her manhood and the forming of a realistic and fully functioning vagina. It was agony for the first week and she needed the other two weeks just in order for the pain to abate at all.

It was too late to have a change of mind now, Daniel Stourage had gone for good and Tina Marie Webster had taken his place in life. All she now needed to do, upon her return, was to mentally prepare herself to give herself up to a loathsome mass killer.

If Emmies were awarded to CIA agents, then surely Tina and Blake would be nominated. Even the neighbors were astounded by the violent rows that were heard from within the house and out on the street upon the pair's return from vacation. Well-meaning work colleagues tried acting as peacemakers. But, as was always going to happen, Blake moved out and Tina had to act as if she couldn't care less.

In truth she *could* care less. She really missed Blake after he had gone and the house now seemed deathly quite and lonely without him. She could really have done with him being there for support as she tried coming to terms with her new body... her new sex.

Now that she could be a real woman for Blake, she desperately wished she could give herself to him. She would have by far preferred her first experience making love as a woman to be with Blake, rather than some unknown, foreign terrorist.

But Blake had gone. For the time it took Tina to reel in Muhammad, gain his trust and start getting information from him, Blake had been given leave on full salary and then a new assignment. He had not wasted the opportunity of his leave and had gone to share quality time with his daughter and parents in Utah.

It was a Sunday, eleven days after Blake had gone that Tina once again saw Muhammad; it had been exactly forty days since her sex change surgery. She had drove into town to do grocery shopping for the coming week.

Over the past week, she'd had extensive training on what to do when she next saw him. She had believed she was ready and able but now that the moment had come a chill ran through her and she felt frightened.

Gathering herself, she put a plan into action and, on coming out of a superstore with two overfilled parcels of food, she crossed over to where the man was standing. This was the closest she had been to the terrorist and, amazingly, it was he that now looked concerned. His head dropped and turned slightly away as if hiding himself from sight.

Walking past him, she feigned losing grip of her bags and several cans and vegetables spilled out from the top. Muhammad immediately came to her rescue, stooping to pick up some of the spilled groceries. "Here, let me help," he offered in surprisingly good English.

Setting her bags down on the ground, the two of them replaced the goods and Muhammad offered to help carry a bag to her car. "Oh! If it wouldn't be too much trouble, they are quite heavy," Tina replied in feigned coyness.

Suddenly Tina was feeling like the super spy she had always dreamed of being. She had roped in her target just like James Bond might have done, ready to extract information from him... only she now made a very peculiar James Bond, with semi-exposed breasts, long hair and wearing make-up, a skirt and high heels. Maybe Pussy Galore?

Opening the trunk of her car, she settled her parcel inside. Muhammad put the one he had carried down alongside.

"Thank you so much for your help. I'm used to having a boyfriend help me with heavy shopping."

Muhammad smiled. "You are most welcome. Is your boyfriend unavailable to help today?" he asked.

Tina made a hurt expression. "We've recently split up. Look, I hope you don't think I'm being forward but... well, I was just going to get a coffee. Would you like to join me? My treat for your help."

"I have hardly warranted being treated, but I would enjoy a coffee... if I pay."

Tina was in. Play her cards right and she could befriend the man, get close to him and then start trying to dislodge any useful information from him that she could. This was becoming very exciting. But could she allow herself to fawn, kissed, even made love to by him?

To be fair, the man wasn't that bad-looking, especially since he had rid himself of the thick bushy beard he had worn ten weeks before, but it seemed wrong, even immoral, to sleep with someone, anyone, just in order to get information from them. And he was a man. Okay, so Tina had now slept with a man... but that was someone who she had developed a strong attraction to, who she felt comfortable with.

Unsure of what to do now, doubts of being able to carry out what had been requested of her began to intensify.

Smiling, she drained her coffee from the cup she was holding. "Well, I suppose I really ought to be heading home now. It's been nice talking to you and thanks you again for your aid, and for the coffee."

Muhammad half-stood and looked intently at her with his piercing dark eyes. "It has been my pleasure helping such an attractive lady." Muhammad then reached into his pocket and withdrew a small white card that had his name upon it and a telephone number. "If I may make so bold, should you ever feel lonely some evening without your boyfriend, I would be honored to enjoy your company once again."

