

BARBARA

By Romana



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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INTRODUCTION

The complex of buildings that makes up *Barbara Brier Incorporated* lies at one end of a scenic woodland valley, that is surrounded by gently rolling hills. While it is not far from a freeway, it is not visible from any major road. Except for a small sign at the rural junction in the larger neighboring valley, there is no hint what lies over that next hill.

The complex resembles a small college campus. While *Barbara Brier Incorporated* does contain a business school, whose students are mostly women, it cannot be characterized as an institution. In contrast with business schools where women are merely trained to fit into lowly paid dead-end careers, Barbara Brier has a hidden feminist agenda. Women at *Barbara Brier Incorporated* are given useful training, but they are also conditioned not to accept the *status quo*, but to participate bravely in a determined assault on the stereotypical barriers defined by the male power structure.

Barbara Brier Incorporated also secretly houses the most sophisticated apparatus of the Federal Witness Relocation Program. People are given radical new identities that make it impossible for their enemies to trace them. Without resorting to any kind of surgery, all the normally **permanent** characteristics such as height, weight, bone structure, build, fingerprints, hair color, voice, and even sexual or gender identity can be changed. A highly classified electro-chemo-hypnotic process, known only to Barbara Brier and a few of her associates, is used to effect such changes.

Barbara Brier is sympathetic to the plight of the gender-community. Each year, a few who **know** about Barbara Brier apply to receive one of her **special** transformations. While rumors about *Barbara Brier Incorporated* have circulated for years, most people have dismissed them as fantastic fabrications. People would be more inclined to believe in vampires or werewolves, than in the sophisticated transformations that are routinely performed at *Barbara Brier Incorporated*.

Barbara Brier is more mysterious than her company. She is said to be very rich and powerful, yet she has never been seen in public. Her personal lawyers are famous for pursuing any kind of injustice perpetrated on women, especially those women that have been trained at *Barbara Brier Incorporated*.

Many stories about Barbara Brier circulated at her complex. She is said to be able to change her appearance at will. She is said to have once been a man, who was transformed into a woman by a process similar to the one used at her complex. One of the most persistent stories is that she is much older than she looks. She is said to

have been a chemist sent into Nazi Germany by the OSS, to investigate rumors about a secret transformation process that would revolutionize espionage.

One version of the story says that she was captured and transformed into the obedient girlfriend of one Heinrich Mayr, a high-ranking SS officer. Supposedly, as the transformation process was perfected, many agents that had been labeled as missing-in-action suffered a similar fate and were never to realize their true identities, even after the war ended.

However, as one version of the story goes, the type of process used on Barbara had been different. As the Allies closed in on the laboratory, Heinrich prepared to destroy the notes and all the apparatus, but Barbara spontaneously regained her memory. She is said to have personally destroyed the entire laboratory, but only after salvaging log books, to which she added some of her own notes. Heinrich Mayr was never seen again. His disappearance was said to have coincided with Barbara's acquisition of her loyal personal aide, Greta.

None of this may be true. Barbara Brier is known primarily through the stories told by people whose lives she has changed. There are many such stories, three of which follow....

THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB IS A WOMAN

By Romana

It was raining hard, and the light of dusk was fading, as a white, compact station wagon approached the long driveway of the house at the end of Hickory Street. The dark asphalt was hard to see, but patio-type lights marked the way. The vehicle came to a stop behind a tan sedan that was parked in front of the garage door.

Two women left the car and quickly moved to the shelter of the porch overhang, while the shorter one searched through her purse for her keys. They both wore long coats, skirts, and heels. It was not the most desirable garb for such inclement weather. The keys were found; within seconds, they were inside, where it was warm and comfortable.

"It really was not the night to be out dressed like this," commented Vicky Webster, whose house they had entered. She removed her plastic rain cap; then she brushed her long, light-red hair over her back. "This was one date where I really can't complain," she chuckled.

"Your dates don't generally wear fancy blue dresses and heels, do they," said Gloria Caulder in the voice of her **brother** Glen."

"The men never do!" added Vicky seriously.

"So what do you think of Gloria."

"Refreshing, after all the other men I've met. She needs to lose some weight and to learn to use make-up a little more sparingly, but she's okay. It's not everyday that I go to a party where both sexes are dolled up in dresses and heels."

"You haven't asked why. My ex-wife asked that everyday up to the moment the divorce decree was granted."

