

To Catch a Rapist



Gladys Fernandez

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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“TO CATCH A RAPIST”

By Gladys Fernandez

Chapter 1

Tony Maynard left his car one block away from his office building and went around the block to watch the back entrance. No one seemed to be there, so he walked fast to get in without being seen.

He had to walk up the stairs to the fourth floor where his office was located. This was quite an effort, but he did not mind because he arrived there safely and undetected.

He opened the door with the sign announcing: “Anthony Maynard — Confidential Investigations,” a highly sophisticated designation for an operation that consisted mainly of the following of cheating husbands and photographing them in indiscreet company so their wives could divorce them and strip them of all their money.

Tony thought sadly how few husbands had been cheating their wives the last two months (or was it three?), putting him in a very difficult position.

In fact, the lack of customers had made him run behind in all his payments; but the one he was worried about was the five hundred dollars he owed Ben Lazzari, a loan shark of the vicinity who was well known for his ruthless ways of collecting which ran from a few punches in the face and belly to broken fingers or even fractured legs.

He sat at his desk and was just beginning to catch his breath when the door was pushed open violently and a smiling giant with the broken nose of an ex-boxer rushed into the room, grabbed Tony by the shirt front and pulled him out of the chair saying, "Hi, Tony, trying to avoid me? That's no way to treat good friends like me." He laughed stupidly.

Tony was trying to keep his feet on the floor, but the giant was raising him about three inches above the office's old rug.

"You know," the giant continued, "Mr. Lazzari sent me to remind you that you owe him some money, about seven hundred fifty dollars now with the past interest. You give it to me now and everything is dandy. If not, you might have an accident tomorrow."

He put Tony back on the floor so he could answer.

"Look, Moose," Tony said, trying to appear cool and calm, "I haven't the money with me right now but I have some fees coming and I'll pay you the day after tomorrow."

"And how do I know you're telling me the truth?"

"I swear, I'll pay you in forty-eight hours. You better ask Ben. After all, what he wants is the money, not my having any accident, isn't it?"

The giant thought about that one for a long minute, then took the phone and dialed a number. He waited sometime and then said, "Boss, this's Moose. Tony says he'll pay in two days 'cause he has money coming."

He listened for a moment and then hung up.

He looked at Tony with hard, cold eyes and said, "Boss says he's going to give you two days and you pay him a thousand. If you cheat you won't be able to walk straight anymore. Got it?" "Yeah, I got it," said Tony with some relief.

"And don't try to hide 'cause I'll find you."

He turned around and left.

Tony exhaled a long deep sigh and sat down. Then he started to think what he could do to get away in two days since he had no money coming in and considered it impossible to get a thousand dollars in such a short time.

He was pulled out of his worried meditation by the insistent ring of the phone. He finally picked it up.

It was Gene Barton, his old pal.

Gene and Tony had been together in the Police Academy and served together ten years in the Police

Department. They were partners in the service and real friends in their private lives. A few months after Tony left the Department, Gene had been promoted and kept rising until he had been appointed Chief of Detectives.

"Hi, Tony," said Gene, "where have you been? I've been calling you all day long and leaving you messages. I need to talk to you right away. Can you come to my office?"

Tony wanted to hide his lack of work, so he said, "Not so fast, Gene. I have a lot of work pending and I've been out on an important and difficult investigation, but I can make it in... say... an hour? That OK with you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "come over in an hour. I'll be waiting for you."

Tony was about to cut when Gene added, "Oh, Tony, this is a matter of the utmost importance and

there might be some money for you in the deal if you take it. So, don't fail me."

The mention of money had sharpened Tony's interest and he was crossing the entrance of the Police Department Headquarters a few minutes before the hour had gone by.

He took the elevator to the third floor, looked for the door marked "Chief of Detectives" and knocked.

As soon as he heard Gene's voice say, "Come in," he went into the office.

