

# Reassigned



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# REASSIGNED

**By Jeri Ellen**

The holidays were over and I was looking forward to being back in school. I wasn't sure what a criminal justice degree would bring me but one thing I was certain of was that there would always be criminals.

My mother had died in a car accident in September. My dad had left us when I was very young and I had no idea where he was or even who he was. All the efforts I had made to get in touch with him after my mother's death had resulted in a dead end.

The insurance money was enough to pay off all the bills, the funeral costs and most of my school expenses at least until I began my fourth year. At that point I would have to depend on student loans and my part time job.

A friend of my late mother's got me a part time job at a motor lodge on weekends working with the night auditor. It paid better than most and the work was not at all challenging at least compared to the summer I worked undercover for a sheriff's department two hundred miles away that had resulted in them being able to bust a sizeable pot ring.

This undercover assignment had been good experience for me and I had no doubt it would look good on my resume once I got my degree.

It came as a surprise to hear a voicemail message from an FBI agent the Friday before Monday's start of school. I wondered if it had anything to do with my undercover work the previous summer.

I returned the agent's call and a woman who identified herself as Agent Kelly Brandt asked me to come into the Bureau's branch office for a meeting. She didn't give any details and I didn't ask. I guess in law enforcement that is S.O.P.

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Saturday afternoon at a quarter to one I stood at the reception desk of the FBI offices on the third floor of the Federal Building. The woman asked for an ID and I showed her my driver's license. She turned from me and called the inner office.

"A mister Jerry Lambert is here to see you Kelly," she said.

After hanging up the phone she nodded her head.

"You may go right in."

I walked past her to the inner office.

Agent Kelly Brandt was a very attractive woman with shoulder length, shiny auburn hair. She was wearing a conservative black pant suit and a white blouse. She stood up as I entered and extended her hand as she introduced herself.

“I am Agent Kelly Brandt Jerry, please have a seat.”

I took the chair in front of her desk as she sat back down and opened the manila folder in front of her.

“I was looking over your file from last summer’s undercover assignment. You did an excellent job. The Lawrence County Sheriff’s department speaks very highly of you. Apparently they were a bit reluctant to hire someone as young an inexperienced as you but you more than made up for it. There is a note here that things almost got out of hand but you managed to extricate yourself from it. What exactly happened there?”

“Well we were at a beer joint and after a couple of drinks two of the guys sort of cornered me and accused me of being an under cover cop. I responded in the following manner. I let my face drop and said the following:

“Okay guys you got me. I used to be a cop in training but a week before I was due to come off probation I attended the departmental Christmas party. After I had a few beers I asked the Chief where he found the Chinese hooker. Apparently he met his wife at a law enforcement conference in Bangkok and of course I didn’t know that. The captain thought it was hilarious but Monday morning the Chief called me in his office and asked me for my badge and gun. Don’t need you any more!”

“At that point both guys burst out laughing. I bought another round and I was “in” as they say.”

Agent Kelly Brandt smiled and leaned back in her chair as she closed the folder in front of her.

“That’s not only a good story but it indicates to me that you can think quickly on your feet and that may well be an important part of what I want to discuss with you.”

“Sometimes a little humor can diffuse a tight situation,” I added.

“What I am about to discuss with you is very serious and must be kept confidential. It may even be something you may not want to do. In addition it could be very dangerous. I will go over a few things with you and then I want you to think about it over the weekend. I will contact you and we’ll meet again to discuss it in further detail. Is that understood?”

“Of course,” I answered.

“Very well then I will get started.”

She put the manila folder to one side. Next she removed another one from the top drawer to her right and opened it.

“About two years ago there were some murders at truck stops in various states. All of the truck stops had a jiggle joint/bar and some of them had an adjoining fetish shop. The murdered victims were all men who cross dress and dance, work in the fetish shops or with a dominatrix in her dungeon. In addition two of the victims had already transitioned from male to female. They were living and working as females in either or both establishments at these truck stops.”

“These murders were particularly grisly in that the cross dressers had their male genitals cut off before they were killed and the two post operative transsexuals had their breasts cut off first before their throats were slashed. There were no clues left behind by this serial killer. In fact it has only been in the last month that one of our agents in Atlanta pieced together the common thread of all the victims. We don’t even know if the killer is male or female.”

“We can’t send a female agent undercover because none of the girls at any of these places has been attacked or killed. The killer apparently has a way of finding out which ones are the real girls and which ones are not.”