"I am curious, but not in a nervous way. If I need to understand more, I will discuss it with you. It's no big deal. We're not about to get married, you know. Even then, it probably would not matter. If you are thinking marriage, be careful! FBI agents should not get involved with CIA agents, regardless of how they are dressed!"

"Marriage is not on my mind," explained Gloria; "I just had one divorce. I now prefer more honest, open relationships."

"I appreciate that," replied Vicky. "I'd ask you to stay the night, but I have to get up early in the morning to leave on a new assignment in the Middle East."

"Can you tell me...?" asked Gloria.

"Sorry, it really is one of those secret affairs, but not very dangerous. I should be back in a month or so," explained Vicky.

"Well, I'll be seeing you," said Gloria. She paused for a moment; then she embraced and kissed Vicky, who was very willing. "Sorry, I got lipstick on your cheek," she observed.

Vicky was about to close her front door behind Gloria, but she opened it and yelled as she leaned out, "It really was a great date!"

* * *

"You're late for the meeting," admonished Cindi Palmer, who was District Director Jerome Matthew's secretary. She was a slightly overweight, petite redhead. She did not particularly like Lance, nor could she stand having anyone loitering around her desk. "Assistant National Director Henry Draper is here, all the way from Washington D.C., waiting for you! Remember to get your ID badge out where he can see it!"

"I was held up on a case," explained Agent Lance Taggart, as he rushed through the door. Inside, he confronted his boss, Jerome Matthews, and Henry Draper. Both overweight men were dressed in poor-fitting, pinstripe suits. In fact, they were so much more similar than different from one another, that they might have been mistaken for brothers.

"Lance, glad you could make it. We'll make this brief, so please sit," urged Jerome. "Lance, this is Henry Draper. Henry, this is Agent Lance Taggart."

"I'm proud to meet you sir," responded Lance somewhat insincerely.

"I hear great things about you, Lance," began Henry as he lit a smelly cigar. It was strictly against department regulations, but neither Jerome nor Lance was going to complain. "I am here to interview you for a very special and important assignment."

"Lance Taggart is one of two men who will probably replace me when I retire in two years," explained Jerome. "The other is Agent Glen Caulder, whom you will meet later."

"What type of assignment is this?" asked Lance expectantly, not wanting to be outdone by Glen.

"It's about this man," said Henry as he held up two black and white 8 x 10 photos, "Vincent Mantini, Mafia boss, and this man, his right-hand operative, Albert Ricco. We have been trying to nail the pair for two years. We almost succeeded, but our agent on the case vanished without a trace. We're still hunting for her body."

"Henry is looking for another agent to tackle Mantini," added Jerome.

"I could be your man," said Lance, who confidently wanted to volunteer.

"We don't exactly need a man," explained Henry. "We need a female agent, but we don't have anyone who is available. Female agents are still very scarce in the FBI!"

"That let's me out," confessed Lance in a quizzical tone.

"Not necessarily," Henry informed him; "we have a secret means of making anyone look like anyone else whomsoever. To put it bluntly, we want an agent willing to be transformed into a particular woman, so that he, as she can carry out this assignment."

"Yuck, that's not me!" Lance complained, with a sour look in his face.

"The transformation is pretty exact, and it includes rigorous training in being a woman. We would not resort to this process unless it was necessary," added Henry.

"Definitely count me out," said Lance firmly, "but Glen would almost certainly be interested; he's one of those queers who goes out dressed as a woman. It's enough to make me sick, just thinking about it!"

"I didn't know that," admitted Jerome. "But then, we don't ask anything beyond if they're homosexual. Is Glen gay?"

"I don't know," replied Lance. "He has a girlfriend in the CIA...by the name of...Webster. He's still queer, though!"

"We'll call Glen immediately and reschedule his interview," continued Jerome.

"You've been very helpful," said Henry to Lance. "That will be all!"

"Don't mention it," added Lance happily. *'This is great! I just knew I would eventually get even with Glen. He won't upstage me anymore, if he gets turned into a woman. It'll serve him right,'* thought Lance as he left the office.

* * *

Gloria nervously approached Jerome Matthew's office, taking great pains to ignore the gaze of anyone who might be staring, especially if they took a close look at her ID badge. She was wearing a shoulder-length, light-brunette wig, complimented by a fashionable gray suit, which had a knee-length pleated skirt. Underneath the jacket, she wore a white T-top that had a moderately low, straight-across, neckline. A heavy-duty, black purse swung from her right shoulder. Black panty-house and shiny black pumps with curving two-inch heels completed the modern office look.

