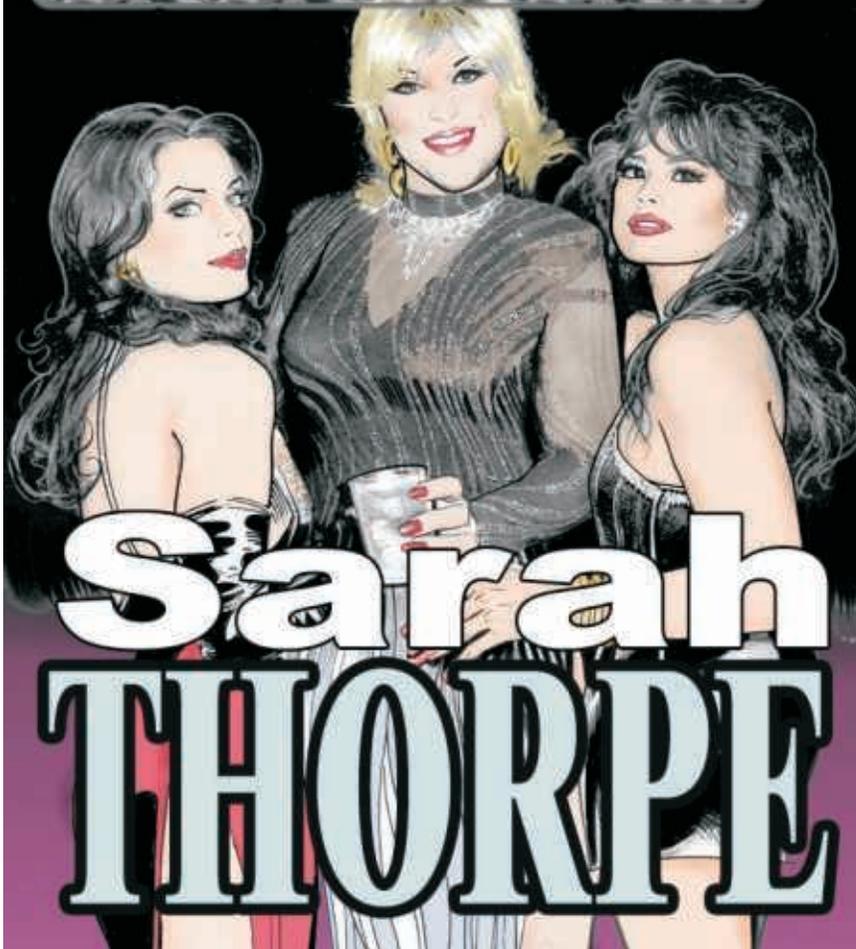


A Cry For HELP



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Foreword

Dear Reader!

In this book you will meet several transgendered characters that I have written about earlier. They come from two different sides of the US, so I took the liberty to link them together here. The characters are:

Annie Wolfe – You can read all about her in:

The Elusive Strangler,
The Ultimate Decision,
The Case of the Living Dead,
Got you at last,
Finally Justice, and
The Mob Connection

Eva Fjeld – you can read about her in:

The Elusive Strangler,
Finally Justice, and
The Mob Connection

Teri Harris & J. P. Hawthorne – you can read about them in:

The Single Parent Society, and
The Heir

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S.T.

A Cry for Help

By Sarah Thorpe

Chapter 1 – The Bordello Visit

Brad Muratow looked around. He had just been registered at a conference dealing with the problems of insurance fraud. Brad was an investigator in a large insurance company and his specialty was such frauds. The conference took place in a hotel in downtown LA, the town where he lived. The hotel was very familiar to him, so his main reason for looking around was to see if he could spot someone he knew. At first glance he didn't see any, so he just continued through the lobby and into the main conference hall. He had just passed through the doors when he heard a loud voice yelling at him: "Brad, old friend. How are you doing?"

It was Frank Quigley, a dear friend and colleague, and just the man he was looking for. Frank was a long time friend, somewhat ambitious in nature and 100% trustworthy. He was about 35 years old and had been through a very ugly divorce six years earlier. His two kids lived with their mother in Texas.

Brad's mood was somewhat down at the moment, his wife for more than 20 years had just left him so he needed someone to get drunk with. Frank was the perfect man for that.

Frank walked up to Brad, looked at him and said; "Brad, you look so sour. What's eating you?"

"Margaret left me last week."

"Shit! What about the kids?"

"They're both in college and live on campus."

"Do you still live in your old house?"