Tina put the card into her purse with a sense of relief. This gave her the chance to calm herself down, prepare herself for any eventuality without destroy-

ing her mission or losing her target. Now she could contact him if and when she felt mentally prepared to do so.

<<OO>>

It wasn't until five days later that Tina felt able to continue with her mission. She hadn't a clue how far things might go, how she would perform or even what kind of danger may be involved. Muhammad hadn't seemed such a nasty person, he didn't look hideous or anything and she wasn't as nervous about it now that she had mentally prepared herself.

Phoning Muhammad still required Tina to compose herself but, once she heard his voice, she just let things flow. "Hi. It's me, Tina, who you helped in the parking lot. I'm just calling to see if you are still interested in meeting again?"

Muhammad played the same game as she had done. "Oh yes, I remember. You dropped your bags and we had a coffee together. You had broken up with your boyfriend, right? How are things with you?"

"Well, we are still apart and I am feeling a bit lonely at the moment. I just thought..."

"I would be delighted. I do not have many friends in your country. Just tell me where and when..."

Tina decided to make it the following evening, at a crowded but pleasant place she knew. She still felt a need to be safe as she was unsure about Muhammad's motives. Maybe the Government agents had it wrong when they said he was taken with her, maybe he knew the truth... that she was Daniel Stourage. Knew that she'd had a sex change! He may mean to capture her, torture her... then kill her.

Saturday was actually a very pleasant evening and he, surprisingly, was a perfect gentleman. Now she was wondering if the agents had gotten him wrong... maybe he wasn't a terrorist at all and they had mistaken his identity. Maybe he had been watching her all along just because he fancied her?

Of course nothing happened that first date... or the following one. By the third date, Tina was feeling relaxed and comfortable with Muhammad. She did feel, even if she had been a genetic female and attracted to men, that he still wouldn't have been her type, but he was easy to get along with and to talk to... and he wasn't all that bad-looking.

It was all this that finally allowed her to let him kiss her goodnight at the end of the date when he made the move. Muhammad's kiss was nothing like, nor as nice as Blake's, but it wasn't that bad; she wasn't put off by it. He certainly did seem to like her... maybe it was time to start getting closer.

<<OO>>

"How are things going?" Montgomery asked Tina on the phone, obviously more about how she was getting on with Muhammad by way of extracting information than for her own safety.

“What’s that? How am I?” Tina replied. “Oh, I’m safe and well thank you very much for asking. Muhammad hasn’t tried to kill me in my sleep or tortured me yet to get information. In fact, he has been very pleasant and gentle over the three weeks I have been seeing him.”

“And have you allowed him to sleep with you?” Montgomery asked, ignoring the sarcasm and sticking to his main point of interest.”

“Is that a government requirement? And isn’t that a personal thing between him and me if I have?”

“Don’t play games, Miss Webster, you know very well how sensitive an operation this is. Our intelligence sources have alerted us that they believe terrorists are planning something big in the States soon. You are aware of the recent Palestinian bombings?”

“Don’t play games! Listen, I don’t think I could do any more for my country or the world at large than I already have, do you? I have lost contact with my family, my fiancée and everyone close to me and, I’ve even lost my sexual identity, I have had my birth sex taken away from me. I was a heterosexual guy and you want me to have sex with a man so as to get into his trust and extract your vital information from him. I’m working on that... but don’t push me. I know how important it is but I’m certainly not playing games here.”

Tina slammed down the phone in anger. Who did these people think they were? To change peoples lives, to change their very sex, all in the name of national security. She wasn’t even sure anymore who she was or what she was doing. Was Zamzad a killer? It was hard to believe. She had seen no indication from him that he was a cold-blooded terrorist over the three weeks she had been getting to know him.

He was gentle, polite, he had always been helpful and courteous with her neighbors and there didn’t appear to be the remotest spark of a killer in him, someone who could cause death and misery to hundreds if not thousands of innocent people.

Still, the whole of this was all about trying to prevent those innocent people being killed and trying to get information that would catch the terror chiefs. She had to play her part out... she’d had a sex change in order to do so. If Muhammad was innocent of what he was being accused of, then she could prove that, and a large part of her now hoped that would be the case.

Muhammad was due to visit her at her home. When he arrived and she greeted him at the door, she did so with a gentle kiss to the man's lips.

