

# Framed Into Skirts



**Gladys Fernandez**

An "Adult TV" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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# “FRAMED INTO SKIRTS”

By Gladys Fernandez

## CHAPTER I. Murder!

Victor Collins was about to open the door and leave his office when the phone rang. He was tempted to let it ring and go out. It was almost time for lunch and he had a date with Rose, his fiancée, in the Blue Room of the Park Hotel.

However, he stopped by the door hesitating. Things were not going well for the advertising agency. In fact, during the current *Little Depression*, he had to do some pickup artwork for a competitor to keep things going. It might be a new account and maybe a fat commission for the firm.

It was at the sixth ring when he finally returned and lifted the phone.

The caller was not a customer; it was Jonathan Price, Victor's partner. Jonathan handled the day to day business while Victor was the *idea man*, responsible for dreaming up the ad campaign, making up the art work required, and handling the presentations to the client accounts. Jonathan sounded strangely disturbed and was talking so fast Victor could hardly follow his words.

“Victor,” Price demanded, “it’s imperative that we talk immediately. I’ll meet you in ten minutes at the Silver Fork. Come on, right now.”

“Just a minute, Johnnie?” Victor complained. “I can’t see you now. I have a date with Rose, and ...”

Price interrupted him and there was a note of fear in his voice: “You have to come, Vic. It’s a matter of life and death. And affects you and me, and the business. Come now! I’m waiting for you.”

The phone went dead and Victor remained motionless with the receiver in his hand, not knowing what to do.

He was deeply surprised by the urgent and uneasy tone in Price’s request because his partner was a cold and calculating man. He had known him for more than two years and he had never shown any particular excitement, or emotion, even in difficult situations.

*‘Something must be very wrong to upset him so much.’*

Victor decided he had to find out what it was. After all, the Silver Fork was just around the corner. He could drop in on his way to the Park Hotel, find out what was troubling his partner, and go in time for his date with Rose.

He hung up the phone, went out of the office and walked briskly the two, or three, hundred yards to the Silver Fork.

Victor opened the glass doors of the restaurant and entered into the cool air-conditioned atmosphere of the big dining room.

The Silver Fork was an old-fashioned establishment, very popular among a middle-class clientele of junior executives, secretaries and young professionals who worked in the adjoining business section. He and Jonathan, were regulars there.

The lounge was a long and wide rectangle with three rows of square tables in the center and a line of booths on each side. At the back were two doors that led to the kitchen and a small bar with a counter and a few stools. Between the kitchen doors and the bar was a high desk for the cashier.

The salon was widely lighted through large windows on the right side and by two old twelve lights chandeliers that hung from the high roof.

The restaurant was almost full. There was a lot of noise of conversation and laughs mixed with the sound of the background music that came from several loudspeakers.

A smiling blonde hostess came to greet him at the door.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Collins,” she greeted with a friendly smile as she drew a menu from the nearby hostess station counter. “Are you here to be with Mr. Price? I think that he is...”

But, he had already seen his partner, who was sitting in the first booth on the right side with a glass of what seemed to be whiskey in his hand.

The hostess led him to the booth, took his order and left as Victor sat in front of Jonathan, who had obviously lost his usual calm and control.

His pale and worried face, the perspiration on his forehead, his shaking hands and a slight tremor in his left eyelid were all proof he was confronting a serious internal crisis.

They both kept quiet while a waiter brought Victor’s drink, but as soon as he left Price started to speak fast and nervously.

“Victor, someone is trying to kill me and I have to leave town right away. I called you because we have always been good friends, and I don’t want you to get mixed in all this mess.

“I have been gambling the last six months and I lost a lot of money. I managed to keep them more or less satisfied with partial payments; but, I got in deeper debt. Now it’s impossible for me to pay, and they are going to kill me.....”

“Calm down, Johnnie,” Victor interrupted. “I don’t think anybody is going to kill a man for a few bucks lost in a friendly poker game!”

