



Reluctant Press

Sold To The Gentleman From...

Susan M. Scott



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“SOLD TO THE GENTLEMAN FROM . . .”

By: Susan M. Scott

CHAPTER I Missing Persons

Jethro Taylor was excited. As excited as any rookie cop could be. He was about to make his first major bust. An arrest he knew would have them talking at the station house for weeks to come. Jethro joined the Astoria Police Department soon after receiving his Associate degree from Portland Community College. The degree was in Police Technology. The boy was happy when he received his degree. That pleasure changed to disappointment when his job application was rejected by the Portland Bureau of Police.

The woman in personnel had tried to be gentle. Her words rang in his ears for weeks.

“I'm sorry Jethro, you don't meet the department's size or strength requirements. Officers must be at least five feet six inches tall and able to lift 150 pounds. Even in your shoes you fall short of the height requirement and we were afraid you would hurt yourself during the strength test. Besides, we have so many applicants, we are not going to consider anyone unless they have at least a Bachelors Degree.”

Although he was disappointed, the young man remained convinced that a life in law enforcement was what he wanted. True, at five feet four inches and one hundred and twenty pounds he didn't look intimidating. Most people he met thought he was in high school. On more than one occasion the boy had been mistaken for a teenage girl. Still he had confidence in himself. Jethro felt that the best way to overcome his youthful appearance was to get a “real man's” job.

Systematically, the new graduate applied for work at all the suburban police departments around Portland. When those applications proved fruitless, he started trying the larger towns on Oregon's coast. The boy's efforts were rewarded when he applied to the Astoria P.D. The department was looking for a young man who could go undercover as a teenager.

“Jethro, boy, you're the answer to my dreams. Last year we borrowed a woman officer from Portland. She looked so young we were able to place her undercover, as a student, in the high school. Within three months she had successfully fingered every drug pusher, and most of the users, in the place. This year, the teachers and parents tell us the atmosphere in the school is totally changed. Kids feel safer and the school's test

scores are up. Unfortunately, we had her here for only a short time. When she left, I made my mind up I would replace her with our own officer who could work undercover with teenagers.”

“That sounds great, Chief Webster, just as long as I don't have to wear a dress,” Jethro said, half joking.

“Well, all my younger officers have to do a little drag at times, Boy,” the Chief replied, carefully looking the boy's slight build over. “However, the first assignment I want you to handle won't require that you wear a dress. After you are through the academy I want you to pass as a high school drop out and infiltrate the dockside situation here.”

Jethro quickly agreed hoping that his assignment as a high school drop-out would delay or completely avoid any need for his going undercover as a girl.

It wasn't that Jethro didn't want to cooperate. His whole life he had been teased about his small size and girlish looks. In grade school they called him ‘Sissy’. During his senior year in high school, several members of the girl's basketball team had ambushed him on his way home one Spring night. They stripped him and made him put on girl's underwear, a red dress, and a pair of two-inch heels. Two of the giant girls held him while a third put makeup on his face and styled his long reddish-brown hair. When they were done, they took his picture, and laughing, left him to walk the half-mile home.

A lot of people he knew saw him on his way home. He looked so convincingly feminine that most didn't believe his story about being forced into the dress. Then the pictures showed up on the school bulletin board. The boy had taken the taunts and teasing as well as he could. Somehow he managed to finish his senior year. Ever since that humiliation, Jethro had been trying to bolster his masculine image. He wanted to become a policeman because it was the toughest line of work he thought he could get into.

His small size caused him some grief during his six weeks at the police academy. On two occasions, he was mistaken for one of the women cadets. Even at almost twenty years old, he still was as hairless as most teenage girls. His lack of any beard, short stature, and slight build meant he was actually smaller than most of the women at the academy.

As he hid in the alley near a dock-side diner, Jethro smiled thinking, “*The bad days are behind me.*”

There was a big push on to curb vice in the Oregon coastal town. The mayor had staked his reelection on a promise to clean up the small port town's wharf area. Jethro had been under cover for almost three months. In that time the undercover cop had come to be accepted as part of the fringe community that inhabited Astoria's semi-abandoned waterfront. Working at odd jobs and staying in a nearby boarding house, he slowly blended in. He appeared to be a runaway—small, willing to work at just about anything, good natured, talkative, and a little shy around girls.