Gene was talking with a dark-haired, smartly dressed woman. She was good looking but had a certain kind of hardness in her face. Her body was well proportioned and conveyed the impression of a muscular, flexible and strong machine that was now at rest but could be ready for action at any moment.

Gene stopped his conversation and came to Tony with his arms open to give him a friendly hug. After they had exchanged greetings, he introduced the woman, "Tony, meet Carol Hines. She's our police psychologist."

They shook hands and Tony said to himself, *'God, she's a real nice dish I'd like to get into bed. But she*

seems to be no easy lay... she probably is stronger and faster than me anyway.' They all sat down and Gene explained what he had in mind.

"Tony," he said, "we have a delicate case that I want you to help us with. About four months ago, a girl, a pupil at Hanneman College for Girls, was raped in the school gym. She was badly beaten and she had to be taken to the hospital. The family didn't want any scandal or publicity about the attack thinking it would hurt the girl even more, so no investigation was carried out. The school authorities welcomed this decision since the publicity might impair the College's prestige. The girl was taken out of the school and sent to Philadelphia to stay with relatives. The whole thing seemed to end there.

“Then, two months ago, another student, a sixteen-year-old girl, was also raped and beaten on the school premises. Her parents raised hell and threatened to sue the college and that’s why a formal complaint was filed with the Department. We started a routine investigation, but on the side we put one of our people undercover in the school. She was investigating the teachers and the administration personnel and everything seemed to be going well.

“Yesterday, she was found in the school warehouse with her throat cut and this paper pinned to her blouse.”

He opened the drawer and gave Tony a white sheet written in block letters with a thick, black marker. It read:

Send no more coppers. Same thing will happen to them.

“Was she raped?” Tony asked.

“Yes. Her arms were restrained with her own handcuffs and her face had been beaten several times. Then her neck was cut, probably with a razor. The cut was neat and divided both the arteries and trachea.”

“Who knew she was a cop?”

“Just us and the school administrator. Oh... and of course, the principal. We investigated both of them thoroughly and they came out clean. The administrator has a perfect alibi. The principal is a woman and was checked only as a technical matter. Since she’s a woman, she would be automatically out of the rape charge.”

“Then, how did the murderer know she was a policewoman?”

“We don’t know. There are only two possibilities; she made a mistake that blew her cover or he has access to information in our computer files, except that we haven’t found any leak.

“Anyway, the Chief doesn’t want any more of our people going undercover; but a routine investigation is going to take us nowhere. That’s where Tony Maynard enters.”

“Me?” he said. “What can I do to help you that you can’t do Yourself?”

“You can go undercover for us and find out who the damned rapist and murderer is.”

“Don’t be silly, Gene. You can’t put me in any viable disguise in any College. You know outside of police work I am ignorant; I can’t pass as a teacher nor as an administrative clerk. I know nothing of that kind of work and I would be discovered immediately.”

“We’ve thought of that and I think we have the answer. But before we go into it, I want you to see something.”

He got up and took Tony by the arm. They left the room and walked down the corridor to another part of the building. Gene opened a door marked “Morgue” and once they were inside, he told the man in the white smock, “We’ll see her now.”

It was a woman’s cadaver. The face was intensely pale and bloodless, and showed several large purple discolorations. The red line on the neck had lips that opened slightly allowing him to see clots of blood inside the wound.

In spite of the discolorations and the strange blank expression on her face, Tony recognized her and felt the pain and anger biting him inside.

“Maggie,” he said softly, and it sounded like a sob.

Gene took him silently by the arm and pulled him out of the Morgue.

Chapter 2

They were back in Gene’s office and they all kept silent for a long while.

Tony was thinking of his romance with Maggie when they were at the Police Academy. He remembered her sweetness and her love for him. He felt again all the tenderness he had for her and, in those few moments, he relived all the good things they had shared.

And again he felt the bite of the rage against the beast that had cut her life short with the fine edge of a razor after hitting and abusing her.