Muhammad couldn’t help but gaze upon the beautiful white girl before him, Tina had a satisfied smile playing on her lips, she knew she had excelled herself as she was the very picture of loveliness; her make up was perfect and alluring, her long blonde hair was piled up sexily atop of her head, long chain earrings hung down from her lobes. It was difficult for her to accept just how much of a beautiful woman she had become, from being a man, just a short time ago. Never, back then, could she ever have imagined she could ever look as she did now.

She was adorned in a sheer black top that was shoulderless with the neckband fastening around the back and a short revealing skirt that barely hid the tops of the sheer black nylon stockings she was wearing.

“My dearest Tina, it is hard for me to believe I have been graced by the Almighty One to have such a beautiful woman as yourself to be my companion. I feel blessed indeed,” Muhammad told her when he could find words.

“Zamzad, darling. You have such a lovely way with words,” Tina responded with a genuine blush. She was beginning to love being flattered by a man as a voluptuous woman. “Do you still want to go out for a meal tonight or would you rather stay in? I could order a delivery if you like.”

Muhammad’s eyes sparkled with delight. He had been eagerly craving this moment longer than he could remember.

To think he first made contact with this ravishing creature because he was searching for a man in hiding believed to be her. How preposterous that notion now seemed... she was more woman than anyone he had ever known. If Allah really smiled upon him, he would be sampling her feminine delights very soon.

“My dear, anything that you care to do would be acceptable to me. I merely wish to be near you,” he answered, barely believing his good fortune.

After an exotic Eastern meal for two, Tina prepared to seduce her man. Once she had him where she wanted him, once he had fallen hook, line and sinker for her, she knew it would be easier to extract any information he may have from him. Men were so easy to manipulate. She giggled to herself at her thoughts. How strange to think such a thing when barely nine weeks ago she had been a man herself.

Leading her lusty lover by the hand, she guided him into her bedroom and over to her bed. Her heart was beating furiously, just why she wasn’t sure. Was it excitement? Was it fear? Did she really want to give herself to this man?

Casting all thought and self-doubt from her mind, she slid out of her skirt and removed her top to stand before the man in just her saucy, seductive underwear. Without word, she motioned Muhammad to remove her bra for her and he cupped her sensitive breasts as he did, sending spasms of lust between her legs. She sighed passionately as he slid his hands down to fondle her bottom and run his fingers sensitively down her sheer nylon adorned legs.

Stepping backwards, she sat upon the edge of the bed before sliding herself over the top, spreading her thighs invitingly. Muhammad did not waste a second, unbelting his pants and clambering out of them. Soon he was lying between her shapely limbs and kissing her soft lips tenderly.

She had him where she wanted him and she *did* want him. Her body ached to receive his maleness but visions of Blake and memories of the two of them began to haunt her. Blake was the only man she had ever allowed to take her... or ever wanted to. She had no idea if she would ever see him again once this operation was through, but she suddenly felt a great desire to keep her new sex just for him.

Her immediate problem now, of course, was Muhammad and she still needed to seduce him so as to conquer him. He was obviously now expecting satisfaction. If he really was a murderous terrorist, then he may become violent with her; if she now spurned him he might even kill her. She had to think fast.

“Oh Zamzad,” she sighed, “I want you so much but I can’t help feeling you will lose your respect for me if I give myself so openly, and so soon.”

“No, it is alright, I will not feel such things about you,” Muhammad replied desperately, fearing he might not get to make love to this ravishing woman after all.

“You say that but what woman gives herself so freely so soon into a relationship? And I think we are in a relationship. I hope so, anyway. If that is so, then there will be many times for us to share each other. Let us not spoil it, I don’t want to be like some harlot.”

“But my loins are aching in lust for you. You have turned me on so much that I need to release these feelings,” Muhammad practically begged.

Slowly sliding her body down under Muhammad’s legs, she brought her face so that her mouth was in easy reach of the man’s erect maleness then, slowly reaching out with her tongue, she licked the end of it several times before gorging it into her mouth.

It worked. Muhammad jolted and his penis twitched in excitement. This was an entirely new venture for Tina, never before had she taken a man’s penis in her mouth, or even had a desire to... not even with Blake.