His reports fully documented the names and addresses of most of the area's street walkers. More important, he had the evidence needed to send the five pimps that

worked the area away for a long time. He had dates and times, names and addresses for over a hundred johns. The Chief told him that many of these men were willing to turn state's evidence against these pimps as an alternative to the ruin that would follow their prosecution.

Lately, Jethro and the Department had realized that the case might be deeper than just pimps and their girls. There had been several disappearances of young women from the wharf area. Not just street walkers, either. A teenage runaway was missing and a couple of college girls had gone down to the docks for a beer and some local "color" and vanished. Jethro, working with his department, figured that seven girls in total had disappeared. The Chief wanted to know how and why before the Mayor and the press got wind of the situation. The town's economy was shifting to tourism. A story like this could destroy the citizens' hopes of summer visitors spending their dollars in the town's up-scale galleries and restaurants.

The Chief explained it to Jethro, "Who will bring their girlfriend, wife, or daughter for vacation to a place where women disappear, never to be heard from again?"

The Force was vary worried. The brass thought it was a group of white slavers working the docks. After they got over the absurdity of the idea they had to admit that the Nineteenth century phrase might have real meaning in Astoria. Even the 'girls' were starting to stay out of the wharf area. They had shifted toward the downtown and Astoria's new Convention Center. That shift triggered the Mayors new anti-vice campaign.

Jethro learned that for these girls their whoring was often the difference between eating and starvation both for them and for the children they seemed to invariably have. He was glad that the Chief had decided to not bust the girls.

"Mostly they are deserted wives or abused children," the Chief sadly confided to the rookie cop. "They are the real victims. We will focus on the pimps and the johns. And we will stop who ever thinks they can freely kidnap this town's women."

That afternoon, Jethro got the information he had been looking for. He and another boy were hanging around the docks checking with the fishing boats as they came in. They offered to help unload, or if the boat was a charter, they offered to clean the tourists' catch of salmon. Many rich fishermen came to Astoria to fish for the Columbia's run of Fall Chinook.

Jethro noticed a big cruiser coming in. It was over forty feet long. He had never seen it before. As he started toward the boat, his companion stopped him. The boat was named 'Pacific Sultan'. She seemed to ooze money.

"Don't bother. They never take any help and don't like strangers near their boat," Chip warned him

Jethro's curiosity was aroused, "So, they've been here before? It must have been before my time. I'd remember something that big."

"They were here about four months ago, I remember it was about the same time that Angie disappeared. Sure do miss that girl!"

Jethro knew Angie was one of the missing hookers, a particularly pretty girl that many of the waterfront's denizens had liked.

"This is the clue I've been waiting for!" Jethro thought.

Later in the day he slipped over to the harbor master's office and checked the log. The rookie cop noted the 'Pacific Sultan' had been in port three times previously. Each of the boat's stays corresponded with the disappearances of young women. It was a good lead, but it wasn't proof. Jethro knew he needed more than coincidental dates to make a case. He decided to go after the evidence that night.

"Before any more girls disappear," he thought grimly to himself. Jethro fingered the .38 Police Special hidden in his pocket. The gun was clean and loaded.

That night as he waited in the alley, he wore his badge under his heavy pea coat. He was wearing it for the first time since going undercover. Watching the 'suspect' boat was tedious. After several hours, Jethro was finally rewarded. At dusk three men came ashore and walked into the wharf district. They moved slowly, ending up at a diner that Jethro knew was frequently 'worked' by the area's streetwalkers.

Joe's Dinner was a marginal business. Old man Olsen, who owned the place, had confided in Jethro. "Sure I know they're hookers. So what? They buy coffee and donuts and attract other customers who buy beer and food. Frankly, those girls and their customers are the only thing keeping me open. Now, get back to mopping that floor if you want to earn that meal you asked for. I'm not keeping you around to embarrass those that pay."

Jethro waited in the alley across from Joe's for the three to leave. As he waited, he realized that he should have called in his report. The manual said you didn't handle a job like this alone. You called for back-up. Feeling guilty about forgetting such a basic rule, he started toward the phone booth down the wharf. Just then the three men came back out of Joe's. They were not alone.

