

Above & Beyond *The Call Of Duty*



Charlotte Johnson

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Above and Beyond the Call of Duty

Part 1

By Charlotte Johnson

“Would you send him in Miss Parker,” a deep masculine voice ordered over the intercom on the secretary’s desk.

I looked up from the magazine I had been holding but not reading and smiled tentatively. I was not used to being nervous but when the head of Mi5 orders a junior field agent to attend a meeting in his office, that junior

field agent, namely me, had a right to be anxious. I had even cleaned myself up for the occasion and was now dressed in a jacket and tie worn over the jeans I habitually wore, my shoulder length hair slicked back as best as I knew how.

I was hardly what you could have called James Bond material. At just over 5' 7" tall and weighing in at 130lbs I was not first choice for missions involving international terrorists. Yet it was for my very size that I had been recruited and it was because of my youthful appearance that I had been so successful in the role chosen for me. After training, I quickly established myself as one of the best undercover operatives the agency had, a chameleon like quality giving me the ability to blend in, in any given situation and the intelligence I had supplied by infiltrating youth gangs in and around London had resulted in the closure of several drugs and vice rings.

"Yes sir," the woman replied efficiently. "Agent Johnson, you may go in now" she said as she looked at me without a hint of expression on her face. She was a po-faced woman, close to retirement but was obviously very good at her job and, although I had met her several times, even my charm and wit had not won her over.

I tried to look confident as I walked into the huge office, glancing around as I closed the door behind me, the space having been carefully arranged into several zones. In one corner was a huge executive desk whilst another area had some comfortable looking leather furniture. A third area contained a small 'board table' around which were already sat three other people, manila folders open in front of them. At the head of the table was a large imposing man whom I recognised immediately and it was to him I deferred as I approached.

"Sir," I said as I stood before him.

"Ah good, sit down Johnson," said Sir John James as he indicated a vacant chair.

I did as I was instructed and then glanced around me as Sir John quickly reviewed a folder on the desk in front of him. One of the other men, I recognised instantly. Bill Myers and I had worked together several times before and he was one of the few operatives that I truly trusted. He was a very competent operations and intelligence officer who, as my 'handler', had, on more than one occasion, extricated me from a very sticky situation. But it was the man who was sat next to Sir John that caught my attention. He was a small, slim and mature Asian man, whom I guessed to be of either Japanese or Chinese extract and he was dressed in an immaculate grey suit which to my eye instantly indicated his high social status.

"Right, Johnson, now that you are here, perhaps we can get on with the briefing. First let me introduce His Excellency Mr Kiri Satamoto. Mr Satamoto is the Japanese Ambassador in London." The man just sat there, his expression one of disappointment as he nodded to me to acknowledge the introduction. "Now, Myers, if you please."

Bill stood and handed me a manila folder with the word Confidential printed in bold over the cover. Curiously, I opened it and viewed the first page which turned out to be a personal profile of a young Japanese student.

"The person in front of you," began Bill "is Kim Satamoto, His Excellency's only son. Seven days ago he disappeared from his rooms at Cambridge University where he is currently studying for a degree in psychology."

"A kidnapping?" I asked as I looked up from the folder.

"We don't think so. At least there has been no ransom demand as of yet. It is more likely that Kim has absented

himself without informing his father. Mr Satamoto.....”
added Bill as he deferred to the Ambassador.



"My son has always been a troubled boy," the ambassador began in his immaculate English. "My wife died in childbirth and he was raised by a succession of Nannies whilst I pursued my diplomatic career. This is not the first time he has disappeared nor, I suspect, will it be the last. But all the same, I would like to know he is safe and if possible have him returned to me."

"Surely, Sir, this is a case for the police," I added, keeping my voice low and professional.

"Mr Satamoto and I have known each other for many years," said Sir John, his voice obviously indicating that, no matter what, I would do as ordered "and I have assured him that I will place the agency at his disposal in this matter. Your initial assignment is to make discreet enquiries at the university in an attempt to ascertain the whereabouts of Kim Satamoto. You will report directly to Myers, who will be your controller for this assignment and he will report directly to me. I must stress that this investigation is to be treated as highly confidential and neither of you are to discuss the details of the case with anyone but myself. Is that clear?" he snapped. "Good. That will be all!" he added making it quite clear that the meeting was at an end.

I stood and collected the file in front of me and followed Bill Myers out of the inner sanctum. Side by side we walked down the corridor towards his office and as I stole a sideways glance at him, I was reminded of just how much bigger than me he was. Mike was several years older than me and two or three rungs further up the ladder to. At 6'1", handsome in a classical sort of way and with broad athletic shoulders, he was the sort of man whose entrance into a room rarely went un-noticed.