He really wished he could put his hands on him; he would tear him into little pieces, to make him suffer as much as he had made her suffer.

He turned to Gene and said, "All right, what do you have in mind to catch this mother-fucker?" "Relax, Tony, let me get some coffee for all of us because it's going to take some time to plan this; but I can tell you, by God, we're going to hook this guy good."

Gene handed the coffee in paper cups to Carol and Tony and sat again in front of his desk. He slowly sipped the hot liquid and gave Tony a long look, as if measuring him for what he had in mind. Then, he started to speak with an inexpressive voice, "From the beginning of this case, we eliminated the 'random killer' syndrome. The time and place of the assaults were undoubtedly picked by someone who knows very well the school grounds and the movements of the students and the teaching and administrative personnel.

"On the first case, he picked a girl who used to exercise alone in the gym twice a week to recover from a bad fracture she had had about three months before. The funny thing is that the night she was assaulted she had changed her exercise day from Tuesday to Wednesday because on Tuesday night she had an interview with her advisor. The change was on Monday morning and only the people in the Administration Office knew about it and about the special permit to use the gym facilities on Wednesday.

"The second rape took place in the girls' dormitory. Only the school personnel have access to this area

and only they could know the victim was alone there, having excused herself from History class because she was working on a special assignment for the community service program.

“In view of this, we checked on all teacher and employee backgrounds, but found nothing suspicious. “Then, we decided to put Maggie in, passing as a file clerk in charge of implementing a new computerized program.

“Somehow, the rapist discovered her and you know what happened.”

Tony could not refrain and said with bitter irony, “Hey, Buddy, what else could you expect with the cover you gave her. A new clerk appears a few days after the rapes, settled in the middle of the group of suspects, with access to all their files...”

Gene was a little upset by the remark, but controlled himself and said, “It wasn’t like that, Tony. It just so happens that the school had bought a new program from Service Computer about six weeks ago and they had promised to send someone to set it up. We just took that opening and arranged with IBM to send Maggie as their technician.

“Well, anyway, we lost that one. He was smarter. The point now is to put in a new operator and nail that son-of-a-bitch.”

“Yeah.” said Tony, “that’s the point now.”

“We’ve found a new opening, the Physical Education teacher has been trying to get a position in the L.A. area. She advised the Principal of her intention about three months ago and has been waiting for a decision about her application. To avoid having the position empty, the Principal at Hanneman filed a petition for possible replacements with the State Board of Education.

“Now, we moved through the L.A.P.D. to have the U.C.L.A. people accelerate the process and they have approved the application. She will receive her ap-

pointment next week and will be leaving Hanneman in three or four weeks.

“The Commissioner has agreed to help us include our operator among the three possible candidates they will propose to fill the vacancy.”

“What happens if they choose one of the others?” asked Tony.

“We’re sure we’ll have a good chance to get ours in. In the first place, her background is going to be the best of the three; second, our operator would be the one recommended by the Board as the best; and third, she would be the only one who’s an expert in basketball and the Hanneman team is playing in the

State Tournament. They will be highly interested.”

“OK,” said Tony, “let’s say you get your agent in; then what do you need me for?”

Gene exchanged a look and a half smile with Carol and answered slowly, “I want you to be that agent, Tony.”

Tony let out a little laugh and said, “Wait a minute, Gene, you can’t be serious. I can’t go in there as a women’s P.E. coach and teach a bunch of society gals how to play basketball.”

“That’s exactly what I want you to do... and on the side, I want you to discover who the rapist is; help us catch him and put him away for a long, long time.”

“Wait, wait, this isn’t going to work. You know I was quite good at basketball, but I haven’t played formally for years. Besides, I don’t know much about the other aspects of physical education. They’ll find me out on the first day!”

“We’re prepared to take care of that. We can teach you enough in these next three weeks so you can be a fairly good teacher and a perfect basketball coach.”