A slender fourth figure had joined them, one in high heels and short skirt. The skirt was split up both sides and it revealed generous amounts of thigh as the four walked across Jethro's field of vision. It was hard to be positive from nearly two hundred feet away, but the rookie cop thought she was a girl name Linda. She was a college dropout who had come to town a few weeks before. She looked to be eighteen or nineteen. A week ago, he had caught a glimpse of her ash blonde hair in an alley. She was on her knees blowing a fisherman.

As Linda and the three men walked back toward the 'Pacific Sultan', they didn't notice Jethro's slight figure behind them. The undercover cop followed them out to the wharf and watched from the shadows as the four boarded the big boat. Once they were inside, Jethro quickly moved up the dock and took cover beside a stack of crab pots near the boat's bow. Through an open port he could see the boat's large salon. Linda and two of the men were now sitting and talking; each had a beer in their hand. One of the men had his hand on her knee. Linda didn't seem to mind. Jethro couldn't quite make out what they were saying. He leaned closer and thought he heard one of the men say something about being first.

Jethro tried to follow the conversation. He was distracted when the third man entered the salon. The young police officer moved closer and waited. He noted that while the two men in the boat's salon with Linda were white, the third man was much darker. Jethro decided he might be Arabic or Asian. The dark man offered Linda another beer. One of the white men said something about them all having another.

"You know my faith forbids," the dark man shot back. "I see no reason why you and this young lady should not indulge yourselves, however. She may find that a few drinks help her lubricate as the evening wares on."

Jethro was sure he detected an accent in the man's cruel voice.

Linda laughed nervously and took a sip from the fresh bottle the dark man gave her. A look of surprise crossed her face, then she slowly slumped over. The bottle fell to the floor, spilling its contents on the wooden deck.

This was just what he had been waiting for! Jethro stood up and reached inside his coat for his .38. As his hand closed around the pistol's grip everything went black.

CHAPTER II "A long sea voyage that begins at dawn."

From the film *King Kong*

When officer Taylor came around, he thought he was dazed. It was only after a few minutes that he realized the sense of motion he felt was the boat and not his head moving. He felt like hell but he knew he must concentrate. Given the way the boat was rolling, he knew she must be out of Astoria's harbor and on the open sea. Jethro tried to stand up, only then realizing that his hands and feet were securely tied together by stout ropes. He managed to sit up, but the effort cost him. A moment later Jethro was overcome by nausea and passed out again.

A few minutes later he again started to come to again. Jethro realized that he wasn't alone. There were two men standing near him. One was the dark sailor who laughed when Linda passed out and the other was a foreign-looking guy he hadn't seen before. The new man was darker than his companion. He wore a heavy gold chain around his neck that showed through his open-front white cotton shirt. Over the shirt he wore an immaculate navy blazer. He looked rich. In his hands, he held Jethro's police identification and revolver. He spoke to the other man in a language the young police officer did not recognize. The sailor looked at Jethro and spoke.

"So you figured out where the disappearing girls are going. Who have you told?"

"The whole police force! They will be along any time now to arrest your ass. You better give yourselves up to me now. If you don't, I'll add charges for assaulting a police officer," Jethro tried to sound convincing. The two men merely grinned at the boy.

The sailor pulled a wicked-looking knife out of his boot and, without saying anything, started to cut the tied-up policeman's coat off. The blade was keenly sharp and a good ten inches long. Jethro feared that the man's hand would slip, cutting his flesh

instead of the cloth. As the man worked, he continued to grin. When the coat was reduced to a pile of discarded cloth, he continued, cutting the young man's shirt off him. Then, he removed Jethro's shoes and socks and started on the youth's pants.

"You better stop!" The helpless and now nearly-naked boy cried.

The man with the knife continued to grin and cut. Soon, Jethro's pants were gone. Next, his tee-shirt and shorts were cut from his body. Standing, the sailor joined the other man and looked down at the tied, naked figure on the cabin's deck. All through the ordeal, the man in the blazer watched closely, as if considering something of significance.

Looking back and forth between the two, Jethro realized that they were appraising him. He was reminded of the way he and a high school buddy named Ken once looked at a car that Ken was considering buying. Jethro tried to control himself but couldn't keep from blushing as their eyes examined him.