She was unsure of how she felt about having a living, throbbing, hot male organ inside her mouth or equally unsure of just what it felt and tasted like or if she actually liked or disliked it. She was just doing as she felt she had to and she worked the engorged flesh with her tongue and sucked upon it quite greedily. It was only a matter of minutes before Muhammad stiffened and groaned, then a hot discharge of semen filled her mouth, thick globs of the stuff.

It was the weirdest taste she had ever experienced, thick and salty and she wasn’t sure whether to spit it out or swallow it just to get rid of it. She swallowed it.

Once the “ordeal” was over and Muhammad’s probing fingers had brought her to her own climax, they just lay there, side by side, sated until sleep took them.

<<OO>>

That night had certainly helped in getting Muhammad to feel closer and more loving towards Tina. There was certainly no doubt in his mind that the person he had been trying to trace was not this person. This person was definitely a woman and not some man in disguise. No disguise was that good. Because of this, Muhammad was now less careful in what he said and did. When Tina started asking him what appeared to be innocent questions about himself and his life, where he was born and his upbringing, he could only believe it was from genuine interest

from someone wanting to get to know him better and he was prepared to answer her questions.

Tina was still very unsure about the man she was dating and sleeping with. She did truly like him and was unconvinced he was really an international terrorist, even on the occasions when he disappeared for several days at a time “on business.”

When they were together, Muhammad tried best he could to entice her to let him make love to her, and maybe she would have finally succumbed had she not received an e-mail from Blake telling her how much he missed her each day and longed to be back with her. So, now that she had become accustomed to the salty taste of a man’s discharge inside her mouth, to keep him pacified, all she would allow was oral sex with him.

<<OO>>

Tina had been seeing Muhammad for over seven weeks and he was at her house more often than not now, often staying overnight. It was a Monday morning, Muhammad had gone out early and she was collecting clothing to put into the wash before going out to work herself. Picking up several items of Muhammad’s clothing, she found a hand written letter in Arabic in the pocket of a pair of trousers he had carelessly discarded that morning.

Quickly scanning the letter, she e-mailed it to Montgomery’s office then waited in agitation for a response to come back. She was terrified of Muhammad returning and seeing the e-mail reply. When the reply did come to her mail box, it was not good news.

The letter said that there was to be a planned terrorist attack on a New York subway in five days time, a Saturday, during rush hour. On the Tuesday before (the day after her finding the letter), he was being summoned to a meeting to fine-tune the attack with others.

Her worst fears had come true; the man she had been sharing her bed with really was an international terrorist, a man with the blood of thousands on his hands. She felt sick, her whole body trembled with disgust, outrage and fear. She hadn’t wanted to believe it, she had told herself, convinced herself, that he had been mistakenly identified. Now she knew the truth.

That evening was one of the worst of her life. She now felt genuinely threatened to be even near Muhammad even though he would have no idea that she was onto him. When he came over to her house that evening, she could barely stand to be near the man, yet she had to act as if nothing was wrong.

Muhammad could sense the change in her but, no longer even suspecting that Tina was his former target Daniel Storage and certainly not suspecting that her strangeness towards him was due to knowing what he and others were planning to do, he believed that it was for some other reason. He was aware he had left the

letter in his pocket and had cursed his carelessness, but it was written in Arabic. Surely, even if she had found it, she couldn't possibly understand what it said.

"Is there something the matter? Have I done something wrong to upset you?" he asked.

"No, why?" Tina replied nervously.

"You just seem to be very aloof with me for some reason, like you don't want to be near me. Is this so?"

Thinking on her feet, Tina responded with the best reply she could think of. "Oh, just ignore me... woman problems. It's that time of the month for me, that's all. It's nothing you have done wrong, darling." She topped off her statement by giving Muhammad a kiss on his cheek, something she really had to force herself to do.

Although she hadn't intended it, her reply worked in her favor in another way. The last thing she felt like doing now was getting into bed with Muhammad that night and possibly giving him a blow job. It was Muhammad himself that suggested, owing to her delicate condition, that he should not stay that night. He knew he had his important meeting the following day.

Tina was grateful to have to do no more than kiss Muhammad goodnight on her doorstep, feeling certain that, no matter what happened, she would most likely never see him again.