Tony was thinking of Maggie and his rejection to Gene’s proposal started to weaken. “Do you think I really can get ready in such a short time?”

“I’m sure. Besides, you’re not going to play yourself, you’re going to teach them, and that you know how to do.”

“OK,” he said, “I’ll give it a try — for Maggie, but if we see I’m not good enough, you’ll look for someone else.”

“Deal,” said Gene. He paused a bit, and then he shot it, “There’s one other little thing, Tony. The

Hanneman Council and the P.T.A. have a set rule that some teachers must be females, and P.E. is one of them.”

Tony looked a little confused. “How come you told me all that if you knew I can’t be of any help?”

“But you can, Tony. I remember when we were in the Academy you told me you had crossdressed many times in high-school and college, and I also remember seeing your pictures. You passed really well. I’m asking you to do it again with the help of some experts, for a good cause.”

Tony started to protest, but the idea was intriguing. He had never left his crossdressing completely; he had done it from time to time at home since and he had even gone out sometimes all dressed up. Gene was still speaking, “...there’s a fund for expenses and we’ll pay you your regular fee, a hundred dollars a day plus expenses. We’ll give you an advance of two thousand dollars for the three weeks of training. Afterwards, you’ll have the teacher’s salary and the ten thousand dollar reward, if we catch the guy.”

The mention of the two grand was decisive in Tony’s mind. It meant he could pay off Lazzari and get free of his threat. He would not have to be afraid of Moose anymore... and he would still get more money, even if they failed to catch their man.

He lifted his head and told Gene, “OK, Pal, I’ll do my best to help you with this one, but if at the end of the three weeks I think I’m not fully believable in the role, I just walk away and you lose your two grand.”

“OK, it’s a deal, but you’ll see you’re going to be fine for the part. Don’t you think so, Carol?”

The psychologist had been silent all this time, but had been observing all of Tony’s movements, expressions and words closely.

She smiled and said, “I’m absolutely certain she is going to be a knockout.” And she stressed the feminine pronoun clearly.

“Then, it’s all set,” Gene said, “you start tomorrow morning. Come in at eight and meet Carol. She’ll be in charge of your training. Do everything she says without hesitation because she knows what to do and how you should do it. I’ll see you in three weeks.”

“How about the money?” asked Tony. “I have to make some financial arrangements first.”

Gene picked up the phone and spoke a few words into it. Then, to Tony, “See the Pay Master upstairs.

He’ll give you the two thousand dollars... you just be here tomorrow morning at eight sharp.”

“I’ll be here ”

Chapter 3

The alarm clock rang at six and Tony woke from a restless sleep. He’d been driving around until 11:00 P.M., looking for Moose, and not finding him, he went to Lazzari’s home to pay him the thousand dollars. The man was amazed but satisfied, and he told Tony he’d lend him any amount he might need in the future at the same “modest” interest. Tony laughed, feeling free of that pressure he’d been subject to these last few days.

He’d had a drink and a good dinner and went home to bed.

He dreamed of himself, dressed in a beautiful satin party gown, playing basketball with Gene and Carol and a group of young girls. Suddenly, he was running, being chased by a masked man with a long,

straight razor. The man was shouting, "You silly woman! I'm going to rape you good and then I'm going to cut your throat." He reached Tony, but he grabbed the mask and yanked it off, only to see the bloodless face of Maggie grinning jokingly at him.

The ringing of the alarm was a welcome relief.

He got up, took his pajama top off and got into the shower. After a long bath, he had a hearty breakfast, dressed, and drove down to Police Headquarters where he met Carol. who was already waiting for him.

They drove north, to a quiet neighborhood and Carol parked her car in front of a white house with a red tiled roof and a large front garden.

She opened the main door and they entered into a large, sitting room furnished with a few overstuffed chairs and some shiny tables.