"So, where do you want me to start?" I asked as he closed his office door behind him so we could talk privately.

“At his university I think. I would like you to search Kim’s rooms, please, so you will need to gain access without arousing any suspicion or allowing anyone to know you are there.”

“I can do that,” I said confidently, already planning in my mind how to achieve this simple task.

“And whilst you do that, I will trace his mobile phone records and bank account details to see if there had been any use of either.

Chapter 2

My first port of call was my home where I quickly changed out of my jacket and tie and put on something a little less conspicuous and much more in keeping with ‘being a student’; jeans and t shirt, tired old trainers and a hooded sweatshirt. My hair was allowed to hang loosely by my face and a well used back pack was filled with all of the equipment I might need for a covert inspection of a student’s room. I was really please with what I saw in the mirror for despite being 27 years old, no one would have ever suspected that I was much more than nineteen or twenty.

It took me just an hour to drive down to Cambridge in my clapped out Ford Ka. Once again, I had chosen this car for one reason and one reason only, to allow me to blend in where ever I went. No one ever gave this car a second glance although the engine modifications I had made gave the car an enviable turn of speed when needed. Never-the-less, I parked the car some distance from the address I had been given, and, after throwing my back-pack on over my shoulder made my way to the Halls of Residence on foot.

Getting into the building was easy, even though there was a security pad on the door. I just waited until another student put in the code and then followed him in. He

hardly gave me a second glance as he went one way down the corridor and I went the other. I quickly located Kim's room along a deserted passage and once again it was just a matter of moments before I gained access using a set of 'pass keys' I had brought along especially for the purpose. Being able to pick a lock was one of the first skills I had been taught in basic training so it had been relatively easy. Slipping inside unseen, I closed the door behind me and locked it once again.

The room was just what I expected. A bed lay down one side of the room whilst a long desk lay against the opposite wall, its bookshelves full of various texts. There was a small portable flat screen TV and a sink too, surrounded by the paraphernalia of everyday life that would suggest the room was still occupied. From the profile, I knew that Kim was studying psychology and all of the books there seemed relevant to that course. On the desk was an open laptop, and out of habit, I pressed the space bar only to be amazed when the screen flickered on. Kim had obviously left in a hurry and, it appeared, had left his computer turned on thus saving me the trouble of bypassing any passwords he might use for security. Fishing into my backpack, I pulled out a small portable hard drive and plugged it into a USB port. A few swift clicks and the entire hard drive was soon downloading for later scrutiny.

As the files copied themselves, I turned my attention to the rest of the room and it was as I gazed around that I realized that the room I was in seemed, well, feminine to say the least. On the bed were several stuffed toys and posters of boy bands adorned the walls, not what you might have expected for a young man. A quick inspection of the desk drawers revealed nothing out of the ordinary. The wardrobe, however, proved entirely different. As I opened the door and saw what was inside, I found myself doubting whether I was actually in the right room at all.

The wardrobe was stuffed with feminine clothing. Dresses and skirts and blouses were draped from hangers, whilst several pairs of high heeled shoes sat underneath. There was even a gorgeous prom dress in a purple taffeta hanging at one end of the rail. I made a quick mental check of the building and room number I had been given just to convince myself I was in the right room as I then began opening the drawers. Each one revealed something else to me. The top drawer was full of cosmetics, the second stuffed with every imaginable item of lingerie whilst the third confirmed the suspicions I was beginning to form in my mind. Inside were several wigs of different colours and styles along with an empty box with the words 'breast forms' printed on the outside.

Kim was a transvestite!

Of that I now had no doubt. A transvestite! I found myself sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at the bookshelf, as that little titbit filtered into my brain. A transvestite! No, not a transvestite, a transsexual perhaps. On the bookshelf, neatly stacked amongst the other books were several volumes all to do with gender dysphoria and as I picked one of them out, a book called *Gender Dysphoria: Interdisciplinary Approaches in Clinical Management*, I discovered that several well thumbed pages had been marked, pages that referred to hormone therapy, to surgical procedures, to the legal aspects of a man becoming a woman.

'So, little Kim is a transsexual,' I said aloud to myself. "I wonder if Daddy knows?"