Jonathan was impatient when he spoke again:

“You don’t have any idea how they operate. One important thing is I didn’t lose *a few bucks*. I owe them fifty thousand dollars. They want to make me an example for other people that owe them money.”

Victor was amazed.

“Fifty thousand?” he exclaimed in doubt, and suddenly realized something he hadn’t thought of before. “Where did you get the money to start all this and to make those partial payments?”

“I took money from the agency and covered up things by altering the books and other documents. Vic, I am awfully ashamed, but I was out of my mind. They plan to kill me!

“Yesterday I took all the money there was in our Bank account. I intended to run away with it, but I know you don’t deserve a thing like this. So I want to return most of it to you. I put thirty thousand dollars in a locker in the railway station and this is the key. Please take it.”

He grabbed Victor’s hand, pressed the key into it.

Without thinking, Victor put it into his pocket.

At that precise moment the blonde hostess was taking a couple to the fourth table in the center row; the glass door was opened by a man that had a scarf around the lower part of his face and was wearing gray cotton gloves and a wide rimmed felt hat.

The man took just a couple of steps inside the dining room. No one seem to noticed him when he pulled the gun out of his pocket.

The two shots sounded muffled like little coughs, but Victor heard them clearly. At the same time, he saw the blood on Jonathan’s face when he fell towards the table.

He turned around in the seat to see the gray figure throwing something to him. By instinct he caught it while the man ran to the door and disappeared. Victor got up with the gun in his hand and was simultaneously seen by the people in the nearby table and by the blonde hostess, who was coming back towards the door.

She cried loudly: "He killed him, my God, Mr. Collins killed his business partner!"

The man started to get up at the nearby table shouting: "Call the police!"

Victor was scared to death; he threw the gun on the table and ran as fast as he could to reach the street.

Under the bright sunshine in the early Washington afternoon he seemed to come to his senses.

*I have to catch the man who killed Jonathan so they won't blame me for his death.'*

He rapidly turned the corner. He kept walking fast looking around, trying to spot the hit-man. He reached the next corner and went on around the block until he got to the same street he had started from but across from the restaurant.

He saw the two police cars parked on the curb in front of the Silver Fork. He considered going to speak to them and tell them what really had happened, yet in that moment he realized the absurdity of the whole thing.

It seemed no one had seen the hit-man. But, at least two persons in the restaurant had seen him standing in front of the dead man with a gun in his hand and then, to make things worse, he had run away.

*'Who was going to believe my version?'*

What he needed was to get the man who had killed his partner and take him to the police. Again he realized that was not possible, because he didn't know who the man was, or what he looked like. He had only seen a man dressed in a gray suit wearing gray gloves and covering his face with a hat and a scarf.

A cold wave ran through his body; because he now felt, for the first time, he was in deep, deep trouble.

He backed up to the corner, turned and walked fast to get away from the scene of the crime.

He made a long walk around to reach his office building, went in and tried to stay as calm as he could when he passed by the guard post.

Luckily the man on duty was discussing something with a delivery boy and didn't pay any attention when he took the elevator to the basement.

He looked for his car, started it and drove out of the building. When he was just about to turn the corner, a police car drove down the street and pulled to the curb in front of his office building.

Two policemen got out of the patrol car and went in.

A sensation of despair came unto him. Things were moving too fast for him to handle alone.

*He needed help and needed it bad.*

## **CHAPTER II. Help!**

Victor drove aimlessly for several minutes and then he went to Georgetown. He looked for an empty place in a quiet street and parked his car. There, in the, silence of the deserted street, he considered again the situation and tried to determine who could help him.

The first two people to come to his mind were Rose, his fiancée, and her father, who was a very influential industrialist. But he could not even imagine how he would convince them of his innocence. Rose was so concerned about her social status and her prestige in her social circle. She would certainly prefer to lose him, than the risk of getting involved in a scandal.

Next he considered his lawyer and discarded him also. He was not the man of action he needed.

