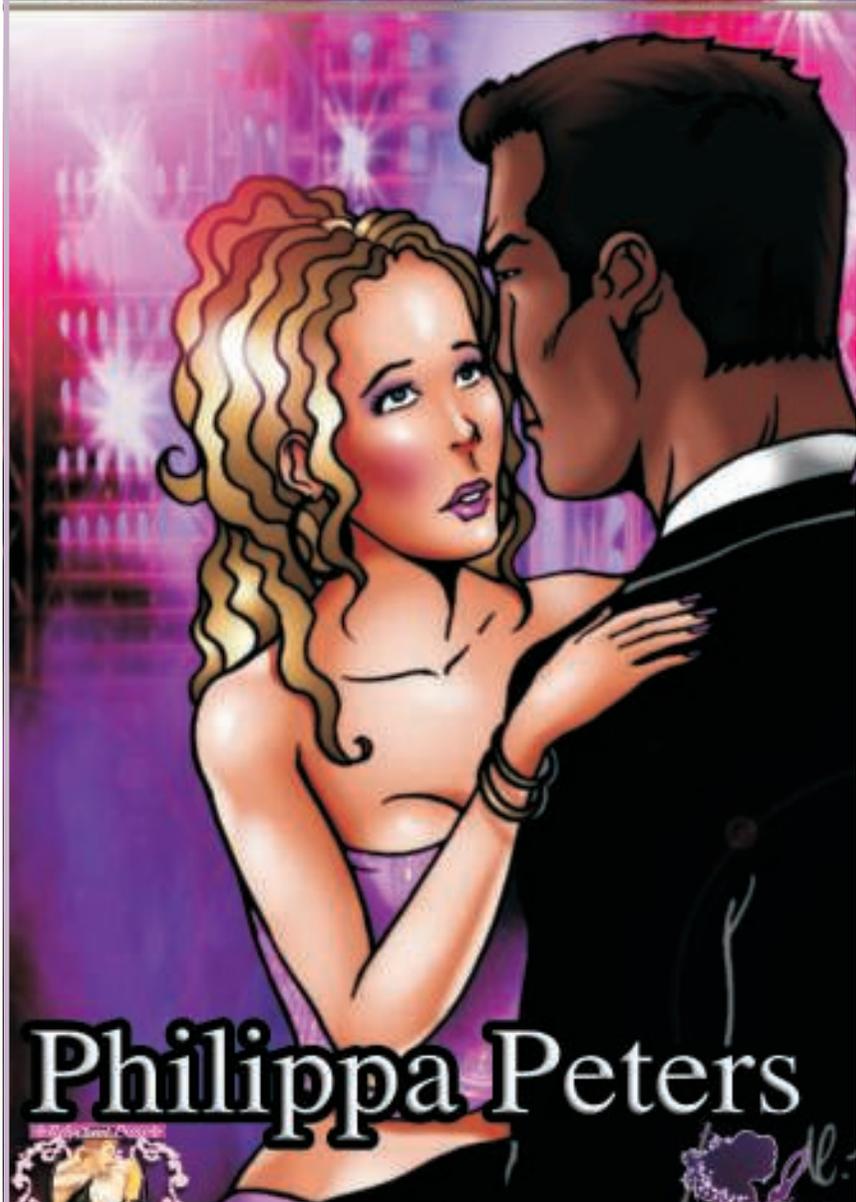


*A Little More*  
**Under the Cover**



**Philippa Peters**



An "Adult TV" Novel



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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# A LITTLE MORE UNDER THE COVER

by Philippa Peters

*Part Two, A Continuation of 'Undercover'*

## **X. THE MAKING OF DENISE GORDON**

The two stunningly pretty girls, in Gina's opinion, were 'girls' she could really use in her future plans. They stood up, Michelle laughing, made Alice, blushing, do it again, without showing off the pretty, frilly panties she was wearing. Yes, it was hard to be a lady, thought Gina sardonically. But she had no doubt that Michelle would soon have this new girl in hand. She'd better after the conversation she'd had with her insider on the Vice Squad.

Gina Freeman's smile lasted only as long as the two 'girls' were with her. She couldn't help the expression of superiority, almost contempt, that replaced the smile when the two were gone.

So the queer cop was going to play the game out all the way, she thought sardonically. A brave man, but soon he'd have to be a braver woman. He looked like he could do it. But there must be something wrong with his sexual makeup, Gina was certain, for him even to have undertaken a task such as the one his superiors had set him. She'd never bent a cop before, not in this way at least, though she had in other cases, with Katie, a former cop, and her Barry-boy, another worker for the police department, checking out that Katie was passing to her dominatrix.