The man in the blazer and the sailor began to converse, again in a language that Jethro could not identify. Jethro could tell that they were talking about him from their frequent glances in his direction. A few minutes later, the sailor turned and stooped down beside Jethro. He was still holding the knife.

Although it was cold in the boat's cabin, Jethro began to sweat. He thought that this was the end. His death could not be more than a few moments away. The man placed the razor-sharp knife to his throat and spoke.

"You're lucky, kid. The boss, he likes your looks. We almost decided to cut you into little bits and fed them to the fish. Now, we think maybe we give you a choice."

He pushed the edge of the knife a little deeper into the bound youth's flesh. Jethro felt a trickle of blood start down his neck. He knew it would take only the slightest additional pressure to cut his jugular wide open.

"So, you get to choose. You can become fish bait, right now. OR, you can do what we want. I promise, if you choose death it will not be quick. What is your wish?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"What ever you are told! Understand? From now on, for the rest of your life, you will do exactly as you are told."

Jethro felt the knife press a little deeper into his throat. He could now see a trickle of his blood running in a thin rivulet down his chest. The man's voice clearly implied that he was looking forward to the expected knife work. Jethro did not want to die. He wasn't even twenty-one years old yet. He had never been with a woman. Tears came to his eyes as a spoke. The shame and humiliation of his admission nearly choked him.

"Yes! Please don't kill me! I understand, I'm to do what ever I am told," Jethro begged through a series of racking sobs.

The knife came away, leaving a stinging in its wake.

"So, you have chosen," the seaman said. "I thought you would choose death. I thought you were a man. The boss was right. You are not a man at all! What fools you Americans are, sending little girls out to do a man's work."

Jethro was totally humiliated. His dreams of proving his manhood by becoming a policeman evaporated more quickly than the tears he was shedding. He was so lost in his sorrow that for a moment he did not notice the bonds on his hands and feet being cut away.

“Get up,” he heard the seaman order through a fog of emotion and self pity. Unsure of his balance, Jethro slowly arose. The boat's rocking in the water added to his sense of unreality.

“Come with me!” The order was barked at him.

Jethro let himself be lead down a narrow companionway to another cabin. This was smaller than the first. He was nearly in shock and barely noticed that the girl, Linda, was passed out on a bunk to the left of the door. There was another man in the room. The man appeared to be of European extraction. He examined, then cleaned and bandaged the slight cut on Jethro's neck. Then, the sailor had the still naked youth lie down on his stomach on the bunk next to Linda. The man administered a shot to Jethro's naked hips. Jethro felt himself drifting into darkness. He noticed a blanket being thrown over his naked form as a drug-induced sleep took him.

Jethro never knew exactly how long he was out. Later, the boy realized it was over a full day. When he finally came around, it was because someone was shaking him.

“What are you doing here?” A feminine voice said.

“Undercover cop, trying to find out why girls are disappearing from the wharf area,” was Jethro's groggy reply. He had come around enough to realize that his questioner was Linda. She was sitting up on the bunk beside him.

“You don't know where we are being taken?” she asked.

Coming around slightly, Jethro relied, “No. I think maybe somewhere in the Middle East. I'm not sure. They may have been speaking Arabic.”

As Jethro spoke, he started to roll over only to give a quick yelp. His back side was sore. Then, Jethro remembered the shot and everything else including his nakedness. The boy turned bright red and tried to cover himself with the blanket.

The door opened and two men entered. Both were European-looking. One carried Jethro's police special, the other a knife.

“So you're awake. Good! Now get up, both of you,” he commanded.

Jethro and Linda got out of the bunk. Jethro hugged the blanket around his naked body.

“Now you, girl, strip!” the man with the gun ordered. “You,” he continued, pointing the revolver at Jethro, “lose the blanket.”

The two young people started to protest. Then they heard the hammer on the pistol being drawn back.

“I said NOW!” repeated the man as he leveled the gun at Jethro's head.

Jethro dropped the blanket. Linda quickly began to undress. As he saw Linda's cloths coming off, Jethro felt a little more comfortable about his condition. Now that someone else was going to be undressed, he was less embarrassed.