Never had Glen been asked to come to work **dressed** as Gloria. As he approached Cindi Palmer, who was seated behind the PC workstation on her desk, he concentrated to produce his best voice, "Hello, I'm Gloria. Mr. Matthews is expecting me."

"You almost pass," commented Cindi in a dispassionate tone, as she stared directly at the ID badge. "I think it's cruel of them to embarrass you this way," she grimaced.

"I like to crossdress!" said Gloria emphatically.

"I will be kind and not tell you what I think of that!" added Cindi with hostility. "In you go; they are waiting! Please hurry; you're hard on my eyes!"

It took Glen but an instant to close the door and then turn to face Jerome and Henry; however, pounded by anxiety, it seemed like minutes from his viewpoint. The tapping of his heels on the tiled area between the door and the carpet seemed thunderous.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Henry. "You look good! I most surely think you're just the **man** I am looking for. Please sit."

"I don't really pass," said Glen as he sat, taking care not to allow the hemline of his skirt to ride above his knees. Jerome's astonished, scanning gaze moved up and down

Glen's body, always lingering over his feminine, nylon-clad legs. It made Glen very nervous.

"Do you have a feminine name?" asked Henry.

"Gloria," replied Glen, trying hard not to be apologetic.

"Would Gloria like to be a real woman?" asked Henry in a confident tone, as if he was used to dealing with gender issues.

"Gender-wise, yes, but not surgically. Why are you so interested?"

"We need to get these two Mafia men: Vincent Mantini, and his henchman, Albert Ricco," explained Henry as he held up the two 8 x 10 photographs that he had previously shown to Lance. "We had an agent in place, but they liquidated her. We've enlisted the help of this lady, Angela Leoni," he continued as he held up a photo of a slim brunette. "She had once been married to Paul Nucci, Mantini's arch-rival. Nucci is now serving twenty-five years in prison."

"She is going to go after Mantini?" asked Glen with a confused expression on his face.

"No, you are," continued Henry. "We have a non-surgical means of making you look like Angela, right down to her fingerprints. You can be conditioned to believe that you almost actually are this woman, especially for brief periods if they get suspicious."

"How is this...transformation accomplished," asked Glen skeptically.

"A secret witness relocation program, run by a mysterious woman named Barbara Brier. She also runs an extensive business training center for women."

"I've heard rumors about her from friends," said Glen, "but it all sounded like so much fantasy. Where is the real Angela Leoni now?"

"Gone forever, having been completely transformed by Barbara Brier. It is not common knowledge that she helped us convict her ex-husband, so be careful whom you tell," urged Henry.

"I still don't understand why it is necessary to become this Angela," wondered Glen as he crossed his right leg over his left. Jerome fidgeted uneasily in response.

"She is an old friend of Mantini, and now they share an intense dislike for Paul Nucci. If she calls Mantini and asks for a job, he won't view it suspiciously," explained Henry.

"But to pass as her...it seems so far-fetched," said Glen in a disbelieving tone.

"Barbara Brier has an extensive biography for Angela, as well as a record of all the pertinent physical statistics and mannerisms. I have never seen such a transformation myself, but I've read the case reports of how effective it can be. We need to put these guys away!" Henry emphasized.

"What about afterwards?" questioned Glen. "Will I look like Angela Leoni for the rest of my life?"

"Though she usually does not perform a reverse transformation, Barbara can change you from Angela back to Glen. Apparently, the male to female is much easier than the reverse," explained Henry.

"How about just making me look like Gloria, along with a guarantee of the pay and promotion that you would give a male agent. You need good female agents, don't you?" Glen suggested sternly.

"Good Lord, this might lead to the first woman District Director," blurted Jerome. "I guess that's a sexist comment, but that could be an outcome of this bizarre mission."

"That would be an added bonus," joked Henry, "giving us unintended points for gender equality! But seriously, everything is laid out in this brochure," added Henry as he stood up and leaned over Jerome's desk. "The brochure is not to leave this office!"

Glen almost forgot that he was wearing high heels, as he snapped to his feet. When his hand touched the brochure, he dropped it as he lost his balance and nearly fell. Feeling somewhat embarrassed, as well as lightheaded from excitement, he sat back and tried to browse the Barbara Brier brochure as fast as possible. However, his pace slowed, as his eyes fell upon each fantastic paragraph, one after the other.