And there, thinking of men of action, he saw clearly who was the right man to get him out of this plight. If there was anyone who could do it, he was Dick Feldman.

Victor got out of the car, locked it and started the long walk to the Foggy Bottom subway station.

The subway came in a few minutes and took him downtown. He got off the train at Seventh and G and walked to the FBI building.

He reviewed the Directory and got the elevator to the third floor where Dick had his office.

When he entered, a very efficient secretary greeted him, announced him through the phone.

“He will see you now, sir”

Dick was already waiting for him with open arms in the middle of the big office. They embraced with the affection of two childhood friends who had not seen each other in over two years.

Victor remembered in a flash of the mind, all their lifelong friendship, that began in grade school when they lived in Chevy Chase as next door neighbors. And later continued together in a well known Washington private high school for boys.

Dick was four years older than him, but he always seemed to like him very much and they became very close, just like brothers. Dick always protected him in school from the bigger guys that tried to bully him.

It was as if he felt Vic was a delicate being and he didn't want him to get hurt. When Vic reached puberty, it was Dick who taught him all the things a young man has to know about sports, recreation, girls and other matters.

Then, Dick went to Harvard to become a lawyer.

And, in due time, Vic registered at G.W.U to study Commercial Art and Business Administration.

Their lives separated, but their deep friendship for one another remained unchanged.

Dick joined the FBI and became one of its more brilliant agents. In ten years he was promoted to a management position. And for the last two years he had been in charge of the Witness Protection and Relocation Program.

Yes, if there was someone who could help him now; Dick Feldman was that man.

Dick noticed immediately something was disturbing Victor and went directly to the point.

“Something is troubling you, Vic? Can I help?”

Victor told him all that had happened starting with Jonathan's call. As Vic's narration progressed, Dick's face was getting more and more somber. At the con-

clusion of the story, when Vic handed him the key, Dick shook his head.

“Vic, I’m going to tell you no lies. You are in a hell of a mess. And it is going to take a lot of work and luck to get you out of it. First, you need to understand that murder investigations rest with the District police. The Bureau cannot get involved with your case, unless it is a part of an organized crime case under federal regulations. Right now we need to find out what the police know and what they intend to do. Then we’ll decide on a plan of action.”

He picked up the phone and told his secretary to call an agent named Williams, as he explained to Vic: “He is one of our best special agents and he is now working with the District of Columbia Police Department as liaison on other cases we have pending.”

As soon as he made contact, he asked Williams to find out all he could about Jonathan’s murder.

“Routine inquiry. I think that it might have something to do with that gambling case you are working on. I’ll fill you in on what I know, later.”

When he finished he turned to Vic to study him closely for a moment, as if trying to make up his mind about something. With a shrug he opened a file drawer in his desk to pull from it a thick file, which he placed upon his desk to examine until he came to a set of photographs. He held one up to the light while his eyes fixed on Vic, before he announced casually, “we can’t do anything else now, Vic. Have you eaten lunch?”

Vic realized he had not eaten anything since breakfast and shook his head.

Dick called his secretary and told her he planned to eat lunch in the office, and asked her to order a pizza, beer and coffee.

He turned again to Vic.

“Now try to relax. We will eat and I’ll take you to one of our safe houses where you can be tucked away for a few days until I get all the facts. I’ll see you there tomorrow and then we’ll decide what to do.”

When his secretary entered with their lunch order Dick smiled and handed her a photograph from the

file saying, "Miss Clark, would you give this to Agent Randall. I believe that I have found a solution to our problem."

"Yes, sir," was the nodded reply as she took the photograph and withdrew leaving Dick with his visitor.

The safe house was a fairly big, two story house with a large den in the basement, a three car garage and a beautiful front garden surrounded by a brick fence. It had three well furnished bedrooms, each one with a private bathroom; a large living room and a dining room; and two large rooms converted into conference rooms with long tables and sound and projection facilities.

The kitchen was the dream of a cordon-bleu chef and the pantry was full with everything necessary for a long survival.