Jethro was not familiar with women's clothing. Watching Linda disrobe he was amazed at the number of garments she wore. Besides the skirt and blouse, there was what he later learned was called a camisole, followed by a half slip, garter belt, nylon stockings, bra and panties. All Linda's undergarments were red with black lace detailing along their edges. The skirt was black and the blouse was plum-colored. In spite of his fear and embarrassment, Jethro found himself becoming excited. Linda was slim with well-shaped upturned small breasts and delicate white skin. Her sex was not really hidden by the wisp of blonde at her groin. In Jethro's naked state it was impossible to hide his growing erection. He was unable to keep the girl and the two men from noticing his condition.

“Oh! So, our little boy here wants to get laid, does he?” the man sneered at Jethro. “We'll see if he still likes the idea in a few minutes. Since the sight of these girl's under-things is so thrilling to you, why don't you put them on?”

Instantly Jethro lost his erection. His face turned white as he began to respond, “I'd rather not, if its just the same to you. I don't wear women's clothing.”

“Oh, you don't dress like a girl? I'm sorry. I seem to remember that you agreed to do what ever you were told. You made a choice then. You will do as you are told now! By the time we're done with you, wearing women's clothes will be the least of your troubles. If the young lady will step a bit farther away, we will get to it. I wouldn't want her splattered with your blood and brains.”

Jethro saw the gun barrel center on his head and heard the weapon again being cocked. He hesitantly reached Linda's discarded red and black panties and began to put them on. A moment later he was taking them off again. He had put the garment on backwards.

The man with the gun laughed, “Girl, you help this sissy. When he is dressed, do his face with makeup. Use the cosmetics in the purse in the drawer under the bunk. When he looks as pretty as you can make him, bring him up on deck. I suggest you do a real good job. If we think you could have done better, we will cut off one of your toes. Losing a toe won't hurt your value much.”

Linda became quite pale, almost white, as the men left the cabin. Then, she turned to Jethro. He was still wearing just her panties.

“Well?” she asked.

“I guess we should do as they say. They are willing to kill me and I think they might carry out that threat about your toe. I'm sorry, I don't know anything about women's clothes. I'll try to cooperate, but you will have to tell me what to do. I don't want you to be hurt.”

“OK, you're right, I guess. In any case, we haven't much choice.”

Linda reached down and picked up her bra, passing it to Jethro, “Put this on next. We can pad it out with Kleenex. There's a box in the bathroom, through that little door.”

Linda had to show Jethro how to put the frilly garment on, “Backwards, then move the cups to the front and slip your arms through the straps.” The young woman ad-

justed the straps and, after getting some Kleenex, padded out the cups. She was surprised that the bra was actually a little big around the boy's chest.

"He is smaller than I thought," she said to herself.

Linda was relaxed around Jethro. She was used to being naked around men. Jethro however, was not used to being with a nude girl. The girl's form and close proximity were too much for him. A noticeable tent started to form in his red satin panties. Linda ignored Jethro's erection and helped him put on her garter belt and stockings, slipping the garter straps through his panties. Stockings were next, followed by the half-slip and camisole. Before going farther, she had the boy sit on the edge of the bed while she did his makeup.

Opening the drawer under the bunk, they found several woman's bags. Linda went through them all, removing the cosmetics and setting them out in groups by type. Then, she took a moment to consider Jethro in light of the colors she had to work with. She started with a pale blusher on his cheeks as a foundation. Then, Linda added light blue eye shadow, indigo eye liner and mascara. Next, she put a dark lip liner around the boy's mouth and filled in Jethro's lips with a dark red lipstick. Stepping back, she smiled. She decided that the boy really could look like a girl. His light bones and delicate features were more readily feminized than she would have thought possible. She finished by adding a coat of lip gloss.

Returning to her task, Linda shaped Jethro's finger nails and then painted them a deep red that matched the color of the lipstick she had applied.

When she was done, Linda looked around for something to wear. After a moment she decided she should stay naked. These men were cruel. She had learned from bitter experience. *"When a cruel man starts giving orders you either get away or follow his orders,"*

Getting away seemed impossible. Linda decided to follow the orders given her implicitly. She had no desire to be hurt.

Looking at the cosmetics that had come out of the purses in the drawer Jethro was amazed.

"Why do women carry around all this stuff," he asked.