"Yes, I do. Margaret moved to her folks in Spokane. I have a feeling this is only temporary. We had a heated quarrel and she just took off. I have no idea what she said to her boss. This also happened five years ago and she came back after three weeks. I'm pretty sure this will happen again."

"Are you ready for some action this week then?"

"Maybe. I'll see how the week comes along. Just in case I've taken a room here at the hotel. If you're thinking of a night on the down, I've decided to stay low until Wednesday. I will give a lecture before lunch that day. After that I'm might be ready for some action."

"OK, I'll stay in touch. Have to check out a few things. See you later. Bye."

"Bye." Brad walked further into the conference center. He knew Frank as a good friend and colleague and trusted him 100%. They worked in the same company, but Frank worked for the Chicago office. Frank was a self-taught investigator, and he was very good. He, on the other hand, had worked several years as a Police Detective until he left the force ten years earlier to have a more stable life. He still remained in close contact with his old friends in the force. His old friend David Miller was here, and he looked forward to meet him. David would, by the way, deliver the first speech, or lesson at the conference.

The conference went on as planned. Brad spoke with Frank every day and they decided to have lunch together on Wednesday. Brad finished his speech at noon that day and didn't have to return for the Q&A period at three. They went to a Mexican restaurant and had an excellent lunch. When the meal was over Frank said: "Brad, I have a suggestion. Do you want to come with me to a place nearby? I normally go there every time I'm in town. It's a massage parlor where they give top massage with something extra on top if you want that. No strings attached. Don't worry about the cost; it's all on me. You will love it."

Brad hesitated. It sounded tempting. He knew this was not considered cheating. Besides, he was separated so no extramarital affairs were considered cheating. That's how it was five years ago, and that's how it will be now. After a short while he said: "It's OK, I'll join you."

"Good! Let's get going. It's only a short walk from here." They left the restaurant and headed down the road. Ten minutes later they walked through the doors of the massage parlor. Inside Frank presented himself and said he had an appointment for two massages special. The clerk checked her book and took Frank and Brad to two different rooms down the hall. Brad stepped through the door and was welcome by a raven black beauty in her mid-twenties. She said her name was Elena and told him to undress and lay down on his stomach on the coach. Brad did as he was told. A towel was placed over his buttocks.

Elena went to work straight away. It didn't take long before he understood that Elena was good. She knew her work and he felt wonderful. After a while he was told to turn over and lie on his back. Brad did as he was told. The towel now covered his groin.

Once again Elena started to massage him. When she came to his upper thighs Brad felt a slight tickling in his groin. This tickling grew better and better and soon his penis started to respond. Elena saw it, of course. For Brad this became better and better and he just closed his eyes and squirmed in pleasure. He didn't notice that Elena removed the towel and lowered her mouth over his now erect penis and started sucking. This came as a big surprise. Brad realized right away that this was the 'extra' that Frank had mentioned. He

decided there and then that he should enjoy it. Elena was an excellent cocksucker and it didn't take long before Brad sprouted his load into Elena's mouth. She swallowed it all.

At this point the session was over. Brad stood up, took a quick shower and dressed. He went back to the lobby to wait for Frank. He arrived ten minutes later. "What do you thin?" he asked.

"I liked it. Elena was a very good masseuse and the dessert was excellent."

"I thought you would say so. Let's get back to the hotel so I can listen to you answering stupid questions. I promise I will not ask any questions that will make it difficult for you."

Brad and Frank met again in the evening for dinner. They went to a steakhouse and had a juicy beef each. After the meal Frank took Brad to a bar not far away. Brad saw right away that the bar was just around the corner from the massage parlor and wondered if they were part of the same establishment. He asked Frank what kind of place it was and he replied: "This is a place where you can have a good time together with a beautiful girl, She will be yours for the evening and night, and you can do whatever you wish with her. Don't worry about the cost for the service; it's all on me. Drinks, however, you must pay for yourself."

"So this is in fact a bordello."

"I wouldn't call it that. It's more like a place where a gentleman can be treated in a way he should be treated all the time. And here there are no strings attached. In addition everything is according to the highest hygiene standards, in other words, if you go all the



way with the ladies, you won't catch any venereal diseases here."

"OK. I'll play along and see what happens. Don't blame me if I chicken out early."

"I won't. It's your decision and I won't hold it against you later. I respect you too much for that. I just want you to have a good time. Just follow me."

As soon as he stepped through the doors Brad got the feeling that something was wrong. He couldn't put his finger to it, but his policeman's instincts told him different. This made him switch on a recording device he always carried in his pocket. It was very sensitive and would record every sound in the room. It was just a question of filtering it afterwards. It could record for many hours, so it wouldn't run out of space.