<<OO>>

The exact information contained in the letter that Tina had sent to the Government agents was not known to her; she knew there was going to be a terrorist attack that weekend and she knew Muhammad had been summoned to a meeting to plan the attack. She did not know that in that meeting there would be some of the leading terror activists, high profile names that were top of the most wanted list.

She did not know what form of response would be used nor that the president of the United States was being kept updated. This was big.

At work on Tuesday morning, Tina just could not concentrate on what she was doing. Her mind was totally on what might be happening elsewhere. It wasn't until mid-afternoon that she was to find anything out, in an unexpected way.

Jennifer, the office manager, came rushing into the main office area where Tina was working. "There's something big going down in the city. I've just been listening on the radio, there's been a lot of gunfire and I think there are a number of people dead," she reported.

"Is it another terrorist attack?" Henry asked.

"There may be something on the news, there's the portable TV in the cafeteria," Gwen suggested.

The entire staff made their way into the lunchroom and Jennifer switched the television on, changing the channel to CNN News.

It was already there, the news was being broadcast live. The action had already happened and the reporter was describing what had taken place. In the background several bodies lay prostrate in the road, obviously dead. FBI agents wearing flak jackets and carrying high-powered rifles seemed to be everywhere. Six International terrorists had been killed and seven others captured. During the gunfire, two police officers and an FBI agent had also been killed and two other officers were wounded.

Tina paled as photographs of the dead terrorists were shown. Amongst them was Zamzad Assan Muhammad. She couldn't help but feel remorseful to know Zamzad was now dead; they had shared a lot of time together over the past two months, intimate moments. She still felt, deep down, that he was not an evil man but someone who acted on his beliefs, fought for his religion and his country and responded to the propaganda he and fellow countrymen were fed by his leaders.

It would emerge that, from some of those captured; the US forces in Afghanistan received information that would bring them a step nearer to capturing Bin Laden and result in the deaths of some of his most trusted servants. At least she could take heart from the fact that, from the information contained in the letter she had found, and the resulting death of Zamzad, countless lives had now been saved.

<<OO>>

The following weeks, Tina's life was in a whirl. It had leaked that it was she who had been primarily responsible for the prevention of a new terrorist atrocity, that she had been a former CIA agent; though, fortunately, the news that she had formerly been a man was kept hidden.

The revelations forced Tina to reluctantly give up her job but the offer of being reinstated in the CIA, at a higher level than she had formerly been, was offered. She replied that she would give it serious consideration.

She had already met with President Bush to receive his personal thanks for the part she had played and the outstanding self-commitment she had given. She was told she would be receive the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The most major news she received was that leading surgeons believed they could restore her former sex over time. Although she had irretrievably lost her male appendage, a very realistic and semi-functional phallus could be fashioned, her breasts could be surgically removed and with a high dosage of testosterone, her looks would start to change back into those of a male once again.

It was believed, although the immediate threat to her safety had been removed, that she should remain in protection and live in secure locations and to again take a new identity. It was up to her whether she wanted that identity to be male or female.

There was the suggestion of her possibly being transferred to England where she could maybe resume her relationship with Sophie. It was a lot to think about and something she could not possibly answer overnight. Not too long ago she would have jumped at the chance of being male again and given the chance to resume her relationship with her fiancée, but a lot had happened in her life and it was no longer that clear cut anymore.

<<OO>>

Two weeks had elapsed and Tina was still no nearer making up her mind in regard to how she wanted to live the rest of her life. Sophie had met someone new in England but would have loved Daniel/Tina to go over there to live and just be a friends. She was unsure how she would feel about seeing her former boyfriend as a woman but she felt, if Tina did not have an operation to become a man again, they might still be able to be best girlfriends.

The CIA again promised a position in their department, either as a male or a female. She could be trained as a special or undercover agent, the very thing she had always dreamed of as a child.

She had met with top surgeons who had gone through with her what would be done in order to restore her masculinity. It would take over a year of surgery and hormone treatment, she would be scarred and, of course, any penis she had would be false and unable to give her any sexual arousal.

As for Blake, there had been no word from him since the shooting and capture of the terrorists and this prompted her to think about going to live in England. Who knew, if she had the sex reversal operation and got reacquainted with Sophie, if anything went wrong with her new relationship, then maybe the two of them could get back together again? At least Sophie knew all about what she had gone through and the operations she'd had.