“I am not a cross dresser or a transsexual though. How do I fit in here?” I asked

“That’s precisely why we are talking to you. You are NOT either of those two types of men. You don’t buy the books and /or magazines they would. You don’t buy DVD’s about men like that, you are not on a computer watch list or chat room of men who frequent TV-TS websites so you are completely off this individual’s radar until we put you to work in one of these places.”

I swallowed hard. This might be more than I can bite off and chew. It was quite a stretch going from busting a bunch of young punks in a pot selling ring to trying to find a serial killer who was hell bent on murdering those in the TV-TS crowd.

“I am not much of a dancer and I have never worn women’s clothes or used make up. Just how are you planning on going about this?” I asked.

“We will take care of that. You will of course undergo some special training that would include how to dress and act like a woman, the proper way to use makeup and style your hair or take care of a wig. During this second semester don’t get a haircut and don’t trim your finger nails the last three months.”

“You appear to be in excellent physical condition as befitting any criminal justice major but I want you to loose about ten more pounds and when you do exercise use a stationary bike more to enhance your buttocks. We will help you with beard and hair removal too.”

“When you finish your exams we will be placing you in the southwestern part of the country. It is the one area that the killer hasn’t struck yet. Obviously this doesn’t mean he will strike there but judging by the killer’s past he or she never strikes in the same place twice or at least not yet.”

“That’s about all I can tell you for now. Think about what I have said. I will call you later in the week and if you want to pursue this I will set up a schedule that you must adhere to for the rest of the semester. Thank you for coming in today.”

She stood up and extended her hand. I stood up, shook her hand and then walked out of her office. As I passed her secretary she seemed to be looking at me in a rather odd way.

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That night after watching the news, weather and sports I sat in my recliner chair with a glass of wine. In a sense I was excited about the prospect of work-

ing undercover again. I had to admit there was a certain rush about pretending to be someone else particularly when it was going to lead to the arrest of a criminal as opposed to being an actor on stage who was only becoming a character to please the audience.



I finished my wine and then I took a shower. Afterwards I brushed my hair down over my forehead so it looked like I had girls' bangs. Standing naked in front of the full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door I did the "tuck" and then used my hands to push up the flesh of my flat chest to try to make breasts.

I wondered if they could make me look like a passable female. Except for the prospect of being butchered by a maniac I felt pretty confident I would be up to the task. Just how I was going to fit into the role of a female or a man who wished he was a female I wasn't real sure of.

As I got into bed I looked at my white briefs and imagined myself wearing pink panties and a pink chiffon top. Instead of sliding into a bed of white cotton sheets they would be pink satin ones. I closed my eyes as my head hit the pillow and a flood of memories from the summer I turned twelve came back.

"What am I going to do with you,?" screamed my mother.

I didn't answer her as I stood up. Together we walked into the principals' office.

"Mrs. Lambert I don't think we need to bring in the police for this matter. Though the vandalism is slight I think there is a better way to discipline your son."

"What did you have in mind for him Mrs. Allen?" asked my mother.

"Well it is something quite old but is remarkably successful in changing the behavior of young boys. A friend of mine and Judge Agatha Martin has a large home in the country. She takes unruly boys

like your son for a summer of what they call “Petticoat Punishment.” Your son would spend the summer dressed in girls’ clothes. He would learn to cook, sew, knit, crochet and other housekeeping chores.”

I was about to open my mouth to object when my mother interceded.

“Okay lets’ try that. At least he would not be spending the summer in jail.”

“Fine. I will be in touch with you.”

We left the principals’ office and went home.

Mom said very little as she made supper. I had cut up in class a few times and now a little harmless candle wax on the big glass windows in the front of the school was getting me into some trouble. I wasn’t looking forward to spending my much needed summer vacation in girl’s clothes when I could be outside playing softball or just walking thru the neighboring park but I guess it was better than having a juvenile record.

The month of May passed. On Memorial Day after supper mom drove me out in the country to a farm. As we parked in front of the house I saw that there were three other cars already there. We got out and walked to the front door. Mom rang the bell and a tall stout woman opened it.

“Good evening, you must be Mrs. Lambert and this must be Jerry. I am Mrs. Adams. Please come in and join us.”

We followed her into the living room. We sat on the davenport with the other three women and three boys about my own age.

“Ladies let me assure you that your sons are in good hands. This is not a military boot camp by any means but when you pick your boys up at the end of August they will be very well behaved. Now let us go upstairs.”

We all got up and followed Mrs. Adams upstairs. As we went down the hallway she had each one of us boys stop at a room. In front of the door was a box.

“Okay boys take the box in the room and undress. Put your clothes in the box. Put on the robe and slippers you will find on the bed and bring the box back out here.”