The basement den had been transformed into a kind of ballroom, with a highly polished wooden floor, a wall covered with mirrors from floor to ceiling, a ballet barre mounted against the mirror, and a stereo sound system.

Vic looked over all the house and found no one else. He was very tired and drained out, so he undressed in the main bedroom and went to sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

It was almost midmorning when he woke up feeling a lot better than the night before.

He went down to the kitchen and prepared the coffee maker; he drank a large glass of orange juice; and, went to the bathroom where he took a long hot shower that helped him relax. He dried his body and, as usual, he smiled proudly seeing how lithe it was. He had worked hard to keep in shape, but his fair skinned body had never formed the heavy muscles of an athlete, just a supple leanness.

He put on his shorts and went down to the kitchen. He was drinking his second cup of coffee when he heard the main door open. Very carefully, he opened the kitchen door just a little to see who was coming.

It was Dick, who was in the company of a very attractive, dark-haired woman elegantly dressed in a powder blue tailored suit and a black satin blouse. Her purse and her high heel shoes were also black and she was carrying a leather attach case. Dick called for him and, without thinking, he answered from where he was.

The two visitors came into the kitchen before he could warn them of his near nudity. He blushed to the roots of his hair, but the dark-haired woman just smiled.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Collins. I have seen other naked men and they were not as good looking as you are.”

Dick burst into a big laugh.

“Meet my assistant, Agent Tanya Randall, Vic, Go on, put your pants on and come back. We have to talk.”

When Vic returned they were sitting on bar stools at the kitchen counter drinking coffee.

Dick told him to sit on the third stool and started his analysis of the situation.

“The police consider it an open and shut case. They have identified both of you, investigated your business and personal relations and know all about the defrauding of your advertising agency. They already know that Price took the firm’s money out of the bank, and they believe that was the reason for your disagreement. They still don’t know about the gambling. But they are going to find out, and things are going to look worse.

“They really have a very strong case against you with a very credible motive, with obvious time and opportunity, and with witnesses to the act itself. At least two persons saw you facing the dead man with a gun in your hand. One of the witnesses, the restaurant hostess identified the victim and you. With very little pressure the witnesses are going to be severely convinced they actually saw you shooting Jonathan. And, the police have the pistol with your fingerprints all over. Your running away is a last incriminating fact.”

He paused to take a sip of coffee before he arose from his position on a stool at the kitchen breakfast counter to pour himself a fresh cup. Then he continued as he walked back to his stool...

"They have run a warrant for your arrest, with the usual all points bulletins in Maryland and Virginia. Your photograph and prints have been run in the Bureau Files for national release. Since they now have your car, they are watching closely all the city exits, especially Union Station, as well as Dulles and National Airports. If they get you, in about a month and a half you will be crossing the Lorton Reformatory gates with a life sentence in your hand, if not the death penalty."

Dick sat down at his stool to calmly stir in a spoon of sugar while Vic awaited anxiously for him to continue...

"The District of Columbia has managed to suspend the death penalty. Because of the high black against black murder rate in the District, the death penalty is particularly offensive in some circles. But, Congress has passed a new Omnibus Crime Act, with conservative and gun lobby support of the death penalty being mandatory in first degree murder cases involving the use of a handgun. The law, in effect, reinstates the death penalty in the District..."

"A clear cut white against white case would be *very* good politics. Rumor has it that the District Building is quite happy to have such a case just eight weeks before an election. They're pushing the Chief of Police to catch you as soon as he can. From what I can see, they plan to railroad you into a trial as fast possible, and get you convicted and sentenced to death in no more than six weeks with lots of national publicity. If it turns out that you were innocent, afterwards, so much the better. They win either way."

While Dick was describing the situation, Vic's face was dropping with despair; when Dick finished, he only could say:

"God damn, I'm lost!"

Dick and his lady associate exchanged a look as if consulting with each other. They seemed to agree and Dick continued:

“We don’t think it’s completely hopeless, Vic. Please don’t be disheartened. We still can do something. I believe we can solve your immediate problems and give us time to investigate your case.