As I further searched the room, more evidence presented itself. Under the bed I found a couple of boxes with some token male clothing inside and under the sink, I found some prescription medication, Premarin and Spironolactone, which I guessed to be some form of hormone tablets. I made a quick note of doctor's name before

putting them back exactly where I had found them, thinking that the doctor in question, one Dr Jonas Blythe, might provide a lead to Kim's whereabouts. Then without finding anything else of interest, I unplugged the laptop from my hard drive and, after checking everything else was exactly as I had found it, I let myself out of the room unseen by anyone else.

An hour later I was back in the office, wading my way through the computer download on my portable hard drive. There was nothing of real interest in his documents folder, only ream after ream of course work all diligently sorted into well organised folders. The pictures folder, however, provided a whole different story.

There were literally hundreds of photographs of a stunningly beautiful young Japanese girl mostly taken using the self timer on the camera. Her face was always immaculately made up and in many of the pictures she was quite provocatively dressed, in some of the most stunning lingerie I had ever seen. There were pictures of the girl in stockings, there were pictures of her dressed as a cute little school girl, there were pictures of her in traditional Japanese costume. There was also one file that just took my breath away, of a young Japanese woman with beautiful breasts posing in some very sensual pictures. There were also pictures that left little doubt that the young woman was in reality a young man. Pictures of him semi naked, small budding breasts perched high on his chest, his penis in various stages of erection and in every one of them he had a huge smile on his face.

She, or should I say he, was incredibly cute to say the least.

It was as I was looking at some of these pictures that Bill Myers let himself into my office. On the screen was one of these pictures of Kim, scantily clad, looking for all

intents and purposes like a very pretty Japanese teenage porn star.

"I hope you realise surfing porn on the companies time is a sackable offence," said Bill as he perched on the seat next to mine.

"All in the line of duty," I replied.

"So what did you find?" he asked as he swivelled around on his office chair and looked at me.

"These.....!" I replied as I pointed towards the screen on my laptop.

"What?" he replied, somewhat mystified.

"Take a look, take a good look" I said grinning at him with the certain knowledge that I knew something he did not.

Bill sat there and stared at the pictures for a few moments as I watched his face. It was then that I pulled up a picture of Kim in boy mode and placed it alongside one of the girl pictures and simply sat there and waited. Slowly, realisation made his whole expression change.

"Fuck me," he said softly "That's not....."

"Yup. These are pictures of none other than Kim Satamoto."

"Fuck me!" he said again as he sat back in his chair.

"And these are not all," I said as I opened folder after folder.

I showed him pictures of Kim in various states of undress, showing him how our missing person was slowly turning himself into a woman. I even showed him pictures of Kim with another young woman of similar ilk, the two of them in what could only be described as a very intimate and erotic pose. It was then that I noticed that Bill had moved closer behind me, so close in fact that I

could feel his body heat on the back of my neck and I felt a sudden thrill creep down my back. I had always kept my sexuality private from my working life but there was no denying the thrill I felt as Bill's chest touched my back lightly as he stared at the pictures. I sighed inwardly to myself for this was a forbidden thought that I knew I had to put out of my mind.

"So Kim is a transsexual," mused Bill as I closed down the last folder, "that sort of complicates matters. Did you find anything else?"

"Lots of girl clothes and there was some prescription medication too. I have the name of the doctor, so I thought I would follow that up. Also, it would appear Kim had two face book accounts, one under his boy name and one under his girl name of Kimberly. The Kimberly account mentions somewhere called the Paradise Club several times. What about you?"

"There have been no calls made from his cell phone since a week last Friday and no deposits or withdrawals from his bank account either so a dead end there. Any suggestions?"

I sat there for a moment and looked at him thoughtfully.

"I have three working hypotheses. One, the ambassador, to save face has whisked Kim off to some private clinic and has us investigating to cover this up."

"Unlikely" added Bill.

"Two. Kim met someone at this Paradise Club and is shacked up somewhere having mad shemale sex." I continued.

"Possible,"

"If that was the case, he would probably have used his cell phone at some stage. After all, teenagers use phones

compulsively to keep in touch with their friends. My third and most sinister suggestion and the one that is most probable is that Kim has fallen foul of some unknown party for some unknown reason. This would explain why all his clothes were still in his room along with his laptop and other personal items and would also explain the lack of use of mobile and bank account."

"So are you thinking sex trade?" Bill asked.

"Seems likely to me. Why else would he simply disappear and leave everything else behind? Besides, look at this one" I said as I pulled up another picture file I had found.

There were two girls and three men in the picture who were obviously enjoying each other's company. Kim was one of the girls whilst the second had appeared in another picture with her. Both 'girls' had their hands down the underwear of an older Japanese man. Bill just stood there and stared open mouthed.