We all went into our rooms. After I undressed and put my clothes in the box I slipped on the pink terry cloth robe and tied the waist strings. I walked out to the hallway.

“Give the boxes to your mothers. Ladies bring the box of clothing back when you return this August.”

Mrs. Adams walked the women back to their cars and then returned upstairs to where we were standing outside our rooms.

“All of you come in here please.”

We followed her into my room. The rooms were small. They were just big enough for a small vanity and chair, a small table and chair, bed, dresser and a bathroom. The room was completely done in pink and white as was the bathroom.

“All right girls now pay attention,” she began with a smile. “On your vanity is bottle of pink nail polish. I want you to paint your finger and toenails before you bathe. Each night starting right now drop a capsule of bubble bath in the tub and draw your

bath water. Put on your pink shower caps and scrub yourselves with the bar of pink soap. After you've finished dry your self off and dust your self with the body powder. Put on your pink night gowns and get some sleep."

"Starting tomorrow you are going to be very busy. Your mothers forwarded your measurements to me so I am certain that your night gowns, lingerie, shoes and clothes should fit you perfectly. In the morning when the bell rings get dressed according to the sheet on the dresser and come down the stairs for breakfast. After eating and doing the dishes we will get started."

She left and the other boys went to their respective rooms. I kicked off my pink scuffs and carefully painted my toenails first and then my fingernails. I removed my pink terry cloth robe. After putting on the pink shower cap I closed the bathtub drain and began running warm water over the capsule. Soon the tub was a sea of pink foam.

I stepped gingerly into the foam and sat down. It had a very sweet and feminine scent. I picked up the soap and held it up to my nose. It too was very sweetly scented. I scrubbed myself all over and then rinsed the pink suds from my body and the tub. After toweling myself dry I dusted myself with the sweetly perfumed dusting powder and then returned to the main room.

The top drawer had pink lingerie and socks, the second had several pink nightgowns while the third had several pink petticoats. I took out one of the pink nightgowns to find it consisted of a pair of pink panties and a pink chiffon top. After putting them on I got into bed. I laid awake for quite awhile wondering just what the purpose of this feminine experi-

ence was supposed to do. Finally I drifted off to sleep.

The bell rang and I got up immediately. I went into the bathroom to urinate and found the seat was fastened down so I had to sit down to pee. Afterwards I went back to the main room. I took off my nightgown and put it back in the middle drawer.

According to the sheet dated for this week I was to put on a pair of pink panties, a pink training bra with small weighted inserts, two pink petticoats, a pair of pink socks and then from the closet a pink pettislip and a pink dress followed by a pair of pink Mary Jane shoes. Everything fit like it was made for me, even the shoes though I couldn't reach the zipper in the back of the dress. I walked out to the hallway to find the other boys waiting outside their rooms too.

Mrs. Adams came up the stairs. She smiled brightly as she saw us.

"All right girls two of your turn around while the other two zip up your dresses and then the first two do the same. In the evening do the opposite to undress."

When we were zipped up she smiled again as she checked our pink fingernails.

"Now come with me into Sissy Jerry's room and I will show you what to do next."

As we walked behind her I couldn't help but notice she had called us "girls" collectively and then addressed me as "Sissy Jerry".

"Sissy Jerry please take your seat at the vanity and remember to smooth the skirt of your dress with one hand as you sit down."

I reached behind me and smoothed the dress with my right hand as she stood to one side of me

“Sissy Jack, Sissy Mike and Sissy Robert stand behind him and watch carefully.”

The three boys stood close behind me. They had also been addressed by their first names prefaced with the word “sissy”.

“Now Sissy Jerry please pick up your pink lipstick, remove the cover, and turn up the base. Open your mouth wide and with the edge of the lipstick outline your lips, then fill in your lips with the broad end and press your lips together.”

I followed her instructions.

“Turn the base down, cover the lipstick and put it back. Open your small compact and move the brush over the pallet of pink blusher. Press the brush in the center of your right cheek and smooth it on in larger and larger circles then do your left cheek.”

Once again I did exactly as she had instructed. The resulting effect was that if I had longer hair I could have easily been mistaken for a very pretty girl.

“That’s perfect. Now attach the pink bow to your hair at the top of your forehead. The rest of you sissies got back to your room and do the same. Come back out in the hallway when you are done.”

The other boys went to their respective rooms as Mrs. Adams and I waited outside my room.

I felt a little foolish to say the least. Never the less that reflection in the vanity mirror was something I hadn’t expected. I really did look like a girl. I had no idea of course how girls “felt” when they got dressed

but the pink nylon tricot panties with white ruffles felt very good on my skin as did the top half of the petti slip.