Gina suspected Johnny Bent had, in his own peculiar way, bent many cops, all over the country. Jack was supposed to have a power package: his records of who had done what when. Gil Corona had always been going on about it, but she'd known Jack better. He kept all his records, she was sure, in his prodigious memory. When he'd died, well, they were all on their own now, able to do what Jack did but in their own ways. If anyone claimed access to Johnny's 'power package,' who loved dressing up as a woman, who just preferred queens as their love partners and who had other fetishes they never wished to be revealed, Gina would know then who she should have removed from the Organization – after she'd made sure their claims weren't true.

Gina considered her options. She could let Tommy know about Polanski's infiltration attempt, a rather novel one, an extreme one in fact. Tommy was very straightforward. He'd start panicking and want to close everything down again as they had in the year after Jack died. Look what happened when that old pimp, Gil Corona, disappeared. There had been panic until she'd turned up the information that Corona had died in Longbar, the prison hospital, hit by the Colombians after that last deal had gone haywire. Corona was as stupid as he was vain, she thought angrily.

Still, Tommy would be worried about where the police had got their information from as well as how they were trying to slip in an informant in such a stupid way. But with any number of Johnny Bent messengers now anonymous since the old man's death, it wasn't surprising that someone had talked. It was a surprise really that the Feds hadn't gone public right away. That was more like them than this crafty approach was.

Gina had to admit that this Alice, no, Denise Gordon as she'd renamed her, this Denise was cute and made an extraordinarily good-looking woman. Gina would have to keep a careful eye on her, of course, but she could well make an ideal companion - after Angela's retirement as Gina's husband.

Angela. The very thought of 'her' brought a scowl to Gina's face. She was becoming an all-round pain in the butt, her husband was, continually whining about one thing or another. It was becoming clearer to Gina that she was losing her hold on Angela. The hormones had worked too well. She wouldn't make the same mistake with Denise Gordon.

Gina guessed that Angela was longing for *the* operation now. She was certainly useless in bed unless you were a lesbian. Gina knew herself and knew she had those tendencies in her. She loved the feel and aroma of a female body beside her in bed but she also wanted her partner to really enter her, not with the fake, 'action' sex toys that were all Angela could now provide her with. She wanted the real thing and felt suddenly hungry as she remembered how cute the new queen, new 'girlie,' Denise Gordon had looked in her blonde wig and green dress.

Johnny Bent had warned her about getting involved with the product, as he had called it. Johnny hadn't. He'd also lacked, he had said himself, the

strong streak of ambition and ruthlessness that might have carried him to the very top, to the head of his own family. Gina smiled to herself. Those qualities were not lacking in her. And she was the only one to see that times were changing. Queens weren't like they used to be. Exposure was no longer as big a threat as it once was. Many people were experimenters these days. The employees, that's how she thought of them, needed someone strong to keep them in line.

Gina had calculated that Tommy Black, not Gil Corona, would soon take over what was left of Jack's small permanent crew. Tommy had the name and the right mob connections. Besides, Corona had hated her as she had him. She knew they'd run into the same troubles with the girls that Jack had. Big Vic Campari had clashed with Jack over his methods of 'client surveillance' many times, which was one reason why Jack turned to using transvestites and queens.

The same fight had gone on between the grandson Arturo Campari and Tommy, but that was now settled. The deal with Jimmy Stick helped there. If she knew Tommy, he'd soon be letting the queen side of the business slip or go under completely and then where would she be?

Tommy needed her now because she did know some of the old ring and how it operated. It was a real pity Alice was a cop. She was so good in her early moves that she might well have been another Angela, Diane or Belle, Johnny's 'top girl.'

Angela again, she thought with a sigh. Angela couldn't keep her eyes off the men these days. Nor her hands. Gina had learned yesterday that Angela was beyond the petting and fondling stage with one of the Stick's men, the smaller one, Julio. Was that his

name? He was the one so nasty to all the queens. Did he think he'd fool Gina with such an act? He obviously was attracted to the 'girls.' What an easy target, she thought. If only he had something she wanted.

Well, Denise would need a permanent escort. Who better than a 'queen-hater' like Julio? she smiled to herself. Poor Angela would have to find herself a new playmate. She brought out the chart she had been working on but would never have shown to anyone, not even Tommy. She did not have Johnny's memory. She needed a diagram to show her who was going where and when.