"Holy fuck!" he said almost dancing with glee. "Do you know who that is?" he continued pointing to the older man.

"No, should I?"

"That is none other than Harry Tong and he is only the head honcho of the Tong dynasty. Gambling, drugs, prostitution, you name it and they control most of it. Print that off for me, will you. This I have to report to the old man," said Bill quietly. "Whilst I go and see him, why don't you see what you can find out about this doctor and this club you mentioned.

I spent the next hour or so in research. I found a web page for Doctor Blythe and he turned out to be quite an eminent private doctor specialising in the treatment of transgendered people. He had a private clinic in London

and was at the very forefront of medical practice in this area of medicine. Everything seemed kosher there.

The Paradise Club was a different matter for there was little or no information available. I ended up phoning someone I knew in the vice squad who was quite enlightening. Seemingly the dinner and dance club was a very up market establishment that catered specifically for the Gay, Lesbian and Transexual community, the sort of place where the rich and famous could go and meet others of a similar persuasion in a relatively safe and secure environment. Its prices and several very large bouncers who manned the doors, ensured it's exclusivity by screening all those who tried to enter.

Ten minutes later, Bill returned, looking more than a little perturbed.

"Well that was an interesting conversation. The Old Man definitely knows more than he is letting on. He wasn't in the least bit fazed when I gave him your report."

"What about the Tong connection?" I asked

"Our objective is to see the safe recovery of Kim Satamoto. However, if this happens to involve bringing down the Tong clan, our boss will be a very happy bunny. We have a direct order to follow the leads we have 'rigorously' and have been authorised to use whatever resources we need. Where do you want to start, the doctors or the 'Paradise club'"

"I think a visit to Mrs Pomfrey's emporium." I said, somewhat mysteriously. "In fact, I have already booked myself into to Number 10 for first thing tomorrow. What I need you to do is to establish false identities for each of us and to find me a 'safe house,' I can use as a base for the next few days."

Then as I outlined my idea, Bill just sat there open mouthed, hardly daring to believe what I was suggesting

and it was a little after midnight before I had convinced him to sanction the plan.

The problem was that it wasn't Bill I had really needed to convince. No. I needed to convince myself. I needed to convince myself that what I was about to do was for the case and the case only and not for any sort of personal gratification.

I failed!

That night, I fell asleep clutching a photograph of a beautiful young woman in a really pretty party dress remembering the day when I first realised that I too wanted to be a girl.

Chapter 3

Mrs Jane Pomfrey ran the wardrobe department. It was her responsibility to provide any specialist clothing, outfits, disguises that any of the operatives might need along with the necessary skills for the use of such disguises. 'Number 10' was a none descript business unit in a none descript business park in a none descript part of town but when you got past the security doors it was a virtual Aladdin's cave. Jane Pomfrey was waiting for me in reception when I arrived and I was immediately ushered through the security doors into her inner sanctum, her office, somewhere I had been several times before when preparing for undercover operations.

"Right then Charles, so you want to be a woman," she grinned as she sat down in front of me.

"No!" I corrected her, "I want to look like a woman." I said trying to look convincing.

Jane Pomfrey was a big, jolly woman in her early fifties and was the sort of person you would hardly give a second glance to on the street. Yet once you got to know her it quickly became apparent that she was highly intelli-

gent and was extremely proficient at her job whilst maintaining a wicked sense of humour. She also had a higher security clearance than I had so I didn't hesitate to outline the operation to her, obviously omitting the finer details. She just sat there, as professional as ever, and made notes on a clipboard.

"So you are to play the part of a male to female transsexual who is just beginning to transition," she summed up as I finished.

"You got it in one Jane," I replied seriously.

"Just how far do you want to go with this?" she asked.

"Not sure what you mean."

"There are three main stages in the transition process for male to female transsexuals. The first step for most is to begin hormone therapy whilst still living as a man. The second involves living full time as a woman and the third usually involves a great deal of surgery, breast implants and finally the full sex reassignment. I can simulate any stage," she replied proudly.

"Ah, I see what you mean,"

I sat and thought for a moment before replying

"I think the second stage is what I'm after, someone who has just started living as a girl," I said thoughtfully.

"Breasts or no breasts?"

"What?"

"I can fit you with a pair of breasts that are so life like that only a doctor would be able to tell if they were real or not. Alternatively, many such people use silicon breast forms until they have their breast surgery or until their hormones have done their work."

"Breasts, I think."

"Hair or wig?"