"Mind-boggling what that place can do, isn't it," said Henry after a pause of five minutes.

"It's more than I ever dreamt was possible," replied Glen. "I'm sure I want to take the assignment, but I would like to talk to my girlfriend first."

"She would be...Vicky Webster, of the CIA?" asked Jerome.

"Why yes, but how did you...?" began Glen.

"I'm afraid I have bad news," continued Jerome. "Miss Webster is listed as missing, after executing a top secret mission. She is presumed to be dead."

"What a rotten break," Glen groaned while clenching his fists. *'What rotten luck. The first and only supportive woman in my life is gone!'* thought Glen. "In that case, there's nothing to be discussed. I'll take the assignment!"

"I'll call Nyla Barnett to make you an appointment," said Henry. "She will be your transition coordinator. Your transformation plan has already been written, so you need only put your personal affairs in order. As usual, the department will assign some agency to manage your property. When you become Angela Leoni, Glen Caulder and everything he owns, including his gun, will not be much more than a memory. You will literally be living Angela's life. Be careful; she is wanted by the law in several states. If you end up serving a prison sentence for her, it will be difficult to rescue you.

"I should probably warn you that Angela is very much a promiscuous flirt, and Albert Ricco is a fast-working lady's man. It won't take him long to bed Angela, and since you will be Angela, that means that you'll have to have sex with him and like it," added Henry.

"Do I have to?" scowled Glen.

“You will be conditioned at Barbara Brier to withstand it. Just be sure to make him wear a condom. If necessary, just tell him that you have herpes; the real Angela did have it at one time,” warned Henry.

* * *

“Good bye Glen, hello Angela,” said Angela haughtily as she posed in front of her full-length mirror, admiring the gorgeous brunette in her sexy blue dress with matching blue heels. It was the end of the fourteenth day at Barbara Brier; now she was all woman. Tomorrow, the really intense orientation training would commence, but she had already been indoctrinated with much of Angela's personality. *'She's really gorgeous, precocious and I don't think I have much control over her,'* thought Glen from deep within.

She was feeling extremely horny, as she sat down on the toilet to urinate. Back on her bed, she opened one of her romance novels to a section that featured steamy sex. Angela was addicted to romance novels; when she was not busy preening herself, she was immersed in one. *'I think Angela is going to show me more about being a woman than I ever wanted to know!'*

As she read, she pulled down her panty hose to reach her clitoris. She began to masturbate, as she imagined that she was in the loving embrace of some Adonis. She twisted in place almost violently, until she had an orgasm. The real Angela would probably have had several orgasms, but Glen as Angela felt that one was sufficient.

Hurriedly, she reached into her purse for a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. She lit a cigarette; then she began to relax after the first couple of puffs. Glen had never smoked, but Angela smoked half a pack per day. She had tried to quit many times, but she had never succeeded. *'I hate these things, but I just can't put it down. I'll risk lung cancer if this assignment goes too long!'*

She thought about Glen for a moment, as if he were a stranger whom she had just spied watching her. She wondered what it would be like to sleep with him. She also wondered why she would even contemplate sleeping with an FBI agent.

* * *

“Do I have to get in that chair again?” protested Angela in her finely tuned New York accent, as she was being prepared for another indoctrination session. “I think you like poking me with needles!” *'I just cannot keep Angela from being rude!'*

“My, we have an attitude this morning,” commented Linda Manning, her transformation technician. “Of course, you're being Angela true to form. I hope we don't destroy the last flicker of Glen inside, or the mission will be imperiled.”

“He's there,” scowled Angela, “watching my every move, like a voyeur. A sophisticated lady like me should not have to put up with the likes of him! Now Jeremy, the man who took me out on a date two weeks ago, was a very nice man. He was great in bed, but they won't even let me see him anymore. I do not like that!”

“It's uncanny...the degree of perfection we can achieve here; a few months ago we removed Angela from existence, and now we have brought her back,” said Linda, as she shook her head with a sense of wonder. “But we have to complete your training

in Italian, so that you will speak the same fluent vernacular as Angela, within the next three days. You need some more work on your handwriting too; it is not quite right, yet.”