“You see, time is what we really need. We cannot investigate this thing in just a few weeks, or even a month, and that is the maximum time I think I can keep you safely here.

“So, we have to give you a new personality that allows you to leave town with no risk.

“But, we have to do it in no more than a few weeks.”

Dick paused again to wait as Agent Randall arose to fetch the coffee pot to refill her cup, and Vic’s, before she sat down with a warm smile directed towards Vic, as if to reassure him.

“If we follow our regular procedure for the relocation of witnesses, it would take much longer than that. You see, creating a new personality implies manufacturing a believable personal and family history, a working background, a lot of legal documents; such as, birth certificate, drivers license, passport, social security number, IRS returns and so on. Sometimes it is even necessary to make some physical changes.

“Because of all of this preparation it takes from four to eight months to do an acceptable job, and create a foolproof identity. But, we cannot do that in your case.”

Vic’s face was again covered by a mask of disappointment, but it rapidly changed when Dick said:

“Luckily we have an identity already built up with all the necessary documents and details. Even more than the maximum required. In fact, it is the best job we have done of creating a new personality. It is a masterpiece and it is immediately available.”

Vic was now enthusiastic.

“What are we waiting for? Let’s start me on this new road.”

“Wait a minute,” Dick cautioned, “it’s not that easy. Before you start working, I want you to be fully

aware of what this change of identity is, and why I am helping you.

“But, first let me tell you how we came to make it. For more than two years the FBI has been trying to get Nick Corsani. With the recent execution style murder of the Philadelphia Don, Nick Corsani has taken over organized crime activities in the Washington, D.C. Metro area for the New Jersey Syndicate with plans to consolidate, or eliminate, certain Miami based minority interests.

“All plans and attempts to trap him have failed.

“But, about a year ago, our field office in Trenton found a key witness who could testify against Corsani before a Grand Jury. Corsani’s private secretary, Lydia Nenni, agreed to cooperate with us if we brought her within the Protection and Relocation Program.

“We went on to create this new identity to protect her after the Grand Jury hearing. This new identity had to be perfect because the New Jersey Syndicate has extensive resources and may well have penetrated the Bureau itself.

“Our former Director Hoover did not like to deal with organized crime cases because he feared that such case work might taint the Bureau. If Miss Nenni’s testimony before the Grand Jury is completely true there is evidence that he might have been right.

“So you can appreciate our concerns and security needs...

“We took almost eight months to prepare this new identity and have it ready. Then, one night about a week ago, just as we were about to start Miss Nenni in her new identity, Lydia disappeared from our safe house in Trenton. She vanished completely leaving no trace whatsoever. We first thought that Corsani had somehow penetrated our security and kidnapped, or killed her. But, to our surprise, he’s also been looking for her without success.

“Now we can use it for you, in exchange for some help.”

Dick looked from Vic to Agent Randall, who refilled his coffee cup with a nod of agreement.

“Come on, Dick,” Vic protested with incredulity, “you can’t be serious. I cannot use that identity. It’s a woman’s, and I am a man.... and a very masculine one, I would say. I’m no female impersonator, as you well know....”

“Actually, Vic, I can remember our childhood days. In fact, I can remember times in grade school for Halloween, and several high school plays where you dressed up as the ingenue,” Dick commented in an offhand manner until he realized Vic’s embarrassment over these childhood revelations before Agent Randall.

“Look, that was when I was a teenager in school. The drama teacher picked me, because I looked...,” Vic paused with a hard swallow using a sip of coffee to disguise his chagrin over what might have sounded like a confession of effeminacy, “I’m straight!”

“I know all that, Vic. But, you have one quality that is perfect for our little charade. With make-up and such, you would be a dead ringer for Lydia Nenni,” Dick announced taking a photo from his inside jacket pocket and placing it on the bar before Vic.

