

Above & Beyond *The Call Of Duty*

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Charlotte Johnson

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Above and Beyond the Call of Duty Part 2

By Charlotte Johnson

When morning arrived, I could hear the sounds of a very happy man singing to himself in the shower. I just lay there and giggled, pushing my head into the pillow for he had a truly terrible singing voice. I had half hoped I would wake up first as I had often fantasized about waking my man with a slow sensual blowjob but it wasn't to be. He didn't even leave me enough time to join him in

the shower, for a few moments later he returned to the bedroom with just a white fluffy towel around his middle, his skin and hair still dripping with water.

“Good morning Cheri,” he said cheerfully as he rubbed his hair with another towel.

Just for a moment, I lay on the bed and stretched, a long slow sensual stretch of a cat waiting to have her belly rubbed, and Jean just moaned in mock agony as he watched my body move this way and that as I squealed in pleasure.

“Please don’t do that Charlotte, you know I have to leave in thirty minutes or so.” Jean said with a pained expression on his face.

“Are you sure I can’t tempt you to stay Jean,” I pouted as I cupped a breast with one hand and my penis with the other.

He just sat down beside me on the bed and reached over to kiss me, not a kiss of someone who had paid for an evening’s pleasure, but a kiss of a man who could be falling in love.

“Please Cheri, let me pay your debts. Then you could leave this place with me,” he said seriously.

“I’m sorry Jean,” I replied, truly meaning it, thinking of the pain device buried in my head, “you know I can’t but I will be here anytime you want me,” I said softly.

“C’est la vie,” he sighed as he reached for a clean shirt from an overnight bag he had brought with him.

What a night it had been. Four times Jean and I had made love, each time bringing something different, something new to both of us. Four times he showed me what it would really be like to be the woman I had always longed to be and part of me loved him for being so kind and con-

siderate to my needs. Yet there had always been the knowledge that I was being forced to do this, the knowledge that he had paid a great deal of money for the privilege of taking my virginity as a transsexual woman and that had left a bitter after taste.

It was not Jean I was angry with. How could I have been after such a night. No it was Jade Yang and the organisation she worked for who had faked my death and forced me into becoming what could only be described as being a transsexual prostitute, someone to be sold to whom so ever could afford to pay for me and it was these people I silently vowed to bring to justice. After all, despite the situation I was in, I was still an Mi5 officer and I still had a mission to complete.

Thirty minutes later Jean and I walked out of the Apartment, hand in hand, him in jeans and a jacket and me in my cocktail dress, looking every inch the woman who had been fucked four times that night. Mischievously, I had 'stolen' his tie and now wore it proudly around my neck whilst under his boxers, tied around the base of his cock, was one of my sheer black silk stockings. He took me into the main house then, where Jade Yang was waiting for us. She looked and acted every inch the perfect hostess, dressed in a grey skirt suit and she greeted Jean cordially as we entered the building.

"Good morning Mr. Van de Paul," she said smiling at him. "I hope everything was to your satisfaction."

"More than satisfactory Miss Yang," he said quietly as he held my hand. "In fact I was wondering if I might have a word with you in private."

"Of course Monsieur, Charlotte if you would wait outside please."

I did as I was told and stood outside on the front steps of the house. I could guess what it was that Jean wanted

to speak to her about and just hoped he wasn't about to create any trouble. A few minutes later he reappeared on his own and just came up to me and kissed me lightly on the lips.

"Au revoir Mon Cheri," he said softly as he took his leave. "Until the next time," he then added with a twinkle in his eye.

I watched as Jean sprinted over to his waiting helicopter and waved as he climbed into the co pilot's seat. His helicopter had arrived minutes before and the rotor blades were already turning as he took the controls. He waved to me then, as with a huge blast of downdraught that swept my long blond hair behind me, the helicopter took off.

Instantly Jade Yang was stood by my side, a furious look on her face.

"What the fuck have you been saying to him," she demanded. "He had just offered me a million Euros to pay off any debts you might have."

"Oh that," I replied nonchalantly. "He asked me why I was here so I told him I was working off a debt. Best I could come up with at the time. But I told him no thank you, Miss Yang" I added respectfully.

"That is what he said. It is a good thing for you that he enjoyed himself, although I am not quite sure what that nonsense with the tie and the stocking had to do with it" she sneered. I rounded on her then to see her sickly sweet smile grinning back at me in triumph. But then her expression suddenly changed as she obviously realised she had made a mistake. "Anyway, you had better go and get some rest. You have another customer tonight, one Mr. John Boyd, the footballer no less and he wants you in latex," she laughed nervously and with that she flounced out of the room.

I just stood there stunned. How? How had she known about the silk stocking? I was certain that Jean would not have told her. There was only one way she could possibly have known and that was she had to have seen us together. There was only one possible conclusion. There had to be some sort of video surveillance in the room.

“Oh the bitch” I said out loud as I realised this. “How could I have been so stupid as to not check!” I then moaned to myself.