As soon as she reached her room in the afternoon, Angela headed for her latest romance novel. However, she stopped when she noticed that someone had been there while she had been gone. All her clothing and personal effects had been removed and replaced by those belonging to the real Angela. Furthermore, Angela **knew** everything that was hers by sight. When she opened her closet and sorted through all the clothing, she **remembered** which dresses, blouses, and skirts were her favorites. She even **remembered** when she had last worn them.

She pulled her red wallet from her favorite brown purse. All the identification was complete: driver's license, social security card, an expired VISA card, and two gasoline credit cards that were still current. It was silent vindication that she was Angela, that Glen was only an annoying ghost.

The day of departure finally arrived. Angela received her last treatments early in the morning. The treatments served several purposes. For the next week, Angela's overbearing personality would be temporarily subdued. Angela was given a special code phrase, which she would utter whenever the Mafia subjected her to scrutiny. She was warned to use it sparingly, out of fear that it might destroy her sense of mission. Finally, when the mission was over, Angela would automatically begin to prepare mentally for another transition: from Angela to Gloria.

District FBI headquarters sent a car to pick up Angela and her three suitcases of clothes. Angela was still surly enough to make the driver, a young male agent, feel totally unwelcome.

* * *

Angela wore a stylish red dress and two-and-a-half-inch black pumps as she marched down the hallway with her perfect feminine gait toward Jerome Matthew's office. The hemline, which did not quite reach her knees, was very flattering to her shapely legs. Her favorite brown purse hung from her right shoulder. Despite her great looks, Angela was not self-conscious. Angela was never self-conscious.

“May I help you?” asked Cindi, as she looked up to discover Angela standing in front of her desk.

“I'm Angela Leoni. Jerome Matthews is expecting me. Don't get up; I know the way!” said Angela as she moved toward the door.

“Just a moment....” countered Cindi too late.

Jerome was in a conference with Lance, but their voices changed to stunned silence before Angela could even shut the door. As she crossed the floor and took a chair next to Lance, they still said nothing. She pulled on the hem of her skirt as she crossed her legs. Realizing that the men were somewhat stunned, Angela took her time to look them over and increase their anxiety. She was sure that Lance had an erection. She gave him a knowing look as she softly patted him on his right hand, which he immediately pulled below the arm of his chair.

"Lost your voices?" she asked impatiently. "I'm Angela, and I'm not at all shy about looking good. Most of the time I even believe that I am **the** Angela Leoni. It's time for my briefing, before I go after Vincent Mantini. He's one of my former lovers, you know. I think I've slept with half the Mafia!" she added as she reached into her purse to grab a cigarette and a lighter.

"Please, these is overwhelming enough," lamented Jerome. "I will not allow any smoking!"

"Damn," complained Angela as she thrust the cigarette and lighter back into her purse, "you G-men have too many rules; a girl can't even have a few puffs anymore."

"I have to go!" cried Lance nervously. "This is just too queer, that Glen has been turned into this...woman."

"Sit!" ordered Jerome. "They really do an outstanding job at Barbara Brier," he continued as he looked toward Angela; "even when I know that you are Glen Caulder underneath that woman's exterior, I still only see the genuine Angela Leoni."

"If I were to utter the special code phrase, you would have to fear for your life. I would literally become the real Angela, who would shoot the both of you if she got her hands on a gun. We're playing a really dangerous game."

"Of course, you know your itinerary," reminded Jerome as he pointed at Angela.

"After my bus pulls into town, I check into the Hightower Hotel. It's only five blocks from the bus depot. I've stayed there before. It's my favorite kind of sleazy hotel. After I unpack, I call Vincent Mantini. I can already hear his poetic reply: 'Angela baby, it's so great to hear from you again!'," said Angela nonchalantly.

"Good, so we have only to visit Hardwick in the lab. He has some kind of sophisticated spy device for you to use. Let's go down there now...you too, Lance."

"This is all revolting!" said Lance disgustedly.

"This is as close as one can get to being a woman without being born that way. Not only does it feel great to look like this, I bet I will even prosper when I become Gloria," said Angela in a lowered tone, as she made it plain that she was speaking from Glen's point of view.

"The FBI could do without female agents period!" scowled Lance.

"I could even make District Director," suggested Angela. "You could even be transformed into a pretty female agent yourself."

"That will be the day!" laughed Lance.

"She could very well become my replacement," confirmed Jerome.

"Make me a deal," wagered Angela. "If I become Director, you will volunteer to become Penelope, my pretty secretary, for a year! If you become Director, I'll be your secretary for a year."