Vic’s curiosity caused him to look down at the color photo. What he saw was stunning. The smiling brown haired woman in the photo could have been him... He had seen his face in female make-up often enough in high school to know, despite the ten or so years of aging since then, that Dick could very well be right!

“We have no other alternative to offer you. Not taking this job means probably going to jail..... And you know what happens to nice looking young men in our prisons? There you might lose not only your freedom and your human dignity, but you might even lose that virility you are so proud of,” Dick coldly observed.

Hearing these words Vic swallowed hard. But he was not yet convinced.

Tanya Randall, who had been silently watching them, shrugged.

“There is another factor you have to consider, Vic. This is a perfect disguise. The police are looking for a man, a very masculine man, to quote your own words. So they are not going to pay any attention to a woman leaving town.”

Still with very little conviction Victor argued: “But I don’t look at all like a woman. I’m ten years, or so, older than that cream faced boy in high school. I have a beard and all the male secondary characteristics. I’m not going to be able to fool anybody, just because I put on a dress and paint my lips.”

“Don’t worry about that,” Dick replied with a smile seeing that he would win the battle. “That is Tanya’s job and I can grant you she’s good. You have no idea the marvels you can expect of really *modern* crossdressing techniques. Anyway, to erase any doubt you might have, we can do a test.

“Tanya will work with you on your physical appearance this afternoon. I shall be back tonight and we’ll see how you look. Then we’ll decide if your change is feasible. If so, you will promise to cooperate sincerely and put your best effort on any activities or changes we ask you to undertake. If we all decide you don’t look good enough to *pass*, we’ll forget the whole thing. And I promise you I’ll try to find other ways to solve your problem.”

“Wait a minute,” interjected Victor. “You are asking me to accept any changes. Do you mean by that, you want me to have a sex change? Because I won’t be castrated for any reason in the world. I do prefer to risk going to jail, than to become a eunuch.... I do have...”

“No. no, Vic. I would never think of doing something like that to you. We are friends, remember?” Dick interrupted with a little chuckle over Vic’s fears. “And I want the best of everything for you. No. What we will do are minor changes in your bodily appearance that can be restored back to normal when it is safe for you.

“We are not going to surgically alter your genitals. But, we can ask you to accept some procedures, electrolysis for instance, which will be permanent. Yet, that will not interfere with your future masculine life and functioning. Besides, if you are afraid of some-

thing we do and think it might harm you later, we will discuss it. Is that clear now?"

"Yes," was the somewhat reluctant reply as Vic looked back at the picture. "And what am I to do for all this?"

Dick glanced towards Tanya Randall, who shook her head.

"That will come later, once we are certain that our plan is feasible. For now, you will have to do what we require, or we shall dump you off at the Police," Dick replied with a hard edge to his voice as he picked up the photo. "Do we have a deal? Will you cooperate completely, without any further questions?"

Vic realized that they were holding back on him, that their *favor* had a price. But, he knew that Dick was perfectly capable of his threat also. Vic answered with a feeble, "yes."

"OK. That's settled. Tanya, you can start working with him. I'll be back at nine tonight to see the results of his initial transformation. If I am right, I'll need some photographs for the Organized Crime people."

Dick arose from his bar stool and moved the black leather attach case, that Tanya Randall had carried into the room, to in front of Vic. "This is what Jonathan's key produced."

Vic opened the attach case to look at the 15 packets of twenty dollar bills that rested inside along with a deed to Jonathan's condo and other securities. Despite Jonathan's misfortune it may well have been enough to keep the firm going.

*And, most certainly a motive, to the thinking of others, for him to kill his partner!*

### **CHAPTER III. TRANSFORMATION.**

"I have to leave you for a while to get all the things we'll need to prepare you for the test," Tanya announced to Vic when she returned, after escorting Dick from the kitchen to the front door. "In the meantime, I want you to shave your face as close as you can and eat something so we won't have to interrupt the transformation process. But, first, if you don't mind, let's put your money away for safekeeping."