I dashed back upstairs and into my room. Covertly I began to check every possible hiding place, looking for the tell tale signs of hidden devices. It did not take long before I spotted a hidden camera cleverly disguised as part of an ornate picture frame with a clear line of sight of the bed. Nor did it take me long to find the hidden microphone built into the base of a bedside lamp and another camera covering the bathroom hidden behind a ventilation grill. Now I was angry. I should have guessed that there would be some surveillance but why hadn't the other girls warned me that we were being watched, our every conversation listened too. Then it dawned on me. Perhaps they didn't know themselves.

Quickly I stripped out of my cocktail dress and slipped into something a little more comfortable, some sweatpants and a t shirt, leaving my breasts unfettered by any bra. I slipped my feet into a pair of pink trainers I found in the wardrobe and dashed downstairs to the kitchen.

All three of them were there at the breakfast table, all of them casually dressed as they sipped cups of coffee and ate sparingly of the cereals on offer.

“Charlotte,” Pippa shouted as she saw me enter the room, “How did it go?”

I sat at the table amongst these beautiful woman and grinned at them, despite the anger I felt.

"Welllllllll," I said very slowly my response exaggerated for the benefit of Jade Yang who was making herself a cup of coffee. "It was bloody fantastic!" I replied, my voice unable to disguise the real joy I had experienced. "Four times," I said holding up four fingers, "Four times he fucked me. God, I'm sore in places I didn't know existed," I giggled.

"What was he like? He looked absolutely dreamy" asked Stephanie as she leant her head on her hand on the table in a most feminine way.

"He was the most gentle, romantic man," I sighed theatrically. "Do you know, he cooked me dinner,"

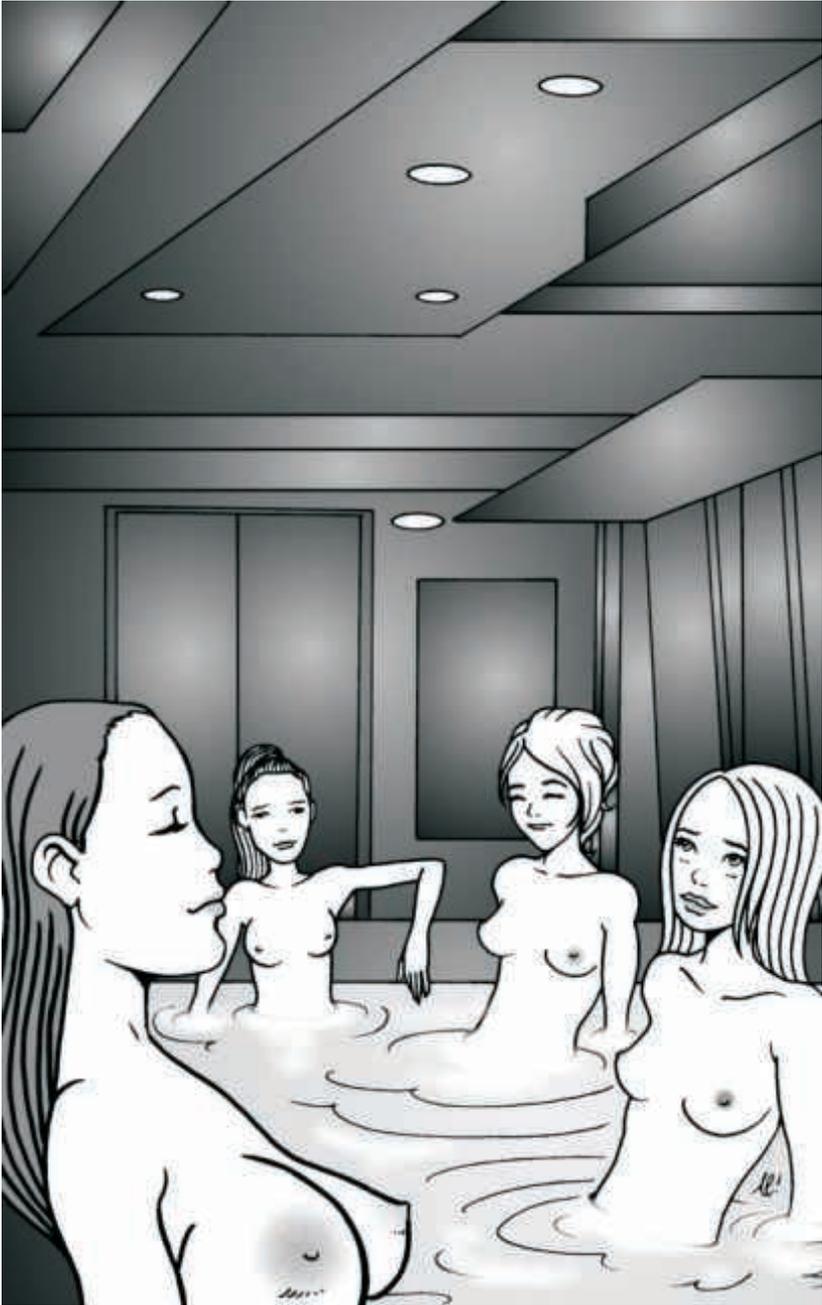
"You lucky bugger," moaned Kim. "All mine was interested in was slam bam thank you little Miss Shemale."