She was also aware, though, how feminine she had become and how much it would take to undo it all. She admitted to herself that she would now greatly miss living as a female; once she had gotten used to it, it was very enjoyable. Maybe she could stay female, take a new identity and accept the offered job in the CIA working as a woman, a Bond girl rather than Bond himself.

She was sitting in her house one evening, still agonizing over what best decision to make with so many options in front of her, when there was a knock on her door.

“Who’s there?” she called through the locked door.

“Any chance of being let in and having a nice, hot cup of coffee?” came a familiar and friendly voice. It was Mandy Collins.

Unlocking the door as speedily as she could, Tina looked upon her former mentor standing in her doorway, then held out her arms in greeting. The two embraced tightly, then Mandy stepped back and scanned her former charge up and down.

“Just look at you! You look terrific! And you said you could never pass as a girl, Pahh!”

“What are you doing here?” Tina asked in delight.

“Well, a couple of reasons really. First, I understand you are in turmoil over what to do with your life and I thought you could possibly use some friends to help make your mind up. Plus, we thought we would drop by and see the heroine and congratulate her personally.”

“Who’s we?” Tina asked.

“Are you staying out in the shadows all night long or coming over to say hello?” Mandy asked, turning her head to look behind her.

The tall figure of Blake came into sight. “Hi,” He muttered quietly.

“Hi,” Tina returned, feeling her face flush. Then, gathering herself, she invited the two agents inside.

“I... I thought you must have just forgotten all about me,” Tina said quietly to Blake when they were both indoors.”

“I promised you that I would stand by you if you went through with the sex change. I don’t go back on my word... but I had to finish off on a new assignment.”

Mandy was looking at them both and grinning. “Get you, eh! A real woman now,” she said to Mandy.

Tina reddened and nodded.

“And what about ‘Oh don’t leave Mandy, I want you to stay here, I don’t want a man living with me?’” she added.

Seeing the twinkle in her eye, Tina knew that Mandy was aware that she had become very close to Blake after he had replaced her. “I’ll go put the coffee on and fix something to eat,” she replied, walking to the kitchen.

Mandy followed her, leaving Blake on his own in the living room.

“So, about this dilemma you have. Well, if you want my advice, you look too damn good as a woman now to go back to being a man... and all the surgery you would have to go through, is it worth it? And then there’s Blake in there... you do know he’s crazy in love with you, don’t you? And seeing how you looked at him when he came to the door, I’ll bet my house that you feel the same way. Right?”

Tina nodded blushing as she lifted down three coffee mugs.

“Then stay as you are, honey. This is who you are now... and there is someone to share your life with, someone who will look after you and protect you. He’s a good guy, is Blake, I’ve known him a long while.”

“Yes I know he is, I just never thought any of this would ever have happened in my life. How could I ever have imagined one day contemplating settling down with a man, as a woman?”

“But, here you are, a woman, in love with a man. Go with the flow.”

As the three of them sat and talked that evening, Mandy told Tina that she was staying at a hotel for the night. “Blake hasn’t got himself a room yet,” she added, then gave a look towards Blake to silence him before he could refute her statement. “I’ll be getting off soon, I’m ready to turn in... maybe you could put Blake up?”

“Er yes, sure... if he wants.”

Blake smiled at Mandy before turning to Tina. “Well, if it’s no trouble, that would be great.”

After Mandy had set off back to her hotel, Blake approached Tina and put his arms around her. Tina felt a warmth emanating all the way up her body from his touch. She stood, almost childlike, her body trembling slightly.

“I have really missed you but I was under orders not to communicate, other than that one e-mail, less I give the game away. I am really proud of how you handled the situation, what you have sacrificed and how brave you have been,” Blake told her.

“I never gave myself to Muhammad you know, I mean, I did go to bed with him but I never allow him to take my new virginity. I always hoped I could save that for you,” Tina shyly replied, unsure how he would react to that information.

A look of deep affection burned in Blake’s eyes as he gazed at the beauty before him. “I love you,” he softly told her before pressing his lips to hers.

Tina sighed softly as Blake gently unbuttoned and removed the blouse she was wearing, then held her soft body to him as he caressed her back, arms and her breasts through the black lacy bra she was wearing; soon the bra was laying on the floor besides the blouse.