"You're on!" responded Lance, who could not pass up a bet. *'This will be the easiest wager I've ever made!'*

As they passed Cindi, Angela paused to hover over Jerome's secretary. "Do I make you nervous, dear? Maybe I'm still hard on your eyes, but not quite for the same reason. Maybe a little aerobic exercise would burn off some of that fat and improve your personality!"

"Glen...I mean, Angela, please behave," urged Jerome.

Astonished Cindi was abnormally silent. They heard her utter, "God....," as they rounded a corner in the hallway.

* * *

"Hardwick, you remember Glen Caulder, don't you?" joked Jerome as he presented Angela, who nodded and smiled at the chief scientist and engineer of the District Laboratory.

"Astounding, what they can do these days," remarked Hardwick without surprise or inflection. "Of course, this explains why I was told to build these," he added as he pulled out a box and opened it.

"They look like a bunch of copies of my favorite compact," said Angela as she picked one out. In an action that was a reflex for her, she opened it and checked her make-up.

"You just took my picture," explained Hardwick. "If you preen yourself over an important document or paper, the compact will record a readable copy. When you close the compact, it automatically prepares for the next picture. It takes a picture of whatever is under the lid five seconds after you open it."

"It's the ideal spy device for Angela, her being obsessive about her looks," explained Jerome.

"I am not obsessive!" protested Angela, who had already opened the compact again.

"Anyway, a maid at your hotel will retrieve your used compact and give you a fresh one each workday. You will always have two: the one you are carrying and the one you leave in your top drawer. You have been conditioned to exchange them without thinking about it. This way, until we do our raid, you will strictly be Angela Leoni, the mob secretary; we don't want to get Mantini suspicious. Remember: one woman has already been killed because she slipped up in some way or other!" warned Jerome.

Angela was not listening; she was busy patching up a minor flaw in her make-up.

* * *

Angela paused with her two suitcases outside the bus depot. She set the suitcases down and laid her blue coat on top. It was a warm day, which gave her an opportunity to show off her pretty white dress, that fit her like a glove. The dress had a triangular insert over her bosom and a pleated skirt that reached her knees. She wore a pair of white sandals that had heavy-duty square, three-inch heels.

Angela lit a cigarette. She could finally relax, as she finished the smoke before proceeding. She was angry about the number of times she had been scolded for trying to light up; there had not been so many restrictions the last time she had traveled to this town.

"Welcome back, miss Leoni," said the clerk at the front desk of the Hightower Hotel. "Your favorite room is available."

"I don't remember you," responded Angela curtly. She had been conditioned to never fake remembering; besides, no one ever remembered every moment that happened in their lives.

"How could I forget you?" he asked in return.

'Which means he remembers my boobs, butt, or legs. I should be embarrassed about being a flirt, but I'm not!' thought Angela. She smiled as he handed her the keys to her room. Angela paused for a moment, trying to figure out if he had an erection; it was the way men usually responded to her presence.

The room was awful, but Angela loved it. Having thrown her coat on the bed and set down her luggage, she grabbed the phone and dialed an outside line.

"I want to speak to Vincent Mantini," she explained. "I don't care if he is busy; just tell him Angela Leoni is calling!"

There was a long pause; then came the reply: "Angela baby, it's so great to hear from you again!"

"Vince, I'm nearly broke. I've got the law after me, and also some of Nucci's henchmen. I need help!" she finished with an extra-sweet, pleading voice.

Switching to Italian, Mantini told her that it was her lucky day, that his secretary had just **vanished** recently. The job was hers if she wanted it. He offered her top pay and bonuses worthy of a woman of her caliber. Responding in Italian, Angela accepted his offer. She was to report to work in the morning. When she hung up, Angela excitedly cheered, temporarily drowning out Glen and his FBI assignment. She would soon be back among friends.

* * *

Angela reported to work wearing a figure-hugging suit that consisted of a one-piece dress that featured a white blouse and a slim green skirt and a matching green jacket. The combination of the skirt not quite reaching her knees, and the matching three-inch green pumps, served to showcase her outstanding legs. Her long Brunette hair, her erotic perfume, and her gold earrings, necklace, bracelets, and rings completed the look that no man could resist. Angela put extra sway into all her motions, as if she were doing a love scene in a movie, as she hugged and kissed Vincent Mantini. He whispered that he had a **special** bedroom upstairs, and she whispered back that she never got sexually involved with married men, ever since a wife had once put out a contract on her. Angela had instead shot the assassin, after he had become so infatuated with her that he forgot his assignment.