"Oh this isn't a lot," she laughed. "Sometimes I turn three or more tricks a night. I need to touch up my makeup after each one. No guy wan's to know they aren't the first. A girl needs to look fresh for each guy, even guys that know the score. Judging by the colors here, I suspect that most of these come from girls in my line of work. If we look especially nice and act real innocent, the tips are better."

"Oh," replied Jethro. "I didn't realize you girls spent so much time getting ready for your, ah, work."

"Sure we do! What do you think? That we don't know what we are doing or something? I can turn maybe two or three hundred bucks a night if I look good. Guys want class and they are willing to pay for it. Even a poor fisherman would rather shell out a C-note for a sharp-looking babe than twenty bucks for a girl who looks like a slob. Most of them are married to slobes and can get that at home for free."

Jethro was quiet for a minute while Linda studied his face.

"Your nails are dry now. I wish they were longer. I guess that can't be helped. Hold still while I see what I can do with your hair."

Jethro tried to hold still as Linda started to brush his hair. He had long hair; it was part of his disguise as a runaway teenager. Linda made it appear feminine by shifting the part to the middle and teasing the ends into a flip. She used hair spray to give it a little body and to set the style.

Stepping back, she commented, "Well that's not bad. You should let your hair grow out more. It has a real nice texture and is thick. It will look great long and you will be able to do lots of different styles with it."

"I'm hoping that this won't be something that lasts much longer," Jethro answered her. "It's not like I want to wear these clothes or look like a girl."

"Of course, but you do really look nice. I think you should prepare yourself for this to go on for some time. These men are not doing this on a whim. They have some plan and I don't think you will be given much choice about your part in it."

Linda helped Jethro step into her half-slip and camisole, followed by her skirt, blouse and belt. They were both surprised to find that Linda's size eight shoes were a little big on the boy. They stuffed some Kleenex in the toes and they fit better. When Jethro stood up, he nearly fell over. The two and one-half inch heels were unlike anything he had ever worn before. The spike heels combined with the gentle rocking of the boat was almost too much for him.

Linda steadied him and helped him practice walking until he was able to move about without her help. Linda guided Jethro around so he could see himself in the closet mirror.

Jethro was shocked. Starring back at him he saw a teenage girl. Her lean shape gave her limbs and face sharper angles than those of most girls. The girl in the mirror looked like a runner who had exercised to the point where her body had lost its feminine roundness. The reflection's lean look, heavy eye brows, dark hair on arms and legs, and Adam's apple were all that hinted at Jethro's true sex.

"Linda, we had better do something about the hair on my legs and my eye brows," he said uneasily. Jethro was very uncomfortable with how readily he could be made to look like a girl.

"If the Chief saw me now he would make me go undercover as a girl," the rookie policeman thought.

Linda had him sit down again and went to work on his brows with tweezers. Soon she had them arched into a thin line that further feminized his face. As she worked, she leaned toward the boy, bringing her breasts almost to his face. Her charms were too much for the boy. As Linda finished his brows, she noticed the tent his erection was creating in his skirt.

"I'll take that as a compliment. I've been around enough men to know that the sight of naked little old me often has that result. We'll need to do something about it. I don't think making you look like a girl is consistent with presenting you to our captures

with a hard-on." The nude girl looked around for something to jerk him off with. Linda realized Jethro was wearing all the girl's clothes in the room. She smiled with resignation.

"It's not like I haven't done it before," she thought to herself.

"Jethro, lean back on the bed and hold still. I'm going to blow you. Don't get any ideas about this. If we want to pass you off as a female, we need to get rid of that bulge. Getting you off is the only way I know to get it down and keep it that way for a while."

Jethro silently leaned back as Linda pushed his skirt and slip up and pulled his panties off. His shaft sprung out before her. A few minutes later, Linda swallowed the last of his seed. She knew how to bring them off quickly if she wanted to. As she slipped his flaccid tool back inside his panties, she felt a slight twinge of lust.

"Must have a little of the lesbian in me," she realized as she helped the feminized boy stand.

"Thank you Linda," the breathless boy murmured.

"It's OK, Jethro. I'm a professional, remember. It's not like we're engaged now or anything. The girl smiled shyly as she spoke. Jethro realized that although she had doubtless performed the service many times, she was embarrassed about how she made a living.