Brad noticed that there were several people in the bar lobby, both men and women. He didn't care what they were talking about; the recorder would take care of that. He saw Frank step up to a woman in her forties and said something to her. They talked for about one minute before Frank gave her his credit card. Obviously he paid for the evening and night. He beckoned to Brad and they went into the bar together.

At the bar they ordered a drink and went to a table. After a few minutes two tall women approached them. Brad saw right away that one of them was Elena the masseuse. She was dressed in a light blue dress that only reached halfway down her thighs. Her breasts were almost out in the open. On her feet she had shoes with 3" heels. . Elena sat down next to Brad.

The other woman was a tall beautiful blonde. She was dressed in the same way as Elena; the only difference was that her dress was red. She sat down next to Frank. It was obvious that they knew each other from before. Frank introduced her girlfriend to Brad and Brad to her. The woman's name was Nina. As they sat down, a waitress came over and served drinks to the ladies. Brad and Frank paid for the drinks.

After the initial toast the conversation around the table started up. The talks were very general, none of them wanted to say anything that might be too political or controversial. Brad noticed a slight accent in Nina's voice, but he couldn't place it. After about twenty minutes Frank asked Nina if she wanted to dance and she accepted. Brad followed course and asked Elena the same question.

Soon the two couples were on the dance floor. It was clear to everybody around that they were all good dancers. In a break between two dances Elena and Brad stopped near a table where two men were sitting talking. Brad heard right away that they didn't speak English so he tried to pay a little attention to their conversation. They spoke Russian, or a language closely related to it! Brad reached into his pocket and made sure the recording device was on.

When the clock approached midnight the two couples decided to go and finished their business elsewhere. They had to pass the lobby, and once again Brad saw the two men who spoke Russian together. This time the conversation was more heated, more argumentative. Brad and Elena just went to her room to finish off the night there.

They started with undressing each other. It was all a game, a game they both knew well. Brad was horny and soon his dick was hard as a rock. Elena took it in her hand and guided Brad over to the bed. She laid herself gently down; making sure she was in the

proper position. She stroke Brad's penis a few times before she was ready for it. Brad entered her gently. It was his style, not something he did because Elena was a new woman to him. As soon as he was fully inside her he started pumping in and out. Elena followed his rhythm and soon they both explode in mutual orgasms.

With Brad relaxing on his back, Elena started licking him clean. It was enough for Brad to get a hard-on again. He couldn't hold back, and he maneuvered himself into position and penetrated her again. This time he just pushed on. Elena was a little surprised, but followed his rhythm. Once more they exploded in mutual orgasms. They made love two times more before they fell asleep in each other's arms.

Brad left the bordello early in the morning and headed for his hotel. He just had time to go to his room, take a shower and put on new clothes before it was time for breakfast.

Later that day Brad and Frank met again and Frank wanted to know how it was. "It was all right," Brad said, "not my style actually, but OK as a one night stand. To be honest, I prefer to do things like that with my wife."

Frank laughed. "Dear old Brad, always the faithful guy. I like that. In fact I have more respect for a man who sticks to his wife than one who screws every woman he sees. For me Nina has become very special. Since my divorce I haven't dated many women, I got some kind of burned. So I went to places like we went to yesterday instead. On my first visit here I met Nina. She was very special, and she started to mean something. Now I'm trying to find a way to get her out of there. I think I'm in love again."

Brad smiled and congratulated Frank. He knew that Frank had had a rough time since the divorce, and he wished him the very best of luck. The next day the two friends left for their own homes.

Chapter 2 – A Cry for Help

Brad relaxed most of the weekend. It wasn't until Sunday afternoon that he took out his recording device in order to listen to it. He was a little surprised when he found a note in the same pocket. He took a look at it and saw right away that it was written with Cyrillic letters. Although he spoke and understood Russian, he had no experience in reading and writing it. This had to be left to someone who knew how to read such letters.

Instead he started listening to what he had recorded. Very much was impossible to understand without filtering, but much of the conversation between the two Russian speaking men was loud and clear. What he heard scared the shit out of him. It was obvious that these two men were involved in white slavery. Young boys and girls were kidnapped and later sold and used in bordellos all over the U.S. He didn't get any details, but the message was loud and clear anyway. In addition it seemed that the place he had been to on Wednesday was heavily involved! He knew he had to report this, but to whom? He couldn't go to someone at random, it had to be someone he trusted. And that left him with only one choice, his old friend David Miller.

He looked up David's phone number and called him right away. It was David himself that answered. "David Miller speaking," he said.

"Hi David, it's Brad."