They were content at first to just stand and passionately kiss each other but as Blake’s ardor grew, he wanted to take it further and go upstairs.

Tina stared affectionately into his eyes. “Blake, I hope you don’t mind, but... well I have thought about this moment for so long that, I just want it to be right. I never expected you to just turn up this evening and I have been through so much lately and struggled so much with my confusion... Do you understand?”

Blake groaned softly. “Yes, of course I do. I’m just feeling so aroused at the moment though, I don’t know if I could possibly just settle down and go to sleep.”

Tina smiled. “I’ve learned a trick or two that I can use to help relieve you of that frustration,” she said, “Com’on, let’s go upstairs.”

<<OO>>

To Tina’s amazement, Blake was up well before her the following day and had cooked a delicious breakfast of ham, egg and mushrooms. After they had eaten, he held Tina’s hands. “There’s someone I would like you to meet, if you don’t mind?”

“Who is it?” Tina asked.

“Let me just introduce you,” he answered, lifting up his cell phone and making a call. “Morning Mandy, Blake here... are you coming over soon?”

Thirty minutes later, Mandy arrived in the company of an angelic-looking little girl with flowing, wavy golden blonde hair. The girl ran into the arms of Blake crying, “Daddy, Daddy.”

“Hello sweetheart,” Blake told her, lifting her up into his arms. He then turned to Tina. “Tina, this is my beautiful daughter Jessica. Jessy, this is Tina.” He introduced.

“Hello,” Jessica greeted in her soft girlish voice. “I was staying at a hotel last night. My Daddy has told me lots about you. Have you been very brave?”

“Not very brave honey, no braver than your Daddy,” Tina replied, falling in love with the little girl immediately.

Mandy elected to stay at Tina’s and keep house that day while Blake took Tina and Jessica out for a drive to the country; they shared a wonderful time in each other’s company. While Jessica was playing, Blake and Tina had a heart-to-heart talk about Tina’s future.

“Have you decided on what you are going to do... who you are going to be... what you are going to be?” Blake asked.

“I’m still trying to sort a few things out in my mind but I have decided to live my life as a woman and remain female,” she replied.

You need a new identity. Marry me, become Mrs. Edwards.”

“What!?”

“Marry me,” Blake repeated.

After a meal served up by Mandy and Tina back at the house that evening, Mandy prepared to go back to her hotel and said farewell to Tina as she would be returning home the following morning.

“I’m so pleased you are staying as a woman and I’m absolutely thrilled with your news. You must stay in touch, okay? And we’ll meet up regularly.” The two kissed and embraced, then Tina returned back indoors.

Putting Jessica to bed in the spare room later, Tina sat at the edge of her bed to kiss her goodnight.

“Are you going to be my new mommy?” Jessica asked sleepily.

“Yes darling, I’m going to be your new Mommy,” Tina answered.

“I’m glad. I like you, you are very pretty.”

“And you are very pretty too, I think you and I are going to get along very well,” Tina answered, kissing the child softly on her forehead as she dimmed the lights.

Later, in her own bedroom, Tina awaited Blake coming to bed. Blake entered and found her standing before him, waiting for her man wearing only a black, lacy

under-wire bra, panties and garter belt set with sheer black nylons, her long blonde hair falling softly around her shoulders.

“That special moment I was waiting for, I think I’m ready for it,” she said huskily.

She had wondered, often, over the past months what it would be like to have sexual intercourse as a woman with a man. Nothing she had imagined though, could have prepared her for the actual experience. Every nerve in her body seemed to be touched, her senses were greatly heightened and, at the point of climax and Blake’s own release into her, it was as though a thousand fireworks had gone off at once. Not just one or two, but five shuddering orgasms she enjoyed; if this was one of the joys of being female, then she knew without doubt that she had made the right choice. She was so in love with Blake.

<<OO>>

Tina and Blake were married, with the blessing of the President of the United States himself. All their friends and colleagues attended the wedding; Chad, Wes Ryman, Eddy Rankin, Mandy, Oliver Montgomery plus her former boss Jennifer and all the office staff... even Max.

She married under her new and identity of Victoria Jordan, soon to be Edwards. Blake remained working for the FBI while she was satisfied to stay at home, being house wife and mother to a very precious little girl who she loved as if she was her own, and she couldn’t have been happier.

The End.