"Have you got a gun?" asked Vince.

"I had to hock it," replied Angela, as she sat down at her desk. She turned on the personal computer. The machine's functionality seemed self-evident, as she scanned the main operations menu.

"You don't know where this came from," said Vince as he handed her a snub-nose .38 caliber pistol. Angela slid the gun neatly off the desk right into her open brown purse.

"And remember," warned Vince, "that all documents are loaded and saved from floppies. When you are done, drop them into the safe through the slot in the top. If we get raided, I can destroy any evidence within seconds."

"I understand completely," replied Angela with a knowing, sweet smile, as she lit a cigarette.

"You still smoke?" asked Vince seriously.

"Of course, don't you all...." questioned Angela confusedly.

"I quit two years ago; so have most of our people. It's no good for you, Angela. You need to use the patch too," Vince implored.

'*What's the mob coming to?*' Angela asked herself. "I'm shocked, but I'll never quit," lamented Angela. "What's come over you? Next you'll be on health foods. You have lost weight, haven't you?"

"I only eat a low-fat and fat-free diet now, baby. It's good for our **business**, a fit and trim **legal** image!"

Angela only gave a long, disapproving scowl and continued to puff on her cigarette.

Later in the day, she met Albert Ricco, who was thoroughly taken with Angela's charm and attributes. '*He sure is slimy, just like they said. But this girl's body has a hot puss that does not know when to stop. I can only pray to get him into a condom. Angela really doesn't care!*' thought Glen from deep within Angela's psyche.

Angela's entire day at her new job went well. Though she was extremely inefficient, she managed to figure out Vince's filing system. She took many breaks to read one of the latest romance novels. She photographed endless documents that she either filed or word-processed and transcribed for Vince. Everyone knew she was vain, so no one got suspicious or counted how often she opened her compact. Besides, every man she met felt that she was every bit as gorgeous as she thought she was.

In the evening, however, Angela found herself deep in trouble. When she stopped at a deli to buy a few supplies for her refrigerator, a police officer recognized her. Within minutes, her purse and gun had been confiscated, and she was sitting handcuffed in the back of a black-and-white police car, waiting to be driven to the precinct station, where she would be booked.

* * *

"I've never been so humiliated in my whole life!" said Angela bitterly as Vince helped her collect her personal effects. Once she had her compact in hand, she nervously used it to check her make-up every few minutes. "The assholes searched every part of my body, no matter how intimate!" Angela was so angry that poor Glen had been totally buried in her rampant emotions.

"They just had a misunderstanding, but it has been cleared up, and it won't happen again, baby!" said Vince assuredly. What he actually meant was that he controlled the police department.

Instead of being secretly interested in gaining evidence of police corruption, Angela gave Vince a passionate kiss for rescuing her. At that moment, she was merely Angela the mob girl, not Angela the cleverly disguised FBI agent.

As soon as Angela had returned to her apartment, Albert Ricco called and invited her out for the evening. Having placed a shower cap over her head, she quickly showered and put on the outfit which she had worn to FBI headquarters. FBI business was not on her mind, however, as she touched up her makeup and jewelry, while waiting for Albert to arrive. When she heard the knock at the door, she checked to make sure she had condoms in her purse.

Albert was overwhelmed by her looks when she opened the door. He was almost panting when he uttered, "Maybe we should skip dinner."

"No wine and dine equals no dessert," replied Angela coyly.

After dinner, they were both pretty impassioned. Albert had had too much to drink, so Angela took his car keys and drove the two of them to his apartment. No foreplay was necessary; as soon as they had undressed, their passionate, intimate embrace was delayed only by Angela's insistence that Albert use a condom.

In the morning, when Albert would describe Angela's nonstop screams of passion, no one would have any doubt about her identity.

* * *

It was 2:35 P.M., six months and nine days after Angela had started her job, when the FBI, led by Agent Lance Taggart, stormed into Vincent Mantini's office. As expected, Vince pressed a button that set off an incendiary device in his safe, which destroyed all the papers and computer disks.

"Relax, everyone," he smugly urged; "we'll be out on bail by late evening." He did not realize that a combination FBI, State Police team was, at the same time, arresting the chief of police and several of his officers.