"Anyway Charlotte," continued Pippa. "We have a sure fire cure for aching bodies. Who's up for a dip in the Jacuzzi?" she asked suddenly.

"Ooooh me!" I moaned as I wriggled on my sore bottom on the chair. "But I don't have a costume."

"Oh Charlotte!" chastised Steph. "You don't need one of those, you silly cow."

A few minutes later the four of us had trouped down to the basement where the indoor swimming pool and little fitness suite could be found. I watched for a moment as the girls quickly began to strip off, without any qualms of being naked in front of each other. So I just did the same and sat on the edge of the pool whilst the other jumped in.



I couldn't help but stare at these beautiful creatures as they eased their bodies into the foaming hot water, little

moans of pleasure escaping from their lips. Jade was easily the most slight in build but her breasts were much bigger than I remembered from her pictures on her computer. Both Pippa and Stephanie had breasts just as big as my own and any one of the three of them could easily have been a centerfold in her own right. As I gazed at them, I slowly lowered my aching body into the water and I too gave out a little moan of appreciation as the heat of the water hit my body.

All four of us just lay there in the water for a few minutes as the heat soaked into our limbs, none of us wanting to speak. But I knew I had to say something, to raise the issue of the video surveillance camera, so I moved a little closer to the three of them and just hoped the sound of the bubbling water would mask my voice, should there be another camera there.

“Girls,” I said softly, keeping my voice low so only they would hear. “Did you know that Jade is probably videotaping every session we have with a customer?”

“What?” shrieked Pippa?

“Keep your voice down Pippa, “I said crossly.

“What the fuck are you talking about Charlotte,” she hissed.

“Jade let something slip this morning after Jean had left that got me to thinking.” I continued and I went on to describe how she had known all about the silk stocking that I had tied around his cock before he had left. “Then I had a good look around my room and found two cameras hidden there, one in the bedroom and one in the bathroom. “

“So you mean Jade has everything on.....” said Stephanie a look of horror on her face.

“Oh shit!” said Kim as she looked equally distraught.

I smiled inwardly to myself then, for judging by their expressions, none of them knew anything about being watched or filmed and took this as yet another indication that I could probably trust them.

“Look girls, “I said softly “Whatever you do, you must not let Jade know that we know. It is imperative that you just continue to act and behave as if you don’t know.”

“Why the fuck should we,” asked Pippa indignantly. “It’s bad enough that we are forced to do this, but filmed as well.....” she hissed. “That’s just not on.”

“I have my reasons girls,” I said looking at Kim with an expression of a shared secret. “I promise,” I said softly “that I will explain everything when I can.” I continued in a voice so low that it was barely audible. “Please,” I pleaded.

I just looked at them all as each one just nodded imperceptibly agreeing to my request. Slowly, I sank my whole body into the steaming water, just for a moment allowing my head to dip beneath the surface.

“There is one thing though,” said Stephanie, her voice low, serious, almost dangerous as I resurfaced. Then her voice changed completely as she grinned at her own little joke. “That trick with the stocking was sheer genius Charlotte.” she laughed, breaking the sombre mood.

The rest of the day was spent doing my chores. Seemingly all of the girls and I were required to help with the housework, in keeping the Manor spick and span. My job that day was to clean and tidy the Apartment ready for the next guest, once again giving me the chance to look for the hidden cameras which were not that hard to find once I knew what I was looking for.

Around 3 pm, I went and knocked on Pippa’s door and as she called out, I let myself in. She was sat at her dressing table and was carefully doing her makeup and

hair, ready for the evening so I just went and sat on her bed and waited until she had finished putting on her mascara.

“What can I do you for sweetie?” she asked as she turned from her mirror.

“I, I, have.... Well, I have a little problem.” I started tentatively. “My erm guest tonight, erm wants me in PVC and I haven’t a clue where to start.”

Pippa just grinned.

“Why, the Wardrobe of course,” she replied without hesitation.

She took me up there then and showed me the section containing all the fetish wear. She soon helped me to pick out some PVC stocking boots with incredible stiletto heels, some shoulder length PVC gloves and a peephole bra which was positively indecent. She had then sent me packing so she could finish getting ready herself as she was seeing one of her regulars that night, a man she described as an absolute sweetheart and it was obvious that she wanted to look her best. I just retired to my room and began to prepare myself as well. I showered, washed my hair and even managed to do a pretty good job on my make up too. The lingerie posed a different problem until I remembered Pippa’s tip and fetched a small container of talcum powder and by 7 pm I was ready for my guest.

Strangely I was nowhere near as nervous as I had been the night before. If anything I was rather excited. The PVC was certainly extremely exhilarating to wear and I even found myself becoming hard as I looked at myself in the mirror. A knock on my door brought me back to reality so I slipped on a robe and went to answer it. Paul was there waiting for me.

“Are you ready Charlotte?” he asked. “Your guest is here.”