She casually picked up the attach case, locked it, and led the way to the main bedroom where Tanya moved one of the paintings on the wall to disclose a safe. She opened it and put the contents of the attach case inside, closed it and wrote the combination numbers on a piece of paper which she gave to Victor saying: "Memorize it and then dispose of the paper in the toilet. Only you, Inspector Feldman, and myself know the combination. So the money and documents are safe, for now."

With this information Tanya left and Vic went back to the kitchen to eat a peanut butter and jam sandwich, with a soft drink to wash it down. As he ate lunch he reviewed what had happened so far, and despite the strange turn of events, he knew that Dick Feldman was doing his very best to protect him from a murder charge. He was not so foolish as to believe that this was merely because of childhood friendship.

*But, what did Dick have in mind?*

When he finished eating Vic went back to the bathroom to shave as carefully and as close as he could. He had a normal beard, not too heavy, and after shaving his face was smooth and only showed a slight shadow.

He sat down and waited for Tanya, thinking sadly about all these unexpected events that had turned his life upside down in just a few hours. His meditation was broken by the door opening and Tanya's voice announcing she was back.

She came into the bedroom carrying a big suitcase and a vanity box. She told Vic to go downstairs to pick up other things she had brought. They were a couple of brown paper shopping bags and a wig case.

She opened the suitcase and took out several pieces of feminine underwear and other things she arranged on the bed. She took out of the vanity box an assorted collection of cosmetics, brushes, foam wedges and combs and set them on the dressing table.

With a bottle of pink cream in her hand she led Vic to the bathroom, where she asked him to undress. Reluctantly, he did it and faced her completely naked.

“Well, that’s much better than I thought,” she commented with a mocking smile, and after a little pause she added, “not your little thing down there, silly. I am referring to your rump; which, all considered, must be now more important to you than your masculine weaponry in front.”

Vic blushed and didn’t know what to say.

Tanya opened the cream bottle and started covering all his body, except face and genitals, with generous amounts of the pink, thick liquid.

“This is a depilatory. You have to let it work for eight to twelve minutes and then rinse it thoroughly. Do not use it if the skin is broken, or irritated. And it should not be mixed with soap. It takes off your body hair and the effect lasts about six weeks. However, if we decide you are going to stay as a woman for a longer time, I’ll teach you other ways to depilate,” she explained.

When the eight minutes had passed, she tested the effect on a little spot of his leg and seeing that the hair came off easily on a damp wash cloth, she sent him to shower thoroughly for four to five minutes. All the hair washed from the skin leaving it white and smooth.

After drying he came back to the bedroom where Tanya gave him a “gaffe”; it was a triangle of skin colored satin with long strings of the same material attached to each of the upper angles and two larger ones to the other.

She instructed Vic to tie the two separate strings around his waist and pass the other two string ties between his legs, and under the circle about his waist that the first two had made. The two strings between his legs remained untied as she asked him to lie down in bed with a pillow under his hips-while she covered all the mirrors in the room saying:

“I don’t want you to see yourself until we’re through.”

She came to the bed and put her hand on his scrotum pushing two fingers towards his groin until she found the channel through which the testicle had come out of the abdomen. She tested the muscle slit and was satisfied to see it was quite open. She

pushed the testicle up very carefully until it disappeared into the channel and had Vic press on its end to avoid having the gland from sliding back out. She did the same maneuver on the other side. Once both testicles were hidden, she pushed the penis backwards as much as she could against the loose empty scrotum. She covered the penis with the two flaps of scrotum that had resulted, covered them with the triangle of the gaffe and pulled the two strings still untied to make the cloth adjust tightly over his modified genitals. She kept on pulling the strings until the cloth seemed to be part of Vic's body and she tied them in front. She made Vic get up and checked the results which were, in fact, amazing.

His loin front was now as flat and smooth as that of a girl and the bulge he usually had there did not show at all.

Tanya gave him a small pink bikini panty made of a lustrous spandex material; which, once in place, covered the gaffe and help to keep the area flat.