Yes, there was a need for hookers in a convention hotel in Chicago. Angela could join them and do pickups. She loved to be taken for a woman. She'd love to do it. Her pickup could be informed of the limited tricks she'd do for a man. Angela would love the job. She wouldn't even care if she was caught. To be noticed as a woman, to be thought of as one, was all she was beginning to care about. Gina put her diagrams away after making a note. She had two things now to talk to Jimmy about. Soon, she wouldn't have to use 'women' like Angela. Jimmy was more co-operative in sharing his girls than Big or Little Vic.

Gina wondered how Angela would like being one of Jimmy's whores. She thought of the cop she was going to bend and imagined pretty Alice on the street as one of Jimmy's girls. There could be no more fitting ending, she thought gleefully.

I thought it would just be a blood test for AIDS as I sat in the professionally equipped doctor's office on a proper examining table. I didn't expect to have anything injected into my arm. I became woozy right away and had to lie down on the examining table, Michelle arranging my hair beneath my head like a cushion.

I swore at them thickly, but more at myself for being taken in by such a simple trick. I felt the doctor's hands on my legs as he lifted them up and I was stretched out on the table, barely able to do more than dribble from my red-painted mouth.

"Was this necessary?" I heard Michelle's musical voice say.

I couldn't see anything but the wash basin, next to the pillow. I just wanted to sleep, to sink into the soft pillow.

"Don't you usually just use a local?" I heard Michelle's voice again entering the miasma of swirling images in my head. I mustn't dream, I willed myself. I must stay awake. I must know what they were doing.

"...and then she said that this queen wouldn't be co-operative," said a deep voice that I recognized as Doc Medway's. No wonder I felt as if I was losing my hearing. His voice was like a gentle wave beating against a shore. I listened to it, understanding nothing and being lulled to sleep by it.

I felt myself half-turned. Someone was unbuttoning my dress. Ugh, me in 'my' dress! Oh, please, undo my waist cinch, I pleaded. That's the one that hurts the most.

"Well, it will make removing all her body hair that much easier," said Michelle's clear voice again. "But I think she should have some choice in whether she wants a T and A job, don't you?"

Yes, I said in my half-conscious state. Yes, she should, whoever she is, I tried to say aloud. What's a T and A job?

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I came to with a splitting headache. I must have groaned very loudly for a cool glass of water was instantly thrust into my hand and someone put their hand behind me to help me sit up and drink. It was a nice hand, pressing against something soft and silky that was caressing my skin.

“Don’t drink too much,” said Michelle Bennett. “Doc Medway gave you far too much sedative. I told him so.”

I vaguely remembered where I was and what I was supposed to be doing. “How long?” I started to ask.

“Well, you did come around two hours ago,” Michelle said brightly. “But then you drifted off again. I think you were tired. It seemed best to let you rest. It’s about eight o’clock in the evening now. That’s why I put the nightie on you. I thought you might like to just stay in bed until tomorrow. You know, catch up on your sleep.”

So that was it. I had a nightdress on, a woman’s nightie. I tried to control the panicky feelings going through me. I was dressed as a woman I thought with a gulp, recognizing the soft, caressing feeling now about my thighs. I sank back onto the fluffed-up pillow. And I was wearing a wig, I thought, and my women’s underwear. I had a bra on for sure, and the falsies on my chest.

I opened my eyes. Michelle Bennett was sitting on a white-quilted bed beside the one I was on in a white room, the lighting dim, looking at me with concern.

“Sorry about the way it happened,” Michelle said quietly, with great sympathy. “Normally, it’s several weeks before I propose it to someone like you. Then,

of course, you love it when you get real breasts so quickly.”

“Real breasts?” I squeaked, feeling the blood drain from my face. I put my hands to my chest. I looked up at her with what must be horror on my face. There were mounds there. Breasts! They had given me female breasts and dressed me in a nightie!

Panic-stricken, I reached down my body. The nightie was long and felt so peculiar against my skin. It registered that I didn’t have any hair on my body. The material was lying directly on my skin. I felt panties around my private parts, but, almost in relief, I felt my manhood intact.

Michelle was looking at me, horrified. “We’d never do something like that to you without your consent,” she said, sitting up very straight, her breasts perfect in her tight-fitting dress.

*I have breasts like that too*, I thought wildly. I pushed back the covers and swung my feet out of the bed. The nightie was billowing about me, touching me, sending strange chills up and down my body as I realized that my legs were absolutely smooth, hairless.