"Don't touch me!" yelled Angela as Lance struggled to hold her and handcuff her at the same time.

"Take her away!" ordered Lance, half out of breath, as he finally placed the handcuffs on her delicate wrists. *'Struggle all you want, bitch. I'm going to let them send you to prison! I win, you lose!'*

Once Angela had been in her cell at the precinct station for three hours, her rage over being arrested subsided. When she realized that the mission was over, a predefined trigger in her mind released much of her conditioning. Instead of being Angela Leoni, she had become Glen as Angela looking forward to becoming Gloria. However, once she was told that she was going to be transferred to the county seat for trial, she demanded to make a phone call. She called Jerome Matthews on his special emergency message line, to protest the way she was being treated.

* * *

"Lance, I don't want to tell you more than once!" commanded Jerome, as he arose to his feet and extended his right arm across his desk, his index finger pointing directly at Lance. "Angela did her job, and now I want her back. Leave your prejudices at home!"

"She's taken over his body permanently!" protested Lance. "I tell you: he has become Angela Leoni. She can't be trusted!"

"Nonsense! She debriefed herself right on schedule," explained Jerome. "Glen's assignment was certainly **bizarre**, but he did successfully complete it, unlike several of your recent botched assignments. A three-week counter-transformation at Barbara Brier will permanently eliminate this Angela forever. So help me, if she is not here in the morning, I will insist that you **volunteer** next time there is a shortage of female agents!"

"No problem," agreed Lance nervously; "I'll take care of it at once!" Lance ran so fast that he over-exerted himself; he almost fainted when he paused to unlock his car door.

* * *

"It's me. I'm back," said Angela as she carefully cracked the door to Jerome Matthew's office. She was wearing the same white outfit and sandals that she had worn on the bus to Vincent Mantini's town.

"Angela...Glen, it's so good to see you again! Please come in," urged Jerome as he beckoned to her.

"Please call me Gloria now, though I don't leave for Barbara Brier's for three more days. I'm trying to shed as much of Angela and her habits as possible. What happened to Cindi?" asked Gloria.

"Please sit down, Gloria," Jerome insisted. "I still can't get over how fantastic you look! Cindi is gone, because her husband got transferred. A new secretary won't be here for four weeks. I'm getting a temporary on Monday."



"Why not let me take over for her until I leave," suggested Gloria; "it can't be any different than what I've been doing for weeks anyway."

"You would really do that for me? I mean, it's so demeaning!" replied Jerome in an astonished tone.

"Just like any other work for an under cover agent, so long as you don't pay me like a secretary," warned Gloria.

"I would never think of that. To me, you will always be my best agent. Oops, I think there goes the phone," said Jerome as the electronic ding could barely be heard outside his office door.

Gloria ran out the door and sat in the secretary's chair as she simultaneously picked up the phone. The chair rolled back against the wall and stopped. "Jerome Matthew's office, Gloria speaking."

It was Lance. From his distressed tone, he was having problems on another assignment. He never realized to whom he was speaking, as Gloria paged the call to Jerome over the intercom.

"Mr. Matthews," began Gloria in a monotone voice, "agent Taggert would like to speak to you on line #2."

With a satisfied expression on her face, Gloria relaxed. She was going to enjoy her stint as her boss's secretary. It would be a brief, enjoyable episode to close out her very successful mission. She had collected more than enough evidence to try and convict Vincent Mantini and his cohorts.

As Gloria turned on the PC workstation, she sorted Jerome's submitted paperwork, which was a mix of marked-up previous reports and handwritten notes. She stopped for a moment to check her make-up. When she discovered one of those romance novels in her purse, she immediately chucked it into the trash pail. Like smoking, it was one of Angela's habits that she was eager to give up.

* * *

"And I want to be a blond; I've always envisioned Gloria as a pretty blond," explained Gloria, who still looked like Angela Leoni, to Nyla Barnett, her transformation coordinator.

"I think that completes the transformation plan," replied Nyla, who was also a blond. Nyla looked older than Gloria; she appeared to be an attractive woman in her mid-forties. She wore a two-piece black suit, on which the hemline of the skirt fell just above the knee. It was a style that seemed to be popular among the staff at Barbara Brier.

"Good, because I am anxious to get on with my life. I have a gender-phobic associate named Lance Taggert to battle when I return too! But tell me, Nyla, there is one nagging question," said Gloria with a quizzical expression.

"Yes," replied Nyla expectantly.