There were two people waiting; a tall, corpulent man, and a slender, elegant woman. Carol introduced them, saying, "Tony, meet Bill Haden and Mrs. Helen Broderick. Bill has been a physical education teacher and a sports trainer for several major universities. Lately he's been connected

with the Olympics as a Team Supervisor. He's now with the University of Texas at Dallas. He's going to help you to improve your physical condition and he'll instruct you on the basics of P.E. teaching. "Mrs. Broderick is the General Director of the Acme Model Agency and has been herself a very successful fashion model. She'll coordinate your program of feminization.

"They will have the help of a group of experts in different fields to make you develop the necessary skills and the physical traits you will need for your mission.

You're going to start your preparation right now, so go upstairs and wait for me in the bedroom at the

end of the hall. Helen and I will be with you in a few minutes."

He followed her order and waited in the large bedroom, furnished with a white wooden, king-size bed made up with white silk covered, matching side and dressing tables. There was an adjoining bathroom with a big tub and several full size mirrors on the wall.

Just a few minutes later, Carol and Mrs. Broderick came in. Helen sat down in a chair and said, "OK,

Carol, let's see what kind of material we have here to work on."

Carol turned to Tony and said, "Take off your clothes..."

She paused slightly, then added, "... all of them."

Tony was about to object, but he knew he wouldn't have any chance to win an argument with Carol, so he started to undress slowly.

Impatiently, Carol said, "Come on, Tony, don't take all day to strip. We don't have any time to lose." He took off all his clothes, including his shorts and stood there stark naked in front of the two women who were examining him meticulously.

Helen approached him and looked closely at his beard, his chest, his forearms and his legs. She then asked him, "Have you taken any feminine hormones at any time in your life. Tony?"

He hesitated a little, but finally, he confessed, "Yes, I took one contraceptive pill every day for about six months in my late teens and again last year."

"How long did you take them this last time?" Helen asked.

"About six or seven months," he admitted. "I was trying to weaken my beard but it didn't do the trick.

Anyhow, something happened, my body hair diminished and became finer, as you can see." She came near him and put her hand on his chest, touch-

ing and exploring his tits carefully. Then, she commented, "You also got pretty good breast development. I think with a higher dose in the next month, we can get an acceptable bust for an athletic girl like the one you're supposed to be. Come here and check for yourself, Carol."

Carol joined her and examined Tony's breasts carefully. He shivered with growing excitement, but the two women paid that no mind.

"Yes," Carol said, "I agree. Maybe he won't need any falsies."

Helen spoke again, "For the time this assignment is going to last, I believe we can stick to depilatories on the body and apply electrolysis to her beard only."

"Yes, I think that's a good idea. What do you think about the hair?"

Helen looked at Tony's short crew cut and answered, "That seems to be a problem, but I have an idea. I guess we can apply the same technique they're using on bald men, a combination of a net applied to the scalp and hair-weaving into the net. Anyhow, we have to discuss this with the hair expert. OK, Carol, I'll be running along to get our people ready for her. You can have her for the rest of the morning and a couple of hours this afternoon. I'll be back at four with the hair stylist and tomorrow we can start the electrolysis and the modeling training. See you then."

She gave them both a little kiss on the cheek and was gone.

Once they were alone, Carol gave Tony a bottle of depilatory lotion and told him, "You know how to use this, honey, so get into the bathroom and put it on."

Obediently, Tony got into the bathtub and lightly rubbed the strong smelling cream all over his body; waited for ten minutes, tested the hair detachment with a wet washcloth and got under the stream of water in the shower to see how all his hair came loose and disappeared through the drain. He toweled his now hairless skin dry and went back to the bedroom

where Carol was arranging a complete set of women's clothes on the bed and a variety of cosmetics on the dressing table.

"I believe they'll be the right size. Apply your make-up and dress and come down to the kitchen. I'll fix some coffee and after, we'll have a cup. I'll check your make-up and dress. We'll go over the way you do it and make any corrections needed."