"Hi Brad, what's up?"

"I need to talk to you. I've come across, something that I want you to know about. It's very alarming."

"Please go ahead."

Brad gave him the basics. This was enough for David to understand the gravity of the situation. He asked if Brad could come to his office at ten the next day in order to give him the details. "And Brad, in this case I will involve my best detective. Her name is Annie Wolfe and she also has status as an FBI-agent."

"I've heard about her, and from what I've heard she must be the best in the country. If she's also affiliated with the Feds, it's even better. See you at ten tomorrow."

The next day at ten Brad entered David's office. Annie was already there and David introduced them to each other. Brad looked at Annie. What he saw was a beautiful medium blonde tall woman in her around 30 years old. She was dress in a red pantsuit with a white sleeveless blouse underneath. On her feet she had pumps with 2" heels. If he hadn't known better, he would have taken her for a businesswoman, not the shrewd detective that she was.

David served coffee and Brad began his story. He didn't leave anything out; he gave every detail from Frank's first proposal until he left the bordello. He played the recording for them and showed them the note from Elena. Neither Annie nor David got very much from the tape, it had to be filtered and interpreted by someone who knew Russian. Brad concluded his story with the following words: "I have also thought a lot about Elena since I left her. It was something that wasn't quite right with her. Initially I couldn't point my finger to it, but now I know what it was. I noticed that it was a little hard to penetrate her. Not very significant, but enough for me to notice. In addition, when I licked her pussy it was a distinct absence of bodily fluids. What this meant didn't dawn upon me until now when I was telling my story; Elena must be a transsexual. A man who has changed his gender and become a woman. If this is not voluntarily, I consider the case even more serious."

David looked at Annie when Brad said these last words, but she didn't flick an eye. To Brad he said: "I agree with you, if the latter is true, it's even more serious. But unfortunately, this is outside police jurisdiction. The whole case belongs to FBI. Since Annie here is also an FBI agent, they are more or less in the loop already. Isn't that so Annie?"

"Yes it is," she replied, "but we still have to involve them more. Only me is not enough. I want you to call Harry Brown and set up a meeting at their premises. They also have the right equipment to filter out everything that's on that recording. In addition we need Eva. She will understand most of what's on the tape and she will be able to read the note."

"Who's Eva?" Brad asked.

"Eva is Russian by birth and works for the FBI. Her Russian is absolutely perfect. She can also handle the equipment that can filter the recording."

At this point David placed the call to Harry Brown. He put Harry on the speaker and let Annie do the talking. After a few minutes it was agreed that Annie and Brad should

show up in the lobby around nine the next morning. Brad was also urged to make contact with Frank and give him the rundown of the situation without telling him too much. Harry promised to make contact with the Chicago office and inform them. They had to talk with Frank Quigley and invite him to participate in next day's meeting. It would be a telephone meeting with the aid of secure communications lines.

"I might also tell you," David said, "that we've made some investigations into the facilities Brad visited on Wednesday. What we've found so far is that everything is in order at that place. We know it's a bordello, but as long as it works according to sound economic principles and we have received no complaints, we have decided to let it operate as before. We have found nothing wrong with any papers shown to us by the staff. This tells me that the people behind this place are extremely clever."

It was now lunchtime, and David wanted to take Brad for lunch to talk about old days. Annie returned to her office. Before she left she agreed to meet Brad at the Bureau building the next morning.

Back in his own office Brad placed a call to Frank. He told him the nitty gritty of what he had discovered. Frank turned pale in the other end. He was lost for word and didn't know what to say. When he finally was able to speak he said that he would cooperate fully with the FBI. Brad also told him that he would receive a call from FBI's Chicago office the next morning and be asked to show up at their premises at eleven Chicago time. Frank promised to be there.

Next morning at nine Harry met Annie and Brad on the lobby of the FBI building. He took them straight to a meeting room near the lab. Eva was already there waiting for them. Annie introduced Brad to Eva and Harry before they sat down for a cup of coffee. Harry called up the Chicago office and Frank and a local agent came on the line. It was set up as a video teleconference so they could see each other as well.

Once again Brad told his story in great detail. In Chicago Frank sometimes butted in and gave some additional information. One of the things Frank told them was that he also had seen East Asian girls at the premises. If that was the case, it added a new dimension to the whole issue. Harry asked Frank if he had used his recorder as well and Frank replied: "I did so last Wednesday and have done so before as well. I have kept them all; they might come in handy one day. I will be more than happy to turn them over to the Feds. I visit this place every time I'm in L.A., and have also been to one in New York. I think there even is one here in town."