She slipped his shoes and stockings off, then using an electric razor, Linda shaved the dark down off his legs and exposed arms. Then, she helped him put his panties, hose and shoes back on.

"Let's take another look," Linda prompted, drawing Jethro back to stand before the mirror again. Jethro was surprised to see how much more feminine he looked with his brows plucked and the dark hair on his arms and legs removed. His body hair had not been pronounced; still, he had taken pride in its growth as a sign of his emerging manhood.

"That is about as much as we can do right now," Linda commented. "It's time to face the music. Ready?"

"If you are, I guess I am, Linda. First, let me thank you for helping me. Not just what you just did. Thanks for the whole morning. I couldn't have put these clothes on without your help."

"You're a sweetheart, Jethro. Too bad your a cop. Lets get it over with. God, I wish I had a drink."

As they walked down the short companionway, Jethro was almost overwhelmed by the sensations created by the unfamiliar clothing. The satin of the undergarments encased him delicately, while the movement of his nylon-covered legs swirled the skirt around his knees. With each step, the pull of the garter straps reminded him of the naked, vulnerable flesh between his stocking tops and panties. The high heels caused his hips to sway as he walked.

They hesitated at the foot of the steps leading up and out onto the deck. The naked girl and femininely-garbed boy were afraid to go up. They decided that Jethro should go first.

“At least you have clothes. Besides, we were supposed to make you look as much like a girl as possible. You will seem more girlish alone in those clothes than you would next to a real girl who is naked. Let them look you over alone before comparing us,” Linda argued.

Recognizing the girl's good logic, Jethro started up the steep steps to the deck. As he stepped out onto the deck, he was momentarily blinded by the bright sunlight reflected off the ocean's smooth surface. As his eyes adjusted, he realized he was being looked at. There were five men on the deck. Each of the five was giving him the once-over. At least two had looks of obvious lust in their eyes. Jethro took a couple of additional steps forward and Linda hesitantly followed him out onto the deck.

“Well what do you think Ahmed,” said one of the sailors to the man in the blazer.

“Do we snipe a toe or two?” the sailor continued, giving Linda a cruel wink.

Ahmed motioned for Jethro to come closer. Jethro walked the eight feet over to the man trying to retain his dignity as he struggled with his balance. When he was directly in front of the man, Ahmed looked him slowly over. Then, he walked around the feminized cop, looking Jethro's outfit over in detail.

“No my playful friend. The girl has done well. This one will do just fine as a female,” the dark man remarked.

“You know, young man, you cost me quite a bit back in Astoria. Ordinarily, I would have gotten three or four girls out of that hole in the coast you call a town. Thanks to you, all I have is this girl and your own fair ass.” Ahmed gestured to Linda as he spoke.

“My business is to make a profit. I try to not dwell on setbacks. I find ways to put them to my use. I see a way to show a nice profit out of you. Perhaps as much as I would show for two more such as her.”

He turned to the closest sailor and said, “Tie this young lady up to that railing over there.”

Jethro could not stand it longer. “I'm not a young lady,” he yelled. “My name is Jethro Taylor and I'm a police officer. I don't want to be tied up. You are all under arrest . . .”

The boy wasn't given a chance to finish. As he spoke, Ahmed struck him hard in the solar plexus sending him breathless to the deck. He was not able to resist as he was tied to the railing. Gasping for air, he slowly looked up to see Ahmed looking down at him.

The man smiled gently at him and spoke in a soothing voice.

“My dear, you must understand all that has changed. Once, there was a young policeman named Jethro Taylor. He died last night when you chose life as my obedient slave rather than death. Since that person is now dead, you will need a new name. For now, I will give you a new one. In the future other masters may give you other names.

You are now Susan. You will answer to Susan and to nothing else. Do not press my patience, `Susan'. I could derive personal pleasure from your slow death. I would prefer the financial profit I anticipate at your sale. Susan, be a good girl and don't tempt me. Now what is your name, my dear?"

"My name is Susan," the former boy whispered, tears in his eyes.

"Say it louder!"

"My name is now Susan," wailed the pitiful figure tied to the boat's railing.

"Louder!" Ahmed commanded.

"Susan!" replied the shaking form.