I stood up on my bare feet. My toenails were painted! The nightdress made me shiver as it danced about my bare legs. But it was the mounds on my chest that made me want to scream the most. I was wearing some sort of underwired bra that held the creamy mounds of smooth flesh in front of me. They moved as I moved my arms.

I felt like screaming or hitting someone. How dare they! How dare they deform me like this! I looked for Michelle, ready to attack her and to force my way out of that place. But she’d moved to a white, inlaid door and opened it. A long mirror on the inside gave me a

dizzying view of the white room before stopping on the ash-blonde woman in the long, white nightdress. Like so many nightdresses, it was very revealing, revealing of long, white arms, ending in bright red fingernails clutching and lifting the long skirt to show off her equally bright toenails and shapely calves.

Even more revealing was the cleavage. The two mounds were pushed together by the tight bra but they were clearly mine. I was looking at myself as a woman. I reached up my hands to touch them.

“The bra is padded, naturally,” said Michelle brightly. “After an operation like that and the enlarging of the nipples, they’ll be sore for a little while but you’ll be able to wear a bikini next week.”

Next week! Next week, I’d be in considerable pain after having these ripped from my chest. Yes, I was going to teach Michelle and all her other Bent friends just what pain was! I couldn’t believe how I looked! How they’d *made* me look, I thought vengefully. The hair seemed attached to me, the blonde bangs over my forehead. No wonder my ears hurt. There were earrings there. It took a second glance for me to realize that these were not clip-ons! I had pierced ears too!

And my face! Something was wrong with my face. It was me and it wasn’t me. What was it? I looked so female. I didn’t even have makeup on. What was wrong with me? Then I realized that my face was slightly swollen on each cheek. Had they assaulted me while I slept?

“We didn’t touch your neck,” Michelle said, opening the other white panelled door to reveal a closet full of clothes, women’s clothes. “You don’t need to have your Adam’s apple shaved back. Yours really is invisible, isn’t it?”

“It was my idea that Doctor Medway touch up your cheeks, too. Don’t you think you look so much more feminine with smoothness and curves there rather than bones? It doesn’t stop feeling at all, either. I should know! I had my cheeks done five years ago; and I’m not boney at all now, am I? It all feels so real!

“By the way, I don’t want you sitting too much for the next few days, either. You should get used to standing or lying down.”

“Why?” I croaked, my throat dry as I made out the line of panties through the nightie on me and the line of my bra. I was shivering and didn’t know why as the nightie quivered against me. I was breaking out in goosebumps just looking at the strange person who was myself as a woman. No, not just as a woman. As a *pretty* woman, my face pale and shiny, my cheeks rounded and smooth, my eyebrows curved in such a delicate line.

My eyelashes, they couldn’t be my own, so dark and curvy, too. This wasn’t me! They had transplanted me, my ideas, my mind, into a female body! I screamed inside my head, shaking the long ash-blond hair about my neck. This isn’t me!

“Feel your hips,” Michelle said, grinning broadly. Shaking, I did so, wondering fearfully what else they could have done to me. What *hadn’t* they done to me! My hips were fleshy, rounded, womanly! My backside! The cheeks were fuller and the tops of my legs. I couldn’t help it. I had to pull up my nightie and expose my legs. They weren’t mine! I wanted to scream in protest. These were women’s legs, soft, rounded, beautiful, if you were a woman.

Michelle was going on about injections and hadn’t the doc done such a wonderful job curving me in all the right places? Didn’t I look so beautiful now with a woman’s body? I could be a girl all day long! She,

Michelle, was going to be with me all the time and teach me everything I had to know. We'd start on my voice right away.

Michelle gushed on with such enthusiasm that I couldn't get a word in edgeways. I couldn't yell at her. My throat was too dry. I couldn't look at the pretty legs and panties any more, not with the thought that this was me for a little while longer while I was still being held under compulsion here. I lowered my skirts and the floating about my legs gave me a weird, airy feeling that made me shiver, even though it wasn't unpleasant.

Nevertheless, I felt sick to my stomach as Michelle bubbled on happily about how wonderful she knew I felt now that I had no body or face hair. I had to have more treatments for that but she'd be as gentle as she could in doing it.

When she ran down, I had to ask her why, why they'd done this to me. "Why?" Michelle asked, puzzled. "You mean, you mean, you actually didn't want it done? You don't want to be able to pass as a woman, everywhere?"