Harry told the Chicago agent to look into it, and he also promised to inform the people in New York and other major U.S. cities.

Now it was time for Brad to take out the handwritten note again. He gave it to Eva and she started reading it. The more she read the bigger her eyes became. The others saw her reaction and understood that this was serious stuff. She said something in Russian to Brad and he replied back in the same language. Nobody else became privy to what they had said.

Eva put the paper in the scanner and scanned it into the computer. On her screen came a copy of the paper. She made sure that the guys in Chicago could see it as well. "This is a

computer copy of the note Elena gave to Brad," she said, "It's handwritten with Cyrillic letters. If we change it into the printed variety it will look like this." A new picture came up on the screen. It looked like something from a Russian newspaper.

Eva now went a step further and changed the image again. "This is how it would look if the Cyrillic letters were transcribed into our Latin alphabet." Now Brad could read it. He was shocked. This was far beyond his belief. If this was true it had to be stopped. He now moved over to Eva's side and they started translating it together. In English it read as follows:

Dear Sir!

This is a cry for help. We are kept here as slaves and have to work 24 hours a day with no pay. We are only allowed to go out in order to shop for food, and clothes, and even then we are under supervision. I was abducted more than ten years ago from a town in Ukraine and taken to America in a dark box with almost no food. I was then a young boy, 13 years of age and was trained and transformed into a girl at a ranch I don't know where is. We were 12 students in our class; four of them were real girls. There was also another class at the school with what looked like Chinese children. The teachers were very hard and we were punished every day. I'd rather be a street kid in Ukraine than live the life I live now. I wish I could be a free citizen here in America.

Elena

PS. This note is actually written by a girl named Katrina. She is the brain behind it and the only girl here who can write English. My dear friend Nina and all the other girls stand behind this note.

Everybody was shocked. This was absolutely outrageous. They all agreed that this must be stopped as soon as possible. Everybody wanted to say something and for a moment everything was just chaos. The Harry asked for silence. "Let's take it one step at a time," he said, "I don't think it's wise to raid the places right away. We need solid evidence. Let's first analyze Brad and Frank's recordings and see what we have. Then we should try to get hold of one of the girls, preferably Elena because we know who she is. Katrina might have been better, but since we don't know her, she will have to wait. We must get as much out of Elena as possible. We might even have to go to Ukraine and Russia to get more evidence. I will start with offering Brad Muratow a position as special FBI agent for the duration of this task. Brad, do you accept?"

Brad was perplexed. This came as a total surprise to him, but he accepted right away. Harry would also urge the Chicago office to do the same with Frank. The videoconference was now closed.

After a short break Eva started with Brad's recording. She managed to separate more than twenty different sources and copied them separately to a digital tape. They listened to

them in silence. Many of them were of no significance, of course, but at least five might be of very high importance. They would be transcribed later

The next day the same routine started in the Chicago office. After two weeks so much evidence had been gathered that it was time for step two in the plan.

Chapter 3 – How it Began

Several years earlier in a town in Eastern Europe....

In a dark corner in a musky café sat two men talking silently together. "Boris," one of them said, "I understand you have something for me."

"Yes I have, Jurij. Someone with a lot of money has asked me to find twelve children, four girls and eight boys for him. They should be around 12-13 years old and the boys must not have reached puberty. I need you to take care of them for me until they are picked up. I will pick them up one by one and give them to you. When they are picked up from your place they must be clean and healthy. Otherwise no pay. If they are in good condition we will get lots of money. If the first delivery is successful, we might be contacted again."

"What can I do with them?"

"You must feed them well and keep them, in good health. I hope you can teach them some discipline. And no bruises. Apart from that you can do what you want."

"Sounds all tight with me. When is the first delivery? And where will you find kids?"

"I will pick up street kids wherever I find them. They're doomed anyway."

"You're right; and no one will miss them. I'll take good care of them while they wait for transportation. Do you know where they're going?"

"I have no idea, and I don't care either. The less we know, the better."

It took three days before Boris picked up the first kids. It was a girl and a boy and they huddled together in a shack. Boris tempted them with a warm room and warm food and they followed him. They were too desperate to do anything else. During the meal he drugged them and put them to sleep. After that it was easy transport to Jurij's place. Two weeks later Boris reported that he had the merchandise ready.

One week later man came to pick them up. He had a large truck where the kids were stowed away. It was relatively comfortable inside so the kids had an easy ride. Where they were going they had no idea. All they knew was that they were transported by truck, train and boat. All the time they were fed well, but kept in a state of coma. This to keep them from arguing and fighting amongst each other.