"OK, at least we have that straight now," Ahmed commented with a smile. Then he turned to Linda. The nude girl modestly tried to cover her groin and chest with her hands.

"Young lady, please step over here and say hello to Susan," Ahmed beckoned to Linda.

The naked girl took a few steps closer, "Hello, Susan," she hesitantly offered.

"Answer her!" Ahmed yelled at the feminized boy.

"Hi Linda," the former cop replied, his face crimson with shame.

"Good," said Ahmed. "And now, Linda, since you have done such a splendid job helping Susan get dressed and made-up, I have a special treat for you. Boys, you may have her."

Linda was grabbed from behind before the man's words sank into her awareness. She was thrown to the deck on her back. Taking turns, each of the four sailors on deck raped her. The new girl Susan looked on in disbelief as the first man pushed into Linda's sex. When he was done and a second had taken his place, the former cop tried to break free to help the girl. Helpless, he only succeeded in squirming in his bonds seductively as a third and then fourth man took the naked crying girl. When they were done, they let her up. As Linda got unsteadily to her feet, the feminized boy could see that her thighs were coated with the men's cum. It was only then that the former Jethro Taylor realized that he had gotten a huge erection watching the men rape the girl. Looking away from the poor child, he was deeply ashamed. His shame turned to horror when he looked up a moment later and saw the contempt in Linda's eyes.

"I thought you were different! I thought you were my friend. I helped you. You're just like them. If they cut you free you would climb on me and soil my flesh just like these swine have. Well, I hope they castrate you. You faggot in heels and panties! I hope they castrate you and then gang rape your body the way they just did to me!"

Linda broke down in tears, collapsing again to the deck, crying and holding herself.

The two prisoners were silent. About an hour later they sighted a ship on the horizon. Two hours later it came along side. It was a small freighter, about two hundred and fifty feet long. They were forced to climb a ladder up the ship's side. The men followed. The ship pulled away from the small boat. When it was about a half mile away,

there was an explosion. Jethro, now Susan, looked over and saw the little yacht engulfed in flames.

"These guys don't take any chances," he realized.

A few moments later he was lead below to a small cabin. Printed on the door was the word 'Doctor'.

CHAPTER III In Training

It was a frightening situation aboard the freighter for the former cop. Susan, formerly Jethro, was allowed to wear only girl's clothing. He was left alone and provided with makeup and clothes.

After his first visit to the doctor, Susan was shown to a small cabin that he alone occupied. The days fell into a constant though strange routine. The Doctor was an older man, perhaps fifty or fifty-five. He had a somewhat decrepit look about him. He ordered Susan to undress and then, in silence, examined the former policeman in detail. He took many notes on a clip board he carried. The Doctor seemed pleasantly surprised when Susan cried out in pain during the rectal examination. When the examination was over, he spoke.

"Well, well, I think you will do fine," he commented.

After giving the boy two injections, one in each hip, he told Susan to get dressed. Reluctantly, Susan put the feminine garments he had been wearing back on. Before he let Susan go, he placed one of the red bracelets around the former cop's right wrist. As the now-dressed boy went out the cabin's door, he heard the doctor musing to himself.

"Ahmed sure knows how to pick them."

A sailor was waiting for him to guide Susan to his cabin. As Susan started down the hall, he heard steps behind him. Turning to look, he saw Linda, still nude, being lead into the Doctor's office.

Susan's small cabin was down the narrow corridor that lead to the Doctor's office. There were several cabins opening off the same hall. As he was lead he managed to get a glimpse into several. They seemed to be medical examination rooms of some type.

The young man had eaten nothing in over a day and felt starved. After a moment's fear about poison, Susan shrugged his shoulders and began to eat. When the food was gone, the boy wished that there was more. Susan looked around and found that there was a tiny bathroom with a shower adjoining the cabin. The young policeman relished the idea of getting clean and especially of washing the hated makeup off. In moments, he stripped and was standing under a stream of hot water. As he was drying off, Susan heard someone enter the cabin. He wrapped a towel around himself and stepped out to see who was there.

A large man, one of the crew members, was waiting for him. As Susan entered the cabin, the big sailor turned to face him.

"Yes? What do you want?" the former policeman asked apprehensively.