When she left him alone, Tony inspected the clothes carefully and found they were of excellent quality, actually in fashion and good in taste. He took a satin gaffe and tied it to his waist, pulled it between his legs, restraining and pushing up and backwards his genitals and securing it by tying it in front of his belly. He put on the little satin and lace bikini panty, the matching brassiere, which he filled with his fairly protruding breasts, and a pair of push-up falsies, and rolled on a pair of champagne colored sheer pantyhose.

He found a pair of flat slippers and putting them on, sat in front of the mirror. Looking at his short hair, he agreed with Helen that it was really a problem. Its shortness brought out the masculinity of his face. He knew a long wig was necessary to hide those strong features and make him appear more feminine. To overcome the harshness he used a clear beard-cover, that replaced his beard line with a mild sunburn skin tone, and a light beige foundation cream, applying a dark-brown shading cream to the sides of his nose and the edge of his jaw to attain a contouring, smoothing effect. He put on loose powder to set the basic make-up and let it set for a few minutes.

Once he had brushed off the powder, he outlined his eyebrows with a brown pencil and made up his eyes with shadow, eyeliner and mascara. With a brush he applied pink blush to his cheeks and powdered his face again to obtain a matte effect.

He got up and put on a white slipper satin slip and an orange dress with a pleated skirt and a matching

orange three-quarter length, double-breasted suit dress coat. He buttoned up the three pairs of buttons and stepped into a pair of black patent leather pumps with 3 inch heels. The skirt, which came down to his knees, and the heels, made his legs look really sexy. He selected a pair of long pearl earrings and a matching necklace and put them on. Finally, he took a fine brush and a rose-colored lipstick and painted his lips with great care.

He checked himself in the mirror, turning around to look at his figure from all sides. He was satisfied with the result of his transformation.

He took a deep breath and went downstairs to meet Carol.

“Gosh! You really look nice in those clothes,” said Carol. She made him turn around to see him from all possible viewpoints and added, “Very nice indeed, but I think we can still improve you. Come on, sit down and let’s have some coffee and talk about what you’re going to do.”

As soon as they had their coffee and a little dish with cookies, she started to tell him about the possible suspects in the case. “There are three men among whom we believe may be the guy we’re looking for. In a way, it’s fortunate we’re dealing with rape because that automatically eliminates all the women and they’re the majority of the College Personnel. The three men are, Peter Grunwald, the school treasurer;

Robert McCormick, the Registrar; and Earnest Jolly, the Physics teacher.”

“Is that all?” asked Tony. “Are there no other men in the school? Servants, drivers or other service personnel?”

“There’s just a couple of drivers, a gardener, a cook and a janitor, but they have no access to the areas in which the attacks took place. Anyway, we investigated them as a matter of routine, and they all have good solid alibis for the three days when the rapes occurred. All other personnel are female.

Tony crossed his legs and felt the pleasant rubbing of his nylon encased thighs. He took a sip of his coffee thinking it was going to be a pleasant experience to live several weeks completely as a woman. He collected himself and asked, "What about these three you mentioned?"

"None have convincing explanations for the time the attacks were committed, but neither do they have police records for previous offenses. They're all from other states and have been employed at Hanneman for about a year or a year and a half. Their professional backgrounds seem to be good and their private lives, as far as we can find out, are more or less normal. However, this is very superficial. We really don't know anything about them and their psychological profiles. I expect you to get the necessary information to make a theoretical evaluation of each one of them."

Tony kept silent for a few moments, his right hand playing with his earring. Then, he asked, "Are they married?"

"No, they're all single. Grunwald divorced two years ago. His ex now lives in Chicago. He came here a little after the divorce was settled and was hired by the college eighteen months ago. The other two are both bachelors and have no record of permanent relations with women." "Where are these two from?"