“Are you comfortable?”

“It's awfully tight. But, I think I can stand it for a little while.”

“It's going to be a long while, but you'll get accustomed to it as time goes by. I shall also teach you later, other more comfortable ways to keep your organ undetected. Even to the most curious of your future dates.”

He felt uncomfortable about the comment and retorted a little angry: “Don't be silly; I'm not going to date anybody as a woman.”

“Time will tell honey,” she laughing teased. Seeing he was getting a little peevish she changed the subject. “Come on, let's work on your upper half now.”

She examined his chest and observed, “it's not too flat, so I guess we can limit ourselves to regular falsies for the time being.”

She took a roll of clear tape from the dresser and proceed to apply it to his chest: first two pieces about two inches long, one below each of his nipples; then she measured a longer piece and pasted it to one of

the small pieces; and, she then pulled his breasts together and stuck the long tape on the other side.

His little breasts were now protruding from within the framework of the tape styled undercup lift bra and there was very real cleavage.

She made him wear a little bikini spandex bra the same color as the panty, and helped him adjust it by filling the outer part of the cups with push-up falsies, with the thicker portion of the falsies on the outside so they helped keep the breasts together in the center.

Next step was a waist-cincher to reduce his waist and make his hips look wider. He complained bitterly of the tight grip of this garment, but Tanya only laughed with teasing delight saying: "Girls have to suffer to be pretty."

She gave him a pair of sheer black pantyhose and showed him how to roll them up his hairless legs so that they were taut and smooth while the panty portion fit with equal smoothness to his hips. She then gave him a pair of flat bedroom styled slippers.

"Wear these while I make you up and comb your hair. After you are all fixed up you can step into proper high heels. Then we can practice a bit. But, I don't want you to be too tired from walking about in heels when Dick comes back. You will have plenty of time for that."

With this explanation she opened a large professional make-up kit and produced from inside of it a 10" x 12" cardboard backed color photograph of Lydia Nenni, which she set up on the high bureau nearby as Vic sat on a stool and she started to work on his face, using the photo for reference.

First, she put a stocking cap covering his hair. With straps of clear tape she pulled his forehead skin to make the eyebrows higher and arched; at the same time the incipient wrinkles in his forehead over his eyes almost vanished.

"If you go on with this project, we will have to pluck and shape your eyebrows and give you permanent eyelashes. But we can skip that tonight."



“Where did you learn all this stuff,” Vic asked as she showed him a heavy cream in a small jar. It was a light beige almost white color and pretty thick.

“I was a theater arts major at Brown. I tried my hand at acting in New York and decided that I could do better as an accountant. Attended City College for my master’s degree and the Bureau recruited me when I graduated,” she explained as she started to extend the beard cover cream over his jaw, upper lip and neck in a very thin layer that covered the shadow of his beard leaving all the area of a uniform beige tone.

“One of my first assignments was a civil rights case in the gay community of Washington. In the process, I worked as a bartender in a gay bar across the street from the old FBI building, where they had a gay male amateur theater arts group that specialized in lip sync female impersonation. There I learned a good deal about make-up not taught in college,” she observed with a slight smile while she took another similar cream, a little rosier in color, which was then extended on the rest of the face and blended very carefully with the beard cover. “After that case the computer assigned me to the witness protection and relocation program.”

She took a dark brown shading cream and applied it to the sides of his nose to make it look finer and on the side of the cheeks and under the cheekbone to make it look more prominent. She then covered all the face with setting powder and let it stay in place for about ten minutes before brushing it lightly off afterwards.

“How do you relocate people?” he asked in curiosity as she used a thin wax like latex over the base of his brows to shade it to his skin before she shaped his eyebrows with a light brown pencil making them look neat, arched and pointed at the end.

“Actually the idea of a relocation program is based upon what professional spies call a ‘deep cover,’” she began with a shrug while working with eyeshadow in two different shades of blue, applied to the eyelids and a white touch was added under the outer half of the eyebrows.