As for being sweetly scented I had to admit it made me feel quite feminine. More importantly I guess was the fact that I now seemed to feel very peaceful, very relaxed and content in my feminine apparel.

When the boys returned from their rooms we all walked downstairs. We learned how to set the table and then Mrs. Adams dished up our breakfast.

Before we could eat anything we were lectured on the proper way a lady holds her fork and spoon, the proper way to sip from the glass of juice and milk as well the need to take small bites and chew our food slowly in proper lady like fashion. We all complied with her instructions, not that we had any choice.

After breakfast two of the boys wearing pink latex gloves and pink ruffled aprons washed and dried the dishes under her watchful eye.

“Tomorrow Sissy Jerry and Sissy Mike will do the dishes. Come with me into the living room.”

We followed her there where she stopped in the middle of the room.

“Sit down on the sofa and don’t forget to smooth the skirt of your dresses when you do so. Listen to my instructions as they will not change in the three months you are going to be here.”

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Over the next hour we were lectured on what she called “feminine deportment”. This involved the

proper way a lady walked, sat down, got up, drank from a glass or cup and behaved in general. We all listened intently.

Next she had us all get up and walk around the room. Then back upstairs, downstairs to the basement and back to the living room again. She made periodic corrections to our behavior. We were always addressed by our first names prefaced with the work “sissy”.

After lunch we were instructed on the proper way to vacuum, dust, clean the furniture and drapes, clean the bathrooms, scrub the floors and wash the windows, all in lady like fashion while wearing pink gloves and pink ruffled aprons.

By the end of the month we had learned our lessons well. The place was spotless and Mrs. Adams hadn't corrected any of us for several weeks. We were all quite well behaved as we moved effeminately about the house performing our chores. All of us had become adept at sewing, needle point, crocheting, and knitting as well.

It came as a surprise when after lunch on the Fourth of July she took us in her van to the large shopping mall on the edge of town. I, as well as the other boys, became worried that someone might recognize us and tell their friends about the way we were dressed.

At the mall Mrs. Adams took us to the ladies department stores while she shopped. The people in the mall never paid any attention to us but the female clerks at the women's stores she stopped in all burst into laughter or giggles at the sight of us. It was apparent that Mrs. Adams had called them

ahead of time to insure that they would have a good laugh at our expense.

We ate at the mall's café court. Following our meal we all had to freshen our makeup in full view of the other patrons. None of them seemed to pay any attention to the five of us applying blusher or lipstick. I felt quite relieved to be back in van and even more relieved when we were back at the house.

The summer continued with each day beginning with applying makeup and ending with removing it with face cream followed by a perfumed bubble bath. We had become totally enveloped in a feminine lifestyle.

I had no way of knowing how the other boys felt about being kept in this very feminine environment. There was little or no conversation among us as Mrs. Adams had forbidden us to talk to each other except for matters that related to our chores or our attire.

We were all now accustomed to behaving in a feminine manner. I was certain the other boys, like me, couldn't wait for the summer to end. None of us had ever been put thru something like this and I had no doubt it was never going to happen again.

Our biggest fear was being "found out" by one of our friends or relatives. At least we hadn't been photographed in our feminine attire so there were no pictures to worry about.

The last weekend of August Mrs. Adams pronounced us ready to return to our families. We were all relieved that our little sojourn into a feminine world was going to end.

Saturday night we removed our nail polish and makeup. We showered with a masculine scented soap. At ten am Sunday morning our mothers returned with a box of clothes. We all got dressed and went home.

After that my mother never asked me about my summer en femme. It was almost as if it had never happened. I had hopes of keeping it that way. It wasn't until my meeting with Agent Brandt that those memories had been brought back.

When I got up in the morning I sat on the edge of my bed. If I were going to accept this assignment I would be living and working en femme. There wouldn't be a time limit per se'. I would probably work until the killer had been caught either where I was working or somewhere else.

I finished the first week of the second semester. At eight pm Friday night my cell phone rang. I looked at the number and saw it was from Agent Brandt. I still wasn't sure if I should accept something like this. I mean an assignment like this should really be given to a more experienced agent but then Agent Brandt had made some very good arguments for giving me another undercover opportunity.

"Hello Kelly, how are you?" I said when I answered the phone.

"I'm fine Jerry. Have you decided what you are going to do?"

"Yes," I answered. "I would like to work for you."

"I'm glad you agreed. I know you work Friday thru Sunday night as an assistant to the night auditor so I will come by your place on Wednesday about seven pm. Is that ok with you?"