"McCormick, the Registrar, came from California. He worked for several schools in the San Francisco area and has been at Hanneman for a year. He has an active social life, plays golf every Sunday, is a member of several clubs and has many friends, both men and women, but seems to have no permanent relationship.

"Jolly, the Physics professor, came from Washington State. He was born in Vancouver but his parents were Americans who lived several years in Canada. He was taken to Seattle in his early childhood and had been there throughout his basic education. He won a scholarship and went to England to be trained in Physics. He has a Doctor's degree and is highly ap-

preciated in his field. In spite of that, he's been changing jobs for the last eight years, going from one college to another, staying no more than two years in the same place. He's been with Hanneman just the last scholastic year. He seems to be shy and wary. He speaks very little except when he talks about physics or chess. I think he's a Grand Master or something. No female relations, as far as we know."

Tony got up from his chair and poured himself another cup of coffee. He returned to his chair and sat, pulling his skirt to keep it from raising and exposing his nylon clad thighs.

"OK, now tell me exactly what you want me to do."

"I want you to get friendly with all of them and learn all you can about their habits, their current life and relations with their parents and other family. It would be fine if you could make them tell you what they think and how they feel about women," she explained as her mind noted that he would need to be taught how a woman, with proper model training, sits without tugging or fussing with her skirts. "Don't try to speak with them about the rapes so you don't become suspicious in their eyes. Oh, one other thing, try to

find out if they have, in any way, access to police restricted information."

She got up and said, "Are you hungry? I'm starving. Let's get something to eat."

They looked in the fridge and came out with a bowl of chicken salad, a loaf of wheat bread, some ice cream and a couple of beers.

They ate, chatting as two girls about clothes and fashion. They also commented on the latest gossip about people in show business while drinking a third cup of coffee.

Afterwards they went to a large room in the back of the house where Carol started to correct Tony's walking, sitting and moving to make all his actions more feminine.

A few minutes after four, Helen came into the house with a short and chubby, middle-aged woman. She was a hair fashion expert and she made Tony sit on a low stool while she examined his hair and face closely.

When she finished her scrutiny, she turned to Helen and said, "Yes, I can do what you want. It will work just right and tomorrow she will have a beautiful mane of hair she can shampoo and style as if natural. It will take about four hours of my work, not counting the time to perm or dye it to pick up the proper skin tones for her hair color, if you want that done too."

"Fine," said Helen. "Can you start right now?"

"Certainly," answered the little woman, and took from the floor the big bag she had carried in. She pulled out several things and told Tony, "Sit still, honey. It's not going to hurt you, but you won't look very nice tonight. Anyway, tomorrow I'll see that you have a real crowning glory to enhance your beauty." She covered him with a plastic cape and connected an electric shaving machine. She shaved the top of

Tony's head, leaving the sides and the sideburns untouched. Later, she prepared a soapy foam and put it on all the areas she had shaved. Now she shaved it still closer with a straight-razor like the one's barbers use, until Tony's scalp was clean of all hair and shining in plain view. She cleaned the area with a soft towel and alcohol, and let it dry. Then, she proceeded to shave the sideburns and the back of his neck to leave a feminine hairline.

She took out of the bag a large piece of fine netting that would cover exactly the surface she had shaved, painted it with a special glue and applied it carefully to Tony's head, keeping it in place until it dried. She asked Tony not to touch it for ten minutes and turned to show several different samples of hair to Helen and Carol, comparing them to the little hair that was left on Tony's head.

That took about twenty minutes and finally they came to an agreement. She put the sample they had chosen in a small envelope and came back to Tony, covering his head and the net with a tight wig-cap of black nylon, reminding him to avoid touching it.

She put everything in the bag, said she would be back next morning and went away with, "Bye Sweeties."

The rest of the afternoon was dedicated again to practice in walking, sitting, turning, and all the other movements to make Tony acquire the automatic reflexes needed to act unconsciously in a feminine way. He was enjoying it and was a good learner. They were set on perfection and very soon it was apparent he was making good progress.