Michelle sounded totally astonished. I remembered what I was supposed to be. I was a drag queen. I liked to dress in women's clothing, didn't I? Now I wouldn't need any padding at all. I should love it, love what they'd done to me. Love to wear all the pretty clothes in the cupboard in front of me. I almost swallowed my tongue as I thought of myself in a bikini. Men would look at me as I had looked at women before. When they knew it was me, oh, what a laughing-stock I would be then.

How could they do this to me!? I cried on the inside as I turned back to the bed, looking anywhere but at the girl in the mirror. I actually felt tears in my eyes. I felt Michelle's arm about my shoulder, trying to com-

fort me. I was Charley Howell! I didn't need any comforting by a...what was she? My coach? The woman who was going to make me a woman like her.

"I didn't want to go this far," I said miserably. "I didn't mind padding." Well, I did, but I couldn't admit that and keep my cover, could I?

"I heard that you wouldn't co-operate," Michelle said quietly. "I'm sorry if we went too far. But really," she took my hands in her soft ones, "you will find that this is marvellous. Would you like to go out tonight? We could go down to the Hilo and pick up a couple of Desiree's boy friends. They'll go wild over you."

"No!" I exclaimed and lay back on the bed, strange feelings going through me. I could feel hurts now, too. My nipples were throbbing and even my skin felt as it had been burned in several places.

"You're hurting," said Michelle with sudden understanding. "Yes, it would be wise to wait until you get all the stitches out and you're not so swollen up." She giggled. "You'll only be a B cup, you know. I hate big boobs like Desiree's, don't you?"

I had thought Desiree was padded up too much before. I was staggered to think that all that frontage was actually hers, no, *his*. As this was mine, I thought, my chest wobbling as I moved, the sensation eerie. I felt like I was wearing extra pants too, shorts of some kind. I'm a man, I wanted to scream, tossing my long hair back, my breasts wobbling. I can't do this any more!

"Let's put you in some stockings, a garter belt and a nice dress," said Michelle, cocking her head in a beguiling smile. "Doesn't that sound wonderful? You'll be a woman like me in no time."

## **XI. WHAT EVERY QUEEN WOULD LOVE**

“We’ve lost Annie Phelan,” Carson’s trembling voice revealed only a little of the grief he felt at the death of one of his best undercover agents.

Polanski looked up at the captain who had just stormed onto his office. “Annie?” he asked, his face going pale. “What happened?”

“A psycho with a knife,” snarled Carson. “Played games with her in that crummy apartment we set her up in, before she died.”

The sneer on his face let Polanski know there was more. “You think that it was just a psycho?” he began.

“Annie Phelan was switched over to pipeline Charley Howell. She’s the last to see him; now she’s dead,” said Carson angrily. “What do you think? Annie could spot a psycho a mile away. She’d never have a guy in her place, anyway. We’re going to close up the Block on this, cut off Jimmy Stick from his source of income. We’ll find Howell for you too.” His face was ashy with grief. “This thing has cost us too much already.”

Polanski looked at the heavy-breathing captain for a long time. “You think Charley can give us evidence that this was a mob hit?” he asked, frowning.

Carson grimaced. “You’ve had us keep out of Knightsbridge for too long,” he said. “Wait till we get the Bent Organization. Wait, wait, wait! I’ve had it! Those guys think they’re immune. We’re gonna crack down and right now. If any of that deviate bunch was involved...”

Polanski knew the emotion. “Shoot first and piece it together later,” he said sarcastically.

“What’s the matter with you, Polanski?” raged Carson. “You’re being outfoxed. Phelan’s dead. Howell’s disappeared. He’s probably dead too. Annie said he had Jimmy’s boys holding onto him when he went off with a drag queen. How long has it been now? Ten days? Undercovers just don’t go out of sight for that long, not in an area like this. I tell you, your investigation is blown!”

Polanski firmed up his jaw. “The Commissioner agrees with me that the people we are after would just move out of here if we cracked down on Knightsbridge too tightly.”

Carson turned on his heel and stormed out of Polanski’s office, the door coming off its hinge at such abusive treatment. Polanski wanted to stalk right after him. He knew Carson was going to disobey any order the Commissioner might give him. He was going to have Knightsbridge stepped on and very heavily.

Jeff might as well go to the Commissioner’s now before he was called in. In the outer office, several members of the Narcotics Squad were gathered at the water cooler. They looked casually at his wrecked door but no one made a comment. Polanski left knowing he was the subject of several furtive and very hostile glances.