“Fine. I’ll see you Wednesday at seven.”

She hung up. Well now I was committed. I guess the challenge as well as the excitement of going back undercover is what made me agree to do this. I closed my phone and sat back in my recliner to think about what was ahead of me.

In my mind was the image of that twelve year old boy dressed in girls’ clothes wearing lipstick, blusher, nail polish and perfume. All in all it hadn’t been that bad of an experience. It was hard to admit but looking back on it now with more perspective I had actually enjoyed being a girl for reasons that I never will understand. In addition neither I nor any of the other boys had ever gotten into trouble again.

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Wednesday night I ate a light supper. I guess you could say I had butterflies in my stomach. When the doorbell rang I jumped up and ran to the door. Agent Brandt was holding a box in her hands when I opened the door.

“Come in Agent Brandt,” I said.

She walked past me quickly and set the box down on the sofa.

“Take off your shoes and socks please,” she asked.

I sat in my recliner and began taking off my shoes and socks as she removed three shoe boxes and a package of knee high nylon stockings from the larger box.

I opened the package of knee high nylon stockings and put a pair of them on. Agent Brandt had

opened the three shoe boxes containing pairs of black leather pumps with three inch heels. The second pair fit the best so I left them on and stood up.

“Walk around the room a little and see how they feel,” she asked.

When I did she asked me to stop.

“Okay look, you are walking like a man in high heels not like a woman. Watch me.”

I watched her walk around the room. I changed my gait and she nodded with approval as I made two trips around the living room.

“Always walk in a lady like manner. This isn’t a masquerade party you are going to. Your life could depend on this. I want you to spend at least an hour a day practicing your walk. Use this too.”

She handed me a faded green beach towel with several safety pins along one side. After I wrapped it around my waist for a makeshift skirt she pinned the towel closed down one side.

“Now walk around the room again, sit down in your chair smoothing the towel underneath you like it was a skirt and then get up again and walk some more for me.”

I did as she asked. It wasn’t that hard. She nodded her approval as I sat down again.

“So far so good,” she said with a smile. “Now I have some instructional videos for you to watch and make notes from as well as several books for you to read.”

She took the items out of the box and set them on the sofa.

“Study them carefully just as you would the courses at school, maybe even more so. Remember what I said before. Your life could depend on it.”

I nodded as she got up. That was going to make this assignment much different than the one before. I walked her to the door. She turned and smiled at me.

“Remember now don’t cut your hair, an hour each night with the skirt and heels, exercise more and eat a little less. Ten pounds isn’t that much. I’ll be back two weeks from tonight to see how you are doing. If you have any questions just give me a call.”

“Thanks I will,” I replied.

I went back to the sofa and smoothed the towel skirt under me as I sat down. There were several DVD’s. One on feminine deportment, one on makeup and another on hair wig styling. The last one was an instructional DVD on how to dance with a pole.

I had to crack a smile when I saw that one. I guess I was going to have the opportunity to see a jiggle joint from the other side. Something few men had the chance to do. There were also two books with fold out charts detailing the use of makeup, hair and wig styling.

The smallest book was on wig and hair styling so I read that first and then watched the DVD. I was amazed at how many different looks a woman could present just by changing her hair or wig style.

I took off my heels and beach towel skirt. I put everything back in the box, then carried it into the bedroom and slid it under the bed. Walking in heels wasn’t that difficult once you have mastered balanc-

ing yourself and taking your time walking heel to toe.



In the shower I scrubbed myself with a bar of unscented soap. I wondered how long it would be before it would be with perfumed soap and a sweetly scented bubble bath. After drying myself off I looked my body over. I had very little body and facial hair. The chapter on hair removal would come later.

The two weeks flew by. I had lost about six of the ten pounds. I was now walking effortlessly in my high heels and makeshift skirt. I had watched all the DVD's and made some notes from them as well as from the books.

Just about everything a guy needed to know to become a girl had been covered from the proper use of an eye lash curler and plucking your eyebrows to the application of makeup and its removal. I wondered if Agent Brandt was going to give me a test. I re-read the books and watched the DVD'S again before she came. I wanted to be fully prepared to answer any of her questions.

That Wednesday when I let her in she had another shoe box with her.

“Put your skirt and knee highs on,” she asked.

When I returned from the bedroom she placed a pair of black leather pumps at my feet. This pair had four inch heels. I stepped into them and was surprised at the difference a single inch made as I walked around the room.

“You are doing just fine,” she commented. “Here is the address of clinic not far from here. Call them for an appointment with Dr. Elizabeth Pratt. I need you to have a complete physical.”

I took the card from her.