The practice went on until 8:00 P.M. They were all tired, so they stopped, ate dinner and Helen and Carol went home, leaving Tony alone.

He undressed slowly, enjoying the pleasure of touching his delicate clothes. Then, he put a pretty satin and lace nightgown on and went to bed, where he slept peacefully until the next morning.

Chapter 4

Tony woke up early and took a long, delicately perfumed bubble bath. He savored the pleasure of dressing in a black nylon and lace bra, panty and garter belt set; a pair of smoke toned stockings which he dexterously secured to the garters, and a pair of shiny black patent leather pumps with two inch heel" When he sat in front of the dressing table, he laughed as he saw his image reflected in the big mirror. There was a ridiculous contrast between his luscious body, with its fairly well-developed breasts, between which an obvious cleavage was easily perceptible, his creamy white skin highlighted by the black lace of his underwear and the roundness of his head covered by

the cap, through which one could get a glimpse of the shining scalp.

He pulled himself together and started to make up his face, being especially careful, as he always was, in the application of eyeliner, mascara and shadow to his eyes which he considered his best feature

He was painting his lips when he heard Carol's voice calling him with a musical, "Good morning."

He answered in his best feminine voice, "Hi, Carol. I'm upstairs."

He heard her coming up and noticed that she was accompanied by the hair stylist. When they came into the room, the chubby woman told Tony, "Hi, honey, stay as you are and I'll give you your new hair in a jiffy."

The hair stylist took the nylon cape to cover Tony's body and a big carton full of long strands of dark brown hair and started immediately to weave them into the net pasted to his head.

She worked with great skill, so in a few minutes she had covered the whole surface with a first row of hair strands. She now added a second row with strands she wove into the net and also into the strands she had already fixed to it.

She kept on working, adding more and more hair until she had Tony's head covered with a dense mane. She stopped working and made Tony turn around, looking at him from all sides. She pulled the hair from different places and seemed satisfied it was safely attached to the net and his head. She added some strands to make the sides perfect, covering the shaved area of the sideburns. She pulled a brush, comb and scissors from her bag and gave Tony's new hair a professional cut that shaped it and leveled it almost to his shoulders.

Then she shampooed and styled it, leaving short bangs to cover Tony's wide forehead. Tony was really amazed at the dramatic change and Carol was as surprised as he. They both congratulated the hair

stylist who then gave Tony her last instructions. 'You can wash, brush or style your hair as you wish. It won't go away. You can shower, swim and sleep on it with no special precautions. You can even perm or dye it any dark shade. However, don't try to bleach it. It can hurt the hair structure. And be sure to come back to me in four months for a general service which includes the replacement of any

hair you might have lost. You can phone me to make an appointment anytime you wish." She gave him a business card, said good-bye and left as fast as she did everything else. When she left, Carol looked at him with an admiring expression and commented, "Gee, Tony, what a change your hair makes in you. You now look really wonderful and nobody, and I mean, nobody, will doubt that you're a girl."

He studied his figure in the mirror and said with great satisfaction, "I guess you're right. I do believe I could pass very well now."

"Come on, get dressed and let's go have lunch outside. We can try your new image in the outside world and see how good it really is."

Tony felt a little lightheaded and afraid. It had been a long time since he had gone out "en femme," but another look in the mirror gave him back his confidence. He really looked feminine and pretty.

He pulled out of the closet a black miniskirt and a white silk blouse with ruffles on the neckline and front. He put them on and picked up a black and white leather purse in which he put his lipstick, a compact and a few paper tissues and he was ready for his first adventure as a girl.

They went to a small and elegant Italian restaurant downtown and they attracted all the males' attention. Tony could see the glances the two young businessmen at the neighboring table gave him when he sat down and they could see his long, well shaped legs, scarcely covered by the short mini.