“There is a plan to clean up Knightsbridge after we get the Bent Organization, isn’t there?” asked the Commissioner, seemingly unperturbed by Polanski’s revelations.

“Yes,” said Polanski. “But Carson’s not ready to listen. He wants vengeance. So does my squad.”

The Commissioner grimaced. “Well, let him huff and puff and throw his weight about in Knightsbridge for a while,” he said firmly. “The bad

guys have to expect some reaction from us if they did ice one of ours. Let it go.”

Polanski sighed and nodded.

“How’s the undercover operation progressing?” the Commissioner wanted to know.

Polanski sighed again. “Howell confirmed so much of what Corona said and we know he was taken into the ring. Annie’s death, if it was an accident, couldn’t have come at a worst time. We’re going to bring Kate back from San Fran and see what she can find out. But she’s scared to death of coming back.”

“Back to square one,” said the Commissioner bitterly. His dead brother, a suicide, was not going to rest easy for a while yet.

“Howell’s still the key,” said Polanski. “If he’s been taken in, and can give us direct evidence, well, at least we could bust up the Organization. Publicity would do the rest on seeing it isn’t rebuilt. When we contact Howell again...”

“But if Howell’s been taken all the way in, will anyone now recognize him, or should I say, her?” asked the Commissioner.

Both men thought about that for a while. Surely Howell couldn’t have gone all the way as a queen. No, he’d have refused. They would toss him out, probably far away from this city. More likely he was dead. There were, after all, some things that no normal man could ever do.

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Michelle Bennett was a hard taskmistress for Denise Gordon. Denise Gordon; it was like it wasn’t

me, even though I responded to the name. I had to. No one called me anything now but Denise. Michelle seemed determined to get me into trim as a woman in record time. I must admit that I had to wonder at time if they weren't feeding me some drug in the water and light salads, my main foods, because sometimes, just sometimes, I found myself hardly able to remember I was Charley Howell. I wasn't acting at those times.

I would be dressed in a short sexy dress, my pretty legs encased in nylon, my makeup done by experts, my figure eye-catching and gently shaped by my feminine lingerie. Michelle would start it and urge me on in teasing whoever they had guarding us. It was fun to flirt with my tormentors who could not answer back. I loved it then. I was Denise.

The three visits daily to the gym were torture. What was so awful was that the gym was not just for Michelle and me but I had to join in with whatever classes were organized for that time. There were other girls there, dancers obviously by the graceful way they moved even in warm-ups. The lead-ups to ballet classes were the worst. I might have felt I wasn't a completely stupid parody of a woman if I had just been tightly padded. But I had breasts.

Breasts that jiggled when I moved. I had a figure. I could see my rounded fanny and shapely hips and thighs when I moved in the long mirror all down one wall. I felt so silly to be dressed in my tights and spandex outfit, like Michelle, trying to spin gracefully like a girl. So many times I had to stop out of sheer embarrassment at trying female moves like the girls there, but Michelle and the main instructor, Miss Debbie, were always encouraging.

My male parts hurt, too, in part because the sight of so many near naked females had its effect on me.



That made the tight binding of the g-string at times unbearable but Michelle only looked sympathetically at me when I complained. She wasn't allowed to make it easier for me there, she said sorrowfully. She'd helped a lot of the other boys to become dancers but I was special. I couldn't be treated for that hurt. I would have to learn to bear it.

The girls were 'toning up for the show,' Michelle said. Though I would never be part of such, I should learn how to dance like a girl. Wasn't it wonderful how much more gracefully I was moving now? I was getting more and more like a real girl as I got used to moving my arms and breasts together.

It wasn't long before I didn't have to use the waist cinch. Without the implants, I could guess that my cheeks would have been hollow and gaunt, my legs much slimmer than they were, though they weren't bulky or fat by any means. In fact my legs, as anyone could see—and everyone could see in the skimpy outfits and tights I had to wear—were as nice as any other woman's in my classes. I had been so distressed at being so exposed to other women, dressed exactly like them, at the start of my first aerobics class, as Michelle called it.

Sometimes when the music was just right and I got into a groove with Miss Debbie's instructions, I lost myself there, too, and became Denise. Michelle noticed such times and would beam at me in pleasure, so pleased whenever I did something girlish without having to be reminded by her.

I went to the same hair stylists as those who worked with the dancers and showgirls, with a bodyguard never too far away. I was never questioned about my own hair or about the wigs the stylists fastened so securely to my head, not even when I was still working on my voice.